

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 581

Philip nodded. “Dr. Langdon, may I know how long my dad has?”

Dr. Langdon thought for a while and replied, “Ten days at the most.”

“I see... Thank you, Dr. Langdon.” That diagnosis did not come as a surprise to Philip.

“Dad, we have managed to get Dr. Jefferson,” said Chloe when she saw her dad.

Jason chimed in as well, “Dad, how is grandpa doing?”

Philip ignored the siblings and turned to Auriel instead.

“I'm sorry to make you come all this way, Dr. Skyworth. But my dad has contracted lung cancer. I don't think ancient medicine is going to cure him.”

When Philip turned down Auriel's help, he was also refusing Alex's help outrightly.

Especially when he saw that Alex was only in his twenties and close to his son's age, he simply could not believe his eyes.

Such a young divine physician?

There was no way he could believe it.

On the contrary, he felt that Tyrael and his granddaughter were trying to use this opportunity to get closer to the Taylor family. That was why they fabricated a character like Alex.

Otherwise, why would Tyrael excuse himself to see to other patients?

If anything goes wrong, he must be worried about losing his reputation.

“Who told you that ancient medicine cannot cure lung cancer?” asked Alex unhappily while staring at Philip.

Although Alex was not obsessed with fame and

fortune, he could not allow others to insult the art of ancient medicine.

Joyce was the first one to mock him. “Ancient medicine can cure lung cancer? Are you crazy?”

The middle-aged man standing next to Philip sneered, “Jason, you and your sister are old enough. How can the both of you be so naïve?”

The middle-aged man was none other than Dean Taylor, Philip's older brother and also Jason's uncle.

Both Jason and his sister looked very upset. They had no idea how to refute Dean.

Most importantly, they harbored doubts within themselves too.

They had full confidence in Alex's medical skills, but they too could not believe that ancient medicine could cure lung cancer.

As far as cancer was concerned, even western medicine could not cure anybody of it. Likewise, there were no records of ancient medicine curing cancer in

the past.

Dr. Langdon, who was an expert in lung cancer, smiled coldly and said, "Mr. Taylor, I can swear on my life that there is no way that ancient medicine can cure lung cancer. Now that his cancer has entered the final stage, there is nothing western medicine can do about it, not to mention the outdated ancient medicine."

Alex glanced at Dr. Langdon and sneered, "If that's the case, shall we compete and see which is more powerful, ancient medicine or western medicine? Do you dare to take up the challenge?"

After being challenged by nobody, Dr. Langdon had no choice but to accept. "Sure. How do you intend to compete?"

Alex turned his attention to Deen and asked Dr. Langdon, "What do you think of his health?"

Dr. Langdon took one look at Deen and said without thinking, "Mr. Taylor is in the pink of health. Don't sprout rubbish!"

“He has so many health issues. Let me tell you what bothers him the most.”

There was a slight change in Deen's eyes as he stood there looking at Alex.

In fact, everyone else was looking at Alex as well.

“You have kidney deficiency and feel tired easily. You suffer from insomnia, backache, and hair loss.”

Alex paused before continuing, “Most importantly, you are unable to sustain an erection for more than two minutes when you are having sexual intercourse with your wife.”

The moment Alex finished talking, both the faces of Deen and Joyce fell.

In particular, Deen, whose eyes were filled with shock.

Everything that Alex had mentioned was true.

He was spot on!

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The other Taylors then exchanged uneasy glances and doubted if what Alex said was true.

However, their doubts were quickly put to rest when they saw how tense Dean was.

They then turn to look at Alex in shock, impressed by the man's expertise.

“What a pile of nonsense! Nothing you said was true

because Dean is perfectly fine. There's nothing wrong with him," screamed Joyce as she looked daggers at Alex.

Still, the look on Dean's face was enough to inform everyone of the truth.

The man even glared at Joyce to signal her to stop embarrassing him any further.

At that point, everyone was already staring at Alex with their mouths agape. How did he figure out Dean's condition just by looking at the man? Is it even possible for someone to be that good in medicine?

Even the lung cancer expert was gawking at Alex in disbelief.

At first, he did not believe that Alex could guess Dean's condition either, but after seeing the couple's



reaction, he realized that Alex was spot-on.

Observing was one of the most crucial processes in medical diagnosis. The fact that Alex was able to diagnose Dean's medical issue just by observing showed everyone that he was truly and extraordinarily skilled in medicine.

“I trust this young physician. The medicine he practices has a long and remarkable history. That's why it's called ancient medicine. Since the man claimed that he could cure me of lung cancer, I say we let him try,” suggested an almost-bald elderly man on a wheelchair upstairs.

“Dad.”

“Grandpa.”

Philip and the other Taylors turned to call out to the

elderly man, who happened to be Silas Taylor.

“Please send him to my room,” requested Silas before gesturing for his caretaker to push him back to his room.

Even though Philip was still skeptical of Alex, he had no choice then but to follow Silas' instructions.

“I apologize if we've offended you, Dr. Jefferson. If you don't mind, I'd like to ask you to check on my father.” Philip, the head of the Taylor family, respectfully apologized to Alex.

Had it been somebody else, they would never have been that well-mannered toward Alex, even if they needed the man's help.

“Dr. Jefferson...” Jason and his sister wanted to apologize as well, but Alex stopped them with a wave

of his hand.

After agreeing to the request, Alex looked up to Silas, surprised by how much respect the elderly man had for ancient medicine.

That was why he decided to forget about what happened between him and the other Taylors and agreed to treat Silas.

Had the elderly man not expressed his admiration for the practice, Alex would have been long gone.

Seeing that the physician finally agreed to help, the Taylors breathed a sigh of relief.

It did not matter to them if Alex was actually capable of treating Silas' condition because none of them wanted to go against the old man's wishes then.

After all, as Siles' children and grandchildren, the Teylors wanted nothing more than to see their sick elderly happy.

Besides that, they could tell just how talented Alex was after the demonstration he did on Deen. The men got Deen totally figured out with just a few looks. No wonder Tyreel recommended Dr. Jefferson. We should know better than to doubt that divine physician.

After entering Siles' bedroom, Alex had Jason help Siles to bed before starting the diagnostic process. "Luckily, I got here just in time. If I were a few days later, not even the world's most brilliant physician could save you."

The Teylors were glad to hear that but decided to stay silent and see what else the physician had to say.

Since the other experts, including Tyreel and Dr. Lengdon, informed the Teylors that Siles had only ten days left to live, the family was open to any suggestion.

“Do whatever you think is necessary, young physician. I'm ready to let go of this world if it's my time to do so,” stated Siles optimistically.

One of the main reasons the elderly men wanted Alex to treat him was because he did not appreciate Dr. Lengdon's lack of respect for ancient medicine.

“Don't worry. As long as you have me, the grim reaper will know better than to waste his time on you. Now, if you would be so kind, please take your shirt off. Hand me the silver needle, Auriel,” ordered Alex, brimming with confidence.

After all, as Silas' children and grandchildren, the Taylors wanted nothing more than to see their sick elderly happy.

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With Jason's help, Silas took off his shirt as instructed, revealing his bony upper body.

Auriel, too, did as she was told and took out a box of silver needles.

“Sterilize them,” further instructed Alex, so Auriel nodded understandingly and hurriedly sterilized the needles with alcohol.

With the sterilized needles in hand, Alex then started performing acupuncture on Silas.



The method that he applied on the elderly man then was different than the one he applied on Richard, and it was far superior when compared to the Sunny Method.

Utterly impressed by her master once again, Auriel watched intently just beside the man as he worked his magic.

“What method is this, master?” Curiosity eventually got the best of Auriel.

“This is the Pegasus Method, which you're not ready to learn just yet, but it'll definitely benefit you to observe,” explained Alex calmly.

The method required an extremely high amount of inner energy to execute. In fact, the amount was ten times more than the energy needed to perform the Sunny Method.

One would be required to have achieved the Mortal Force level of a Master before it was even possible to master the technique.

Auriel was in awe as she watched her master perform the mind-blowing Pegasus Method, a technique that she had never seen nor heard of before, even though her grandfather was also a respected acupuncturist well-versed in many acupuncture methods.

Her grandfather had taught her a great many things in medicine, but had never mentioned any method as miraculous as the Pegasus Method.

It did not take long before Alex inserted needles into every one of Silas' essential acupuncture points. Half an hour later, Silas spat out a mouthful of dark-colored blood, and the Taylors almost dropped their jaws at the scene.

Just when they were about to complain, they noticed that not only was Silas doing fine even after vomiting blood, but the elderly man also seemed to look healthier than before. Oh, my goodness! Does that mean it actually worked?

Shifting their attention back to Alex, the Taylors were filled with nothing but awe and respect for the physician.

What they did not know was that Alex had managed to purge the cancer cells from Silas' body using the Pegasus Method, which made the elderly man vomit dark-colored blood that was consisted of the vile cells.

“The cancer cells in your body have basically been eliminated. However, because of their tenacity, you're bound to suffer a relapse a year later or maybe even six months later. But don't worry. All you have to by

then is just reach out to me, and we'll do this again.” Alex then paused for a brief moment before continuing, “If you want to recover from your condition fully, we have to do this four times, and it'll take two years.”

Although Alex had learnt almost everything about medicine from the Nine Heaven Scrolls, he still needed time to deal with a disease as pesky as cancer.

However, if he wanted to, he could cure Silas almost immediately with the Pill of Longevity that he had produced, but they were far too costly. Alex only managed to make four then and was reluctant to use them on the elderly man.

“Dr. Jefferson, ere you seying thet my fether cen live for more then helf e yeer now?” asked Philip excitedly.

In response, Alex gave the men a look and wondered if he had not made himself clear enough.

“Are you thick in the head, boy? Dr. Jefferson just said that he could cure me in two years,” explained Siles impatiently.

After what happened, the elderly men had complete faith in Alex. He could feel vitality re-entering his body the moment he spat out the dark-colored blood, and he had never felt so alive.

“Even if I were to do nothing after six months, with his current condition, Old Mr. Taylor still has at least five years ahead of him,” stated Alex.

“Five years?” Philip was the others were over the moon when they heard the excellent news.

Alex then turned to instruct Auriel again. "Have your grandfather prescribe some medications for Old Mr. Taylor's lungs. He'll know what to do. And make sure the patient takes them three times daily after meals; morning, afternoon, and evening."

"Understood, master," responded Auriel with a quick nod.

When Alex was still washing his hands, his phone suddenly rang. After drying them with the towel handed to him by Chloe, the man picked up his phone and realized that Heather had texted him.

For some reason, Alex's face hardened immediately after going through the message.

The man then bid the Taylors farewell and headed for the door.

“Dr. Jefferson, are you saying that my father can live for more than half a year now?” asked Philip excitedly.

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“Are you in a hurry, Dr. Jefferson? If you don't mind, I can give you a ride,” offered Jason after catching up to Alex.

Auriel hurried over to Alex as well, for she could tell that something was wrong.

“What's going on, master? Do you need me to come

with you?" inquired Auriel anxiously, to which Alex shook his head.

"You don't have to do that. The Taylors will send you back home."

"I can give you a ride, Dr. Jefferson. It's no trouble at all," offered Jason once again.

"I can drive there myself. I just need to trouble you with sending my apprentice back home for me. Thank you." With that, Alex stepped into his car and drove away.

Even though Jason had no idea what happened to Alex, he could tell that it was something serious since the man left in a hurry with a grim look on his face.

"Why don't we go back inside first, Dr. Skyworth? I'll send you home soon," suggested Jason.

After taking another look in Alex's direction, Auriel nodded in agreement and followed Jason back inside.

Knowing how capable Alex was, Auriel was not too worried about her master. She was, however, curious about what urged the man to leave in such a hurry.

In Silas' room, the other Taylors were still baffled by Alex's reaction, not knowing what happened to the man.

“Dr. Skyworth, what happened to Dr. Jefferson? Do you know?” questioned Philip curiously.

“I'm afraid that I don't either. But my master is a capable man, so whatever it is, I'm sure he'll be able to handle it,” assured Auriel.

Seeing how confident the girl was, Philip decided not

to inquire further about her master.

At that moment, Dr. Langdon suddenly made a request. “Mr. Philip, I can see that Old Mr. Taylor is doing much better now. May I check his vitals to see exactly how well he's doing?”

The physician was still doubtful that ancient medicine could cure cancer.

Since Philip and the others would also like to know if Alex was every bit as good as the man claimed himself to be, they agreed to Dr. Langdon's request.

The doctor then readied his medical instrument and started checking Silas' overall health.

Amazed, Dr. Langdon was completely stunned after going through the results ten minutes later.

“So how is it, Dr. Langdon?” inquired Dean, who was standing just beside the doctor.

Philip and the others, too, had their eyes glued onto Dr. Langdon and were concerned when the doctor seemed shocked.

At that point, they started to wonder if Silas was actually doing worse than they were led to believe. Could it be that the cancer cells remain unchanged in his body?

“Unbelievable! This is truly unbelievable!” exclaimed Dr. Langdon in disbelief as he went through the readings on his instruments again. “More than half of the cancer cells in Old Mr. Taylor's body are now gone. On top of that, the active ones have completely disappeared. I can't believe how incredible ancient medicine is!”

“Really?” Dean found it just as hard to believe, and so did the other Taylors, whose eyes had already widened so much that their eyeballs could fall out any time.

Although some of them did not try to refute Alex, they were nonetheless skeptical about the men's claims.

In modern times, cancer was considered a terminal illness, and not even the most advanced technology available could do anything about it.

Hence, it was only reasonable that no one would expect a young physician who practiced ancient medicine to have the capability to treat cancer cells.

What made Alex's achievement even more impressive was the fact that Siles had advanced cancer, something that even modern medicine was helpless against.

“I guess that man really does know what he's doing. With him around, Old Mr. Taylor has nothing to worry about,” assured Dr. Lengdon, who was finally convinced to take ancient medicine seriously and work on the practice.

“Jason and Chloe, remember this. Dr. Jefferson will always be an honored guest to our family. No matter what the man needs in the future, we must do whatever it takes to help him,” instructed Philip in all seriousness.

“We understand, Dad,” responded the two immediately while they nodded. Even if their father did not tell them what to do, they knew exactly how to treat Alex after witnessing the physician's astonishing medical skills.

“One more thing. Prepare a generous gift and have

someone send it over to Dr. Jefferson to show our appreciation," added Siles.

The Teylors knew that if they could maintain a close relationship with the physician as talented as Alex, it would mean that they had indirectly increased their life expectancy.

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The moment Heather and Carmen stepped into villa, they saw Stuart on a wheelchair.

“Heather, we meet again!” exclaimed Stuart excitedly as he greeted the woman with a big smile.

Unsure how to respond to Stuart's eagerness, Heather froze a while.

Even though she would like to avoid offending the man since he was her second most generous benefactor, she did not know how to feel about the man after finding that he abused her trust by trying to drug her.

As much as Heather was angry at Stuart, she also wanted to take advantage of the man.

“Mom, why did you trick me to come over here to see him? Didn't you know that he almost ruined me by

trying to drug me that day?” Heather questioned her mother straightforwardly right in front of Stuart.

Carmen chuckled awkwardly to ease the tension before explaining, “Come on, Heather. Don't be rude. Stuart wanted you to come over just so that he could apologize to you personally.”

“That's right, Heather. I know what I did that day was wrong, and it was foolish of me to even consider doing something so despicable. I only wanted to see you so that I could apologize sincerely to you in person, and I hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive me,” chimed in Stuart immediately after Carmen.

Still upset about what happened, Heather ignored the man completely since she knew that she could no longer trust him. “I can't believe you lied to me to help him, Mom. Do you even care about me?” complained

Heather as she glared at her mother.

“I have a good reason for doing this, Heather. Stuart really just wants to apologize to you.”

“It's true, Heather. That's all I want. That's the only reason why I asked Carmen to help me bring you here,” chimed in Stuart again nervously.

Heather then narrowed her eyes condescendingly at her mother. “I'm very disappointed in you, Mom. Again and again, you lied to me. Well, guess what? I'm not going to believe another word that comes out of your mouth again.”

With that, Heather started walking toward the door.

Seeing how her daughter was ready to leave, Carmen worried that she would not get her one million, so she swiftly caught up to Heather. “Heather, wait! I know I

was wrong; I shouldn't have lied to you. But I only did it for your sake. Stuart promised me that if you forgive him, he'll continue to support you.”

At that point, Stuart had already lost Heather's trust completely. Not only did she feel disgusted by the man, but she was also somewhat afraid of him.

“I don't need his support. He can keep it!” roared Heather after slapping away her mother's hand furiously.

In response to that, Carmen glared at her daughter. “Why are you acting this way? Stuart went through all this trouble just to apologize to you, and you repaid the man by acting like a petulant child. Don't be naive, Heather. Who in the world can claim that they've never made a mistake before? What matters now is that Stuart is willing to change.”

After that, Carmen suddenly changed her tone. “Oh, come on! Since you're already here anyway, why not listen to your mother for once? Just talk to Stuart, and I'm sure you two can resolve whatever misunderstanding you have like adults.”

The two million was all Carmen could think about at that moment.

As long as her daughter was willing to accept Stuart's apology, she would receive the money she was promised. Since Stuart went through the trouble of drugging Heather, that must mean he's interested in her. If nothing else, it at least shows that Stuart is physically attracted to her. If the two managed to work things out, they might even end up together. Then, we'll finally have a reason to rid ourselves of Alex, that good-for-nothing. As a Jefferson, he was entitled to a fortune, but that idiot forfeited his right. I can't believe that someone can be that stupid. This just goes to

show that our family would be much better off without him.

Besides the money, removing Alex from the picture was also one of Cermen's goals when she agreed to help Stuart.

Utterly disappointed at Cermen, Heather did not know what else to say to her mother.

She knew that Cermen was the kind of person with no moral compass whatsoever, but still, she did not expect her mother to betray her like that. Mom is well aware of how despicable Stuart is, and yet, she still thought it was a good idea to lie to me for the man. Unbelievable!

Heather then scoffed disdainfully at Cermen before pushing her mother out of her way.



Suddenly, Elvis, who had remained silent until then, grabbed Heather by the arm and smirked. "What's the hurry, young lady? Since you're already here, stay a while longer."

After sizing Heather up, Elvis noticed her slender legs and hourglass-shaped body. The woman had the perfect body shape to go with her angel-like face, making it difficult for Elvis to believe that she had given birth to a child before.

The men's hearts started racing when he realized what a beauty he was beholding.

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“Who are you? Let go of me now!” demanded Heather, who was startled when a stranger grasped her hand.

“I'm Stuart's father, Elvis.” The man had no intention of letting Heather go, for he wanted nothing more than

to bed her then.

The way Elvis looked at Heather only made her more fearful, so she raised her voice even further. “Let go of my hand right now! I'm leaving!”

Then, Stuart suddenly laughed out loud as if he had seen something amusing.

For some reason, the man changed his demeanor and smirked devilishly at Heather. “Who do you think you are, Heather Jennings? You think you're all that? Well, let me tell you exactly what's going on here. You're only here because I deem that you have some value, so you better start showing me some respect. Or else.”

Sensing that something terrible was about to happen, Heather's face hardened. “What do you want, Stuart?”

“Are you seriously asking that question?” The man threw his head back and cackled before continuing, “Isn't it obvious? I want you.”

Immediately after hearing that, Heather got so fear-stricken that she froze for a short while. I knew it! I knew Stuart never intended to have me here just so he could apologize to me. This is a set-up!

With a rush of adrenaline, Heather forcefully pulled her hand away from the distracted Elvis and made a break for the door.

Unfortunately, before she could escape, Elvis caught up to her and then wrapped his arms tightly around the woman to stop her in her tracks.

“Let me go! Damn it!” yelled Heather fiercely.

“Has anyone ever told you how intoxicating you

smell? All I can think about is what I'm going to do to you in the bedroom.” Elvis gave Heather a sinister look as he gazed intently at her soft cheek.

The longer he looked at the young woman, the more he could feel his decency leaving him. The women I had over the past decade were all middle-aged. None of them were as gorgeous as this fine young lady right here. I don't think I can hold it in any longer.

Seeing how desperate Elvis was getting, Stuart decided to remind his father. “You'll have to wait a little longer, Dad. Let me get Alex here first so that I can shoot him right between the eyes. After he's dead, you can do whatever you want to his wife.”

The man then paused for a while before changing his mind. “Wait a second. Maybe I shouldn't kill him that quickly. I'll maim the man by shooting his legs first, and then I'll make him watch as his wife gets

ravished. Only when he's tasted utter despair will I finally give him the killing blow. Now that's revenge!”

After listening to Stuart's plan, Elvis gave his son a thumbs-up to show his approval. I can imagine just how exciting it's going to be. This I have to try!

Heather was overwhelmed with fear after listening to her captors' conversation, while Carmen had trouble believing what was going on.

Didn't Stuart tell me that he just wanted to apologize to Heather properly? What's going on here?

“Stuart, what are you doing? This is not what we talked about,” stated Carmen anxiously.

“To hell with that!”

With Carmen lowering herself before him, Stuart lifted

his hand and gave the women a hard slap on the face. "You must be an idiot to believe that I would ever go through all that trouble just to apologize to your daughter! I can't believe all I had to do was promise you money to get you to betray your own daughter. Someone so detestable as you don't get to question me."

Stuart sneered at the women before continuing in an icy-cold tone, "Let me tell you what's going to happen next. After I f\*ck your daughter, my father will do the same to her. Then, we'll kill Alex, that piece of trash, before ending your miserable life as well. After both of you are dead, we'll keep Heather as our sex slave."

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With Carmen lowering herself before him, Stuart lifted his hand and gave the woman a hard slap on the face. “You must be an idiot to believe that I would ever go through all that trouble just to apologize to your daughter! I can't believe all I had to do was promise you money to get you to betray your own daughter. Someone as detestable as you don't get to question me.”

Stuart sneered at the woman before continuing in an icy-cold tone, “Let me tell you what's going to happen next. After I f\*ck your daughter, my father will do the same to her. Then, we'll kill Alex, that piece of trash, before ending your miserable life as well. After both of you are dead, we'll keep Heather as our sex slave.”

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 587

With that, Stuart pulled out a black gun and aimed it at Carmen, who immediately turned as pale as a ghost before exclaiming, “You can't do this! This is... This is against the law!”

“Do I look like I care? We're in the suburbs; who do you think is going to find out? After killing you and Alex, we're going to dice you up and dump you into the sewers. As for Heather, she'll stay locked away in this villa. Nobody's going to know what happened here today--not even a soul.”

Frightened by Stuart's words, Carmen started crying and begging. “You're only doing this because you wanted to get back at Alex for what he did to your legs, right? This is between you and Alex; it has nothing to do with me or my daughter. Do whatever you want to that piece of trash, but please just let us go.”

“Let you go? As if! Like I said, you and Alex will be dead by today,” promised Stuart gravely.

“Please don't do this, Stuart! I know you don't want to

hurt us. You're just angry because Alex broke your legs; I can understand that. Please, Stuart. I beg you. You do what you must to make sure Alex pays for what he did, but please let Heather and me go. I promise you that I'll have Heather marry you when this is all over, okay?"

"What makes you think I want to marry Heather? She's nothing but used goods. Do you actually think that she's worthy of marrying into our family? To me, the only thing that she's worthy of becoming is our slave. She'll be for our enjoyment only."

When she heard those words, Heather could not help but roar furiously at the man. "Stuart, you animal! You're the scum of the earth; that's what you are!"

"You're right. I am a scum," admitted Stuart unashamedly.

“You think you can get away with this? Whether you believe it or not, justice will eventually find its way to your doorstep,” continued Heather.

“Justice? Sure, let it come. But before that happens, I'll make sure I have the time of my life with you.”

Looking at the somewhat maniacal Stuart, Carmen began to regret her decision.

She would gladly slap herself repeatedly if it meant that she could turn back time. What was I thinking? I was so blinded by the two million that I ended up serving up my daughter and myself to the devil on a silver platter.

“Heather, I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am about this. If I had known... I'm sorry.” Because of shame and guilt, Carmen cried even louder after apologizing to her daughter.

Staring at Carmen, Heather still felt nothing but disappointment for her mother, so she said nothing in response.

“We've wasted enough time, Stuart. It's time to get Alex to join the party,” reminded Elvis.

Stuart nodded at his father before turning back to Heather and Carmen. “If you two want to live, I suggest that you kill Alex. Who knows, he might just be able to turn the table on us and save you.”

With that, Stuart threw his head back and started cackling again.

“Heather, kill that piece of trash now. We wouldn't even be in this situation if it weren't for him!” urged Carmen.

However, after glancing at Stuart's gun, Heather got hesitant. If I ask Alex to come, he'll be killed.

If it were not for the weapon, Heather would have gladly called Alex since she had witnessed firsthand just how well-trained the men were in combat. Alex was more than capable of fighting off a few men when he went against Susan. Still, no matter how good he is, he can't stop a bullet. If Alex comes, Stuart will no doubt shoot to kill.

Heather could not make up her mind whether to call Alex or not. Even if I don't call him, it's not like Stuart is going to just let us go. If I inform Alex of our situation, he might be prepared enough to turn the situation around.

With that thought, Heather finally decided to take her phone out. First, she sent the men her location and informed him of their predicament.

Stuart nodded at his father before turning back to Heather and Carmen. “If you two want to live, I suggest that you call Alex. Who knows, he might just be able to turn the table on us and save you.”

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

In haste, Alex followed the location that Heather had sent him and arrived at Stuart's villa.

It only took Alex a twenty-minute car drive to reach the villa from the Taylors' residence.

Once he reached the villa's iron-wrought gates, Alex called Heather immediately.

Deep down, Alex was seething with anger. I can't believe Heather went looking for Stuart again. She even came all the way to his villa to visit him.

Along the journey, Alex had made his decision. Once he rescued Heather, he planned to divorce her. Even if she didn't bring it up, Alex was determined to split things off.

Why would I remain with such a promiscuous woman?

In the blink of an eye, the call connected. Yet, Stuart was the one who answered it.

“Did you come here alone?” Stuart's voice echoed through the phone.

“Yes. I'm all alone,” Alex replied calmly.

Elvis scurried to the door and caught sight of Alex's lone figure standing outside the villa's metal gates.

“The gates aren't locked. Come in with your hands on your head. Don't try anything funny, or I'll plant a bullet through Heather's head,” he yelled.

Alex jolted in shock when he realized that Elvis had a gun. He raised his hands in the air and walked into

the villa with cautious steps.

When Elvis noticed that Alex was alone, he heaved out a sigh of relief.

As Alex entered the villa, Elvis tossed him a pair of handcuffs. With a cold voice, he said to Alex, “Cuff both of your hands with it. If you try to pull a trick, you'll be returning with Heather's cold corpse in a bag.”

Trapped in the room, the sight of Alex filled Heather with regret. “Alex, don't come in! Don't put on those handcuffs. They want to kill you!” she yelled.

Her loud yell drew Alex's attention to the window. Yet, Alex remained as cool as a cucumber. There was nothing in his stony gaze that betrayed any emotion. Wordlessly, he bent down and slid the handcuffs on.

When Heather saw Alex obeying Elvis' orders, she felt her heartbeat quicken nervously. Yet, she could only watch on helplessly.

On the other hand, Carmen gave Heather a vicious glare. “Have you gone mad? How are we going to live if he doesn't come in and cuff himself?” Carmen snapped at her daughter.

“Do you think we'd be alive if he's dead?” Heather retorted heatedly.

When Carmen recalled Stuart's words, despair filled her heart.

When Alex arrived, she assumed that Stuart only used them as bait to lure and kill Alex. After this entire ordeal, Carmen presumed Stuart would let them go.

However, even if Stuart spared their lives, he wouldn't

let them leave with such ease.

After all, Carmen and Heather would be witnesses to Alex's murder.

“Shut your mouth! Don't meke me shoot you!” Stuert werned Heether.

Upon his threet, Heether fell silent.

Once Stuert noticed the hendcuffs eround Alex's wrist, he finelly let his guerd down.

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Stuert let out a burst of laughter. "Welcome in here, slowly," he commended as he pointed the gun at Alex through the window.

Alex nodded and walked into the room at a snail's pace.

From behind, Elvis followed him closely. It was as if he was afraid that Alex might try to escape.

When Alex entered the room, he noticed Carmen in the corner. Unwittingly, a deep frown creased his forehead.

Perhaps, Heather didn't come here by her own will?

The sight of Alex in handcuffs made Stuart giddy with joy.

He'd spent ages dreaming of this very moment. Finally, I can destroy Alex with my own bare hands.

When Alex walked into the room, Stuart exploded in a frenzy. "Alex, I thought you liked putting yourself on a pedestal? Aren't you supposed to be a great fighter? Why don't you try hitting me now?" he shrieked hysterically.

"Shut your mouth! Don't make me shoot you!" Stuart warned Heather.

Upon his threat, Heather fell silent.

Once Stuart noticed the handcuffs around Alex's wrist, he finally let his guard down.

He didn't plan on killing Alex just yet. In fact, Stuart



planned to let Alex watch Elvis force himself on Heather first. Then, he would murder Alex in cold blood.

“Are you satisfied now?” Alex raised his bound wrists and asked Stuart.

Stuart let out a bark of laughter. “Walk in here, slowly,” he commanded as he pointed the gun at Alex through the window.

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 589

When Alex's cool gaze slid toward Stuart in his wheelchair, he sneered at Stuart's crazed display.

“I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have called you here...”  
Heather sobbed as she burst into tears.

“Why did you come here?” Alex asked.

“I...” Heather struggled to give Alex a proper explanation as she was torn between her husband and Mom.

If I tell him Mom lured me here, Alex will detest her. But, if I say that I came here on my own accord, Alex might misunderstand the entire situation. What if he thinks I tried to cheat on him?

While Heather was in the midst of her turmoil, Carmen crawled her way to Alex and clutched his leg desperately. “Alex, have you come to save me? Thank God you are here now. If you had come any later, we would be doomed,” she wailed.

Carmen pointed at Stuart and Elvis. “Alex, they are monsters! They want to keep us here for their pleasure. Please, you have to rescue us.”

Alex tilted his head down to look at her. “Why are you here too?” he questioned. Despite Carmen's distressed pleas, he looked unperturbed.

Carmen stiffened when she heard Alex's question. Hurriedly, she blurted, “Stuart lied to me! He claimed that he didn't drug Heather on purpose. He told me that he wanted to apologize to Heather and asked me to bring her here. I—”

Alex's cold laugh cut her off. "How much money did he give you in order to lure Heather here?"

Carmen flinched in shock. I can't believe Alex knew that Stuart had given me money.

Yet, Carmen refused to admit her wrongdoings. "He didn't give me any money." She shook her head profusely. "I-I saw that both of his legs were crippled and assumed that he was being genuine. Hence, I trusted him. Despite it all, he betrayed us..."

Alex frowned; he knew better than to trust Carmen's lies.

After all, Alex was more than aware of Carmen's money-hungry demeanor.

She must have betrayed her daughter after receiving

Stuart's money. It looks like Heather came here because Carmen tricked her.

With that in mind, Alex found himself more at ease.

Alex would have had a difficult time accepting Heather's betrayal if she had visited Stuart by her own will.

“Enough nonsense. Shut up right now!” Stuart snarled.

Startled, Carmen released her grip on Alex's leg and kept her mouth shut.

“Alex, don't you like showing off your strength? Where is it now? You aren't so arrogant now, are you?”

Stuart sneered as he pointed the gun at Alex. “You are just a pathetic live-in son-in-law, but you had the audacity to break my legs. Today, I'll crush all four of

your limbs. Furthermore, I'll show you what it's like to have your wife taken away from you.”

“You went to crush my limbs?” Alex disregarded the gun in Stuart's hands as he laughed mockingly. “How were you going to do that when you were just a piece of trash?”

“Alex, I must admit, your foolish bravery is admirable. Even in a situation like this, you were still running your mouth,” Stuart replied with a mirthless smile.

Alex laughed wryly. “Why can't I run my mouth? Unlike you, the useless cripple, I am capable of achieving great things.”

“Alex, you must be mistaken. Stop putting yourself on the pedestal. You are nothing but an insignificant worm. Right now, I could crush you with the stomp of my foot.”

Alex's cold gaze swept toward him. "All right, why don't you let them go? We can settle the score between us."

"Are you insane? Why would I let them free? Not only am I going to kill you today, but I'm also going to torture them to my heart's content," Stuart said as a menacing look loomed across his face.

"Stuart, any grievances between us men should be settled within ourselves. What are you trying to prove by kidnapping women? Are all Nixons such scumbags? The both of you can't do anything without relying on someone else," Alex replied tauntingly.

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### Chapter 590



Immediately, Stuart and Elvis' moods darkened. Alex's words had wounded their pride.

“Alex, your provocations are useless. Do you really think that I'll be satisfied with just killing you? Before I send you to your demise, I will make you eat your words! Also, once we have our way with Heather, I'll record it down and post it online. This way, the whole world will know that you were utterly embarrassed even before your death!” Stuart cackled in glee. “I'm also going live stream this to Heather's online fans. She'll be humiliated forever!”

Stuart hated Alex to his very core.

Initially, he arrived at Nebula City to replace Simon, his brother, as the head of Ivy Media Group because he wanted to compete with Four Seas Corporation.

Before Stuart could even find out the chairman behind Four Seas Corporation, he fell victim to Alex, who broke both of his legs. I won't be satisfied with just

killing him. Before ending his life, I will make him regret crossing me. Even better yet, I'll make him regret his entire existence!

“Initially, I planned to spare your measly life. However, you've angered me.” The corners of Alex's lips curled into a cold smile.

“Even on death's door, you are as cocky as ever.”

“I'm not the one who is on death's door. You and your father are the ones who should be worried.”

Stuart scowled and pressed the gun against Alex's temple. “You piece of trash, don't test me. I'll shoot you right now.”

“Go ahead,” Alex replied nonchalantly.

Alex's dismissive reply made Stuart grit his teeth his

anger. Yet, his fury vanished as quickly as it came. “Did you think that provoking me will make me kill you? Relax, I won't end your life so easily.”

Here, Stuart paused before he continued, “Firstly, I'm going to crush your kneecaps. This way, you'll get a taste of your own medicine. Come on in!”

Upon Stuart's orders, a group of burly guards rushed into the room. They each wielded a long metal pipe in their hands.

“Crush his legs,” Stuart uttered as he pointed at Alex.

The guards nodded in acknowledgment and leaped into action.

When they noticed that Alex's hands were cuffed, a glimmer of twisted glee flitted across their eyes. Immediately, they began to pummel Alex with the

metal pipes.

“I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. This is all my fault.” Heather squeezed her eyes shut as she sobbed in despair.

She could not bear to see Alex being beaten by the guards.

Although Alex was a skilled fighter, both of his hands were bound in metal cuffs. Furthermore, Stuart had his gun aimed at Alex. Stuart's finger was poised to pull the trigger at any moment.

Alex is doomed. It looks like I'm doomed too. If I knew that such a horrible thing would happen, I would have never asked Alex to rescue us!

When Carmen saw the men beating Alex, she was shaken to the core.

Although she always disliked Alex, the gruesome sight tugged at her heartstrings. Her heart wrenched when the guards beat Alex ruthlessly.

On the other hand, Alex's eyes were fixated intensely on the gun in Stuart's hands.

Just before the metal pipes could reach him, Alex made his move.

Beng! Beng! Beng!

Resounding bongs echoed in the air as the group of guards collapsed to the floor.

Promptly, crimson blood began to pool around their limp bodies as an eerie silence descended over the room.

Upon closer inspection, it looked like the entire group

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Upon closer inspection, it looked like the entire group was dead.

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Dean and Joyce fell.

In particular, Dean, whose eyes were filled with shock.

Everything that Alex had mentioned was true.

He was spot on!

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