

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 561

Alex?

Heather's heart skipped a beat when she heard his name.

After all, she went out with Stuart behind Alex's back. She even accepted the diamond ring Stuart gifted her. Alex would be suspicious if he found out about their date.

In fact, any man would be suspicious if they caught their woman sneaking around with another man.

What if Alex gets so angry that he demands a divorce?

Panic-stricken, Heather's mind became a jumbled mess.

Before Heather discovered Alex's identity, she longed to divorce him and always hoped that he would agree to a divorce.

However, Heather's notions changed after she realized that Alex was part of the Jeffersons.

Before Alex received a portion of his family inheritance, Heather was determined to keep their marriage intact.

Since the Jeffersons are a powerful family in Lumenopolis, their assets must be worth billions. Even if Alex only gets a small share, it will be like winning the lottery!

“Heather, is the idiot putting you in a bad mood?”

Stuart asked when he noticed Heather's downcast mood.

Wordlessly, Heather nodded.

Why can't Dylan stop sticking his nose into my business?

A faint grin tugged the corners of Stuart's lips upward.
“All right, I'll help you drive that pesky fly away.”

With a clap of his hands, Stuart summoned the bar's security guards.

“Mr. Nixon, how can we help you?” the burly guards asked respectfully.

Since Stuart was a regular customer of their bar, the staff kept their attention on him and treated him like a VIP.

“He is making my date unhappy. Break his legs and toss him out this instant,” Stuart offhandedly said as he pointed at Dylan.

Upon hearing Stuart's order, Heather's heartbeat quickened nervously. Although Heather was sympathetic toward Dylan, his constant meddling caused her to grit her teeth in annoyance. Hence, she decided to remain silent and made no move to help Dylan.

A frown graced Dylan's brows. If things get out of hand, I won't be able to defeat these security guards.

Yet, Dylan could not turn a blind eye to the scene before him. If this continues, Heather will be the one who gets hurt.

Dylan strode toward Heather and grasped her arm.

“Please don't forget your position as Alex's wife. You need to follow me right now!” he said in a firm tone.

Irritated, Heather yanked her arm out of his grip and glared at him. “How many times do I have to repeat myself? Mr. Nixon is a good man. Why are you being such an annoyance? Besides, who are you to tell me what to do?” she snapped.

Heather could not smother her anger toward Dylan anymore.

Her sudden outburst left Dylan speechless. He was at a loss.

“What are you standing around for? Beat him up now!” Stuart roared at the nearby guards.

Finally, they regained their senses and rushed toward Dylan. Without warning, they brandished their batons

as they began to pummel Dylan ruthlessly.

Since Stuart was a regular customer of their bar, the staff kept their attention on him and treated him like a VIP.

“How dare you touch Mr. Nixon's date? Are you out of your mind?” the guards bellowed as they beat Dylan to a pulp.

Although Dylan wanted to retaliate, he was unarmed. His bare fists were no match for the burly guards. Despite his best efforts, the guards pinned him against the floor as they continued to beat him up.

Heather's heart ached when she saw Dylan getting beaten by the guards.

Nevertheless, Dylan's meddling had put her in an irritated mood. She looked away and ignored Dylan entirely.

Startled by the scene before her, Jasmine quickly fished out her phone to call Alex.

But, to Jasmine's dismay, she realized that she did not save Alex's phone number.

However, she discovered her texts with Alex and called him immediately.

After a few seconds, Alex picked up the call.

“Alex, your wife is on a date with another man. The man drugged her drink while she went to the washroom, and Dylan tried to save her by interrupting their date. However, Heather refused to believe Dylan. In a fit of rage, her date ordered the guards to beat Dylan up. Please hurry! Dylan is on the verge of death now!”

Jasmine's panicked voice blasted through Alex's phone as soon as the call connected.

“Which bar are you guys at?” Alex demanded angrily.

“Palatial Bar,” Jasmine replied hurriedly.

“Okay, I will be there in twenty minutes.” With that, Alex hung up.

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Chapter 562



Before Jasmine called Alex, he was at Sakura Club. Initially, Alex wanted to craft some pills using the

thousand-year-old purple ginseng. He intended to use half of it to create some Pills of Longevity, while the other half would be used for the Big Pills of Cultivation.

With his current level of Mortal Force, only the Big Pill of Cultivation would have an effect on his body.

Yet, his plans were interrupted. Alex found himself fuming with anger after he received Jasmine's call.

He wasn't angry that Heather was on a date with another man.

Instead, Alex was furious that Heather had gotten Dylan hurt. After all, Dylan was a sworn brother of Alex's.

Immediately, Alex set his navigation toward Palatial Bar and drove there in haste.

Midway through his journey, Alex halted in front of a red light. To kill some time, he rolled down the car window and lit up a cigarette.

All of a sudden, Alex felt that something was amiss. Promptly, he leaned back as a bullet whizzed across the front of his face before it collided against the car window and shattered the glass. If Alex hadn't ducked in time, the bullet would have been lodged in his head. Fortunately, his gut instincts had saved his life.

Before Alex could delve on his near escape from death, he stomped on the gas and sped off into the empty road.

As soon as Alex stepped on the gas, the R8 lived up to its name as a sports car. In the span of two seconds, it covered several hundred meters.

At the same time, Alex spotted a Cadillac through the rear-view mirror. The Cadillac was hot on his heels.

Immediately, Alex realized that the shooter who aimed for him had to be in the Cadillac too.

In the distance, a wave of cars began to approach Alex as he ran the red light earlier.

Left with no choice, Alex was forced to hit the brakes as he weaved around the oncoming cars before stopping at the roadside.

Although Alex managed to avoid any collisions, the other drivers were not as skilled as him. As Alex skirted around their cars, they panicked and swerved into each other.

Nonetheless, Alex ignored them. He stopped his car and hid behind it to observe the Cadillac.

Unlike Alex, the Cadillac was not so fortunate as it crashed into another car. Promptly, a burly man, along with a middle-aged man, jumped out of the wrecked Cadillac.

The middle-aged man caught Alex's attention.

Alex noticed that he was dressed in traditional clothing. As soon as the man emerged from the Cadillac, his gaze darted toward Alex's hiding spot.

The man's bright gaze resembled the deadly glint of a blade. From his ferocious stare, Alex deduced that this man had to be a Master ranked fighter.

“A Master ranked fighter? Is he someone from the Tokugawa family?” Alex mumbled under his breath.

Alex narrowed his eyes. It looks like I've incurred the

Tokugawa family's wrath.

The Tokugawa family had considerable power and influence in Jetroina because they were one of the five noble families. The fighters in their family were famous for their ferocious reputations. Since Alex defeated Haruko and forced her to sign a ten billion IOU, it was inevitable that she'd be vengeful. After she returned to Jetroina, Haruko must have dispatched the Tokugawa fighters to get revenge on Alex.

In the distance, a wave of cars began to approach Alex as he ran the red light earlier.

During their fight, Alex had held back. However, Haruko's attempt to assassinate him filled him with murderous intent.

Although Alex wasn't one to hold a grudge, he could not overlook this incident. Since the Tokugawa family

were the ones who attacked me first, I will hunt them down with my bare hands and put an end to their family!

“Come on out,” the middle-aged man called out as he stopped a few meters away from Alex's car.

There was a hint of Cranur accent in the man's tone.

According to the fabled myths, many legendary martial artists trained and grew up in Cranur, making Cranur famous for its martial arts.

The man before Alex had to be a fighter from Cranur too.

Does this mean that the Tokugawa family did not send him?

Following the man's yell, Alex emerged from the back

of his car and stopped in front of the man.

Given that he couldn't even kill me with a sneak attack, I have nothing to fear.

“How could a Eurasian like you sell yourself out to the Jetroinians? Did you train in martial arts just to become someone else's obedient mutt?” Alex sneered mockingly.

In truth, Alex found no joy from heckling his opponents.

However, it was crystal clear that the man's strength was nowhere near Alex's. It would be easier to defeat this man with taunts instead.

“What? Are you are saying that I sold myself out to the Jetroinians?” The man looked startled by Alex's words. A look of disbelief crossed his face.

Alex scoffed with disdain. “Am I wrong?”

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Despite Alex's taunts, the man merely smiled good-naturedly. “Takeshi is the only Jetroinian martial artist who has earned my respect. After all, he is Jetroina's strongest fighter and ranked as an Unrivalled Master. Despite that, he is still not up to my standards. I will never submit to him!”

Alex's brows crept up his forehead. If he isn't someone sent by the Tokugawa family, does this

mean he's from the Phoenix Organization instead?

Alex's eyes narrowed in suspicion.

I knew that the Morrisons wouldn't let me off the hook so easily. Sooner or later, they would have hired someone from the Phoenix Organization to assassinate me.

Despite Richard's past warnings to the Morrisons, Uriah was the head of the Morrisons. Alex caught wind that Uriah was currently training in isolation because he wanted to ascend his Master ranking. Once he improved his rank, he planned to annihilate the Grants.

Seeing how the Morrisons are openly going against Richard's warnings, Uriah must have reached a higher rank. Perhaps, the Morrisons believe that Uriah is close to succeeding.

“Are you an assassin from the Phoenix Organization?” Alex asked calmly.

“Not bad. It looks like you have rather keen senses,” the man replied with a smile.

“As an assassin, you've already failed your first attempt. Yet, you didn't run away. Instead, you chose to approach me in broad daylight. I must admit, you are a confident man,” Alex called out tauntingly.

“That is what your average assassin would do.” The man waved his hand airily. “I am no ordinary assassin. Before I met you head-on, I wanted to test the waters. In my eyes, anyone who fails to dodge my bullet is an unworthy opponent. This way, I wouldn't need to expose my whereabouts too.”

Although they were at odds with each other, Alex

couldn't help but agree. If I hadn't dodged the bullet earlier, I would be as good as dead. Once the bullet hit its mark, the assassin wouldn't have to do anything else.

Alex sized up the man before him. “Plenty of Master ranked fighters have died in my hands. Aren't you a Master yourself? How are you so confident that you can kill me?”

“I am unlike typical Master fighters. Besides, you are not the only one who has killed Master fighters. Don't forget that I only came here to assassinate you because I have a solid grasp of your strength. It is a rule in the Phoenix Organization. It looks like you are trying to delay our fight. Are you having second thoughts?”

“Second thoughts?” Alex smirked. Without another word, Alex darted toward his opponent as quick as

lightning.

Although he could sense a menacing aura that emanated from the man, Alex remained unfazed.

Even if the assassin wielded greater strength, Alex had studied the Nine Heaven Scrolls intently. He also had adept mastery over the Light Moves. With these two combined, Alex's power easily outmatched any Master.

“That is what your average assassin would do.” The man waved his hand airily. “I am no ordinary assassin. Before I met you head-on, I wanted to test the waters. In my eyes, anyone who fails to dodge my bullet is an unworthy opponent. This way, I wouldn't need to expose my whereabouts too.”

Even if the man was not an ordinary Master, his chances of victory were slim.

After Alex realized that the man was only ranked as a Master fighter, he was confident of his victory.

Nevertheless, both men were impressive fighters. Watching them trade blows with each other was akin to watching a martial arts movie.

Their fight quickly garnered the attention of the car crash's victims.

Not only were their movements as fast as light, but the might behind their punches were also terrifyingly strong. All of a sudden, Alex aimed his fist at the man. Before Alex's fist could collide against the assassin, the latter dodged it skillfully. Hence, Alex's punch hit a nearby car instead.

Bang!

The impact sent the car flying into the air before it crashed to the ground, where it was reduced to a heap of metal.

Fortunately, the driver did not suffer any grave injuries as he had already vacated his vehicle.

Although they were curious, the onlookers fled further away. They were afraid that they might be engulfed in this deadly fight.

These men are simply too terrifying!

Promptly, the sound of wailing sirens echoed in the air as several police cars could be seen speeding toward the scene.

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The policemen scrambled out of their cars and caught sight of the ongoing battle. Each blow from the two men seemed to contain the strength of a thousand men. Their deadly battle had left their surroundings in a state of ruin. Such a sight left the policemen dumbfounded.

“Stop! Both of you need to stop right now!” One of the policemen mustered the courage to step forward as he tried to halt their fighting.

Boom!

All of a sudden, Alex ducked to avoid another one of the man's blows. As a result, a nearby jeep fell victim to the man's fist as it hurtled into the air.

The jeep soared over three meters high before it smacked against the road. Following the crash, its front tires fell off.

In a haze of shock, the policemen glanced at the wreckage and noticed that the man's fist had left a massive imprint that dented the side of the jeep.

The policeman who'd yelled at them to stop clasped his trembling hand over his mouth in unadulterated fear.

These fighters aren't humans at all. They are monsters!

The horrifying scene prompted many drivers to scurry

out of their cars and seek shelter elsewhere. After all, being punched by either one of these fighters only meant death.

On the other hand, several onlookers began to film the fight with their smartphones.

The fight before their eyes wasn't an edited scene from a martial arts movie. It was a true battle between two skilled martial artists.

Eurasian martial arts was one of the key essences of Eurasia. Although only a handful of individuals managed to master it, every Eurasian was aware of its existence in their culture.

Since it was so rare, most Eurasians have only seen such martial arts performed in movies or television.

Now that they could witness it in the flesh, the

onlookers were filled with joy and awe.

“His prowess in martial arts blows my expectation out of the water!” Elsa gazed at Alex with fervor.

Coincidentally, she was the leader of the police squad that arrived to stop them.

She had sparred with Alex countless times. All this time, she only acknowledged him to be a mediocre martial artist with subpar skills. Elsa assumed that Alex was only slightly better than her.

Now that she'd witnessed Alex's true might, Elsa realized that Alex held himself back for her sake.

Bang!

Under the wrath of Alex's kick, another car was sent soaring into the air.

Unlike the sturdy jeep, this fancy sports car shattered into tiny pieces the moment it collided against the road.

Its car owner, who had hidden himself a safe distance away, felt his heart wrench in a mixture of pain and astonishment.

With each passing second, Elsa noticed that their fight was growing increasingly intense. An ominous aura seemed to hang around the vicinity. The heights of their martial art skills were beyond Elsa's wildest expectations.

From her knowledge, Elsa regarded martial arts as a form of self-defense. Even if Elsa used her skills in a fight, the best she could do was hold her ground against three or five people.

Elsa used to think that the strongest form of martial arts existed within the military. There, it was used to train special soldiers or spies.

However, the intense fight between Alex and his assassin caused all of Elsa's beliefs to crumble into dust.

Even if the special soldiers could dodge incoming bullets, it would be impossible for them to send cars flying with a single kick or punch.

Right now, I'm sure each of their punch carries the force of over one tonne! No mundane body should be capable of exerting such strength.

“His prowess in martial arts blows my expectation out of the water!” Elsa gazed at Alex with fervor.

Elsa concluded that this fight was beyond the realm of

any scientific explanation.

All of a sudden, the assassin delivered a solid punch to Alex's chest. The sight of Alex's caved in chest caused the onlookers to gasp in fright.

Yet, Alex returned the blow with a punch of his own. His clenched fist slammed into the man's face, dislocating his opponent's entire jaw as the man's head snapped to the side at an odd angle.

Promptly, both men lost their momentum and staggered backward before collapsing on the ground. The weight of their muscular bodies caused a small pit to form on the asphalt road.

“Alex...” Elsa felt her heart skip a beat as she prepared to rush forward and check on his wounds.

Even from afar, she could tell that Alex's entire chest

had sunken in. Besides his broken ribs, his heart must have been crushed and punctured too.

Before Elsa could rush toward him, Alex grasped a fistful of pills from his pocket and swallowed them dry. At the same time, he used a special leg technique to heal his grave injuries. Despite that, crimson blood continued to trickle down the side of his mouth.

The gory scene left onlookers shaken. Initially, the crowd assumed that Alex and his opponent were simply putting on a jaw-dropping display. Contrary to their expectations, these two fighters were in a fierce bout to death.

On the other side, the man's lower jaw looked dislocated. The dislocation contorted his entire face and gave him a terrifying look.

Yet, the man paid no heed to the sharp pain throbbing

in his jaw. Swiftly, the assassin rose his feet and hauled a nearby car over his shoulders before he advanced toward Alex.

The thought of his next move had the onlookers' eyes widening in utter shock.

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Their eyes nearly bulged out of their heads when they saw the man making his way to Alex with the car in hand.

How is this person so strong? He lifted the car without

even breaking a sweat! Is he Hercules?

“Watch out!” Elsa shrieked when the man hurled the car toward Alex like it weighed nothing.

Despite her panicked scream, Alex did not stir. His eyes remained shut as he continued his breathing exercises.

Bang!

In the blink of an eye, the area where Alex was once seated became a gaping pit. Upon impact, the car had disintegrated into a pile of broken metal and glass.

The crowd covered their mouths in horror.

Has he been crushed into a pulp?

The tragic sight caused Elsa's heart to ache. Although she wanted to rush over, the sight of the assassin lumbering toward the wreckage caused her to halt.

Even though Elsa was a police officer, she did not have the guts to move. She was afraid that she might incur the man's wrath.

“I know you aren't dead yet. Nevertheless, the impact must have left you on death's door,” the man called out as he rummaged through the car wreck.

Suddenly, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Without hesitation, he darted to the side.

Despite his fast reflexes, the man was a fraction too late. A dark shadow emerged from the wreckage and lunged toward him.

Due to its startling speed, the crowd only caught

blurry glimpses of the moving shadow. They could not discern its features clearly.

A loud bang echoed in the air when the shadow slammed a wrench on the crown of the man's head.

Rivulets of blood began to stream down the man's face as the wrench was dented upon impact.

The sudden blow caught the assassin by surprise and left him disorientated. Though he tried to stumble backward, the shadow offered him no mercy. Instead, it continued to pummel the man with the dented wrench. The repeated bangs resonated in the air. The sounds were so eerie that the onlookers found their skins prickling with discomfort.

Finally, they caught a good look at the shadow's face.

Isn't he the man who was hit with the car? Oh my

God, how is he still alive? Wasn't he buried under the car?

In truth, the car never hit Alex.

Before it could reach him, he took a page out of Lexa's book and activated one of Lexa's skills.

This mysterious skill was part of the ancient Light Moves. It was an advanced technique that required intense studying and repeated practice. If deployed successfully, it would morph the user's body into a dark shadow.

Despite his fast reflexes, the man was a fraction too late. A dark shadow emerged from the wreckage and lunged toward him.

Right from the very start, Alex realized that his foe was slightly stronger than him.

Hence, he suffered grave injuries in this battle.

Nevertheless, he did not use his Light Move technique because Alex wanted to wait for the right opportunity before he unleashed it against his assassin.

During their fight, Alex struggled to incapacitate his opponent. Left with no choice, Alex knew that he had to paralyze the assassin and finish him off with a final killing blow. In order to do that, both sides were forced to sustain life-threatening injuries.

Hence, Alex endured the man's deadly punch without activating his skill.

Even when the man was in a weakened state, Alex showed no mercy. As the assassin collapsed to his knees, Alex slammed the wrench on the man's energy

field, shattering it and rendering his martial arts useless.

Although the man was in a daze, the stabbing pain from having his energy field shattered roused him to his senses.

He fell backward and stared at Alex in disbelief. “H-How did you do that?” he croaked weakly.

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Alex gave the man a glance and smiled at Elsa, who dashed toward him. “I'm sorry to have troubled you,”

he said.

It wasn't his intention to be that high profile, but the assassin cornered him, and there was no other option. He was fully aware that it'd be tough to stay low in the days to come.

Elsa only shook her head and showed her concern. “Oh dear, look at your wound. I'll send you to the hospital right away.”

Alex was moved by her words, yet, he declined her kind offer. “I'm alright. By the way, I'll pay for all the defaced cars here. Consolidate the total damage and ask the owners to look for me at Sakura Club tomorrow. I'll pay them in full. I'm sorry that I have to go now as there's still something that I need to deal with.”

He then walk to his car.

The rest of the crowd was elated when they heard about the compensation. Most of the cars had been on the road for more than five years, and they weren't in the best conditions. Alex was basically getting all the victims a new car each!

Not only did they see the legendary martial art in action, but they'd also won themselves new cars. The owners of the damaged cars were absolutely thrilled.

Elsa was dumbfounded by Alex's nonchalance.

He's a monster! Didn't he just break his ribs?

“By the way, this guy here is an assassin sent by Phoenix Organization, and now that I've crippled him, take him back for investigation,” Alex uttered as he looked over his shoulder.

After that, he got into the car and left.

Meanwhile, at Palatial Bar, Dylan was squirming on the floor to excruciating pain. The security guard broke his legs.

Jasmine wanted to send him to the hospital, but Stuart was in the way. He made the security guard confiscate Dylan and Jasmine's phones.

Heather looked at the two university mates in pity.

However, the thought of Dylan poking his nose into the matter dissipated her sympathy slowly.

Dylan knew that Heather was Alex's wife and didn't blame her for his broken legs. Still, the pain that accompanied his injury was too hard to bear. There was nothing else he could do except endure the trauma while lying in Jasmine's arms and waiting for

Alex to get here.

However, Jasmine's eyes were affixed to Heather, and her blood was boiling.

She would've given Heather a few tight slaps if her circumstances permitted.

What a heartless woman! She thought. Dylan did it for her good. Not only didn't she appreciate his goodwill, but she'd also responded in such a cold-blooded manner. She's absolutely inhumane!

Stuart then offered Heather something to drink, and they chatted for a bit. Out of the blue, he pointed at Jasmine and Stuart. "So, Heather, are they your university mates?"

Heather lolled her head to the subjects, who were on the floor, and nodded.

After that, he got into the car and left.

Meanwhile, at Palatial Bar, Dylan was squirming on the floor to excruciating pain. The security guard broke his legs.

Right when she had her attention off her glass, with a sleight of hand, Stuart dropped a white pill into Heather's drink. The pill fully dissolved in milliseconds.

Jasmine saw Stuart's malicious intention, but since she was still holding a grudge against Heather, she chose to turn a blind eye to it.

Stuart directed a sly smile at Jasmine. He didn't mind her telling Heather what he'd just done as he believed that even if she did, Heather wouldn't believe the latter's accusations.

On top of that, a sip of her drink would knock her out of consciousness.

“I see. Right, since you are from the same school, I'll let them go this time. Anyway, it's getting late. Let's bottoms up and call it a day,” Stuart suggested.

Heather's head would start spinning if she were to have another sip, but she went ahead anyway. Gulp! She chugged the remaining liquid.

Seeing Heather finishing every drop, Stuart put down his glass and flashed a cunning smile at her.

She thought the way Stuart looked at her was eerie, and it gave her goosebumps.

Before she could react, her head got heavier and heavier, and her thoughts blurred.

“Serves you right, you ungrateful pig. How does it feel being drugged?” Jasmine sneered when she saw Heather uncontrollably rocking left and right.

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Cold sweat ran all over Heather's skin. Feeling debilitated, she finally realized that her drink was spiked.

“Heather, are you okay? Are you drunk already? Need help going home?” Stuart feigned concern and grabbed her hand.

“Stay away from me!”

Heather was utterly disgusted by Stuart. I trusted you, and this is how you reciprocate my confidence? By spiking my drink? You're sick!

She then turned her heavy skull toward Jasmine and Dylan. Her heart was filled with nothing but regret.

I should've listened to Dylan. I wouldn't have been drugged only if...

Too bad it was a little too late.

“Wow, Heather. Aren't you high and holy?”

Heather's reaction drove Stuart up the wall. Since his ploy was exposed, he couldn't care less about what she thought. “Hey, do you think I gave you gifts worth

tens of millions just for fun? Those are payments for you to sleep with me! What? Are you saying that you didn't know that's how things work in the live streaming industry? Then how dare you have the audacity to ask for presents and gifts!”

Heather froze and had nothing to retort.

Of course, she knew about the vicious practices and unspoken rules. However, thanks to Anonymuncle, who only gave her gifts and asked for nothing in return, not even her Twitter, she assumed that her audiences tipped her for her singing talent.

Stuart's condescending remarks were a slap in the face. Heather was speechless.

“Heather, I'll be upfront with you. Spend the night with me, and you'll have ten million in your account tomorrow. But if you choose to disobey, I will force

myself on you, and you won't receive a single dime!”

Heather was shaking in her shoes. She quickly darted her eyes to Jasmine and Dylan and pleaded for their help. “Jasmine, call Alex now. Ask him to come and save me!”

Before Dylan could say anything, Jasmine pressed her hands on his mouth to mute him and looked at Heather coldly. “Heather, you brought this upon yourself. Dylan did remind you of Stuart's character and how he spiked your drink. And how did you repay his kindness? You ignored his every word and let Stuart cripple him. Karma bites, you know? Let's see if Alex would still want you after Stuart screws you.”

Jasmine was glad at how things turned out, but Heather was in despair.

What she said was right. I brought this upon myself! If

I had believed Dylan, Stuart wouldn't have had the chance to spike my drink repeatedly!

“Dylan, you're Alex's best buddy. Do you really wanna see Stuart ravishing me?” Heather wasn't giving up. She tried to gain sympathy from Dylan, and that made Jasmine angrier.

Stuart's condescending remarks were a slap in the face. Heather was speechless.

Can't she see what situation we're in? She has no remorse whatsoever and is trying to make Dylan feel sorry for her. How could she still not recognize her mistake? This is too much. Serves her right!

Jasmine's fuming sentiments cupped her hand tighter on Dylan's mouth. She wouldn't let him and Heather have a word.

Their conversation was like music to Stuart's ears, though. He reached for Heather's waist and drew it to his.

“Let's go and start our night in the room. Honestly, although you are no longer a virgin, I've never seen anyone as hot as you in my life. Allow me to savor your flesh tonight. Hahaha!” Stuart laughed heartily as he slowly propped Heather to the room on the third floor.

“Let go of me! Go away!” Heather was devastated.

If Stuart really forced himself on her tonight, her name would be in tatters, and Alex would probably divorce her.

Right when Heather gave up her last glimpse of hope, a figure appeared in front of Stuart. He subconsciously loosened his grip.

Without the support, Heather slumped onto the floor.

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That figure was Alex.

Tears of joy gushed down Heather's cheeks when she saw him.

He was like the buoy that she could cling onto in a turbulent sea. Her once crumbled soul instantly rose back to life.

What spiraled her back into darkness was Alex's indifference. He didn't ask if she was okay, nor did he look at her.

That broke her heart into pieces.

Alex maintained his steely composure and looked at Stuart.

“On your knees,” he demanded.

Stuart quivered to Alex's icy stare. He was positive that Alex wouldn't let him go easily tonight.

Thud!

Stuart immediately plunked his knees onto the ground in front of Alex.

“S-Sir, no... I mean my lord, my a-apologies. I was

only treating your wife to a d-drink.” Stuart wanted to get his revenge on Alex, but he was petrified.

He loathed Alex, but at the same time, feared him because the latter humiliated him again and again.

What contradicting sentiments one could have!

The way Stuart trembled in fear in front of Alex made everyone's jaw drop, including the security guards, who were trying to save the situation.

Smash!

Without saying anything else, Alex grabbed the bottle on the table by the neck and plowed it into Stuart's skull.

“Ugh...” Blood was dripping and oozing out from the top of Stuart's head. Within seconds, his face was

smeared with blood, making him look like a monster.

“Alex, I-I'm sorry.” Stuart took the liberty to assume that Alex had let it all out and begged for mercy.

“What are you sorry for?”

“I-I shouldn't have spiked your wife's drink. I'm s-so sorry! I was blinded by idiocy. I promise it won't happen again!” Stuart pleaded.

“No, no. That wasn't your crime. You broke my lad's legs.” With his chin still high, Alex looked down at Stuart. His tone spelled cruelty.

In a flick, he kicked Stuart into all fours and stamped on his right heel.

Crack!

It was completely fractured.

“Argh!” Stuart howled in pain. It was so bad that he almost passed out.

On the other hand, Dylan felt the strong brotherhood between him and Alex. At one point, he thought that losing his legs for Heather was worth it.

However, Heather was slightly sour regarding Alex's reply.

She thought that he was angry at Stuart for drugging her and casting his devious ideas on her.

To her surprise, Dylan seemed more important than her in Alex's eyes.

That thought displeased her, but she immediately felt guilty for going on a date with Stuart behind Alex's

back.

“Ugh...” Blood was dripping and oozing out from the top of Stuart's head. Within seconds, his face was smeared with blood, making him look like a monster.

“Since you like breaking limbs, let me do the same to you and deaden your legs.”

Following his announcement, Alex bulldozed his feet onto Stuart's other ankle and crushed it.

This time, Stuart blacked out.

Alex did it so mercilessly that there was no way Stuart would be able to walk again.

Not even Tyrael would be able to bring the legs back to life.

After that fiendish episode, Alex squeezed a pill into Heather's mouth.

The result was imminent, and she began sobering up.

Heather stood close to Alex and tried to explain what had happened. “I-I... He gave me tons of presents while I was doing my live streaming, and he wanted to meet up. I didn't know that he was trying to—”

“You should've known better.” Alex shot her a glance of contempt and walked toward Dylan and Jasmine.

“Alex, I didn't come to the date on purpose. I-I—”
Heather rushed up to Alex to explain further. “I won't do it again.”

“Do you know what's your biggest mistake today?”

“I shouldn't have come,” Heather muttered.

“Out of my sight!” Alex suddenly bellowed.

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 569

Alex was utterly disappointed that Heather still had not learned from her mistakes.

Even though he was upset that the woman went on a date with Stuart, he was even more upset that she decided to leave Dylan be and drink with Stuart instead of sending the man to the hospital. After all, Dylan only got injured because of her.

Heather even refused to let the man get help for his broken leg.

“Do you know how badly Dylan's leg was injured? Yet, you think it's a good idea to continue drinking with Stuart instead of sending the man to the hospital. Heck, you even stopped Jasmine from trying to help him. What's wrong with you?” roared Alex at Heather, for he was already pulsing with anger.

Never had he been so disappointed at the woman before.

Heather was completely dumbfounded when Alex yelled at her, as that was the first time the man talked to her that way.

“I never asked him for his help. He deserves that for sticking his nose into other people's business.”

Heather, too, roared because she was equally furious

that Alex raised his voice at her.

Slap!

Finally, Alex could no longer hold his anger back, so he lifted his hand and gave the woman a hard slap on the face.

He never thought that Heather would remain so shameless after what she had done.

Wide-eyed, Heather was utterly stupefied after the smacking, for she did not expect Alex to do something like that to her.

“We're done, Alex. I want a divorce!” yelled Heather fiercely.

“Fine by me. Bring me the papers, and I'll gladly sign them any day.” Alex then gave Heather a cold look

before turning around to help Dylan leave the place.

After staring blankly at the man for a while, Heather started bawling her eyes out.

“You're being too harsh on Heather, Alex. Stuart is a fox, and she just doesn't know it yet,” advised Dylan.

Although Alex remained silent, any fool could tell that he was still mad.

The man only stayed married to Heather for his son's sake, but he was finally ready to see the divorce through then.

Since he was convinced that Heather was only getting worse, he decided that he would not suffer her any longer. I'll find another woman who loves Stanley as her own. My son will have a stepmother, and he will remain loved. Anyone is better than Heather.

Alex tolerated the woman's greed and ignorance, but he refused to let her take him for a fool.

He never thought that Heather would remain so shameless after what she had done.

“You don't have to do this for her. That woman is an idiot; she can't tell the good ones from the bad ones anymore,” explained Alex coldly.

In response, Dylan could say nothing else but sigh.

Even though he was also angry at Heather, he chose to forgive the woman since she was Alex's wife after all.

That was why he did not want to see the two getting a divorce over him.

Still, since he knew Alex and Heather were both still in

the heat of the moment, he decided not to say anything else.

While helping Dylan into Alex's car, Jasmine was curious to see that Alex owned an R8 because she thought the man was nothing but a live-in son-in-law of the Jenningses. I seem to remember that Heather was kicked out of her family, so how exactly can Alex afford to own a car this expensive? The vehicle is worth at least two million!

However, Jasmine did not ask about it since it was not the right time to do so then.

Instead of the hospital, Alex sent Dylan to Tyrael's clinic, for he knew it would take the doctors at the hospital at least a month to treat the man's injury.

On the other hand, Dylan would be able to walk again in a week if he was sent to Tyrael's.

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 570



After waking up the following day, Stuart realized that he was sent to the hospital, so he quickly arranged to be transferred to Tyrael's clinic.

When it came to treating broken legs, Stuart had more faith in Tyrael.

The last time Stuart got his legs fractured by Alex, Tyrael only took a week to get him walking again.

He imagined that the hospital would require one to

two months to achieve that.

After attending to Dylan's injury, Tyrael just so happened to see a few strong men carrying Stuart to him.

“What happened to you, Stuart? Didn't you just recover from a broken leg a few days ago? And now you're back again with the same injury?” questioned Tyrael, who was shocked to see the man again so soon.

“It's a long story, and I'd rather not talk about it now. The doctor at the hospital told me that I have comminuted fractures on both my ankle bones and that it's untreatable. Please, you have to help me,” begged Stuart pitifully.

“Just try to relax and let me take a look first, okay?”

Then, the strong men laid Stuart onto a bed before Tyrael walked up to examine the man's injury.

“Is there anything you can do about them?” asked Stuart anxiously when he noticed Tyrael's hardened face.

“Stuart, your legs... Whoever attacked you, that person showed you no mercy at all. Not only did they fracture your bones, but they also severely damaged the nerves around your ankles. That means even if you manage to recover from the fractures, you'll never be able to walk on your own again because there's truly nothing I can do about your damaged nerves,” answered Tyrael with his brows furrowed.

“How can this be? Please, I beg you! You have to help me. I still have so many years ahead of me; I can't spend the rest of my life in a wheelchair!” exclaimed Stuart, who refused to believe what Tyrael

told him. I'll be done for if my legs are really gone for good.

“It's impossible. Even if I want to help you, there's just no way to treat your nerves. I know for a fact that there's not a doctor in the world who's capable of saving them,” responded Tyrael, still knitting his eyebrows.

Still, Stuart refused to give up just like that and continued to beg. “There must be a way. Please! You've known me since I was a child. Do you really want to see me become a cripple for the rest of my life?”

Even though Tyrael was an extremely talented physician, all he could do was treat Stuart's bone fractures. As much as he wanted to save Stuart from disability, he had no solution at all for the man's nerve problem.

Without functioning nerves, it was impossible for Stuart to walk like normal again.

However, when Tyrael thought of his close relationship with the Nixons, he sighed before suggesting, “To tell you the truth, Stuart, I do have a way to help you walk again, but it comes with a very steep price.”

“How can this be? Please, I beg you! You have to help me. I still have so many years ahead of me; I can't spend the rest of my life in a wheelchair!” exclaimed Stuart, who refused to believe what Tyrael told him. I'll be done for if my legs are really gone for good.

Immediately after hearing that, Stuart was filled with hope. “I don't care what I have to give up; just make it happen. As long as I get to walk on my own again, I'm

willing to pay any price.”

“Well, I don't have the capabilities to restore your legs. In fact, nobody does. But I do have a divine pill that has an eighty percent chance of achieving that if you take it.”

Stuart could not be happier to be told of such a miraculous medicine. “I'll take it. Name your price. I'm willing to pay whatever amount you offer.”

In response to that, Tyrael shook his head. “The pill is priceless. I was saving it for myself in case of an emergency.” The man then paused for a while and sighed. “But for your father's sake, I've decided to gift it to you.”

Back then, the Nixons had helped Tyrael greatly, especially Stuart's father.

Although Tyrael had already paid his dues over the years, the man remained close with the family.

The fact that Tyrael was a divine physician only made the Nixons appreciate him more.

That was why even though he was a little reluctant, he decided to give his divine pill to Stuart anyway.

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