

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 147

Alex said with a smile, “We’ll talk about having a meal together after this matter is over.”

Madison was glad to see Alex change his mind, so she quickly nodded. “Alright. I should get going then.”

Staring at Madison’s excited expression, a hint of a smile appeared on Alex’s face.

After that, he took out a cigarette and lit it up, sighing inwardly.

Despite being a celebrity, Madison was still his employee.

However, she did not demand much and was easily contented.

Although Madison had yet to be an international star, she was still an A-list celebrity.

She owned both wealth and popularity, but she was thrilled only because he gave her a noncommittal reply about letting her treat him to a meal.

Then Alex sat on the couch with his legs crossed and deep in thought. Should I have a staff meeting?

Usually, an employee's greatest motivations are the prospect of career advancement and a decent income.

Perhaps I should improve our compensation structures. Then I can greatly improve my employees' motivations.

Anyway, I can only execute these plans much later.

Right now, I should find out the mastermind who spread rumors behind my back.

No matter who the mastermind was, Alex was determined to uncover the truth and make him pay for his misdeeds.

Before Alex left the office, he planned to pick his son up after work. While he was in an elevator, the assistant manager of the Human Resources Department, Jerome, came in.

“Oh, it’s you?” Jerome said with a smirk when he saw Alex.

“Yes, it’s me.” Alex darted a glance at Jerome. He recalled Jerome being ostentatious in front of him at the amusement park.

I wonder what expression will be on Jerome’s face

when he sees me host a staff meeting a few days later.

“Did you see the news? You went viral overnight,” Jerome sneered at him.

“Really? Am I famous now?” Alex replied impassively.

“You’re on the headlines of all major news outlets. Aren’t you curious about it?” Jerome was surprised to see Alex keeping his cool.

Doesn’t this security guard watch the news? Besides, how can the Security Department not know about this serious issue?

“Oh, I must be quite famous then.” Alex laughed out loud.

Jerome furrowed his brows. Alex’s calm reaction was

out of his expectation, and it made him feel displeased.

“Look at this. Tons of Madison Zucker’s fans say that they want to find out who you are to beat you up.”

Jerome reached for his phone and showed Alex the comment section of the news.

Alex glanced over the comments with a steady gaze, and his lips curled up in a half-smile.

“Why are you smiling?” Jerome asked with his brows knitted together.

“I’m smiling because I’m happy with my newfound fame,” Alex answered.

“Aren’t you afraid that Madison Zucker’s fans may find you and cause you trouble?” Jerome asked in bewilderment.

Oddly, he felt troubled by Alex's response.

Alex gave him a smile, but he did not say a word.

When the elevator had arrived on the first floor, Alex walked out.

At the same time, the manager of the Security Department, Jonathan Samson, was waiting outside the elevator. When he saw Alex, he immediately greeted Alex politely, "Good day, Alex. Heading out?"

"Yes, I'm going to pick my son up." Alex nodded at him.

Standing behind Alex, Jerome felt baffled that Jonathan was being so courteous to Alex.

Isn't he just an average security guard? Why does Jonathan, the manager of the Security Department,

respect him so much?

Although Jerome was suspicious about the whole thing, he could not ask Jonathan directly because he was only an assistant manager, and Jonathan's position was higher than his.

Filled with doubts, Jerome walked toward to lobby behind Alex.

He was on his way to pick his daughter up from school, too, so he applied to leave earlier.

“Are you going to pick your son up? Do you want me to send you there?” Jerome ran to catch up with Alex and asked.

Yet, in actual fact, he didn't really want to send Alex there. He only took this opportunity to humiliate Alex.

After that, Alex looked over his shoulder at Jerome and saw the malice in his eyes. He then understood the hidden meaning in Jerome's questions.

With a smile, he took out his R8 car key and pressed a button.

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