

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 691

Yara was already immune to all Autumn's entreaty. She looked at her coldly and said, "You know what, Autumn? I was skeptical about love until I met him."

She paused and swallowed her tears. "I felt my whole world changed after I met him. I started believing in love. I'm willing to do everything I can to prove that I love him. I know he doesn't like me dressing up and putting on makeup because that makes him feel insecure. I'm willing to change just so he stays by my side. I'm even willing to die for him! This is the only way I can keep him with me."

Yara's voice became softer as she spoke. It was as if the last sentence was only meant for her own ears.

Autumn knew Yara was already at a point of no return. She turned and beseeched Alex, "Please do something, Alex. She won't listen to anything I say."

Just as she was looking at Alex, Yara tilted her body and swung her body downward.

Autumn whipped her head around and shrieked in denial. All eyes were on Yara.

Alex sprinted over and grabbed the girl by her arm. Yara dangled in the air when Alex got hold of her.

This sparked an uproar from downstairs.

No one expected someone to catch Yara before she fell to the ground.

Alex slowly pulled her back to the balcony, but Yara was behaving as if she had completely lost her mind

and her will to live.

Not only did she not hold on to him, but she also kept fighting the hand that saved her. “Let me go! Just let me die! I'm not clean anymore! I need to prove to him that I love him! That's the only way he'll want me!” she screamed hysterically.

Alex struggled to tug her back up to the balcony. Some people came over to help him, trying to stop the girl from doing something stupid.

Yara seemed to be in a very unstable state. She roared and wailed at the top of her voice when people pulled her back into the room.

Autumn initially wanted to placate her, but Yara grabbed her hand and bit her hard.

Autumn's hand was already red with teeth marks, and

tears almost fell out of her eyes.

Some students hurried to treat Autumn's wounds while others scrambled to keep Yara under control by tying her up.

“Alex, please tell me you can help her. I really don't want to lose her. Is there anything you can do for her?” Autumn did not even care about her own pain.

Alex nodded immediately to comfort her.

He could tell that someone had put Yara under hypnosis because she was behaving as if there was a voice in her mind telling her to kill herself. That was why she wanted to die so badly.

Yara had already lost the ability to make sound judgments at this point. She was completely bought over by the poisonous words her boyfriend tricked her

into believing.

This reminded Alex of an except about deep hypnosis in the Nine Heaven Scrolls.

Although he had only taken a cursory glance at the passage, he still had a rough idea of what it was about. He could only give it a shot and try his best at this rate.

He stood right in front of Yara and directed his unwavering gaze at her, looking right into her eyes. He lifted his finger and touched her forehead. "Yara White, I summon you to wake up. Love does not suffocate, and it does not require someone to prove its existence by hurtful means. He does not love you. He's only tormenting you. He's just a playboy who's manipulating you. It's not worth it to die for someone like him. Think of your parents."

Yara stopped shouting and looked at Alex blankly. The cloud of resistance in her eyes faded away as she teared up at the thoughts of her family. “My parents...”

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Alex was glad he was able to bring Yara back to her senses just based on the vague memory about what he read from the book.

It turned out that her boyfriend's manipulation was still not the most severe hypnosis. Alex applied what he learned from the Nine Heaven Scrolls and managed

to bring her back.

William Langlard, Yara's lover, was no match for Alex. He found himself facing off a formidable and experienced rival.

Yara was already fully awake. She was so grateful to Alex for having saved her life. “Thank you for everything you did for me. I would've died if not for you.”

“Don't do something stupid again. Think about the people who love you. Your family invested their time and energy into bringing you up. They will want you to live on and enjoy life to the fullest,” Alex replied.

Yara nodded obediently and turned toward Autumn. She pulled her into her arms and cried. “I'm so sorry, Autumn. I can't imagine what I put you through.”

Autumn patted her on the back slowly and gently as tears rolled down her cheeks. She was relieved things finally came to an end.

“I really don't want anything to happen to you. I'm so happy I got you back safely.”

Alex smiled while looking at the girls. “Do you mind telling me what happened between you and your boyfriend?”

Yara looked up at him in determination. “You mean my ex-boyfriend? He's just a useless piece of sh\*t.”

Yara had fully bounced back from the hypnosis. Now that she reflected on everything that William did to her, she was convinced that this man was toxic.

“I met William by chance. He started pursuing me not long after. He's attractive and charismatic. I know that



he's not local and his family is wealthy. I must have fallen for his lies and sweet words. I thought he was genuinely kind to me and that he truly loved me, although he constantly found fault in everything I did. Even wearing a dress was an act of betrayal to him. Now that I think of it, he's nothing but a jerk.”

Alex nodded in silence as Yara briefed him on what kind of a person William was.

William, eh? Since you're so good at giving people mental suggestions and manipulating them, I'd like to meet you for myself.

“Could you give him a call and say that you would like to meet him one last time before you die?”

“What if he refuses to come?” Yara asked.

“Tell him you'll break up with him and that you want

nothing to do with him if he refuses to come. People like him derive a sense of achievement from seeing people die for them. If you tell him you want to break up with him, it'll be a huge dent to his ego.”

Alex knew people like William too well. They found joy in inflicting pain on women and controlling them. If their prey ever told them that they wanted to break free, it would be a huge blow to them.

They saw their game as a gamble. There would always be winners and losers when there was a bet. These men's pride would never allow them to be the losers. They would see to it that they had the upper hand in all circumstances.

Losing was far too shameful for them.

Over at a bar not far away from the University of Finance and Economics, William was sitting

comfortably, looking for his next victim.

He peered at the women in the bar for a while before his heinous gaze stopped at a pretty girl.

He rubbed his chin and smacked his lips when he made up his mind. He walked toward her without hesitation and sat right down next to her, flashing her a luring smile. “Hello there, pretty lady. You look familiar. Have we met before?”

The woman looked at him doubtfully and shook her head. “I don't think I know you, though.” She looked at all the branded items the handsome guy was wearing and raised her brows.

William shook his hand and put up a serious face. “I'm dead sure I've seen you somewhere before. It's just that I can't recall right now.”

He looked away, acting as if he was thinking hard before he spoke again. “Ah! I know. I've seen you in my dream before. You're my dream girl. I can't believe you look exactly the same as the girl in my dream. We are meant to be.”

A smile broke out on the girl's face. “Not bad. Not bad at all. I wonder how many girls have fallen for this.”

William shook his head in all solemnity. “I swear I don't talk like this to other girls. In fact, I don't usually talk to girls, but when I saw you, I told myself I had to muster all my courage to talk to you. You really brought out the best in me,” he said, sticking out his hand, flashing the Vacheron Constantin watch on his wrist.

“I'm William Langlard. Nice to meet you.”

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The woman's eyes widened when she saw the watch. Wow, he must be rich!

William's watch was worth about seven million. Besides, it was a limited edition watch.

A watch like this meant nothing to William. He was born into an affluent family, and he had a few other similar watches back at home. One could easily value at tens of millions.

The girl quickly retracted her bewildered gaze and acted as if she did not see it. She tucked a strand of

stray hair behind her ear and spoke softly to William.

“Do you want a drink, William?”

William saw through her and smiled beguilingly. “It's on me.”

Speaking, he beckoned the barman over. “Two Armand de Brignac champagnes, please.”

That was premium alcohol. It was priced at a dozen thousand.

The woman smiled widely at William's generosity. She thought she landed a wealthy prince charming.

Just as the two were about to have a drink together, William's phone rang. A frown stitched on his brows the moment he saw it was from Yara.

What does this woman want? Why isn't she dead yet? What a nuisance!

The lady spotted William's expression. "Is everything okay?"

"Someone's here to borrow money from me," he said, ending the call, but Yara made another call.

William sighed and told the girl beside him, "Excuse me for a bit, my lady. Let me get this one."

"Of course."

William went out of the bar to answer the phone call.

"For real, Yara? Why are you calling me? Just go and kill yourself already."

Yara had the call on speaker, and everyone could hear William's barb. Alex was furious when he heard

this.

This man deserves to die. How dare he do this to Yara. All he does is make people feel worthless and kill themselves.

William had no idea that Yara had completely shaken off his influence over her.

Yara took a look at Alex. After getting approval from him, she spoke. "William, I've decided to end my life. This is the only way I can prove my love for you."

William burst out laughing. "Then what are you waiting for? You're breaking my heart by dragging it out," he said carelessly.

"I will, soon, but I want to see you one last time before I go."



William frowned at her request. To him, Yara was just a piece of trash he could not wait to get rid of. “I don't want to see you now. You disgust me. You betrayed me. All you can do for me is kill yourself,” he said impatiently.

Yara paused for a bit. “You leave me no choice but to break up with you, William. Don't ever come looking for me again. Bye.”

William was stunned when he heard Yara. He looked at his phone in utter disbelief. Is this really Yara? After making sure it was really Yara who called, he put the phone back next to his ear.

What is going on?

She never talks like this to me.

There's no way she will want to break up with me.

She's still under my hypnosis.

Don't tell me someone woke her up. It must be. Why else will she want a break up?

Over my dead body, Yara! I'm never letting you free!

“Wait, Yara. Do you not love me anymore? How could you do this to me? You're breaking my heart, Yara,” William quickly said.

Yara took another look at Alex and said what they had rehearsed earlier on. “I'm hurting too, William. I've already decided to end my life for you, and my final wish is just to see you one last time. Since you don't want to see me again, I guess the only option for us is to end this relationship.”

William was frantic. “Please, Yara. Don't do this. I'll

meet you. Where are you now? I will go over.”

“I'm at the girls' dormitory. I will wait until you're here, else that's the end of us.”

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William was as anxious as a cat on hot bricks when he found out that he might lose Yara. He could not care less about the woman waiting for him at the bar at this rate. He rushed back to the university right after he ended the call.

When he arrived at the building, he was taken aback

after seeing another man beside Yara.

He ran over and held Yara's hand, putting up a sad face. "Yara, please don't break up with me. I'm here, as you asked."

Yara shook off his grip repulsively. There was hatred and disgust in her eyes.

She instinctively withdrew from William and hid behind Alex.

William was dumbfounded. It never crossed his mind that Yara would treat him like this.

She would usually throw herself into his embrace and cry her heart out, telling him that he was the only one for her.

Before William could even ask any questions, Alex

beat him to it. “So you're Yara's boyfriend?”

“Who is he, Yara?” William did not answer Alex's question but looked at the girl.

Alex patted her shoulder. “Leave this to me. You can go back and rest first.”

Yara looked at Alex with gratitude and nodded. She glared at William one last time and went back to her room without even looking back.

William wanted to reach out to her when he saw her leaving. He wanted an explanation of what was going on. Don't tell me she tricked me into meeting this guy.

Before William could do anything, Alex grabbed his shoulder and interrogated, “I'm not done with you yet, boy. Where do you think you're going?”

Fire of anger burned within William when he knew he was being played. He tried to shake off Alex's grip but to no avail.

Alex used more force the more William tried to struggle. William felt as if there was a metal pincer locking him securely on the shoulder.

“Who... Who are you?” “What do you want?” William seethed.

Alex feigned indifference and smiled slyly at him. “I'm a good person. I'm here to give you some moral lessons.”

This confirmed William's doubts.

Indeed, Yara's call was just a bait.

What does this man want? Why is he butting in on our

relationship?

William's patience was wearing thin under the mounting pressure. He started to breathe threats on Alex. "Just who are you? What do you have to do with that b\*tch? Do you know who I am? You'd better let go of me before you regret what you're doing. I'll still go easy on you if you apologize."

Alex scoffed. "Do you think I'm afraid of you? Having a powerful family at your back doesn't mean you can have your way with women."

William sniggered. "I can do whatever I like. Who are you to stop me? I love seeing those women suffer in my hands. I just love seeing them hurt themselves and kill themselves. There's nothing you can do about that!"

"Do you really think you can do anything just because

your family is influential?”

“I'm from the Langlard family in Jadeborough. We are the most powerful family in the city, and we're far greater than any other family in Nebula City! You're good as dead if you cross me. I'm giving you one final chance to admit your fault and apologize!”

William was already expecting Alex to kneel before him and beg for his life.

He saw no reason why he should not think so. After all, he could not think of anyone that would not take the Langlards seriously. I bet he's going to pee in his pants now that he knows who I am.

Alex sniggered, looking at William. He knew no one from Jadeborough could compare to the families in Lumenopolis.



“Then do you know the Jeffersons from Lumenopolis? I'm the patriarch of the family.” Alex saw to it that William heard him loud and clear.

William froze when he heard Alex. It took a while before it finally registered in his mind that he had offended the wrong person.

The Jefferson family from Lumenopolis?

It was easy as pie for the Jeffersons to squash the Langlard family.

“What... No... No way... What is someone from the Jefferson family doing in a small town like this?”

William was fumbling with his words. He refused to believe that the ordinary-looking young man before him was from the Jefferson family, let alone the person at the helm of the family.

Alex saw that coming. He knew William was going to chicken out the moment he found out who he was dealing with. “Since you said you're from the Langlard family, why not you give your dad a call and ask him for my photo?”

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Now that Alex put it this way, it was apparent that he had no qualms about William double-checking his identity.

Don't tell me this guy is really one of the Jeffersons.

William's blood ran cold when it occurred to him that Alex might not be lying about who he was.

He instantly regretted his action. Dang! Did I really ask him to apologize to me? I'm so dead. My whole family will perish because of this stupid mouth of mine.

William was a smart guy. He had received the best education, growing up in a prestigious family. Not only was he academically inclined, but he was also street-smart and was able to read the room quickly. He immediately realized the gravity of his action and the possible repercussions of his thoughtless words. He was putting his whole family on the line.

He softened his tone and backed down the moment he knew he was in trouble. "I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. I shouldn't have been rude to you. Please have mercy and let me go just this once. I'll remember

your kindness forever,” William pleaded, rubbing his hands.

“Our families have friendly ties, and we have had a few business collaborations before. Please, just settle your score with me and spare my family.”

Alex was surprised the table turned so quickly.

This guy is smart. He knows his place. He knows when he has to take a step back.

He should've used his cleverness on something good. He could've well been a successful and well-respected businessman if he were to put his wit to good use, but too bad for him. He has harmed and manipulated so many guileless girls and has gotten away with his crimes.

Alex was not planning on showing him mercy—not

the slightest bit.

“You know what? I admire your ability to act according to how the tides change, but do you really think I will let you off the hook just because you plead for mercy?”

William dropped to his knees and crawled closer to Alex. “Please, Mr. Jefferson. I know I did something wrong. I promise I won't do this again. I'm willing to compensate Yara for what I did to her. I can even give her a hundred million to make it up to her. Please!”

“It seems like you still have no idea how I do things. Do you think I really care about how much money you offer? Now that you're in my hand, you're not going anywhere.”

Does this boy seriously think a hundred million will settle this issue?

William looked around desperately. “I will do everything you ask me to do, Mr. Jefferson!”

Alex scoffed. “Do you know what I'm planning on doing? I'll let you have a taste of your own medicine.”

William froze.

What... What is he going to do to me? Is he going to brainwash me too?

This kind of hypnosis only works on the opposite gender.

Besides, I'm a Psychology major. It's no easy task trying to get in my head. There's no way he can manipulate me when I have my guard up against him.

Wait... I know what I can do! I just need to play his

game and trick my way out. I will act like I've really fallen for his mental suggestions. Then he'll really think he has given me my due punishment. Great. This is what I will do!

William smiled subtly, thinking of the perfect plan he concocted.

“I will accept any form of punishment as long as this will appease you, Mr. Jefferson!”

“Oh, really? You will regret this, boy,” Alex said, a sinister smile curving on his lips.

A sense of foreboding washed over William when he saw Alex's expression.

“I heard you like giving girls mental suggestions and manipulating them. I'll do you the same favor. I'll make you eat poo every hour until you have your fill.”

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William was dumbstruck. For a moment, he thought Alex was trying to pull his leg.

He's making me eat poop? Just what kind of mental suggestion is this? William had never heard of something like this before.

The smile on Alex's face widened. "Also, nothing and no one will be able to stop you from this craving. You'd rather die if you couldn't get a taste of it. You'll crave it so much that you can't wait to put it in your



mouth whenever you see dung on the road. That will be your only pursuit for the rest of your life. You will not long for wealth, enjoyment, women, or success. Excrement will be everything you ever want for the rest of your life!”

William was infuriated. This is so gross!

How can he be so cruel?

On second thought, William thought Alex must be kidding. He seemed as if he was joking when he was talking about it. No way he's serious about punishing me like this.

He must be crazy. William took Alex for a clown when Alex said he would punish him by making him eat stool for the rest of his life.

He thought Alex's idea was preposterous, but he did

not say it out loud.

Besides, that was not how mental suggestions work. The last thing William wanted to do was to point out to Alex that this was not how it was supposed to be done.

He looked at Alex and asked, "So you're done? May I go now?"

"Why are you in a rush?" Alex asked, pointing a finger at him and slowly moving it toward the middle of William's brows.

Not long after, William stood on his feet and felt something take hold of his whole body. His body was not his anymore.

He felt unquenchable hunger coming from within. That was when William realized something was wrong

with him.

When he finally recognized the severity of the problem, he had already lost control of his own body.

His eyes bulged out as they opened wide, and he started muttering to himself. “I need some sh\*t. Give me some sh\*t. I'm dying. Please! Give me some!”

He had forgotten who Alex was because there was a constant voice in his head telling him to go to the washroom. That was the only place he could gratify his desire.

Just like that, this incident became widely discussed at the University of Finance and Economics.

People were talking about how William Langlard, the son of a wealthy family, went into the male toilet and chased out all the students just so he could eat all the

poo in there.

Everyone was horrified when they saw him putting his hand into the toilet bowl and feeding himself excrement as if they were some delicious food.

The male students from the first to the sixth floor of the men's dormitory all came out to look at this peculiar sight. In no time, everyone knew about what was going on.

The clean freak was nowhere in sight anymore. William used to be particular about his image and cleanliness. He would even change his clothes if a small morsel of food dirtied it, but the William now was completely different.

There were brown feces all over his shirt and face, and he stank.

The students gathered around at a distance, pinching their noses and talking among themselves, trying to make sense of what was going on.

Some of them were so nauseated by the ghastly sight they vomited on the spot. What they saw was simply beyond their comprehension.

William finished up the feces in the male toilet within just a matter of minutes. By the time he was done, he already had a food baby.

He looked satisfied and satiated as he walked out of the toilet, heading toward the next public washroom.

Everyone at school was confounded by what they saw. They wondered what had actually happened.

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“Is this really William Langlard? The president of the student council?” A girl who had just heard about what happened came running over to the male dormitory and was seeking answers for what she saw.

“Yes, you're right. God knows what got into him, and he's eating shit now. There's no stopping him.”

The male student almost puked when he narrated what he saw to the girl.

Something like this was unprecedented at the University of Finance and Economics. This instantly

became bigger news than Yara attempting suicide.

This was the top university in Nebula City. Those who made it in were all the creme de la creme, what more the president of the student council—William Langlard.

The news spread far and wide when people spotted him swallowing feces in the toilet.

Even the chancellor was notified of the incident.

Mr. Warners refused to believe a word he heard at first, but when he saw what happened in the washroom with his own eyes, he was shaken to the core.

He turned away and vomited at the unsightly scene. Even a calm and composed man like him was unable to take it, yet despite his shock, the chancellor quickly

collected himself and dealt with the situation.

He could not just leave things be.

He came closer to William with his handkerchief covering his nose and mouth. "What's going on, William?"

William had already eaten all he wanted by then. He looked more himself when he finally filled his hunger.

He had no memory whatsoever of his encounter with Alex earlier on. Neither did he remember himself eating all the dirt. All he knew was he felt disgusted.

When he finally took a good look at himself and saw the poo all over his body, he ran over to the bathroom.

He gargled and brushed his teeth violently, but he felt



sick, and his stomach churned from within. He puked and was petrified when he saw the things he vomited out.

He grabbed Christopher, his best friend, and questioned, “What happened? Tell me!”

Even William's closest friend found his behavior revolting.

Besides, William had just eaten Christopher's poo about half an hour ago.

Christopher looked at him loathly. “Um... Well... It's better you don't know what happened, William.”

William noticed everyone was looking at him with repellent gazes. This drove him crazy.

He made all sorts of conjectures in his heart, but he

was still unable to reconcile to the fact that something bizarre had happened to him.

One of his friends decided to let him know the truth.

“We don't really know what got into you, William. You ran into the washroom just now and went right to the toilet bowl. You even took Christopher's poop and put it in your—”

Before the guy could even finish his sentence, he rushed off to puke.

William's face went pale when he heard his friend. “Is what he said true?” he asked Christopher frantically.

The latter nodded reluctantly.

William felt his brain was exploding.

He kept kicking Christopher until he fell to the ground.

“What the hell is going on? Bring me to the hospital! Right now! I want to get rid of all this shit!” he lashed out.

A few others who were close to William quickly got ready and went to the hospital with him.

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“Alex, William's eating... Did you do it?” Autumn did not want to mention what William was eating.

“Yes, it was me.” Alex had no intention to hide it from

Autumn.

He thought there was no need to lie to Autumn as the latter would be smart enough to figure it out as well.

He had also heard about William eating shit in the school. That was exactly how he wanted to punish the latter and to take revenge for his victim.

That sc\*mbag is only twenty-something. He still has a long way to go. Let him pay for his sins slowly. That's way better than killing him.

By then, Alex had just gotten back to Sakura Club. Before he could sit down and have a drink, a familiar figure approached him.

“Mr. Jefferson, you're finally back! The mute has not eaten for the whole day. What if he starves to death?”  
Auriel sounded utterly anxious.

Alex was rendered speechless by that. I've just gone out for a few hours. He merely missed his dinner. And I'm the one starving right now, yet she only cares about that thief.

With that, Alex smacked Auriel's forehead suddenly. "Why don't you care if I've already eaten or not? What a heartless person you are!"

Auriel rubbed her forehead, staring at Alex indignantly.

A while later, Alex followed Auriel to the room where the thief was locked up.

There was a huge bed and a table in the room. The table was full of various food. Alex, who was starving, sat down and started eating right away.

The thief, who thought Alex was here to interrogate him, was slightly startled to see him eating the food.

He shifted his gaze away from Alex and sat at a corner silently.

While eating, Alex turned toward Auriel. “Do you want some?”

Auriel rolled her eyes at him, not saying a word.

The food is prepared for the mute. How could he finish them all?

Auriel did not realize when she started to grow a feeling toward the handsome young thief.

She had only stayed with her grandfather since she was a kid. Alex and Charlie were the only ones she

knew all this while. Hence, this was her first time to come across someone around the same age as her.

Deep down in her heart, she somehow hoped Alex would let the thief stay so that she could have a companion.

After Alex finished eating, he moved on to business.

“Hey, little guy. Are you truly a mute?” Alex shifted his gaze toward the boy who was lying on the bed.

The boy did not respond to Alex. The latter almost thought he had dozed off.

He seems unwilling to talk. That's a problem. I still want to ask him many things.

Just then, he noticed there was something in the boy's pocket.

He stepped toward the bed and took it out from the pocket without hesitation. It was a pendant, and there was a word carved on it.

Stone? Is that his surname?

Alex tried to recall if there was anyone he knew with this surname.

“Give it back to me!”

Right then, the boy snatched the pendant from Alex's hand forcefully.

Regaining his senses, Alex saw the boy staring at him wrathfully.

“So you're not a mute!”



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The boy rolled his eyes at Alex, feeling utterly displeased.

He put the pendant back into his pocket and laid down on the bed again. Only this time, he covered his pocket tightly with his hand, fearing Alex might try to snatch the pendant the second time.

“Mr. Jefferson, he's such a pain in the neck! Should we beat him up?” Auriel displayed an angry look.

Alex had no idea how many hours Auriel had spent to get the boy to speak.

Despite so, the boy never once opened his mouth, so Auriel assumed he was a mute. Now that she realized he was not one, of course, she would be utterly enraged.

“Up to you! But don't kill him.” Alex shrugged and left the room.

At the hospital in the center of Nebula City, inside the VIP ward.

“Mom, please claim justice for me in this! Alex brought a woman to harm me. I almost lost my reproductive function because of it!”

Lucas bawled his eyes out as he grabbed Carmen's sleeves and complained to her.

The doctor had just completed the checkup. Even though there was no big problem, one of his testicles was damaged, and more or less, it would affect his function as a man.

“Alex, that sc\*mbag! How dare he send a woman to kick my son's manhood! That's outrageous!”

Carmen bit her lip with rage. She had forgotten all about how Alex rescued Lucas from the casino.

Meanwhile, Heather, carrying Stanley, kept thinking about the woman that Alex sent. Could it be the singer—Carlene?

Overwhelmed with curiosity, Heather questioned Lucas, “Who was the woman that was with Alex? Was she the singer, Carlene Bolton, who is famous recently?”

Lucas was stunned momentarily upon hearing that. “No. She is much prettier than Carlene Bolton. She looks like a daughter from a rich family.”

Who is she exactly?

Heather's expression darkened upon hearing that.

She never realized Alex could be so attractive among the females.

She always thought the only thing good about Alex was that he treated her nicely. She even somehow regretted that she chose Alex in the first place. She always thought someone like the chairman of Four Seas Corporation was more within her league.

Nonetheless, she noticed quite a few women around Alex recently, and she was concerned.

Carmen spotted her daughter's awful look, and right away, she knew the latter was worrying about Alex with other women.

She took the opportunity to express her thoughts. “Alex has gone too far! He seldom comes home recently. I bet he must be having an affair. He even urged another woman to kick Lucas! Does he still treat us as a family? Why don't you call him now and divorce him?”

Heather wanted to say that Lucas came back alive because of Alex. Nonetheless, she swallowed her words as she could not stop thinking that Alex was with another woman.

Am I really going to divorce him? But he is from the Jefferson family. If I divorce him, the inheritance will fall into Carlene's hand. I can't accept that.

“If I divorce him now, I won't be able to get the Jeffersons' money, would I?” Heather expressed her concerns honestly.

Carmen sneered coldly upon hearing that. “Force him to go to Lumenopolis to divide the family properties. Not to mention, if he had an affair, he won't be able to get anything.”

“That's right! Sis, he will be broke, and all the money will belong to us,” Lucas chimed in too.

Heather fell into deep thoughts. After all, we have been married for five years now. Would it be too much if I let him go broke?

Just then, Stanley, who had just woken up, asked in confusion, “Mommy, who is going to be broke?”

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 700

Their voices were too loud, and they woke Stanley up. Upon hearing Stanley's question, they were left in bewilderment, not knowing how to respond.

Heather caressed Stanley's head gently. "Stanley, I think you've misheard. By the way, the kid from the other ward came to find you just now."

Stanley's eyes lit up when he heard that his friend had come to play with him. In an instant, he forgot totally about his previous question.

“Mommy, I'll go out to play then.”

Heather nodded with a smile on her face. After Stanley left the ward, her face turned solemn once again.

There is no more love between us. It's just a matter of time for a divorce. But I wonder how Stanley would react to it. Poor little boy...

After pondering for a while, Heather decided to put everything on hold.

“For Stanley's sake, let's forget it for now.”

Upon hearing that, Carmen's expression darkened instantly. She could not wait any longer to take revenge for her son.



It's now or never. Heather, you mustn't go soft at this point!

With that, Carmen grabbed Heather's hand and said, "Heather, you can't afford to be this naive! Alex committed an affair. So you must divorce him no matter what!"

"But what about Stanley?" Heather still seemed to be in doubt.

"Doesn't Alex want Stanley to have his family name? If that's the case, let him have Stanley's custody. Then you can pursue your happiness, and you can even consider the chairman of Four Seas Corporation." Carmen tried to persuade Heather.

The chairman of Four Seas Corporation possesses more than billions worth of assets. If she were to marry him, she can't carry any liability with her.

Not to mention, wherever she thought that Stanley was Alex's son, she turned highly resentful.

She has to let Stanley go!

“Sis, just divorce Alex. Then you can be together with the chairman of the Four Seas Corporation. Don't you like him too?” Lucas also started to persuade her.

Upon hearing that, Heather bit her lip, having second thoughts. If I were to be with the chairman, it is not good to take Stanley with me. Since Alex loves him so much, maybe I should just let him have custody.

Seeing her daughter was almost convinced, Carmen displayed a relieved smile. “Stop hesitating. Please call Alex now and ask him to go to Lumenopolis to divide his inheritance.”

“Okay!” With that, Heather made a call to Alex.

“Why are you calling me? Is there anything?”

Alex sounded utterly indifferent from the other end. Heather was utterly displeased to hear that. He was the one who cheated on me. Why does he sound like I am the one who's at fault?

At that moment, she got even more determined to divorce Alex and be with the chairman of Four Seas Corporation.

“Please come to the hospital for a while. I need to discuss something with you.” Upon saying that, Heather hung up the phone before Alex could say anything.

Meanwhile, it turned out that the boy from the other ward had recovered and been discharged. He came

just now to say goodbye to Stanley.

The latter was stunned momentarily, staring at the empty ward. He had no idea what had happened.

“Maybe he's playing hide and seek with me!”

Hence, Stanley started looking for the boy. Yet, he failed to find him after searching for a few minutes.

He walked out of the ward and started wandering around the hospital, trying to locate his friend.

After a while, he did not realize he had arrived outside of the hospital.

Meanwhile, two men were smoking not far away.

The tattooed man complained, “It's getting more and more difficult for us to get a kid. The parents are being

utterly cautious nowadays. I wonder how Deuce managed to get the two kids.”

The other one, wearing glasses and looking more civilized, uttered, “D\*mn. He's just lucky, I guess!”

Just then, he spotted Stanley, who was not far from them. His eyes lit up as he nudged the tattooed man slightly.

“Look at that. It's our lucky day!”

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