

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 271



The moment she spoke, a few owners of antique shops listened attentively.

Upon seeing their reaction, Alex's curiosity towards the pretty lady was piqued.

Dealing with antiques involved many skills, including observing the opponent's reaction and price negotiation tactics.

It was obvious that the antique shop bosses knew the lady. Therefore, she must likely be someone important.

“Lady, you have a good eye. This porcelain geomantic compass was used by famous strategist

Hannibal to predict the weather during the Three Kingdom Wars. If you like it, I can sell it to you for three hundred thousand,” the antique vendor offered the lady with a chuckle.

Deep in thought, the lady didn't respond.

Meanwhile, Alex was captivated by what the vendor said and couldn't help but glimpse at the compass. The moment he saw it, his eyes sparkled with amusement.

He thought that the great Hannibal had actually used it before, but it was just a load of bull.

The geomantic compass was real, it just wasn't from the Three Kingdoms period.

Surprised, he couldn't help but scrutinize the vendor closer.

Alex wondered if the antiques were stolen, as both the Palantirstone and geomantic compass the vendor was holding were real antiques.

It was really rare for a street vendor to have on hand two authentic pieces.

The antique shop owners who were standing beside her started to speak.

“Mister, do you know who this lady is? How dare you ask for three hundred thousand?”

“She is Ms. Maggie Grant from Breezeworth Hall. I’m sure you have heard of it. Breezeworth Hall is Eurasia’s largest auction house. The one in Nebula City is just a branch, don’t push your luck.”

“That’s right, I’ve been observing your compass for some time now. The glaze on it is still shiny while the engravings are exquisite. However, it just lacks a certain sense of antiquity.”

“It’s pretty good for a fake. The workmanship and color on it use modern techniques. At most, it’s just a top-grade imitation.”

“It’s definitely not worth three hundred thousand.”

Looking at the group, the vendor didn’t care for what they said as he had no idea what Breezeworth Hall was.

“Three hundred thousand, take it or leave it. If you don’t want it, others will,” The vendor demanded.

The antique shop owners shook their heads in disbelief.

Maggie too had lost interest. Although the item is likely a fake, it is still worth something. Fifty thousand perhaps, but definitely not three hundred thousand. Only a fool would pay so much.

“Show it to me,” Alex remarked out of nowhere.

The vendor passed the compass to Alex without any hesitation.

Just a moment ago, Alex had spent eight hundred thousand to buy his Palantirstone. What an easy guy to take advantage of.

At that moment, everyone turned their attention to Alex.

Kate widened her eyes instead. Is this guy not done yet?

Don't tell me he is really going to spend three hundred thousand buying that piece of imitation?

I am speechless!

He doesn't look like he lives off a woman, instead, it looks like the others are living off him.

Holding the compass in his hands, he took a closer look and then gave it a shake. He added, "Mister, when you claim that this geomantic compass was used by Hannibal, that is just bullshit. Let me tell you that this compass belongs to Leonardo, Master Geomancer from the Calthean Era."

What?

Does the compass really belong to Leonardo the Master Geomancer?

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Just as he spoke, Maggie and the other antique shop owners were shocked. All of them gave the compass a closer look.

As they were very much into antiques, they naturally knew who Leonardo was.

Leonardo was a Master Geomancer from the Calthean Era, however, the stories about his life were hard to verify.

He started out as a government officer and started to develop an interest in geomancy. One day, he decided to leave his job and roam the countryside practicing it.

He even wrote the famous book *The Thirty-Six Mysteries* which contained the skills which a Master Geomancer must have.

As the compass was used by Leonardo himself, three hundred thousand was considered a bargain.

“Don’t shoot your mouth off if you don’t know anything. You may cause someone to buy it by mistake,” Kate frowned and reprimanded Alex as she pulled his sleeve.

She realized that Alex was growing increasingly defiant.

This is Maggie Grant of Breezeworth Hall that is here.

Many people didn't know about Breezeworth Hall but she knew them well. They were a powerful organization with auction houses strewn all over the nation. Their family's influence was greater than that of the Sutton family.

If Alex misled Maggie and Maggie ended up buying the dilapidated compass, the antique appraisers at Breezeworth Hall would quickly identify it as a fake.

By then, the Grant family would definitely have Alex punished.

“I don’t know anything?”

Alex replied with a laugh, “Your good friend Heather has never told you that I am a Master Geomancer. Do you know the Jones family? When they see me, they greet me respectfully as Master.”

“Huh? You are a Master Geomancer?” Kate rolled her eyes as she felt Alex was just acting up.

However, Maggie and the others looked at Alex inquisitively. They were judging whether Alex was boasting.

Ignoring Kate, Alex gently knocked on the compass and said, “For a porcelain compass, an imitation would give out a rattling sound. But this one sounds sharp and crisp. The reason it looks new isn’t that it was made recently. It was due to the previous owner having enough knowledge of antiques to have taken good care of it. Therefore, it looks as if it had just been made.”

“If you look at the floral decorations that filled the compass, these can’t be baked by ordinary kilns. In fact, you need an imperial Kiln from the Calthean Era

to bake it.” As Alex weighed the compass in his hands, he prepared to buy it as three hundred thousand was a bargain.

The reason he explained so much was just to let Kate know he wasn’t boasting and that he really knew his stuff.

It did work as Kate was stunned by Alex’s words.

Given how logically he explained it, is he really a Master Geomancer?

She felt surprised at how much Alex knew given that he was only a live-in son-in-law. No wonder Heather fell for him then.

It appeared that Alex wasn’t as useless as she thought.

Maggie was doubtful initially but now all her doubts were laid to rest.

Whipping out her phone, she scanned the vendor's QR code and paid him within ten seconds.

Ding!

At that moment, the crowd started to chatter. Breezeworth Hall wasn't just a large auctioneer, they were also filthy rich to splurge three hundred thousand in a blink of an eye.

In the end, it was the vendor who was the most shocked. As he stared at the compass without blinking, his mind started to race.

Is this really a treasure used by a Master Geomancer from the Calthean Era?

“Lady, I thought you no longer wanted it.” Looking at Maggie, Alex spread his hands and was at a loss at how to respond.

If he knew she was going to pre-empt him, he would’ve paid first and explained later.

At that moment, the vendor snatched the compass back from Alex. He shook his head with a smile.

“Lady, you heard me wrong. How is it possible for me to sell you such a valuable Calthean Era compass for only three hundred thousand?”

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Huh?

How can he do that?

The crowd was stunned when the vendor went back on his word.

Alex too was surprised at how unscrupulous the vendor was.

Upset, Maggie's expression darkened. "Mister, are you trying to bully me just because I'm a lady?"

Alex plainly added, "It would do you some good to have some honor."

As the crowd began to feel indignant, they piled it on.

"That's right. How can you go back on your word?"

“You just said that you wanted three hundred thousand for it, and now you refuse to sell it. What kind of business are you running?”

The vendor was unfazed at the crowd’s accusations and still had the cheek to smile smugly.

“I’m still selling it, but now the price is a million,” the vendor quoted casually.

He was pressing his advantage.

Maggie gritted her teeth in response. After being in business for so long, she had never come across someone like that.

In the antiques industry, there was a code to follow. Once a price was quoted, it had to be respected.

Nevertheless, after Alex's analysis, a million for the compass was still considered a good bargain. But, she found the vendor so irritable that she would rather not buy from him than be at the receiving end of his poor attitude.

"Refund my money, I no longer want it." Maggie wasn't bothered to argue with the vendor which would only damage her reputation.

“That’s right, give her a refund!”

“Give her a refund!”

The crowd started chanting.

“Refund?”

Shaking his head, the vendor sneered, “I’m sorry. My rule is that once a deal is done there are no refunds. Either you pay me a million or leave. The deposit is

non-refundable.”

His words infuriated the crowd further.

This man was brazen enough to sell with unscrupulous tactics and blatantly disregarded the law.

Hearing his response, Maggie’s face turned frosty, “I’m not going to buy it anymore, alright? Do you think you can get away with swallowing my three hundred thousand?”

As a member of the powerful Grant family, she never had to tolerate such impudence. She became so furious that her body trembled.

“Just go away if you don’t want to buy. I have never received your money,” the vendor denied.

As Maggie's accent wasn't local, the vendor felt that he could take advantage of her.

"You..." Maggie was outraged. Although it was her first visit to Nebula City, she did not expect to meet such an unscrupulous businessman.

"Just return her the money, or else you're disgracing everyone from Nebula City. Do you know that?" Alex too couldn't stand for it as he glared coldly at the vendor.

"I didn't receive anything from her, so what's there to refund?" the vendor sneered as he was confident of swindling Maggie.

Letting out a cold snort, Alex approached and grabbed him by the collar as he warned, "Are you going to give the lady back her money or not?"

“What the hell? Do you want to play rough? Touch me if you dare!”

Without any fear, the vendor threatened, “If you dare lay a finger on me, I will send you home in a coffin.”

With such a brazen tone, it was obvious he had a powerful patron.

At that moment, the crowd realized something was amiss. Those that were supportive of Maggie quietened down.

However, there were still some that stepped forward. “Young man, do you know who she is? She is the eldest daughter of the Grant family from Lumenopolis. If you want to challenge her by swindling her money, you’d better think about the repercussions.”

“The Grant family?”

The vendor scoffed, “Who are they? Anyone who wants to buy from me has to follow my rules.”

“You...” Maggie stomped her feet in fury. There seemed to be no way around his impudence.

Slap!

Alex slapped the vendor and threatened, “A**hole, do you want me to break your legs?”

Alex felt the conflict started because he explained the origins of the geomantic compass. Therefore, when the vendor refused to refund the money, he felt he had the responsibility to step in.

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“F***! How dare you hit me.”

The vendor’s expression darkened as he was infuriated. “Punk, I see that you’ve got some guts. Very well, wait here if you’ve balls.”

Just as he spoke, he made a call with his phone.

Once he got through, he put it on speaker.

He obviously wanted everyone to hear the conversation.

“Hey, Bob, it’s me,” The vendor spoke into the phone and gloated at Alex.

Bob?

Flynn Dunn’s right hand man?

When the crowd heard the vendor mentioned that name, it sent a shiver down their spine.

There was only one Bob in Nebula City. He was renowned for his cruelty and even those with high power did not dare to offend him.

Little did everyone expect the vendor to have connections with him. Today’s matter was just starting to get worse.

At that moment, a deep voice was heard from the other end of the line, “What’s wrong, my dear cousin

brother?”

This guy is Bob’s cousin?

After knowing this, who would dare offend the vendor again?

Although the Grant family sounded very powerful, it likely didn’t mean much in a small and secluded place like Nebula City. Maggie and her family would unlikely dare to cause Bob any trouble.

In a blink of an eye, everyone started to fear for themselves, especially the antique shop owners who were now dumbfounded. They retreated a few steps back for fear of being implicated in the matter.

Meanwhile, Maggie bit her lips tightly.

From the crowd's reaction, she gathered that the vendor's patron was someone powerful.

As she came alone to Nebula City to run an auction at the branch here, she did not bring any bodyguards along. Therefore, she resigned to the fact that her

three hundred thousand was gone.

“Alex, forget it. Let’s go.” Kate coaxed him softly as she too began to worry.

Although she didn’t like Alex much, she still didn’t want to see any harm come to him.

The vendor appeared to have the support of someone powerful.

“You want to leave now? No one is allowed to leave here today.”

The vendor roared, “Bob, while I was selling my items, someone came to cause trouble.”

The vendor explained as if he was the victim.

“What? Who dared someone cause trouble at your

stall?” Upon hearing the vendor’s complaints, Bob was infuriated.

On a side note, Bob was having a tough time with this cousin of his.

The cousin was lazy and never bothered to look for honest work. He would always cause trouble and get into fights. Every time, Bob had to bail him out and clean up his mess.

Until recently, his cousin told him that he wanted to make money selling antiques. Therefore, he borrowed some money from Bob and started a small antique stall.

It put Bob’s mind at ease to see his cousin finally doing something proper.

Although he roamed within the underworld, he knew it

was a risky job and that he could lose his life anytime.

Therefore, he hoped his cousin didn't follow in his footsteps.

Hence, there was no way he could tolerate anyone causing trouble at his cousin's stall.

At that moment, Kate wanted to leave but was stopped by the vendor, causing her to get nervous.

Previously, she almost had a run-in with gangsters and was traumatized by that experience ever since then.

"Where are you?" Bob growled over the phone.

"I'm at..."

Before he could answer with his location, Alex

snatched his phone over.

“Bob.” Alex’s voice was cold.

“Who are you?” Alex’s voice was so cold that Bob couldn’t recognize it and asked angrily.

“It’s me, Alex.”

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“M-Mr. Jefferson?”

Over at his end, Bob was stunned as he stammered

in reply.

Huh?

Did Bob just greet Alex politely by calling him Mr. Jefferson?

At that moment, everyone was shocked.

Meanwhile, Kate stared blankly at Alex and was speechless.

Mr. Jefferson...

Bob did call him that.

At that moment, her mind was filled with innumerable figures that came together and separated repeatedly.

Impossible!

Definitely impossible!

He is just the live-in son-in-law of the Jennings family, it cannot be him.

The heir to the Jefferson family is a highly reputable position. How is it possible he is a live-in son-in-law and even has a son?

Meanwhile, Alex didn't notice Kate's expression. He snorted, "Bob, you seem to be doing well. Now that you're rising in the ranks, you seem to have become arrogant. You're encouraging your cousin to act like a bully on the streets, swindling people's money."

At that moment, Bob's voice sounded like he was on the verge of tears. "M-Mr. Jefferson...w-what happened?"

Not bothered to explain, Alex threatened, “I will settle the score with you at Sakura Club later. You can ask your cousin to find out what happened.”

With that, he handed the phone back to the vendor.

Flynn valued Bob very much as his right-hand man, however, Alex was extremely disappointed in him.

Flynn's relationship with Alex wasn't an ordinary one. Therefore, Alex cannot allow Bob to destroy Flynn's reputation.

Taking back his phone, the vendor glanced at Alex before speaking, "Bob..."

"Bob your ass! You brat, what did you do? Do you want to die by offending someone like that? Have I been too protective over you?" Bob was infuriated.

Does this young man have a death wish for offending

Mr. Jefferson?

The vendor couldn't help but feel a shiver down his spine.

Who is this man for Bob to even be afraid of?

He understood Bob's temper well. Given how furious he was, the vendor knew that he had to be honest or else he would be beaten up badly.

Therefore, with a trembling voice, he told Bob everything that had occurred.

"You brat, is this the way I taught you to do things?"

Bob was furious. Flynn was trying to turn over a new leaf and was restricting his subordinates from running illegal businesses. Therefore, Bob was also doing the same with his subordinates.

However, he didn't expect his cousin to cause him such a huge problem.

“Do you know that even I have to be cordial with Mr. Jefferson? You little brat, do you want me to break your legs? Quickly apologize to both Mr. Jefferson and Ms. Grant and then return their money.”

At that moment, when everyone heard Bob admonishing the vendor and they were stunned.

Meanwhile, Kate and Maggie stared at Alex in disbelief.

The vendor was flabbergasted as he nodded repeatedly, not daring to disobey.

“Now, pass the phone to Mr. Jefferson,” Bob scowled.

The vendor quickly passed Alex the phone in a respectful manner.

When Alex got the phone, Bob apologized with a trembling voice, “Mr. Jefferson, I’m sorry I didn’t manage my man properly. I will personally come over and apologize to Ms. Grant.”

“You don’t have to, just refund her money will do.”

Meanwhile, Maggie remarked that she didn’t want to have anything to do with Bob.

Waving his hands, Alex replied, “It’s alright, you don’t have to come here. Just keep an eye on those beside you. Or else I won’t have mercy on you even if Flynn’s begs on your behalf.”

“Yes, yes. I have learned my lesson. I assure you that this will never happen again,” Bob quickly promised.

With nothing further to say, Alex ended the call.

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By then, the vendor was almost in tears. As he repeatedly bowed at Alex, he apologized, “I’m sorry, I’m really really sorry, Mr. Jefferson. If I knew you were my cousin’s boss, I wouldn’t have dared behave that way.”

Just as he spoke, he turned towards Maggie and apologized. After that, he presented her with the compass.

Maggie accepted it without hesitation as she did like the geomantic compass. Hence, she didn't ask for her refund anymore.

"Let's go," Alex said to Kate as he turned to leave.

"Hello, I am Maggie from Breezeworth Hall. I would like to thank you for today," Maggie stepped forward to express her gratitude towards Alex.

"Don't mention it." Alex nodded.

"It's necessary. Without your help today, I would have been cheated of three hundred thousand."

With that, Maggie handed a gold card to Alex. "This is Breezeworth Hall's most exclusive membership card. There are only five hundred of it issued nationwide. As long as you have this card, we will charge a

commission of 2% for anything you buy or sell through us. Normal customers are charged 5%.”

Alex accepted the card without any hesitation. After that, he asked, “Is the Breezeworth Hall having an auction in Nebula City recently?”

Maggie nodded. "That's right. There will be a large auction the day after tomorrow. There will be antiques, rare stones, medieval art, and many other items going on auction."

Alex replied with a nod. "Alright, I'll drop by to take a look."

As Maggie's eyes sparkled, she replied with a smile, "Alright. I will meet you at the entrance. This is my contact number and an invitation letter."

As she spoke, she handed him a name card with gold inlays together with an invitation letter.

With that, she took her leave.

After keeping them, Alex asked Kate, "Let's go. Do you still have anything to buy?"

Kate shook her head. "No, let's just go home now."

"Alright, I'll drop you off." Alex nodded.

"There's no need," Kate replied, as she went off to hail a taxi.

Alex had given her so many surprises today that she

needed time to digest them all.

Spreading his hands, Alex let Kate be and walked to his own car.

He didn't return to his office, instead he went to Sakura Club.

When Bob saw that Alex had arrived, his heart sank as he apologized again.

"Think about what you really want in the future before deciding on what to do. You have to choose your own path so that you won't regret it next time."

After shooting Bob a cold gaze, Alex said nothing more.

"Mr. Jefferson, with regards to your advice, I know that there will be a reckoning at the end of my current

path. Hence, I understand what I must do,” Bob nodded as he replied.

Flynn gave Bob a long look but didn’t comment. He just led Alex to a room.

“Your alchemy pot is here. Why don’t you check it out?” Flynn pointed to a bronze pot on the table.

Although the pot looked old, there was no rust on it.

“Looks good, it’s exactly what I wanted. Where did you get it from?” Alex asked as he felt the alchemy pot.

“An antique shop. It isn’t expensive at all. It only costs a hundred thousand,” Flynn replied.

“Mmm, this pot must have dated back to Emperor Alexander’s period. A hundred thousand for it is a

good price. Come, let's head to the basement. I'm going to try making some elixirs today," Alex lifted the pot as he spoke.

"Are you dabbling in alchemy? Isn't that just the stuff of legends? Do you really know how to do that?" Flynn was surprised.

"You will see for yourself."

Alex laughed as he headed into the basement.

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Alex had left the alligator innards he brought back from Airedale in the basement.

A few days ago, he got Flynn to purchase a bunch of different healing medicines which he had also left there.

“What kind of pills are you making?” Flynn asked curiously.

“The Pill of Vitality.”

Alligator innards can be used to make the Pill of Vitality. According to the Nine Heaven Scrolls, the Pill of Vitality not only help the user recover his destroyed Energy Field but also cure many diseases. Even in ancient times, it was considered a medicinal treasure for martial artists.

Its only weakness was that it was unable to increase

one's Mortal Force.

There were many other pills that could increase Mortal Force. The most common one was the Pill of Cultivation.

However, Alex realized that the ingredients for the Pill of Cultivation were either too expensive or too rare. Hence, they were extremely hard to procure.

Although the Pill of Vitality wasn't of much use for him, it could help Charlie recover his destroyed Energy Field.

Charlie was Alex's dad's most loyal subordinate. He was previously the butler of the Jefferson family as was also loyal to Alex. Hence, helping Charlie recover his ability to practice martial arts again was something Alex wanted to achieve.

However, he had yet to tell Charlie about his plans.

After all, it was his first time making the pills using alchemy. Hence, he wasn't sure if it would work.

“What can it be used for?” Flynn asked.

“To cure diseases. Or if your Energy Field is destroyed, one pill can help you recover it,” Alex explained.

Flynn was shocked at how powerful the pill was.

He was also a martial artist and an expert in the Mortal Force. Hence, he understood how important the Energy Field was for one.

Once the Energy Field was destroyed, the Mortal Force would dissipate. Then, one would become a cripple and no longer be able to practice martial arts.

Furthermore, current medical knowledge didn't allow one to recover one's Energy Field once it was destroyed.

Hence, once a martial artist had his Energy Field destroyed by his opponent, he would be considered finished for the rest of his life.

"This is something fantastic. Please give me one when you're done," Flynn said excitedly.

As he roamed the underworld, he knew he would meet a stronger opponent sooner or later given that there are many formidable martial artists around.

If his Energy Field were destroyed, he would be able to train as a martial artist again with the Pill of Vitality.

“No problem at all.” Alex nodded.

After that, he got Flynn to put the Alchemy Pot on the stove and heat it up. In the meantime, he prepared the ingredients required for the Pill of Vitality.

Alchemy not only required high heat but also the ability to control it. Furthermore, the ingredients have to be measured precisely. Many pills turned out to be different than expected because an incorrect ratio of ingredients was used.

Once he was done preparing the ingredients, he put them all into the Alchemy Pot.

The next thing he needed to do was to control the heat based on the formula.

After three consecutive hours, the ingredients inside the pot had slowly condensed into pills. After about more than ten minutes, five pills were formed.

However, the process wasn't complete as the Alchemy Pot needed to cool down slowly. If the cooling process were not handled meticulously, the pills would easily explode.

After another forty minutes, the Alchemy Pot cooled down to room temperature. Only then did Alex manage to relax.

It was a success.

“Are these the Pills of Vitality?” Flynn was excited as he stared at the golden-colored pills in the Alchemy Pot.

Alex too was feeling emotional as he had succeeded on his first try. Lifting one up excitedly in his hand, he was happy that it at least looked like what was shown in the book. However, he wasn’t sure how well it would work yet.

“Take it.” After scrutinizing it for a long time, Alex gave the Pill of Vitality he was holding to Flynn.

After that, he put the other four pills into a small bottle he had prepared.

“Come, we shall let Charlie try one.” Alex smiled as he walked out with the bottle.

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Ever since Charlie was rescued by Alex, he settled at the Sakura Club.

“Charlie, look what I have for you?” Arriving in the backyard, Alex smiled as he held the bottle.

At that moment, Charlie was playing chess with himself. He had invited Flynn and the others to play with him but no one in the whole club knew how. Hence, he ended up playing alone to keep himself entertained.

As Charlie looked up and saw the bottle Alex was holding, he asked with a smile, “What do you have there?”

Keeping with the suspense, Alex just smiled and replied, “Try one first.”

Not having any doubts, Charlie took one and swallowed it.

“Charlie, how does it feel?” Alex asked in anticipation.

All he cared about now was the pill’s effectiveness.

After some thought, Charlie replied, “It’s a little spicy.”

“Don’t you feel anything else?” Alex was doubtful.

“Erm... it feels just like swallowing an ordinary pill. I

don't feel anything special." After pondering a moment longer, Charlie shook his head.

"It can't be. How is it possible that there isn't any reaction? Did I process it wrongly? Or did I make a mistake with the formula?" Frowning, Alex tried to recall the whole process but couldn't find anything wrong.

Why is there no reaction?

“Wait here, let me go take a look.” Alex suspected that he had made a mistake with the formula. Hence, he was going to check the Nine Heaven Scrolls which was inside his car.

Just when he took a few steps, he heard Charlie exclaim in surprise, “Mr. Jefferson, I think I feel something...”

Shocked, Alex turned around, “What do you feel?”

Charlie gave it some thought before he replied, “My organs feel warm... Hmm, that’s right. They feel warm.”

“Mmm, that should be the pill dissolving and its contents starting to take effect.” Alex nodded and wanted to observe further before saying anything

else.

“Charlie, is the heat increasing?” Flynn asked in curiosity.

“It feels as if it’s about forty degrees and no longer getting any hotter,” Charlie answered.

Alex couldn’t help but smile, “If it gets any hotter, you will self-combust.”

Charlie burst into laughter and asked, “Mr. Jefferson, what did you give me?”

He was curious as to why Alex gave him a pill out of nowhere.

Of course, he wouldn’t suspect that Alex was trying to poison him.

“The Pill of Vitality. You probably haven’t even heard of it,” Alex replied with a smile.

Charlie shook his head to acknowledge that he hadn’t. He then asked, “What does it do?”

“Try and feel again.” Alex kept the suspense going.

Charlie stopped asking and tried to feel the changes his internal organs were going through. In a brief moment, he let out a shocked expression and became very excited.

“Mr. Jefferson, does your pill repair a destroyed Energy Field?” Charlie asked eagerly.

After practicing martial arts for more than ten years and meeting countless formidable opponents, he had never heard of a pill that could heal a destroyed Energy Field. Even the latest medical technology

couldn't do it.

And yet, Mr. Jefferson actually had one. It was a valuable treasure indeed.

At the very least, when a martial artist's Energy Field was destroyed, he no longer had to worry about not being able to practice for life.

As long as the Energy Field was recovered, one could recover one's previous skills after a few years of training.

"Not bad, I even made the pills myself," Alex explained with a smile.

"You made them yourself?"

Charlie was shocked as alchemy was a skill that only existed in legends. Even Zachary didn't know how to

do it. No wonder Mr. Jefferson's Mortal Force has increased so rapidly. It is because he has learned how to make elixirs?

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As expected, Charlie's Energy Field was completely repaired that day. Charlie was so excited that he started practicing martial arts the same day.

When he saw how fast the Pill of Vitality healed Charlie's Energy Field, Flynn became especially excited and stroked the pill he had as if it was a valuable treasure.

Two days later, Alex wanted to visit the Breezeworth Hall auction to see if the Monoceros Bone could be found there.

He had promised the Jones family that he would look for one. Since they had placed their trust in him, he wanted to make good on his promise.

On the way to Breezeworth Hall, he received a sudden call from Charlie. Slowing his car down quickly, he answered the call.

“Mr. Jefferson, there’s news from Lumenopolis. Your elder brother, Shane, is coming with the top fighter from the Jefferson family to seek revenge.”

Alex could hear Charlie’s worried voice.

Meanwhile, Alex wasn’t shocked. He plainly replied,

“Charlie, don’t worry. I am now no longer the same as I was before. I’ve been waiting for them for so long that I was beginning to worry they wouldn’t come.”

After he beat the second-best fighter from the Jefferson family, Reuben Fuller, Alex expected Susan to be sending someone stronger soon or later.

However, a long time had passed instead before Susan sent someone again. This time it was her son Shane, which surprised Alex.

It was good that Shane was coming. As long as he could subdue Shane, Susan could then be easily captured.

Alex had waited a long time for this day to avenge his

mother. Without realizing it, eight years had passed since then.

“Mmm, alright. In that case, please be more careful. With my current condition, I don’t think I’ll be of much help to you,” Charlie replied.

It was during his last fight with the top warrior of the Jefferson family, Tim Zuckerkorn, that he got his Energy Field destroyed. His subordinates had it worse than him. Against Tim, they were no match at all.

After ending the call, Alex smiled smugly.

As long as Shane dared to come to Nebula City, Alex would make it a one-way trip for him.

Putting down his phone, Alex continued his journey to Breezeworth Hall.

Soon, he arrived at the hall's entrance. After he parked his car and alighted, he looked around to scrutinize the surroundings.

The landscape surrounding him was peaceful and had an air of nobility to it. All the cars parked outside were luxury cars, where the cheapest ones were Porphes.

It appeared that everyone here today was filthy rich.

At the entrance, Alex presented his invitation letter.

After the security guard verified its authenticity, he cordially addressed, "Sir, right this way."

The moment Alex stepped into the gallery, Jacob, who was dressed flamboyantly swaggered in at the same time.

Just when he entered, Jacob knotted his eyebrows in shock.

That piece of trash, Alex, is here!

What is this coward doing here? The whole Jennings family only received one invitation letter which he was holding. Is that kept-man trying to sneak in?

The moment he recalled how he suffered under Alex, Jacob walked up to him in a huff and exclaimed, “Mr. Jefferson, how did you enter the gallery? Do you know what this place is?”

When Alex heard Jacob’s squeaky voice, he couldn’t help but frown.

“I’m asking you what are you doing here? Do you have an invitation letter?”

“Of course I do.” Alex plainly replied.

Jacob demanded, “How could you be eligible for one? Where did you get it?”

Rolling his eyes at him, Alex retorted, “Jacob, since when the origin of my invitation letter is any of your business?”

Jacob sneered, “You’re just a kept-man. There’s no way you could have received the Grant family’s invitation letter. I think you managed to gatecrash the event by stealing someone else’s invitation.”

“You’re sick in the head.” Alex was too lazy to be bothered by him. He turned to look away without saying anything.

His haughty expression infuriated Jacob further.

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 280



From Jacob's perspective, Alex was a piece of trash and had no position at all within the Jennings family. He was as good as an outcast from the family.

And yet, he was able to enter Breezeworth Hall. This caused Jacob to feel insulted.

How can a man who lived off of another woman stand shoulder to shoulder with me?

Glaring at Alex, Jacob pointed at his nose and

demanded, “Tell me now, how did you sneak in here?”

Meanwhile, Alex frowned as he wondered if Jacob missed being beaten up because he had forgotten how painful it was the last time.

“Are you retarded?” Alex shot a cold glance at Jacob before heading inside and was in no mood to entertain him.

“Stop!”

Jacob stepped in front of Alex to block him and glared at him in a challenging manner. “Are you trying to run? You must be feeling guilty for using an unscrupulous method to enter. You do not deserve to participate in such an illustrious event. Show me your invitation letter!”

Alex was infuriated. Although he tried to ignore Jacob, he couldn't tolerate his repeated challenges.

He countered coldly, "You don't deserve to see my letter, just go away!"

Frowning, Jacob was outraged.

To him, Alex was just a coward. How dare he order me to go away?

The next moment, Jacob tried to grab Alex's arm and sneered, "Don't expect to leave today if you can't explain yourself."

His hand was fast but Alex's reaction was faster as he easily avoided the grasp.

If not for the fact that this venue belonged to the Grants, he would have given Jacob a tight slap.

This young man deserves a beating. He will only learn his lesson after he gets beaten up.

The next moment, Alex grabbed Jacob's wrist and twisted his hand behind his back. He scoffed, "What's wrong with you? It seems that you have forgotten the pain from the beating once the wounds are healed."

Suddenly, Jacob felt a massive force pressuring him. As he was forced two steps back, he was stunned by it.

That was when he remembered that Alex could fight. Previously, the three of them together were not even his match.

Jacob hissed, “Damn it, just you wait, you piece of trash. I’ll get the manager to kick you out right now.”

Just as he spoke, Jacob called out to the manager who was standing close by.

In a blink of an eye, a middle-aged man in a suit and leather shoes approached. He was followed by two bodyguards.

The man had an imposing presence. Smiling at Jacob, he asked, “Mr. Jennings, what can we do for

you?”

“Check his invitation letter.”

Pointing at Alex, Jacob alleged, “I suspect his invitation is a fake.”

For privacy purposes, the names of whoever was invited were not printed on the card. In its place was a series of secret numbers.

By entering the numbers into an app on the phone, one could then check the member’s name.

When the manager looked at Jacob’s expensive clothes, he knew that he was from one of the prominent families. As for Alex who dressed ordinarily and had a smug smile, the manager demanded, “Please show me your invitation letter for verification.”

Although his tone was courteous, his gaze reflected his scorn for Alex.

All because Alex was dressed in normal clothing and didn't look like a guest who could afford to buy any item in Breezeworth Hall.

When Alex felt the contempt the manager had for him, he couldn't help but feel angry. He retorted, "What if I don't do that?"

Clearing his throat, the manager's gaze turned cold as he asked, "In that case, may I know which prominent family do you belong to?"

Before Alex could reply, Jacob jumped the gun, "He is a member of our family, the Jenningses. No wait, he is the Jennings family's live-in son-in-law. Actually, he doesn't even deserve to be considered a member of the family. To us, he is just a dog."

When he heard the words “live-in son-in-law”, the manager understood the gist of the situation.

Anyone of any importance in Nebula City would never be a live-in son-in-law.

As the manager’s expression darkened, he demanded, “Tell me now, how did you get in?”

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