

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 611

“Mr. Jefferson, I'm sure there are other things we can talk about besides work, don't you think?” Maggie said rather wistfully.

Alex smiled amicably to dispel the feeling of awkwardness. “Of course. What would you like to talk about? You know me, I'm always up for a conversation.”

“Indeed?” Maggie's eyes lit up.

At Alex's nod, she chewed her lower lip in a brief, contemplative silence before suddenly covering the other's hand with hers. “Mr. Jefferson,” she said, looking straight into his eyes with determination, “Can't you see that I'm in love with you?”

She had been throwing hints at him all this while. Be it the furtive glances or the seemingly accidental touches, all of which conveyed the same message—she adored him. However, much to her disappointment, Alex was being deliberately, and rather frustratingly, obtuse. Hence, Maggie decided to be more direct and make her intentions known.

In the beginning, she only approached Alex because of her grandfather, who had encouraged her to bag the man no matter the cost. As time passed, she got to know the young man better. There was little doubt that Alex Jefferson was a remarkable man. In fact, he was the best she had ever met, and Maggie had found herself falling for him slowly but surely.

She had asked him along to the hot springs on a whim, but perhaps subconsciously, she had done it because she wanted this opportunity to act on her

admiration.

Alex's eyes widened. Maggie had thrown him a curveball. Though he always knew of her feelings for him, he did not expect her to make such a bold declaration. We can't be together. I'm a married man. Even if I weren't, the Grant family would never allow Maggie to stoop so low as to marry someone like me. They're one of the most influential families in Lumenopolis, after all.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Grant," he said awkwardly, hoping to let her down easy. Being the privileged daughter of the Grant family and having it all in life, she was probably not used to being rejected. He decided to broach the subject carefully. "Your feelings are wasted on someone like me. I can't marry you."

"Why not?" Maggie asked.

“I have a family,” Alex said helplessly. “Even if I were to get a divorce, I don't think your family would take well to you getting together with a divorced man with a son. You deserve someone better. It's best that we stay as friends and business partners, and nothing more.”

Maggie shook her head. “Mr. Jefferson, you don't have to do this to yourself. I know as well as you do that your marriage is coming to an end. The only reason you and your wife have not divorced is because of your son.”

The love she had for him was plain in her eyes as she continued in earnest, “I promise you that I would treat Stanley as my own if you could give a chance to be together with you.”

Her words left Alex shaken and, if he was being honest, touched. He could tell that Maggie, much like himself, had the foresight on things and would stay true to a promise once it was made.

Heather, on the other hand, was different. As narrow-minded as she was beautiful, she was too materialistic and often unable to see the bigger picture. She tended to lose sight of what was truly important, instead only going after the petty gains in

front of her.

Objectively speaking, Maggie was by far better than her in this regard. However, this did not mean that Alex would relent. This doesn't change anything, he told himself firmly.

“Ms. Grant, you deserve better,” he repeated.

“There're plenty of other fishes in the sea. Every eligible, outstanding bachelor in the city would die a happy man to be the recipient of your attention.”

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 612



“There's none other as outstanding as you,” Maggie said resolutely.

Such a high compliment did not lift Alex's spirits. Inwardly, he gave a rueful smile.

The other continued with a serious expression, “I know you married your wife not because you love her. It was because you didn't want to expose your identity to your stepmother, so you chose to settle down to keep yourself out of sight.

Even though you have a child, it doesn't mean that your marriage is not falling apart. I also knew about what your wife went to do behind your back. If she truly loved you, she wouldn't have chosen to be unfaithful to you just because her family needed financial assistance. I would never do that if I were her.”

“Even if you were the only one they could count on? You'd refuse at the expense of the rest of your family?” Alex asked quietly, the words exiting his mouth before he could think better of it.

Deep down, he knew that one of the primary reasons leading to his falling out with Heather was the fact that the latter had agreed to stay with Walter Wallace for three days for thirty million.

Regardless of her reasons, Alex considered it a betrayal. Although he had intervened, the actions of which had led to the decimation of the Wallace family, and helped the Jenningses out of their financial crisis, he was nevertheless bothered by Heather's actions. Needless to say, it was driving a wedge in their relationship, pushing them even further away from each other.

A divorce had indeed crossed his mind, but as



Maggie pointed out, he was loath to do so because he wanted his son to grow up with both parents around.

“Yes.” Maggie nodded firmly at his question. “I wouldn't have done it even if my family needed and told me to. I am my own person, not their pawn. I would gladly sacrifice my life to help them if the need arises, but I would not sell my body and soul for a morally questionable cause, especially if I believe there are other ways to help them.”

Alex stared at her wordlessly for several long moments, moved by her display of inner strength. She values integrity above all else and can think for herself. It's really admirable.

“I'll be frank, Mr. Jefferson,” Maggie said in a sincere voice. She was starting to get somewhat emotional. “It doesn't do either of you any favor to be in a loveless marriage. It's better to part ways, not only for the two

of you but for your son as well. How do you think Stanley is feeling, having to see the cold, stony faces of his parents every day? Having a divorce would benefit everyone.”

Alex widened his eyes as he took in her words. When she puts it this way...

He had to admit that in a way, she did make sense. The conflicts I have with Heather must have already impacted negatively on Stanley. It's no wonder that he has been very quiet lately and doesn't

seem to want to speak to me.

Guilt tugged at his heart. Alex sighed internally and made a mental note to be more sensitive to his son's feelings and smile at him more.

“My grandfather likes you a lot, you know,” Maggie said, emboldened by the other's silence. “He once told me he would love for you to be his grandson-in-law. He wouldn't oppose at all if we got together. If anything, we'd have his full support. So you don't have to worry about getting any disapproval from my family.”

She smiled softly. “You don't have to reciprocate my feelings. At least, not now. But you should get a divorce with Heather and set both of you free.”

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 613

The corners of Alex's mouth curled into a bitter smile. “Ms. Grant, you're wasting your time on a man like me.”

Maggie tightened her grip on his hand. “It's not a waste of time,” she insisted. “I want to. I love you.”

There was a pretty blush on her face. Though embarrassed, she was glad she had finally managed to tell Alex how she felt. Even if I got rejected, at least I know I've tried.

She was, by all means, head over heels for Alex. The

young man had filled her thoughts all day, every day. She craved for his presence, so much so that she even had a dream about the two of them the night before.

Alex sighed. “You're barking up the wrong tree. You'd be better off finding someone else—someone who's single and available to be in a committed relationship with you.”

“Mr. Jefferson, don't be so cruel.” Maggie's eyes misted over. “You can choose not to give me your heart, but I'm asking you not to break mine. There's no way I would be able to have eyes for anyone else but you, so please, don't say something like that.”

She lowered her head and muttered, “I even dreamt of you last night...”

“What was the dream about?” the other asked on an

impulse. He wanted to stop himself but it was already too late.

“I...” Maggie flushed pink.

Maybe now's the time to change the subject. Unfortunately for Alex, however, the other spoke up before he could do so.

“We were married in my dream,” she said in a voice that would be too soft to catch if not for Alex's keen hearing. “And I was pregnant with your child...”

He sighed again, wondering what else he could say to deter her. “It's not going to happen. Maggie, you don't even know me that well.”

Without missing a beat, Maggie said, “I do know you, and I'll get to know you even better if you could only give me a chance. It doesn't matter whether you're

married or not. I just really want to be with you...”

Alex blinked. Is she telling me she's willing to be my mistress? There's no way I'd let that happen! Maggie is a good friend and a valuable business partner. I don't want our relationship to change.

He adopted a serious expression. “Maggie, I'm flattered, really. But even if I were to divorce Heather, I wouldn't be ready for another relationship so soon. It could be three or five years, or possibly even longer before I even think about finding my next romance. Please don't waste your time on me.”

Just then, Auriel, who had been slumbering not far away, stirred.

Not wanting his disciple to catch them in a questionable situation, Alex hurriedly withdrew his hand from Maggie's grip.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)



Maggie craned her neck to cast a glance at Auriel, who had yet to wake, before leaning close to Alex and dropping a quick, light kiss on his mouth without preamble.

The sensation of her soft lips lingered despite its briefness.

“I've already made myself clear,” she said quietly, eyes alight with ardent determination. “I love you regardless of whether you feel the same. Consider me your suitor from now on.”

Torn between exasperation and begrudging amusement, Alex was at a loss for words. If I knew that this was what would happen, I'd never have agreed to come on this trip. The situation with

Heather is already problematic enough, and now Maggie has just complicated things. I have to tread carefully or the repercussions could affect the tech dome.

By now, Auriel was waking up. Yawning, she stretched lazily and rubbed sleep from her eyes. “Wow, this hot spring is doing wonders for my body. I could feel the exhaustion of having to wake up at four every morning leaving me.”

“Why do you have to wake up so early in the mornings?” Maggie asked, perfectly at ease. It was as if the last ten minutes or so had not happened.

“Training,” the other said simply, shrugging. “Mr. Charlie wakes up at four for training and wants us to do the same.”

“Well, you know what they say.” Alex smiled. “No

pain, no gain.”

Auriel made a face but said nothing.

Maggie chuckled. Now that she had professed her feelings, she was much more at ease around him. “You're a strict master, aren't you?” she commented jokingly.

“Oh, hey, Maggie,” Auriel said suddenly, grinning. “Why are you blushing? The water's not that hot, is it?”

The subject of her scrutiny blushed even harder. Maggie now had a sneaking suspicion that Auriel might already have been awake when she kissed Alex. She shifted uneasily at the thought and tried to get the other girl off her back. “Well, the water's not hot, but your body is. And it's making me blush.”

With a mischievous wink, she went over to where Auriel was, making a show of tickling her playfully.

Giggling, the latter dodged. She scooped up some of the hot spring water with her palms and splashed Maggie, who yelped and retaliated immediately.

The two girls frolicked in the water, laughing all the while.

Alex, whose presence was momentarily forgotten, found himself unable to take his gaze off the two beautiful ladies. The sight was enough to send a flash of heat down his body. Shaking his head in an attempt to collect himself, he dunked his head into the water to avoid looking at the pair of nymph-like girls.

“What's wrong, Alex?” Maggie called out in a teasing tone. “Are you shy?”

The young man carefully kept his gaze downcast as he said, “I'm done here. You two enjoy the water. I'll go get you something to stay hydrated.”

“Thanks, master!” Auriel chirped. “I am rather thirsty. Could you get me a fruit slushy?”

“All right, what would you like, Maggie?”

“Just a coke will do, thank you.”

Nodding, Alex got out of the water and quickly made his exit, inwardly warning himself not to harbor any inappropriate thoughts about his business partner and disciple.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## [FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 615



Meanwhile, Zander and his girlfriend were still in the midst of licking the urinals, a fate not unlike that of Jacob and Harper.

The task was so disgusting that Zander and his girlfriend threw up multiple times during the process. They had wanted to call David for help, but Zander's cell phone was taken by Bob's men.

It was very clear that no calvary was coming. What was even more humiliating was when Bob took a video of them licking the urinals. If this were to circulate online, their reputations would be forever tarnished.

After what seemed to the pair like an eternity, Bob finally called to an end of their torture and released them. Zander and his girlfriend promptly dashed to the sink and rinsed their mouths with vigor before scrambling out onto the streets.

His girlfriend was fuming. “We have to get our revenge,” she told him with a pinched expression. The foul aftertaste of the urinal still lingered in her mouth. “I bet Bob has released the video online. We need to get back at him one way or another!”

Zander glanced at her in disgust and anger. “Shut up. This is all your fault, you b\*tch.”

He got her as his girlfriend simply because of her looks and was an influencer. However, now that her surgically enhanced nose was being slapped out of place, he found her to be increasingly undesirable. Not to mention that her social media persona was also pretty much ruined, leaving him with nothing to exploit. Hence, Zander was ready to toss her to the curb.

“You're blaming me?” the influencer retorted in a shrill



voice. “In case you've forgotten, you were the one who was petty enough to fight over a parking spot and attempted to blackmail those people! We got into this situation because of you!”

“F\*ck you!” Zander roared, red-faced. He shoved her aside and hailed a taxi, shutting the door in the other's face.

Leaving the crying woman on the side of the road, he told the driver the address to David's company.

While driving, the taxi driver sniffed the air with a frown. “Hey, man...” He glanced at his passenger. “Why do you smell so bad? Did you piss yourself or something?”

That made Zander blow a fuse. “Shut the f\*ck up! I didn't pay you to spew garbage.”

“I'm just saying.” The driver clucked his tongue in disapproval. “You're stinking up my car. My next passengers won't be happy.”

“What part of 'shut the f\*ck up' don't you get?” the other spat. “You're a worthless nobody who drives around in a sh\*tty car. You don't get to say anything to me, got it?”

The insult had the driver flush in anger. “What the hell is your problem?”

“My problem is that someone here won't shut his f\*cking trap! I'm warning you: if I hear another word from you, I'm going to make you regret it,” his passenger said with a murderous glint in his eyes.

The driver was not about to take this lying down, especially when he saw a police car parking along the side of the road. He stopped the car and rolled down the window, calling out to the police officers standing beside the car. “Sirs, I have a man here who just threatened me with physical violence. Please help me!”

The officers took this seriously and told Zander to get out of the taxi.

Once he did, the officers took a few steps back, frowning as the strong odor of urine hit their noses. “Do you have piss on you? You stink,” one of them said.

Zander gnashed his teeth together.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 616



As mortifying as the police officers' words were, they had also made Zander realize just how bad he must have smelled. Dammit. I can't go to David like this! People in his company are going to talk.

“I'm just getting my ride home, okay?” he said in irritation. “That taxi driver needs to do what I'm paying him to do by hook or by crook.”

The officers shared a look. From the aggressive, arrogant way the man was acting and the stench he had on him, they had reasons to suspect that he could potentially be dangerous.

One of them took out his baton. “Sir, put your arms behind your head and turn around. We need to do a pat down and ask you some questions.”

“What the f\*ck?” Zander growled. “Don't you know who I am? I work directly under David Zucker! Aaron Woods, the captain in the force, is a good friend of my boss. If you don't believe me, you can ask him if he knows of Mr. Zucker from the Zucker Group!”

The officers laughed. “Yeah, right,” one of them said

mockingly. “Look at you—you reek like a hobo and can't even afford a car, and you want us to believe someone like you work for Mr. Zucker? Pull the other one!”

If there was one thing Zander hated, it was having someone challenge the name he had made for himself as David Zucker's assistant. What the officers said had severely bruised his ego and he flew into a rage. “A bunch of know-nothing pigs,” he snarled. “I'm going to have all of you fired, I swear!”

The officers grew serious. “Are you threatening law enforcement officers?”

An officer stepped forward and twisted Zander's right arm to his back in a swift motion. The man yowled in pain. His right wrist was already sprained earlier by Alex, and now it was hurting even more.

“We need your ID, now,” the officer said in a steely tone that meant serious business.

Zander had no choice but to fish out his ID from his wallet using his free arm.

Another police officer ran a check on the ID. After finding out that Zander was indeed working for Zucker Group, they released him. “But why do you stink so much?” one of them asked dubiously. “Did you pee in your pants?”

By now, there were a small group of onlookers who gathered at the scene, curios to see what happened. They, too, smelled the stench coming from the man. Many covered their noses and stared at him with a disgusted look.

Though he was seething, there was little that Zander could do. He gritted his teeth and cursed everyone to hell and back. What did I do to deserve this? Dammit! If I had known that the taxi driver would be so much trouble, I'd have kept my mouth shut.

Just then, a Mercedes Benz pulled to a stop along the road. A young man, who seemed to have recognized Zander, came out of the car and approached him. "Hey, if it isn't Mr. Carter! What's going on here?"



Whoa...” He took a step back, fanning the air in front of his face. “Why do you smell so bad? Did you lick a urinal or something?”

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 617



Zander wanted to leave as soon as possible as he didn't want to bump into anyone he might've known. He almost jumped out of his skin when he heard someone calling his name.

Worse still, the person who called out to him asked if he was here to lick the urinal. Oh lord, kill me! Can he be more insensitive!

For a second, he was so enraged that he had homicidal thoughts.

He looked at that person and found him familiar. “Who the hell are you?” Zander asked him.

“It's me, Jacob Jennings! Don't you remember me? We had a meal together with David Zucker and Henry Hale before.”

Zander was foaming at the mouth already and spat on Jacob's face right after the latter finished his last syllable. “F\*ck off, you son of a b\*tch from the Jenningses! You came here to make fun of me, didn't you? Who do you think you are? I'm so gonna get my men to bury you alive!”

Jacob tried to bear with the vulgarities and the shaming.

What the heck is wrong with him? He was pressed onto the floor by the cops, and all I did was come and say hi. Well, I admit I'm also trying to curry favor, but I can't believe that this bastard just let it out on me. He even spat on my face! What a disgusting animal!

“Zander, watch your mouth. Bear in mind that you're, after all, just a flunkey to the Zucker family. As for me, no matter how inadequate I am, I'm still the heir to the Jenningses. I was just saying hi out of courtesy, and you threw a fit? What the f\*ck is wrong with you?”

Jacob made his point. He'd always tried to form a good relationship with Zander. It was his way to show respect to the Zucker family, but Zander showed him none. That ticked him off and resulted in a retort.

After a good scolding, Jacob got on his car and left.

Zander was having none of it. “F\*ck this peasant! I'm so gonna kill him!” he growled as he watched Jacob drive off.

“Get the hell out of my way!” He forcefully barged through the crowd and hailed for a cab.

No one dared to say a word or stop him when they saw his ferocious face.

“Hey, check out this video. Don't you think he's the absolute spitting image of the guy in it?” someone suddenly gasped after clicking on the video of Zander and his girlfriend licking the urinal.

“No way. It is him! No wonder that stench. Now I see why he smells like the toilet. He just licked one!”

“Eww! What a cuckoo in the head! He licked a urinal?”

“Oh my goodness. Are all the youngsters that crazy? I can't believe that they'd lick a urinal for a thrill. What a

shameful thing to do!”

Zander almost tripped over his own foot while walking toward the curb.

Those strangers' contemptuous remarks and disgusted glances flung at him drove him up the wall. It was also a heavy blow to his pride. He felt so wretched that suicidal thoughts popped up in his head.

At that very moment, he saw a cab. He waved his hand frantically and dashed into the back seat as fast as he could.

Once he got home, he took a shower, put on some clean clothes, and gargled numerous times with mouthwash. After successfully subduing the odor, he went to the company and looked for David.

In tears, Zander rounded on David with a tirade. “Mr. Zucker, remember Alex Jefferson, the good-for-nothing you asked me to investigate on? He completely thrashed me!”

“Slow down. What happened? Who is he?” David asked.

“We don't know what his real identity is yet, but he seemed to know Bob from Sakura Club, and Bob take orders from him. He beat me to a pulp today.”

“Bob? Why would he do that?” David was confused.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)



“It all started when Alex ran his car into mine. When I asked him to pay for the damages, Bob hit me. Not only that, he even got his men to deface it further. See? They don't respect you.” Zander told David his side of the story but needed something more convincing for David to avenge him.

He then added, “Oh, yes. Before I forget, that bast\*rd Alex also ask me to remind you to know your place and stay away from Autumn, otherwise—”

“Otherwise?” David face got darker.

“He said that if you don't keep your hands to yourself and get any closer to Autumn, he'll break your legs. What a cocky man! He spared you zero regards, Mr. Zucker.”

“How dare he!”



David was thoroughly stirred by Zander's words. "Who the hell does that Alex think he is? He wants to cripple me? Does he have what it takes? Keep watch on him. I'm going to make him regret challenging me," he growled.

David was already fuming when the woman he had his eyes on was snatched away from him. Alex's threat only added fuel to the fire.

"Yes, Mr. Zucker. I'll keep my eyes on him and inform you when the opportunity strikes." Zander bobbed his head fervently.

He couldn't avenge himself, but David could.

That bast\*rd Alex will pay! I'm going to pay back the humiliation I'd endured today by manifolds!"

After Zander left the building, he went to the casino run by the Zucker family. “Find ways to bring that f\*cker Jacob here,” he told a lackey.

He heard that gambling was Jacob's vice and wanted to set up a trap for the latter.

How dare he mock me? I'm gonna get my revenge!

The lackey nodded and left. It seemed like he, too, knew who Jacob was.

Meanwhile, Phoenix Organization's headquarters was situated on a remote island called Jyanzii in Smealand. The island was stretched out eighty square miles and was located far away from the main continent.

Whoosh!

A Gulfstream G500 luxury business jet landed on the runway.

This jet, retailing at more than fifty million, was an absolute extravagance that could sit eighteen passengers. It was the most luxurious private jet before the emergence of G650.

As the cabin door opened, a blonde and handsome young man walked down the steps. It was as if he had capsuled a storm in his eyes that every glance he threw was piercingly terrifying. One would unconsciously evade them.

Behind the blonde beau were formally dressed men and women. The men were powerfully built, their eyes sharp and clear, and they emanated brawny vibes.

On the other hand, there were seven women of different cultural descent. Their pretty faces and sexy

figures combined with dress suits portrayed images of professional secretaries.

Together with the blonde beau, the troupe turned heads as they haughtily graced out of the airport.

“West Epea's person in charge—Zeus, rarely come back to the headquarters. I bet something big is happening.” A few securities around the airport started tittle-tattling.

“Hehe, just like the rumors, he's a roué. I heard that his secretaries are all from prestigious universities around the world. Not only do they grace pretty faces, but their IQs are also sky-high. Oh, one of them is the heiress to an eminent family in West Epea! It's said that he brings them everywhere he goes. Maybe they are secretaries by day and when night falls, hehe...”

One of the darker skinned security guards licked his lips lecherously.

“Shut up. Are you trying to get us killed? Ashton hates it when people jabber about him and his secretaries.”

Another muscular guard—the team leader—immediately reprimanded him.

“The last person who spoke about this matter was literally electrified,” he added.

Gulp! The dark-skinned guy felt his throat tighten and dared not say another word.

“There are people in charge of West Epea, Bera, Brecknock...”

The eldest security guard was trying to connect the dots. “Hey, all the big shots are here. They usually get together only for the year-end celebration. Could it be

true that Drake is dead?”

Silence ensued.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 619



“It can't be. Drake is a Master, and his battle strength ranks among the top five in our organization. Who can kill him?”

“Exactly! I remember that he's ranked number four or number three among the powerhouses. Also, he's practically undefeatable unless it was by someone who is also a Master or of a higher level.”

“If Drake didn't die, why would the headquarters summon all the powerhouses?”

Whisperings of gossip exploded. Everyone was worried about what was about to come.

Drake's death would shake the whole Phoenix Organization as major adjustments would need to be made.

In the middle of the Jyanzii was a mountain standing a thousand feet high.

Phoenix Organization drilled right through it and built their impenetrable headquarters. This fortified base could even withstand a full-on firearm assail from all sides of its structure. On top of that, there was always a garrison of thousands of strong men, fully armed with Moranta's latest military weapon. They were



more advanced than Moranta's army itself.

This colossal transnational organization was the size of a small country.

Meanwhile, the powerhouses were having a meeting in the base's main conference room located underground.

The door opened, and the blonde man that had just landed on the island not long ago walked in with his entourage of scintillating ladies. "Ashton, you're late," commented an Aplothean elderly man clad in a Tang suit, frowning.

"Numen, I shouldn't be the one taking the blame. Please understand that before my departure for Jyanzii, I had to fight off some b\*tches in Yartran," Ashton retorted and went to his seat.

Behind him stood his six-foot-tall Adrunean secretary. Her brown locks swayed with her sensual physique as she gracefully poured him a glass of wine.

Ashton took the drink but didn't drink it. He just lightly swirled the glass and scanned the room.

There were quite a number of people, but the majority were standing.

Only seven people were seated. Each of them represented the region they were in charge of. Out of the seven, there were six men and a woman. There was already someone new in Drake's seat.

They were from different parts of the world and had diverse skin tones. However, they do share one thing in common—a hostile aura.

Phoenix Organization had expanded beyond Eurasian

borders. Some of them appeared pugnacious, some carried themselves enigmatically, and some chose to put on a stoic disposition. They all looked as powerful as the Master of Martial Arts. The funny thing was, their leader—an old man in a loosely fitted Tang suit— looked like nothing more than an ordinary man.

No one dared question him as he sat there and chaired the meeting, as he who bore the epithet “Numen” was the headman of Phoenix Organization.

No one knew how strong he was, and none of them dared go against him.

“I heard that Yartran's security was compromised.” Numen knitted his brows but relaxed them the next second. “Anyway, let's leave that aside for the moment. Drake lost a battle, rid of his martial powers, and is now locked up in Eurasia as a prisoner. It's not a big deal. Our biggest problem is the person who managed to cripple him.”

“So, Drake really lost?” a seductive voice interrupted.

It came from a lady whose wine-red luscious mane dropped down to her waist. She wore a red robe with a high slit that revealed her fair and slender legs. Anyone would assume that this dashing siren was in her thirties. However, the truth was she was more than half a century old.

Ashton knew that her name was Aurora, and she was in charge of the Brecknock region.

She was the rose among the thorns. The international community knew her as the Crimson Maiden.

Numerous men had died on her bed.

It was said that she was pyrokinetic and could fire up a flaming tornado.

“I've personally gone to Eurasia to investigate the matter. The person who defeated him was Alex Jefferson. He was the one on our killing list,” reported

a middle-aged man seated in Drake's seat indifferently.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 620



“Is Alex that powerful? He can actually defeat Drake and incapacitate him of all martial prowess!”

The red-haired woman shrugged. Her eyes were also red as if there was a river of blood flowing through it. She said, “I still can't believe it. Drake is one of the top five fighters in the Phoenix Organization. It'll take three powerful Masters to defeat him. Incapacitating him would be even harder! To do that, someone at a

divine level will have to intervene.”

“Who is powerful enough to mobilize more than three Masters? The Dragon Chamber? The Quadrangle Tower? Or the other secret forces in Eurasia?” asked a dark-skinned man, whose skin looked like bronze.

He was almost six feet tall and extremely muscular. It was as if his muscles were made of iron, brimming with strength.

His name was Bucker. Also nicknamed Kong, he was in charge of Bera.

Ashton's eyes sparkled as he thought about it.

Rumor had it that Bucker's muscles were strong enough to withstand bullets. An assassination organization in Bera, which was employed by the military, had sent a sniper to kill him. However,

despite the hundreds of bullets flying toward him, he either evaded them or withstood their impact.

The sniper got caught by Bucker was ripped apart alive.

I mustn't provoke a madman like him.

Ashton sipped some wine and shook his head.

“It's not the Dragon Chamber, nor is it done by the secret forces in Eurasia. He's a youth from Eurasia who isn't even twenty-five years old,” said the middle-aged man, who was substituting Drake, in a solemn tone.

“He's only in his mid-twenties? How is that possible?” Everyone exclaimed in surprise. Even Ashton's eyes widened. The only person who could remain calm was the elderly man sitting at the main seat in



traditional clothing.

“Even the greatest martial artist of Eurasia, Zachary, only became a Master after becoming thirty years old. He only got promoted from a Master after becoming forty. Even an ordinary Master isn't Drake's match. That man is barely thirty years old, so how can he be so powerful?” asked Bucker grimly.

“The martial arts scene in Eurasia is very advanced, so it's expected that there'll be many experts. Instead of doubting our enemy's abilities, we should think of a way to avenge Drake now,” said the elderly man, articulating every word clearly.

When that elderly man spoke, everyone immediately fell silent.

Ashton placed his glass down as a playful look crossed his eyes.

He had only become a Master after thirty-five years old. Having defeated multiple Masters, he got the nickname "Zeus."

However, a Master who was merely in his mid-twenties and already capable enough to defeat Drake was practically unheard of!

"As long as he hasn't risen above the Master rank, we can find a way to kill him. No matter how powerful a Master is, it is impossible for him to oppose our joined forces," scoffed a skinny elderly man coldly.

He was enveloped in a cold and menacing aura.

The other important figures nodded slightly. If two or three of them joined forces, they would put up a strong fight for the opponent, even if he was more powerful than a Master.

If more than three people joined forces, their power would increase exponentially. After all, their combined forces would definitely triumph a single person.

No matter how powerful Alex was, the Phoenix Organization still had six incumbents remaining. If they joined forces, they could definitely kill him.

Even if it was just a single incumbent, the forces backing him up surpassed that of many others. In addition to Numen, who was stationed at headquarters, the seven of them were capable enough of making Eurasia's secret forces wary of them.

Their combined forces were powerful enough to threaten an average country. This was what the Phoenix organization, an international powerhouse, was made of!

“Zeus, Kong and Persephone, head to Eurasia and kill him. However, you must remember that the secret forces of Eurasia are constantly monitoring us. Keep

a low profile and don't kick up a huge fuss. If the secret forces intervene, the three of you will be dead," reminded the elderly man firmly.

The three of them nodded, feeling secretly excited.

It was obvious that they were interested in Alex.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.