

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 281

Meanwhile, Alex was disappointed when he realized that the attitude of the staff at Breezeworth Hall was just as bad.

He coldly replied, “I walked in here, of course.”

The manager snorted as he looked down upon Alex. “If you don’t show me your invitation letter, I will be forced to ask you to leave.”

Just as he spoke, a few security guards approached and glared fiercely at Alex.

Alex smiled and said, “Fine. Since you’re so persistent, I don’t want to attend your auction anymore.”

It was just an auction and wasn't such a big deal for him.

If it weren't for the fact that he was looking for the Monoceros Bone to help the Jones family, he wouldn't have come in the first place.

Whatever treasures that were on sale, he wasn't interested in them at all.

The moment he finished, he began to leave as there was no point staying back and arguing with these people.

Seeing that Alex was leaving, Jacob burst into laughter behind him, "Hahaha, you idiot. Are you scared now? Or are you feeling guilty? How dare you gatecrash the auction? What an a\*\*hole!"

Meanwhile, the manager looked on with a condescending expression. A piece of trash trying to sneak in? Do you think so low of the security guards here?

Alex ignored them and continued walking out.

At that moment that there was an uproar in the crowd.

All Alex could see was the crowd making way for a man and a woman to enter.

The lady was dressed in a black gown. She had

exquisite features and an alluring figure.

Under the bright and shiny lights, her beauty and charm were especially captivating. When she walked, her demeanor was enchantingly elegant.

Her exceptional beauty caused Jacob to simply gawk at her.

The beauty was Maggie, daughter of the owner of Breezworth Hall.

When Maggie entered the gallery, she scanned her surroundings and suddenly saw Alex walking out.

“Mr. Jefferson, I’m so sorry. There was a delay and I arrived two minutes late. Please forgive me.” Maggie walked up to Alex and bowed with an apologetic expression.

Two days ago, she promised to welcome Alex at the door. Now, her promise was not fulfilled.

What's going on?

The manager and Jacob were stunned.

“Don't worry about it. I'm taking my leave now,” Alex plainly replied as he waved his hand.

“Huh? The auction is just about to start. Mr. Jefferson, do you have something urgent?” Maggie gave Alex a quizzical look.

Alex replied with a smile, “No, it's just that the manager here didn't allow me to enter. I wasn't even allowed to participate in the auction.”

“What? Is that so?”

Shocked, Maggie turned her gaze towards the manager as her expression darkened.

“Did you bar Mr. Jefferson from entering?” Maggie asked solemnly.

The manager was jolted when he realized he had made a mistake.

“M-Ms. Grant, actually, Jacob here said that he was their family’s live-in son-in-law. Then, when I asked him to show me his invitation letter for verification, he just turned and walked away...” the manager quickly explained.

“This is ridiculous!”

The middle-aged man beside Maggie bellowed, “You must know that Mr. Jefferson is Ms. Grant’s friend. How dare you refuse her friend from entering? Who

gave you the gall?”

The man was Fabian Larson, he was the owner of the Breezeworth Hall branch in Nebula City.

Just as he spoke, the manager’s knees buckled and dropped to the floor. Pointing at Jacob, he exclaimed in tears, “Boss, I didn’t do it on purpose. It was this a\*\*hole who got me to do it.”

Meanwhile, Fabian stomped his foot onto the manager’s face, causing him to roll on the ground. He roared, “I won’t let you do this again. Get out of here now and I don’t want to see you again ever! Also, whatever losses incurred today will be deducted from your pay based on the contract terms. If you pay anything less, I’ll have your head!”

“Boss... please have mercy.”



The manager was terrified. The losses were so significant that he couldn't afford to pay for the compensation even if he sold everything he owned.

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“The lawyer will get back to you regarding the compensation,” Fabian said coldly.

The manager instantly collapsed onto the ground and started to plead for mercy.

However, Fabian merely kicked him aside with a disgusted look on his face before glancing at the

security guards around him. “Drag him out and break his leg. Teach him a lesson!”

Fabian had never been a merciful person, having spent most of his life dealing with all kinds of businesses. Even if he did not get the chance to publicly flog the manager, he would make sure he suffered behind closed doors.

“Master, please, spare me!” the manager screeched, panicking to the point of peeing his pants.

Two security guards stepped forward and grabbed him by the arms, dragging him away.

It wasn't until the manager was dragged out of sight that Fabian turned to Jacob, his expression turning sour. “Are you from the Jennings family?”

Jacob nodded as he trembled from head to toe.

“What makes you think you have the authority to mess around here?” Fabian spat with disdain.

“Master Larson, he really is our live-in son-in-law...” Jacob blurted out.

“Break his legs!” Fabian ordered, and Jacob was immediately pinned down by two security guards.

“What’s going on, Master? I think there’s a misunderstanding here...” Jacob said, eyes widening in fear.

Everyone present stared at them in disbelief.

“Isn’t he part of the Jennings family? What did they do

to attract the wrath of the Breezeworth Hall?”

“Seems like the Jennings family got themselves in big trouble this time...”

The members of the crowd began to murmur amongst themselves.

However, most of them were only there for the show.

“Misunderstanding? What nonsense!”

Fabian stepped forward and kicked Jacob in the chest, making him howl in pain.

Fabian then stomped his foot onto Jacob’s back as he growled, “Don’t you know who you just insulted, you little bastard?”

Jacob stared at him in confusion. “I didn’t insult

anyone! I'm innocent, Master Larson!"

Fabian slapped him across the face a couple of times as he scolded, "Are you dumb? The person you insulted, Mr. Jefferson, is our Young Mistress' esteemed guest! I'm really feeling the urge to kill you right now!"

After that, he turned to his subordinates and ordered, "Drag him out and break all his bones! Make sure he doesn't step foot in this place ever again!"

The two security guards that were holding Jacob down began their assault.

After a while, Fabian found himself a metal rod and he smashed Jacob's bones into pieces personally.

With a bloodcurdling scream, Jacob passed out on the floor.

Even so, his legs were still trembling.

The last thought he had before losing consciousness was how badly he had messed things up for the Jennings family.

He had not expected Alex Jefferson to be a guest of the Young Mistress of Breezeworth Hall.

How did he get to know the Young Mistress?

What did he ever do to deserve all that attention from her?

How could this be?

After Jacob was dragged out of the doors, Maggie Grant walked up to Alex and smiled. “Are you satisfied, Mr. Jefferson?”

To Maggie, the Jennings family was nothing compared to Alex, and that was why she did not interfere when Fabian threatened to beat Jacob up.

Alex stared at her for a few seconds before breaking into a grin.

He felt sorry for her when he saw her looking anguished after getting harassed by a street peddler that day.

Now that he saw her again, he realized that he had probably put too much thought into it.

As the daughter of a rich family, there was no way she would go down without a fight.

Looks like she's indeed a fierce one...



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“I can’t say that I’m not satisfied, can I?”

Alex grinned. I’m more than satisfied. That jerk, Jacob has been a thorn at my side for a long time!

Meanwhile, the crowd around them buzzed excitedly.

“I heard that the last thing on the auction list today is going to be amazing!”

“Yeah! Apparently it’s one of its kind and priceless!”

“Never mind...I’ll pass.”

“It’s not like you’ll get to touch it even if you tried to bid for it!”

“Why?”

“I heard that a master from the Mountain of the Beasts came just for this item!”

“The Mountain of the Beasts?”

Everyone was shocked.

The Mountain of the Beasts was a household name across the country, and it was the sanctuary for geomancers.

The oldest disciple of the Mountain of the Beasts was

Damian Kline, and he was well known across the country.

Not only did many rich people pay him handsomely to tell them their futures, but he had also received many invitations to talk about geomancy on national television.

Getting an appointment with him would cost at least a million while buying an artifact from the Mountain of the Beasts would cost even more.

Despite the high prices, their services were legit.

In particular, every fortune told by Damian was unbelievably accurate.

Many people from around the country flocked to Damian to have their fortunes told.



Of course, there were several other geomancers from the Mountain of the Beasts, but their reputation could not be compared to that of Damian's.

If the Mountain of the Beasts sent Damian Kline to the

auction, it would mean that the artifact mattered to them immensely.

That piqued Alex's interest.

What could the artifact be?

"Is Mr. Kline coming as well?" Maggie asked, her eyes twinkling. She had heard about Damian's feats, and it made her curious.

Just then, a commotion ensued outside. As everyone turned around to take a look, a dozen bodyguards came rushing into the venue with a middle-aged priest behind them.

He was wearing light blue robes, which were the standard clothes of a priest.

Standing next to him was a young girl with soft

features and clad in a blue dress. Considering her age, she might be a nun-in-training.

“Mr. Kline is here!” someone shouted, and the crowd rushed towards him in unison.

They crowded around the priest in awe.

Alex merely glanced at him. He looks more like a stage actor than a priest...

Damian and the nun were practically pushed to the front of the room by the crowd. Along the way, he took out a pale yellow talisman in the shape of a triangle and handed it to the man standing right next to him. “Nice to meet you, kind sir. I wish you all the best in your future endeavors.”

“Thank you, Mr. Kline!” the man chirped happily, taking the talisman and tucking it into his shirt pocket

like it was a priceless treasure.

He turned to the crowd and announced, “I’ve been trying to get my hands on Mr. Kline’s talismans for the past decade! Thanks to him, my business has been booming!”

Out of jealousy, some members of the crowd began to ask Mr. Kline for a talisman as well. However, all of their requests fell on deaf ears.

Damian’s assistant turned to the crowd and huffed, “Mr. Kline’s talismans isn’t something you could just ask for and expect to receive one! The starting price for one talisman is two hundred thousand.”

The crowd was shocked for a moment but recovered quickly.

Among the crowd, someone shouted, “It’s rare for Mr.



Kline to visit Nebula City. I'm willing to pay two hundred thousand for a talisman!"

"I willing to pay for it too, Mr. Kline!"

"I'll get five of those! I don't care how much it's going to cost!"

The scene turned chaotic as people began to fork out astronomical sums on the spot in a bid to get a talisman from Mr. Kline.

"You all need to queue up first before that!" the assistant chided, already losing his patience.

The excitement in the room was palpable as the assistant registers them one by one.

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“Are his talismans a gift from the gods or something? Why is it so expensive?” Alex blurted out.

He had kept his voice down, but it was enough for Damian to catch what he said. Damian looked up and trained his eyes on Alex and his brows furrowed into a deep frown.

Pushing the crowd aside, Damian strode over to Alex and studied him from head to toe. “Do you have something against my talismans, my friend?”

“I just don’t think that it’s worth two hundred

thousand,” Alex said flatly.

“What nonsense!” someone shouted. “Don’t you know that two hundred thousand is only the starting price?”

“That’s right! Even if it’s two million, there are still many people dying to get one.”

“I bet he’s the kind that could only afford those cheap charms from the temples!”

Damian glanced at Alex and scoffed. “Watch your mouth and use your brain. Don’t act smart when you’re clearly not!”

At that, he turned around and walked into the venue on his own.

Alex’s expression was impassive as ever, he did not see Damian as someone worthy of his attention.

Maggie, however, was a little embarrassed. “My apologies, Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Kline’s temper tends to act up.”

However, what she said was a lie since she was not close to Damian at all; she was just trying to make Alex feel better.

Alex shook his head nonchalantly. “Let’s go in.”

After the guests took their seats, Fabian walked onto the stage and spoke a few words as the master of Breezworth Hall, before commencing the start of the auction.

“Let the auction begin!” he announced.

Due to the last-minute cancellation of the previous auction, the items to be auctioned off as well as the

number of guests doubled this time around.

Two female ushers of the hall pushed a cart that carried the first item onto the stage. It was an incense burner made out of red copper, with a stick of incense inside emitting a fragrant white smoke.

The auctioneer, Frederick began his introduction.  
“This is a backflow incense burner from a thousand

years ago, gifted to a talented artist by the emperor of that era. The incense that comes with it was used exclusively in the palace, and the common folk had no access to it. The manufacturing process of this incense has been lost over time, but its aroma has the ability to make one more alert and happy!”

He gestured to the usher beside him to light the incense.

An usher in a fitting silk gown carefully lit the incense with a lighter.

Almost instantly, a cloud of thick white smoke began to drip down the incense burner as though it was liquid, bringing out the detailed carvings of a crane on the surface of the burner.

A light fragrance wafted into the nostrils of the guests, chasing away their fatigue and brightening their

moods.

Alex stared at the incense burner. That's genuine ambergris made from a sperm whale's digestive system, coupled with the fact that the item was handmade, it's almost impossible to buy something like that nowadays.

The auctioneer picked up his gavel and knocked it against the table a couple of times. "The starting bid is eight hundred thousand, and every increment for the bid must be a hundred thousand."

The incense burner was beautifully crafted yet affordable, and most people in the crowd longed to have it. Several members of the crowd began to raise their paddles immediately.

After a short while, the final bid was made, and a collector managed to snag it with a price of one



million six hundred thousand.

The next few artifacts were all top-notch, freshly-unearthed artifacts.

The guests bid on them eagerly, while Alex remained uninterested.

These kinds of collectibles meant nothing to him, no matter how valuable they were.

Just then, an usher walked onstage carrying a porcelain plate that had a string of purple pearls that shone under the light in the room on it.

The auctioneer introduced, “These are natural purple pearls from the Eastern seas that only manifest once in every one thousand clams! Each pearl is identical to the other, which is extremely rare.”

The starting bid for the string of pearl was only four hundred thousand, and this prompted Alex to raise his paddle immediately.

He wanted to get his hands on it so that he could make a necklace for Stanley since he knew that the pearls have somniferous properties.

Getting enough sleep is essential for Stanley since he's a growing child.

“Five hundred thousand!” Alex hollered.

No one contested him, since they did not see the value in the pearls.

Just as the auctioneer was about to raise his gavel, a voice rang from the other side of the room.

“Six hundred thousand!”

Alex whirled around.

To his horror, the person that contested him was none other than his nemesis, Desmond Jones of the Jones family. Desmond stared at him with a nasty grin as he said, “Sorry, Mr. Jefferson! It seems like I’ve taken a liking to those pearls too.”

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Alex froze for a second. Isn't this punk pleading for mercy at my feet just days ago? Has he forgotten about that?

Naturally, the events of that day were still fresh in Desmond's mind.

No matter how great of a geomancer Alex was, it would never change the fact that he was a live-in son-in-law of the Jennings family.

Desmond could never forget the humiliation he felt when he was forced to kneel before Alex.

He had nothing but hatred for Alex from that day onwards.

When his uncle gave the black card to Alex, it only fueled his hatred for him.

He was sure that Alex had manipulated his uncle into giving him the black card, which held one billion worth of funds.

Truth be told, he was not interested in the pearls at all, all he wanted to do was to annoy Alex.

Besides, ever since the evil spirit incident, he grew to fear ancient artifacts and vowed never to buy any of those ever again.

Alex glared at Desmond and turned around, raising his paddle yet again.

“Seven hundred thousand!” he shouted.

“Eight hundred thousand!” Desmond yelled after him.

Alex glanced at Desmond again.

“Eight million!”

Everyone’s jaws dropped at the sound of that.

What? Eight million? Is he crazy?

Desmond gawped in shock. Damn it! why aren't you following the rules? You're supposed to increase the bid by a hundred thousand at a time!



Are you perhaps, too rich? Or did you fried your brains?

Alex smirked at Desmond. “Go on, Master Jones!”

“I’m not as crazy as you! Eight million for a lousy string of pearls?” Desmond spat. “Fine then! Take it!”

Even though Desmond was reluctant to yield, he could not afford to go beyond eight million.

To him, the pearls were worth at most seven hundred thousand. Spending eight million for a bunch of pearls would only earn him a beating once he got home.

That’s the epitome of how reckless one can be at spending their money!

“Giving up already, Master Jones?” Alex sneered.

“Looks like you aren’t as powerful as you think you



are!”

The crowd burst into laughter.

Desmond turned red in the face. “Shut up! I bet you don’t even have that amount of money on you! Hmph! Why don’t you show me how you’re going to pay for that?”

Alex pursed his lips. “Why are you complaining so much? Just admit that you’re too poor to bid any higher.”

By then, the auctioneer had already banged his gavel against the sounding block and he announced, “Sold for eight million! Congratulations, Mr. Jefferson!”

Maggie grinned upon witnessing this scene.

Looks like I was right about him being out of the

ordinary!

An usher walked over to Alex with a wireless payment terminal. “Mr. Jefferson, please pay the full amount with a credit card.”

Everyone stared at Alex, eager to see if he was really able to fork out eight million on the spot.

Desmond scoffed. “Go on then, Alex Jefferson! Show me the eight million that you have.”

The crowd was curious to find out as well.

However, Alex simply smiled and took out the black card that Stefan gifted him before swiping it on the card reader.

The screen of the card reader lit up after a second with the words ‘the transaction is successful’.

The usher handed the receipt to Alex and smiled. “We will pass the artifact to you before the end of the auction, Mr. Jefferson.”

“Thank you,” Alex said, nodding.

Everyone stared at him in shock.

It’s true! he is rich!

He just bought a bunch of pearls that was worth seven hundred thousand for eight million!

Alex looked at Desmond smugly. “How about that, Master Jones?”

The crowd guffawed. “Cat got your tongue, Master Jones?”

“Haha! Where’s that fighting spirit of yours now?”

“Hahahaha!”

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Desmond could feel his face heat up from shame.

Damn it! I can’t believe he actually has that kind of money on him.

How embarrassing!

“Just you wait, Alex Jefferson!” Desmond gritted his

teeth and growled.

Alex had gone to great lengths to hide the black card from Desmond earlier so he would not get aggravated any further.

Alex nodded. “Fine by me. I look forward to it.”

Desmond huffed and turned away.

A few items later, a piece of half-finished jade appeared on the stage.

The piece of jade was still half-buried in stone to show that it was entirely natural, and its starting price was eight hundred thousand.

Any natural ore would contain a sizeable amount of mana, which would be useful for any martial artist...

With that thought in mind, Alex raised his paddle.

“Nine hundred thousand!”

Just a second later, a familiar voice rang, “One million!”

As expected, the voice belonged to Desmond Jones.

He stared at Alex with a look of defiance.

“One million one hundred thousand!”

“One million two hundred thousand!”

After a while, the bid rose to twice its starting value, and Desmond raised it to two million without batting an eye.

Everyone could tell that Desmond was deliberately

trying to provoke Alex.

They trained their eyes on Alex's hands, eager to find out what happened next.





Just as they had expected, Alex raised his paddle yet again. “Twenty million!”

What?

The crowd had gone into a frenzy.

Two million to twenty million straightaway? He just threw out a price that’s ten times higher!

Desmond was practically fuming by then.

Do you have a death wish, you piece of trash?

You can’t just spend your money like they’re worth nothing! Stop being such a spendthrift!

Even Desmond, who was the infamous wastrel of Nebula City, would not buy something for ten times its original price.

Desmond hesitated.

Should I follow or not?

If he did, he would be wasting almost twenty million worth of funds.

If he did not, he would be shamed for life.

I'm done for if he humiliates me in front of the crowd again!

With that, he said through gritted teeth, "Twenty-one million!"

The crowd roared.

He added a million!

He's declaring war on Alex Jefferson!

"Thirty million!" Alex said with a light smile.

What in the world?

Has he gone he crazy?

This is a battle of wits!

As the price increased from two million to twenty million and then to thirty million, the crowd's reactions grew more and more frantic.

Desmond felt despair gnawing at his heart.

Isn't he just a live-in son-in-law? How on earth did he have so much money?

The Jennings family have long since fallen from grace, so there's no way they would be able to fund Alex's extravagant expenditure.

"Come on now, Master Jones! Why aren't you playing along?" Alex asked, smiling.

Desmond began to panic.

He would definitely be getting an earful from his elders should he spend thirty million just to bring back a tiny piece of jade.

He racked his brains for a solution as everyone turned around to stare at him.

What am I going to do?

Desmond's face was flushed with embarrassment and panic.

"Going once..." the auctioneer said from his lectern.

"Going twice..."

"Master Jones! Give a higher bid!" someone in the crowd shouted.

"You have to stay strong, Master Jones!"

"Don't let us down!"

"Why are you backing down now, Master Jones?"

"You're never going to recover from this if you don't man up now, Master Jones!"

Desmond hid his face from the crowd and the hatred he felt for Alex increased a hundredfold. I wish I could strangle him right now!

Alex, on the other hand, simply gazes at him in mild amusement. “You’re going to lose if you don’t give a higher bid now, Master Jones.”

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“I give up!”

Finally, the logical side of his mind won despite the shame, and Desmond admitted defeat.

“Huh!”

“What a scaredy-cat!”

“So embarrassing!”

“I know right?”

Desmond lowered his head in embarrassment as the crowd mocked and jeered at him.

Why did I even come here today! I should have just stayed home...

He looked up to glare at Alex as the tirades of mockery continued in the background.

Without warning, he bolted over to Alex’s seat and jabbed his finger into his face. “You’re doing this on

purpose, aren't you?"

Alex picked up his teacup and took a sip before glancing at Desmond.

"You're angry already? Weren't you threatening me just moments ago?" he teased. "Besides, you were the one who wanted to make this into a competition, not me."

"This is an auction, Master Jones. If you can't afford to bet, then get out of here," someone scoffed.

Desmond gritted his teeth, his temper threatening to blow its top.

However, when he considered the immense amount of trouble he might get himself into, he forced himself to stay calm instead.



“Fine then. You’d better stay on your toes, Alex Jefferson!” Desmond growled, jabbing his finger into Alex’s face again before returning to his seat with a huff.

Alex shook his head. What a clown and a deadweight to the Jones family.

Be that as it may, he had promised Stefan to help the

Jones family, and thus, he decided to let Desmond off the hook easy.

As everyone watched, Alex took out the same black card from earlier and swiped it on the card reader.

He could not care less about spending the Jones family's money, though he figured that Stefan Jones would not be very happy once he found out that the only reason the money was used in the first place was because of Desmond.

He might even try to murder Desmond for this... Now that would be interesting!

Another hour passed, and the auction was finally coming to an end.

Throughout the rest of the auction, Desmond never bid on the items again, the reason probably being out

of fear of Alex.

Just then, an usher hobbled onstage with a giant, heavy-looking plate in tow that had a bone-like object on it.

It was about a foot long and had an eerie, greenish glow, much to everyone's surprise.

Everyone held their breaths and looked up in unison.

Alex shivered a little as he sensed the mana the bone was emitting in thick waves.

It's a Monoceros bone!

Looks like the records on the Nine Heaven Scrolls were true... The monoceros bone is filled with mana!

The Breezworth Hall has saved the best item for

last!

Just the large amount of mana contained within that bone would have been priceless!

At the same time, Damian Kline perked up at the sight of the bone.

This is the grand finale!

“Everyone! I present to you, the Monoceros bone!” Fabian announced. “The Monoceros does exist in real life despite its reputation as a mystical beast. This bone was harvested a hundred and fifty years ago, making it a one of its kind artifact.”

He gestured to the usher, who picked up a piece of the bone so that everyone could take a closer look.

The bone glowed beautifully under the light, with its

greenish hue making it look mysterious.

The crowd roared in excitement.

Many people in the crowd have heard of the Monoceros, but most of them did not believe that it had existed. A centuries-old Monoceros bone was certainly not something to be missed.

The starting bid was ten million, which most people in the crowd could afford.

Soon, the price rose to twenty-five million, which made some people back down in defeat.

The others, however, continued to bid.

Suddenly, Damian stood up from his seat and yelled, "Twenty-seven million!"

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Damian turned to the crowd and bowed slightly with a smile. “Everyone, the reason I came to this auction is precisely to get my hands on this Monoceros bone. If you would kindly cease your bidding and let me have the bone, I will give each and every one of you a talisman with my blessing.”

Most people in the crowd knew how powerful Damian was, and getting into his bad books would only mean disaster for themselves and their families.

Besides, getting a free talisman from Damian himself would mean that they would not be leaving empty-handed. Hence, even though they were feeling a slight twinge of displeasure, they decided to let Damian have his way.

Fabian, on the other hand, felt more than a twinge of displeasure upon hearing Damian's words.

The first rule of an auction dictates that the highest bidder wins, which Damian ignored completely.

Fabian did not mind the potential profits he might lose if Damian took the artifact home for only twenty-seven million. The only thing that he was concerned about was the damage that it might do to Breezeworth Hall's reputation.

However, Fabian also knew that there was nothing he could do without getting both himself and



Breezeworth Hall into trouble.

Damian was jittery with excitement after seeing everyone's defeated looks.

He had gone through so much just to get his hands on the Monoceros bone, and his wish was finally

coming true.

So what if it cost twenty-seven million?

I can make a huge profit out of this!

Everyone remained silent, reluctant to make themselves the enemy of someone who was from the Mountain of the Beasts.

Damian was beyond delighted. This is how true power and authority look like!

No one would dare to embarrass me!

That Monoceros bone shall be mine!

Suddenly, a voice broke the silence. "Thirty million!"

The silence the ensued afterwards was deafening.

Everyone turned around to stare at the bidder before letting out a collective gasp.

It's him again! The guy who snagged those two artifacts that Desmond bid on!

Despite having an unassuming appearance, Alex's courage was unforgettable.

The astronomical prices he gave and the successful card swipes that followed had shocked every member of the crowd, yet none of them had expected him to bid on the same item as Damian Kline.

Damian glared at him, his expression growing cold.

Desmond stood up from his seat and rubbed his eyes in disbelief, while Maggie was a little taken aback as well.

Wasn't he just a live-in son-in-law of the Jennings family?

Where did he get all that money from?

Even Maggie herself feared retribution from Damian, the oldest disciple of the Mountain of the Beasts.

Why is he so confident? Could he just be ignorant of Damian's status?

Isn't he scared of retribution?

"How dare you!" Desmond yelled! "Who are you to bid for the item that Mr. Kline set his eyes upon?"

Desmond was seething with anger by then. What makes him think he could go against Mr. Kline?

Alex grinned. “Isn’t this an auction? Don’t you know the rules?” he asked. “Besides, you should probably shut up before you embarrass yourself even further.”

Desmond stomped his foot in anguish and sat back down in silence.

Even so, he chuckled inwardly, knowing how much trouble Alex had gotten himself into.

“You again!” Damian exclaimed, glaring at Alex.

“Don’t you know who I am?”

“I don’t care about who you are,” Alex sneered, staring at Damian without a hint of fear in his eyes.

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 289

Damian scowled as anger rose in him like a tide.

He was the oldest disciple of the Mountain of the Beasts and the most renowned geomancer in the country, yet time and time again, Alex had provoked him. But what he couldn't stand the most was the fact that Alex did not have a single ounce of respect for him.

He's asking for trouble!

Everyone at the scene were scared out of their wits.

Who the hell is he?

Why is he being so disrespectful to Mr. Kline? Does

he have a death wish?

Mr. Kline is definitely going to murder him!

Despite his anger, Damian kept his cool so that he could get his hands on the artifact.

Keeping his eyes fixed on Alex, he grinned and said, “We did have a tiny misunderstanding at the entrance just now, but I’m sure it’s not serious enough to warrant retribution, am I right?”

Damian had budgeted twenty-seven million for the Monoceros bone, but looking at Alex’s bid, he might have to fork out forty or even fifty million to secure the bone.

The only thing he could conclude about Alex from his bid was that he had a screw loose somewhere.

Although Damian did not have a problem with spending such a huge amount of money, he had earned those riches with his own hard work.

He was not going to spend it all on a tiny piece of bone.

As such, he forced himself to stay calm so that he could convince Alex to retract his bid.



I'll wreck him once I get my hands on that bone!

"Alright, that's enough nonsense from you." Alex

sneered. He glanced at Damian arrogantly and continued, “This is an auction, and auctions have rules. If you don’t have the money, then get out of here!”

The crowd had once again gone into a state of hysteria.

Whoa!

He’s telling Mr. Kline to get out?

How audacious of him!

Damian glared at him coldly as he tried to keep his temper in check. “I really want this bone. Can’t you be nice for once?”

“Be nice? Do I even know you? Who’s going to be nice to me then?” Alex sneered.

He crossed his arms across his chest. “Since when does broke rascals like you are allowed here?”

Take that, you old geezer! That’s for threatening me at the entrance earlier.

I’m getting that bone no matter what!

Considering the sheer amount of mana that bone was holding, the last thing Alex wanted was for it to fall into someone else’s hands.

Damian grew ashen from anger and humiliation.

Alex looked like he was in his mid-twenties, which would make him even younger than his own disciples’ kids.

Damian dropped his gentlemanly mask and spat, “My,

my! I never knew someone could be so stupidly disrespectful! Fine then, let's make it a fair match! Whoever bids the higher price wins!"

I would like to see just how much you're able to fork out for this Monoceros bone!

With that, Damian turned to the auctioneer and yelled, "Fifty million!"

The members of the crowd hollered in excitement.

As the competition slowly turned into a bet, the tension in the room mounted with each passing second.

The rules were simple: whoever makes the highest bid wins the bet.

Damian figured that small increments would only

prolong their suffering, so he decided to throw out a frighteningly high bid just to scare Alex off.

Everyone turned to Alex, eager to see his reaction.

The bone would have cost at most thirty to forty million, making the crowd wonder if Alex would bother to keep up.

However, Alex looked completely unfazed.

“A hundred million!”

He doubled the price!

The crowd roared in surprise.

The bidding price of the bone increased exponentially in a matter of minutes, making it somewhat legendary.

“Stop acting like you’re rich, Alex Jefferson!”

Desmond yelled. “Aren’t you just a live-in son-in-law?”

Alex chuckled. “Haven’t you considered the fact that I am indeed rich, Desmond? You see this card here? It belongs to your family, gifted to me by your uncle Stefan. Are you surprised yet?”

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 290



“You...you...” Desmond could only stammer as his temper got the better of him. “You bastard! How dare you steal my family’s money! I’m going to murder you someday!”

Damian turned around to look at Desmond. “Do you know him, Master Jones?”

Desmond huffed. “He’s just a live-in son-in-law that leeches off his wife. He manipulated my uncle into giving him access to my family’s money!”

“Oh, is that so?” Damian asked, raising his eyebrows and putting his gentlemanly mask back on. “Well, boy, my advice to you would be to know your limits. Are you sure you have a hundred million at your disposal?”

Alex scoffed. “That’s none of your business. Stay if you want to keep bidding, and leave if you’re giving up!”

Damian’s mask shattered into pieces the moment he heard that. “You’re asking for trouble, boy!”

Alex chuckled loudly. “Me? Asking for trouble? Can’t you just admit that you’re too poor for this?”

Alex’s unrelenting insults wore away the last of Damian’s patience. With an ugly scowl, he growled, “Stop it! You’d better give the bone to me or else!”



Fabian began to panic. He's going to trash this place if this goes on!

He was desperate to end the conflict, but the last thing he wanted was to annoy Damian. Left with no choice, he could only look on helplessly.

Alex smiled. "Can't you at least wait till the auction's over? My current bid is a hundred million, so what's yours?"

Maggie stared at him in utter confusion, knowing that even a family as powerful as the Grants would not stand a chance against the Mountain of the Beasts.

What the hell is he trying to accomplish? Why is he being so confident?

Damian continued to glare at Alex as his cheeks burned painfully, as though he had just been slapped across the face by Alex.

Despite the shame, he had to admit that Alex was right - they had rules to follow.

A hundred million...

How is that even possible?

Everyone kept their eyes glued to Damian as they waited for his reaction with bated breaths.

Damian was turning red from both embarrassment and irritation, but he forced himself to calm down as he said in a low voice, "My apologies for the misunderstanding, my friend. I hope you can forgive me."

Just as he was about to say something else, the young nun next to him suddenly sat up and gave Alex a murderous glare.

Damian turned to look at his young junior, slightly shocked by her sudden outburst.

“Mr. Kline, he’s the one who messed up our mentor’s spells and put Senior Kyle into a coma!” she whispered.

“So...it was him!”

Damian sneered and ceased his bidding.

The last thing he had expected was for a live-in son-in-law to be the person he came to kill.

If that’s the case, then there’s no point in competing

with him!

Whether he likes it or not, the bone will belong to me after he dies!

“Boy, I certainly hope you can live long enough to use the mana within the bone after you buy it.” Damian scoffed. “Let’s go, Lexa.”

With that, the two of them took their leave.

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