

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 1051

By the time Alex arrived, he had learned of the general direction Flynn had traveled in. After all, the latter had led a group of more than twenty men when he left, making them hard to miss.

As Alex was a Grandmaster, he swiftly ascended the trail uphill and within a few minutes reached the spot where Flynn had lost his way.

Previously, Flynn was stuck there and took two whole days to make his way out. Furthermore, the fog in the forest was so thick that he could only see a meter ahead and couldn't make out his direction.

As for Alex, he emerged from the fog within half an hour due to his superhuman senses and focus.

Just when he had no idea in which direction to proceed, a small village appeared right before him. Along the journey, he had passed by some corpses that were relatively fresh. However, their remains had been devoured clean by wild animals and tattered clothing was all that was left.

Alex was worried throughout his pursuit that one of the mangled corpses belonged to Flynn. Nonetheless, he was confident that his comrade wouldn't die that easily.

Therefore, when he saw the village in front of him, he believed that Flynn would likely be there after making his way out of the fog.

“How is it going? Is he still unwilling to talk?” Garren fiddled with the yellow casdisca in his hand.

“Boss, the other two have spilled the beans to us. Only the one called Flynn remains stubborn. He is one hell of a nut to crack!”

“Oh?” Garren put the herb down and got up from his chair. Flynn hasn't breathed it in for two days. He is pretty tough to be able to resist for so long.

“Let's see how long he can hold out for. If he refuses to submit, continue to let him suffer,” Garren replied in disdain.

Over the last few days, Garren had ordered his subordinates to heavily drug Flynn. Once he was taken off the drug, he would feel so terrible that it was worse than death. Regardless of how mentally strong one was, it was impossible for anyone to endure the pain.

The moment Garren walked over and opened the

door, two of Flynn's men crawled out like dogs and clung to his feet.

“Give me one more puff and I'll do anything for you!”

“Give me one too, for I can't bear with this any longer. It feels as if there are millions of ants biting into my blood vessels. I feel like I'm going to die at any time. So please, give me another puff, just one!”

Garren looked on approvingly at the scene in front of him. Killing someone is extremely easy, but there is nothing more satisfying than tormenting someone to death.

Only Flynn remained curled up by the corner of the wall, shivering incessantly beside the blood-stained scratches on it. As his hands lay limp on the ground, his fingernails were entirely covered with blood. With the previous aura of a King Class warrior gone, all

that was left was a soulless being.

Upon approaching him, Garren gave his body a kick before sneering, “Kid, I don't care how powerful you used to be. But now, if you lick my leather shoes clean, I'll give you a puff of the drug. How about that?”

Just as Garren spoke, Flynn's two subordinates groveled over and fought amongst themselves to lick Garren's shoes. However, they were quickly kicked aside instead.

“Don't you see what an attractive proposition this is? What are you hesitating for?” Garren taunted.

As Garren had been bored to death watching over the treasure, the three men had inadvertently become his entertainment. If not for his boredom, he would have killed them early on instead of toying with them.

“In-In your dreams!” Despite his feeble condition, Flynn's response was filled with conviction, as if it contained an indomitable spirit.

At the same moment, a man approached frantically and reported in an anxious tone, “Boss, I have bad news. A strange intruder who is not afraid of bullets has arrived.”

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Garren struck his subordinate on the head and admonished him, “What the f\*ck are you saying? What's this nonsense about a strange man? How can

there be someone who isn't afraid of bullets?”

After that, he slammed a kick into his man's butt. “Get lost, and stop annoying me. Can't you take care of it by gathering a few more men? Is it necessary to bug me with this? You, useless fools!”

Just when the subordinate wanted to say more, he quickly swallowed his words when he saw Garren about to strike him again.

Bang!

The moment he heard the sound, Garren gradually turned around and narrowed his gaze upon the sight that greeted him.

Just a moment ago, a man had been slapped into mush. Evidently, only someone with superhuman skills was capable of such power.

All Garren saw in front of him was a young man in a short-sleeve shirt and jeans. He looked just like an ordinary guy.

Nonetheless, Garren knew that he had thirty to forty men stationed outside, armed with guns. Therefore, whoever survived them was anything but ordinary.

“Wh-Who are you? Do you know that you're on Jasper's territory? If you know what's good for you, you had better scram!” Garren threatened the young man while pretending to be calm.

The intruder was none other than Alex. Ignoring Garren, his gaze fell upon Flynn who was shivering while curled up against the wall.

When he saw the miserable condition Flynn was in, Alex was outraged. He came here because of me.



Hence, there's no way I'm going to forgive these men for torturing him to this extent!

Disappearing in a flash, Alex reappeared by Garren's side and grabbed the subordinate who had made the report to Alex earlier.

Watching his subordinate's neck being crushed under Alex's grip, Garren was dumbstruck by the gruesome sight.

If he was the one seized by Alex, it would be his neck being wrung dry and his corpse lying on the ground.

At that moment, it dawned upon Garren that he was faced with a powerful enemy. This person might be as terrifyingly powerful as Jasper Livingston.

Without a moment's hesitation, Garren dropped to his knees in front of Alex and pleaded, "Mighty sir, please

have mercy. Please have mercy on me. I have no idea how I have offended you. So please, can you spare this pathetic life of mine?”

After throwing Garren a cold glance, Alex suddenly appeared right in front of Flynn and helped him up from the ground.

“Flynn, are you all right? Swallow this pill at once.” Alex stuffed a pill into Flynn's mouth.

Meanwhile, when Garren saw that Alex was distracted, he attempted to use the opportunity to escape. Just as he took a step forward, the door abruptly closed in his face.

Even though Flynn had taken the pill, he didn't experience any changes. His face continued to grimace, while his body trembled uncontrollably, reflecting the tremendous pain he was suffering from.

Infuriated by what he saw, Alex glared at Garren and demanded, “What did you do to him? How did he end up like that?”

“|-”

Garren was lost for words. Considering how powerful Alex was and the fact that he seemed to be close to Flynn, Garren knew that revealing to Alex how he tortured Flynn would be the equivalent of suicide.

Nevertheless, when he saw how Alex was on the brink of striking him, Garren was cognizant that he would be turned into a corpse if he didn't resolve the matter the very next second.

Left without a choice, he retrieved a packet from his pocket and handed it to Alex with his quivering hands.

“This will soothe his pain.”

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When Alex laid eyes upon the item Garren was holding, the rage within him was reignited again. The white powdery substance didn't look any different from flour at all.

Obviously, Alex recognized it right away, for it was the cause of many destroyed lives. The substance was none other than heroin.

On his way there, Alex had considered the possibility

of Flynn encountering wild beasts or having his life taken by someone. Nonetheless, it never crossed his mind that Flynn would be imprisoned in a small place and become addicted to heroin.

Do I really have to alleviate his pain by giving him this poison? Feeling conflicted, Alex had no idea what he should do.

He had traveled thousands of miles just to bring Flynn safely back to the city and not hasten his doom.

Just when he was lost in his thoughts, he felt Flynn grab onto his clothes. Turning his attention to the latter, he saw Flynn glaring at him with an unrecognizable expression.

Scratching his own face with his blood-stained fingers, he left traces of blood all over it. At the same time, he pounded his own chest with the other hand,

groaning in agony again and again.

“Alex, you should just kill me! I feel terrible. I would rather die than continue suffering like that!” Alex roared.

When only one day had passed since he took the drugs, he could still endure the pain then. But now, his withdrawal symptoms had manifested themselves in the form of swollen blood vessels while his mind was filled with the desperation to seek out heroin.

Alex felt a gut-wrenching pain as he grabbed Flynn's hand. The latter was one of his closest comrades and had gone all the way out there seeking herbs on his behalf. There's no way I can bring myself to kill him.

He would rather exchange places with Flynn than watch him writhe in pain.

As the rage within him burned, Alex stared at Garren with his bloodshot eyes.

This is the man who is responsible for Flynn becoming that way. I cannot forgive him!

Sensing the deathly glare upon him, Garren was terrified. Not knowing what else to say, he pleaded in a quavering voice, "Mighty sir, I beg you to spare me for I have no idea that he is your friend! At most, I'll continue supplying you with this stuff so that he wouldn't have to suffer such pain."

With a darkening gaze, Alex approached Garren step by step. Suddenly, he struck the latter's head with a palm strike, causing it to explode like a watermelon and his brains to splatter all over.

"Alex, I-I found the casdisca. It's in Garren's room."  
Flynn staggered back up to his feet. Without anyone

noticing, he was holding a gun in his hand.

Alex was shocked by what he saw, as he realized Flynn was going to kill himself. He'd rather commit suicide than allow the drug to manipulate him? He must have waited so long just to inform me about the casdisca.

Holding that thought, Alex could feel tears rolling down his cheeks, causing his vision of Flynn to blur. If Alex dies just like that, I'll never be able to forgive myself.

“Put down the gun. It's not like I have no other way of saving you, Flynn. Also, what's going to happen to Stanley if you die? If he insists on seeing you, what am I going to tell him?” Alex dissuaded him.

At the mention of Stanley, Flynn's finger stopped as he reached for the trigger. Images of the boy began to



emerge in his mind.

Seizing upon the opportunity, Alex appeared in front of Flynn in a flash and snatched his gun away before throwing it on the ground.

Briefly stunned, Flynn bent down in an attempt to pick the gun up. However, Alex knocked him on the back of his neck when he saw the opening.


Subsequently, Flynn slumped onto the ground unconscious.

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Chapter 1054





Upon learning of their misdeeds, Alex was naturally not going to leave anyone alive. Whoever dared to harm his comrades would naturally be added to his assassination list.

At that moment, the entire floor was strewn with corpses. Threading over them, Alex searched every single room until he found Garren's.

Just as Flynn had described, Alex saw the yellow casdisca on Garren's desk the moment he opened the room door.

Even though the herb wasn't inherently precious, Alex carefully put it into the box due to the fact that Flynn had almost given his life for it.

Just when he was about to leave, he caught a glimpse of a bright red hue outside the half-opened

window.

Surprised by what he saw, he walked forward and pushed open the window out of curiosity. The next moment, he was shocked by the scenery that greeted him.

The view outside the window was the most beautiful he had ever seen in his life. There was a hill so tall that its summit was hidden from view. It was covered with striking red poppy flowers that had evidently reached maturity.

Alex didn't dare let his mind wander any further. If he were to arrive a few days later, the poppy flowers would be ready for picking.

There's a whole hill of them!

He didn't dare imagine how much drugs could be

made from such a massive harvest. If all of it is sold within the country, how many more families are going to be destroyed?

Ordinary folk is limited to planting one or two poppy plants, for any more than that is considered illegal. However, there's an entire hill of them in front of me. Who is it that's brazen enough to do this?

Given how secluded the hill was along with the threat of wild beasts, very few dared to enter. In fact, even the locals didn't have the courage to do hunting on it.

Taking advantage of the situation, the perpetrators planted poppy flowers for profit. Now that Alex had seen them, there was no way he would sit idly by and do nothing.

After placing the unconscious Flynn on the bed, he popped another pill into the latter's mouth. The pill

couldn't alleviate Flynn's withdrawal symptoms, but it could allow him to sleep for three to four days.

“My friend, have a good rest. Once you wake up, everything will be fine.”

After tucking Flynn in, he opened the door and strode out.

Subsequently, he poured all the gasoline he found in the village on the poppy flowers all around the hill. Even though he didn't have a lot, the ensuing fire would be intense enough to set the entire hill ablaze.

After lighting a cigarette for himself, Alex flung the lighter onto the gasoline-covered flowers.

Boom!

A raging inferno soared toward the sky. The flames

crackled so intensely that Alex had no choice but to back off.

Alex watched as the fire raged on and reached a state where no human intervention could control it. Even if the fire department arrived at that moment, there was no way they could extinguish the fire, especially not in such a secluded place. Furthermore, there was no way there would be anyone else on the hill to put the fire out.

Staring at the scene in front of him, Alex realized it was the first time he had ever set a hill on fire. When he saw how the destructive drugs were being burnt to crisp, a sense of satisfaction descended upon him.

“What?”

Meanwhile, a man in traditional clothing, Jasper Livingston, grabbed the subordinate who had reported

the matter to him and questioned through his gritted teeth, “Did you say someone burnt all my treasures on the hill?”

Even though the subordinate's face was covered by Jasper's saliva, he didn't dare to flinch at all. Instead, he stammered, “Yes... S-Someone has b-burnt all of them c-clean.”

Jasper was so outraged that his bloodshot eyes were about to spit fire. After all, his treasures would be ripe for harvest within a few days and he was about to make a fortune from selling them all.

Nevertheless, it never occurred to him that someone would set fire to destroy them. It was something that no one in his position could tolerate.

“Who is the audacious one to dare touch my stuff?” Jasper thundered.

“Boss, our surveillance cameras in the village have captured the man's face and we are currently investigating who it is. Soon, we will be able to uncover his identity,” the subordinate replied in a quavering voice.

Upon hearing those words, Jasper suppressed the fury in his heart. Once I find out who it is, I'll definitely tear him into pieces!

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#### Chapter 1055





By the time Flynn awoke, it was the afternoon two days later. The wounds on his body had mostly recovered with Alex's attentive treatment, and he had made it through the critical stage.

Nevertheless, he still needed to rely on sheer willpower to fully wean himself off his drug addiction. The moment he woke up, all he could feel was the desperation to smoke.

“Flynn, are you all right?” Having been watching over Flynn the whole time, Alex handed him a glass of water the moment the former awoke.

After glancing at Alex in silence, Flynn could feel the excruciating sensation within him intensify, causing him to whack the glass away from Alex's hand and onto the floor.

“Why did you save me? Why didn't you kill me

instead? I'm in such terrible pain. I beg you, please just end my life, all right?" Flynn roared while grabbing Alex's clothes. He grimaced with such intensity that it felt as if he was about to go berserk.

Over the last two days, Alex didn't waste any time at all. He poured through all the ancient books related to drugs, and fortunately, managed to formulate a medicine that could alleviate Flynn's current condition.

In spite of that, the medicine wasn't strong enough to treat Flynn's drug addiction at its source. At the end of the day, Flynn had to rely on his own willpower to cure the addiction.

When he saw how Flynn was suffering, Alex fed Flynn the medicine. Upon swallowing it, the latter's condition improved slightly.

"Flynn, you have to persist, for I can't afford to lose a

comrade like you. Do you understand?" Alex patted him on the shoulder.

Flynn nodded. "Alex, tie me up and lock me up for a week. If I'm still unable to kick my addiction by then, you will have to kill me!"

Alex felt a squeeze in his heart upon hearing those words. Even though he didn't consider himself a noble hero, he could never bring himself to kill his own comrade.

Ever since Flynn awoke, he didn't ask for any drugs at all. Instead, he kept insisting that Alex kill him. Given Flynn's tenacity in choosing death over drugs, Alex was confident that his comrade would be able to successfully escape the torment of his drug addiction.

After tying Flynn up in the room, Alex left the place. During the entire time, Flynn wasn't alone in going

through the torture. Alex, too, was equally tormented by how his friend was suffering.

Having destroyed an entire hill's worth of poppy flowers as revenge for what the perpetrators did to Flynn, Alex was cognizant that whoever they were, they would soon come looking for him.

Alex had achieved the level of a first-phase Grandmaster; power was his greatest asset. With Jade's help, his pure and robust internal strength allowed him to even take down second-phase Grandmasters, who were supposed to be one level stronger.

Other than the elder of the Snyder family, there was no one from the secret world that was capable of defeating him. Even if they were to challenge him, Alex wasn't the least bit afraid. Moreover, he was looking forward to the opportunity to seek revenge on

Flynn's behalf.

Recently, the tech dome and Four Seas Corporation were making good progress. Liana ran the tech dome, while the Four Seas Corporation was managed by Jessica. Hence, there was nothing for Alex to worry about.

Without anything to occupy him, Alex spent time at home with Stanley and Emmalyn. Whenever he felt concerned, he would drop by Sakura Club to check on Flynn.

Every time he saw Flynn screaming in agonizing pain through the window, his heart would go out to the latter, whereas his hatred for those who cultivated the poppy flowers would further intensify.

As the days went by, Flynn painstakingly overcame his addiction with the help of Alex's specially-

formulated medicine.

Armed with his tremendous willpower, Flynn was able to achieve anything he desired even without Alex's help.

Just when Alex was about to leave Sakura Club, his phone suddenly rang. The caller ID indicated that it was a call from Jack.

Without a moment's hesitation, Alex answered and heard Jack's anxious voice ring out.

“Mr. Jefferson, please come over to the Four Seas Corporation, as something has happened. A man in his fifties has beaten up more than ten security guards. They were so grievously injured that they had to be sent to the hospital.”

Alex's expression darkened the moment he heard the

news. Clenching his phone, he hadn't expected his enemies to have arrived so soon. Nevertheless, he was glad they did, for he was already itching to exact revenge on Flynn's behalf.

“Wait for me. I'm heading over right now.”

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“Maverick, what's the point of just injuring them? You should kill them all, it's more exhilarating that way,” Jasper suggested, as he felt unsatisfied when he saw the middle-aged man stop once their opponents were badly hurt.

The chairman of this company, Alex, has set fire to the entire swathe of poppy flowers that I had laboriously cultivated. When Jasper was watching his treasures burnt to crisp, he almost exploded in rage.

Subsequently, Jasper summoned Maverick in his attempt to hold Alex accountable. With the latter by his side, Jasper could have anyone killed as if they were nothing but insects.

Maverick nodded with his eyes filled with murderous intent. When everyone from Four Seas Corporation saw the look on the former's face, no one dared to take a step forward. Even Jack, Jessica, and the rest of the company's senior management could only watch from the side.

“Mr. Sawyer, when is Mr. Jefferson arriving? At the rate this is going, someone is going to get killed!”



Jessica asked in a nervous tone.

Staring at the two intruders from afar, Jack had run out of ideas. “Let's just wait. If we approach them now, it would only mean certain death. Anyway, I've given Mr. Jefferson a call and he should be here at any moment.”

Meanwhile, the ears of the thin middle-aged man called Maverick pricked before his eagle-like eyes locked onto Jack and Jessica.

When Jack made eye contact, he felt a sense of dread creep into his soul, as if he had been marked by a predator.

Before Jack could even react, Maverick appeared right beside him in a flash and grabbed his neck.

“Where's Alex Jefferson?” Maverick demanded in a

frosty tone.

With his body lifted off the ground, Jack's face began to turn purple due to the lack of oxygen, while the veins on his neck began to bulge. Evidently, Maverick was someone brutal. Given the current situation, Jack would be strangled alive in less than a minute.

Horried by the sight, Jessica slumped onto the ground butt first. Haven't been faced with such a situation before, she was seized by fear and didn't know what to do.

“Stop!”

Suddenly, a commanding voice rang out from behind Maverick. Upon hearing it, Maverick unexpectedly released his grip on Jack's throat.

Dropping to the ground, Jack coughed repeatedly and

felt as if he had just barely escaped from the jaws of death.

As for Jessica, her face lit up when she heard the voice and looked in the direction of where it came from.

When she saw the familiar figure from afar, a sense of reassurance fell upon her, causing the fear and panic she felt earlier to dissipate at once.

“Mr. Jefferson, you're finally here. This man almost killed Mr. Sawyer just now!” Jessica yelled in a choking voice.

She had never felt so terrified just now. If Alex had come any later, Jack might have already been turned into a corpse lying on the ground.

When Jasper heard Jessica address Alex as Mr.

Jefferson and recognized Alex's face from the security footage, he was certain that Alex was the one who set his treasures ablaze.

“You're the one who burnt my treasures on the entire hill. How impudent of you!” Jasper approached Alex with an intimidating expression.

He looked as if he was going to personally teach Alex a lesson before tearing him apart in the end.

All of a sudden, Maverick appeared in front of Jasper and held his hand out to stop him.

Puzzled as to why Maverick was doing so, Jasper asked, “Maverick, didn't you promise to help me seek revenge? Why are you getting in my way now?”

“Jasper, this man is a first-phase Grandmaster. You are no match against him,” Maverick explained

calmly.

Jasper's expression drastically changed at the revelation. He, too, was aware that Alex was a martial artist. However, he didn't expect the latter to be so powerful given that he was only in his twenties.

Jasper was twenty-eight that year and a rare genius within his family. Ever since he was young, he had consumed all sorts of elixirs to elevate his strength. Furthermore, his family even prepared special baths for him to soak in every day.

Despite all the assistance he had been given, he was only a half Grandmaster, just a step away from being a proper one.

Therefore, he was surprised at how the ordinary-looking Alex could have attained such strength at a young age.

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### Chapter 1057



Upon the realization, Jasper broke out in a cold sweat. If Maverick hadn't stopped him just now, he would likely have been killed by Alex.

Even though a half Grandmaster was just a sliver away from a Grandmaster, one was still not powerful enough to pose a threat to a first-phase Grandmaster.

Fortunately, I brought Maverick along, for he has reached the peak of second-phase Grandmaster. Since he would attain the level of third-phase

Grandmaster anytime, taking Alex out will be a walk in the park for him.

“Maverick, this is the kid we're looking for. You must kill him!” Jasper ordered through his gritted teeth as he pointed at Alex. At the same time, images of his burning poppy field continue to flash in his mind.

Jasper wasn't in a hurry to kill Alex just to seek revenge for the destruction of his poppy field. On top of that, he had wanted Alex to compensate him for the tens of billions of losses that he suffered. After all, just killing Alex without obtaining financial restitution wasn't worthwhile at all.

However, Jasper changed his mind. All this while, he had assumed that he was a cut above the rest. Therefore, when he finally met another young man who was more talented and stronger than he was, he was swept with jealous rage.

How can I allow another youth from the real world to outshine me? Consequently, Jasper decided that Alex had to die even if the latter offered his company and all his money as compensation.

“There are too many people here. Let's go someplace else.”

Just as he spoke, Alex disappeared from everyone's eyes. Before they could comprehend what was going on, they noticed that the middle-aged man who beat up the Four Seas Corporation's security guards was also gone.

Upon the two men's departure, Jasper went in pursuit. At the end of the day, he had to see Alex's death with his own eyes. Or else, he would never be at peace.

As there was still a meaningful difference between a



half Grandmaster and a Grandmaster, Jasper couldn't catch up with the other two despite how fast he was.

By the time Alex came to a stop, he had arrived at a large open space. Within the same instant, Maverick appeared just as quickly.

Nevertheless, Maverick was shocked that Alex was just as fast as he was. Under normal circumstances, he should have been significantly quicker due to him being a second-phase Grandmaster.

“Young man, you have surprised me again. If you hadn't offended Mr. Jasper, I would have considered recruiting you into our family. Unfortunately, the circumstances cannot tolerate anything else but your death.” As Maverick gave Alex a look of admiration, a sudden sense of pity crept into him.

From the moment he saw Alex in the video, Maverick

recognized that the latter was a first-phase Grandmaster. It was inconceivable for him that a real world youth could attain such levels.

All this while, he was focused on the pursuit of martial arts and was never one to be nosy; however, he was particularly intrigued this time. As a result, he readily agreed to come along with Jasper when the latter requested his assistance; he wanted to see for himself how strong Alex truly was.

From what he had seen so far, Alex was more powerful than he expected. Thus, the thought of killing a martial arts genius caused Maverick's blood to boil in excitement.

“Hmph, how dare you speak to me like that. It is as if you're someone high and mighty. At the end of the day, you're nothing but a dog who does the bidding of a half Grandmaster,” Alex scoffed.

When he saw the two men in front of him, Alex was filled with hatred because they were the ones responsible for Flynn's suffering.

Consequently, Alex wasn't going to show them any mercy. Even if his opponents were stronger, he didn't fear them at all. In fact, if he had to face God himself, he was willing to sacrifice his own life to exact revenge upon whoever harmed his comrade.


That was the principle he had always held.

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Chapter 1058





“What are you waiting for, Maverick? Did you not hear what this arrogant brat said? Finish him off quickly so I can chop up his body and feed him to the dogs!”

Jasper shouted out to Maverick, fanning the flame. He would have gone ahead to kill Alex himself if he was able to, but he knew very well he was no match for Alex.

Jasper was not the only one incensed. A moment ago, Maverick was cordially talking to Alex, with a friendly smile on his face. That smile had disappeared, and he was staring coldly at him instead.

Initially, he had the intention of pleading with Jasper on Alex's behalf, hoping that Jasper would forgive Alex and accept him as one of them. He had high regard for Alex's talents. However, Alex's arrogance infuriated him and he was prepared to grant him his

death wish.

Maverick launched an attack on Alex, and he was merciless in his attack. Everyone could see he was out to kill.

Most first-phase Grandmasters would not be able to take on that powerful strike of his. Unfortunately, his opponent was no ordinary fighter, but the exceptionally talented Alex.

All it took was a nimble move, and Alex effortlessly avoided Maverick's strike. He moved so quickly that no one saw how he managed to do that. The next moment, they realized he was already behind Maverick.

Jasper's eyes were popping out of his head in astonishment as he witnessed the unbelievable move. Proud as he might be, he had to admit he would

never have been able to achieve that level of accomplishment in his twenties. That was a demoralizing realization for him.

He was worried for Maverick and wanted to warn him that Alex was behind him.

“Ma-” Before he could shout out a warning, Maverick had already detected the danger and turned around to take Alex on. In a flash, the two had exchanged multiple blows.

Jasper was silently cursing and swearing, infuriated by the sight of intense fighting. He could clearly see those two were a league above him, and he felt aggrieved that a young chap like Alex could achieve a level of competency that was beyond him.

The demon of jealousy in him grew uncontrollably and he could not keep his frustration in anymore. He hit

the tree next to him to vent his anger. Bang! The tree trunk, which was almost as thick as a man's waist, broke under his powerful blow, and the tree fell onto the ground with a thud, bringing up a cloud of dust.

The two fighters were too engrossed in their battle and had not noticed the commotion caused by Jasper. After venting it out on the tree, Jasper calmed down a little. He was praying hard that Maverick would finish Alex off soon.

I don't care that you are a rare talent and better than I am. It doesn't matter even if you managed to achieve the status of Grandmaster at such a young age. You will soon be nothing, and all that fame and talent would be forgotten and useless once you are dead.

He took his eyes off the two men for a while to vent his frustration and anger, and when he turned his attention back to them, he had a rude shock. He had

expected to find Alex struggling to keep himself alive under the relentless attack from Maverick. However, what he saw stunned him.

“How is that possible? Maverick is injured by Alex! And that jerk Alex is completely fine! How is that even possible?” Jasper mumbled in disbelief.

In the brief moment that Jasper took his eyes off them, Alex had spotted a weakness in Maverick's move. Executing the powerful Thunder Palm, Alex dealt Maverick a heavy blow and badly injured his opponent, who was much more highly skilled than himself.

After all the sufferings he went through, Alex had built up a level of mental toughness that was unusual for a man his age. Most of his battles were against opponents who were more skillful than he was, so he was experienced in dealing with powerful fighters. He



had developed a remarkable ability to spot weaknesses and grasp those rare opportunities to turn the tide in his favor.

That strike of Thunder Palm had brought Maverick down and gave Alex an advantage in the battle. Alex was not about to give his opponent any breathing space, so he relentlessly went on landing more and more powerful blows on Maverick.

Jasper was becoming panicky. Without any intervention, he could foresee Maverick dying in Alex's hands. If Maverick were to die, he would have to face the wrath of his family, but more importantly, he believed Alex would kill him as well.

What he could not see was that Maverick had narrowed his eyes and his gaze was sharp like that of the eagle's. Hidden from Jasper's view, Maverick's left hand was holding on to something, and he seemed to

be waiting for the right opportunity to fight back.

At that moment, Jasper decided to join in the battle. “Maverick, let me help you! Let's finish him off together!” Jasper shouted out to Maverick as he charged toward Alex.

Maverick was stunned by Jasper's sudden move. He had not expected Jasper would rush in and ruin his next move.

Alex let out a smirk and decided to deal with Jasper first.

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)



“Thunder Palm!”

Alex let out a roar, gathered all his might on his palm, and went straight for Jasper. Thunder Palm was his most powerful strike, and even second-phase Grandmasters would not be able to escape unscathed from that blow. Jasper, being merely a half Grandmaster, had no chance of surviving that blow.

Following that roar, all Jasper could see were flashes of golden and purple light coming at him at lightning speed. The gush of power that came with it was about to suffocate him.

Jasper was so stunned he did not make any attempt to avoid the blow. He stood dumbfounded and rooted to the ground in shock. He joined in the battle, thinking he could fight side by side with Maverick to kill off Alex. Little did he expect Alex would turn his

attention solely to him and that he had to face him alone.

Before the blow reached him, Jasper could already feel his hair standing on end. Suddenly, Maverick rushed over and stood in front of Jasper, and used his body to shield Jasper from Alex's blow.

Puke!

Maverick threw up a big mouthful of blood onto Jasper's expensive coat, which instantly became blood red. That would have normally made Jasper hopping mad, but at that moment, he was too overwhelmed to notice that mess.

“Are you all right, Maverick?” Jasper quickly reached out to support the slumping Maverick and asked worriedly. He deeply regretted his impulsive act of barging in in the middle of the fight. He reckoned

Maverick would not be so badly injured if he did not try to save him.

“We have to go, Mr. Jasper,” Maverick muttered weakly, his face ghostly white, with blood still oozing from the corner of his mouth.

Now that you know you are not my match, you wish to escape? Dream on!

Alex, who was standing a short distance from Maverick, could hear every single word he said, despite his weak, soft whisper. There was no way he would let them off so easily. He was determined to make them pay dearly for the pain inflicted on Flynn.

Maverick was the only person skillful enough to be Alex's match. With him down with such a bad injury, it would be a piece of cake for Alex to kill off the rest of the people.

Alex sprinted toward Jasper and was about to finish him off. Before he could reach them, Maverick pulled something from behind him with his right hand and threw it at Alex.

Boom!

The black round thing landed in front of Alex and exploded. Instantly, a thick cloud of dark smoke gushed out and fogged the place, reducing Alex's visibility to zero.

When he got out of the fog, covered in soot, Maverick and Jasper were nowhere to be seen.

It would be almost impossible for Alex to track them down as with that few minutes of delay, a second-phase Grandmaster like Maverick would have escaped to somewhere quite far away.

Their escape was definitely the last thing Alex wanted. From the expensive clothes Jasper was wearing, he could tell he came from high society. If a second-phase Grandmaster like Maverick worked under him, it wouldn't be a surprise more powerful fighters were under his command.

Alex was merely a first-phase Grandmaster who could barely handle Maverick. If their other accomplices were to come after him, Alex knew he would be defeated.

Before they could successfully find him again, Alex knew he had to use the limited time he had to upgrade himself. He had quite a fair bit to master before he could become a second-phase Grandmaster, but he was determined to reach that stage as soon as possible.

Deep in the forest, there was a massive compound that was as opulent as an ancient palace. The finishings were posh, and all the people in it wore the same style of yellow clothes and styled their hair in the same manner.

When the staff saw Jasper bring a badly injured Maverick into the Livingston residence, they hurried over to support Maverick and carried him into the room to rest.

“Don't worry, Maverick. You will be fine. I have already summoned Dr. Jagger. He will definitely be able to save you.” Jasper held on to Maverick's hand and reassured him, feeling guilty and remorseful.

If he had not forced Maverick to go with him, Maverick would not be so badly injured. Moreover, despite being badly injured, Maverick saved their lives by stalling Alex with the Livingston family's secret



weapon, Stygian.

At that moment, a big and well-built middle-aged man opened the door and walked into the room. He had a stern expression and a haughty air. When Jasper saw him, he was petrified and immediately went down on his knees.

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### Chapter 1060



“Dad! W-hy did you come over?” Jasper kept his head down, afraid to meet his father's eyes.

That middle-aged man was Jasper's father, Harold

Livingston. He was the head of the Livingston family and owner of the luxurious compound.

Harold ignored Jasper, walked past him, and went straight to Maverick's bedside. He let out a sigh of relief after checking on Maverick and saw that the injuries he sustained were not fatal.

“Why did you go along with his nonsense? What happened? Who injured you? Was the person from another Reclusive Clan?” Harold asked with concern.

Maverick was about to answer him but felt congestion in his chest. He had to cough heavily to clear his chest before he could speak. “No, it is not them. It is a young chap in his twenties from the real world. He burnt down Mr. Jasper's crops. I went along with Mr. Jasper, wanting to teach him a lesson. Little did I expect a young chap like him is already a first-phase Grandmaster.”

Upon hearing that, Harold's emotionless face twitched and revealed a rare shocked expression. Although he had his doubts about what he just heard, he did not interrupt Maverick and patiently allowed him to finish his story.

Maverick gave him a big smile and continued, "I know it is difficult to believe, Mr. Livingston. If I had not seen it with my own eyes, I would find it hard to believe that in that real world which has no Mana, a young chap in his twenties could reach that level of achievement."

"What is more shocking is that that young man is not only talented, but he had vast experience in real-life battle, comparable to mine. Moreover, his Mortal Force is better than mine! It is really humiliating for me, someone who is about to become a third-phase Grandmaster, to lose to a young boy a league below me," he added.

Jasper, who was kneeling in front of Maverick's bed, hurriedly chipped in to console him. "Please don't say that, Maverick. If I did not barge in suddenly and endanger myself, you would not have to protect me and lose to that Alex guy."

Harold threw a despised look at his useless son and gave him a hard kick, sending him stumbling back by a few meters.

"You are a disgrace to the Livingston family! If news of this spread to the other clans, we will be the laughing stock. What have I been trying to drill into you? I told you to focus on your training and stop wasting time on useless things, but you simply refuse to listen to me. You waste your talents on fooling around and squander your time on some stupid crops. Look what you have done! Maverick is so badly injured because of you. Go stay at the forbidden

ground for five days and reflect on your mistakes!”

The mention of the forbidden ground struck terror into Jasper's heart. It was an extremely harsh punishment.

“Dad, I am your only son! That place is meant for sinners of the Livingston family who are condemned to death, isn't it? If I die there, you will have no one to carry on our family's lineage! Please take back your order, Dad. I promise I will not misbehave again in the future!” Jasper pleaded desperately with his dad.

It was an extremely harsh punishment that was rarely meted out, and knowing his father was a man of his words who would not joke about such a thing, he knew he was in deep trouble.

Although Jasper had never been inside the forbidden ground, he had been near that place and had heard heart-wrenching screams coming from it, which gave

him the creeps. He could not imagine being locked in that place. The thought of it was sufficient to give him the shudders.

With his typical deadpan look, Harold glanced at Jasper who was kneeling at his feet, pleading earnestly. Totally unmoved, he coldly said, “You make a mistake, you bear the consequences. Moreover, I am not that old and can still try for another son should you die. The Livingston family would never want a good-for-nothing as descendent.”

Maverick knew Harold well, and he could tell that Harold was really infuriated. Hence, even if he were to plead on behalf of Jasper, it would be futile.

“Get in here and bring Mr. Jasper to the forbidden ground. He is to stay there for five days,” Harold ordered.

Immediately, two middle-aged men came in and grabbed hold of Jasper. From the way they walked, it was obvious they were highly skilled. Jasper attempted to struggle free, but he could not put up a fight against the two men. He was brought away like a helpless little kitten.

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