

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 731

Yama was anxiously waiting for the divine pills to arrive.

He was so eager to get his hands on the pills that he had instructed his family to arrange an ambulance to send him to the airport.

The Tokugawa family was indeed influential in Jetroina. Not only did they have their private plane, but they also had a high-end lounge in their private hangar, where Yama and Mina, his daughter, hung out while waiting for the divine pills.

Mina's beauty was comparable to that of Haruko, but the former was not trained as a fighter. Mina, who was Yama's only daughter, had been helping his

father manage his pharmaceutical company since she was at a young age.

But when she hit twenty-two years old, some of the family members had suggested that the men should take over the business, whereas the women should handle menial chores.

They had intentionally made this move to prevent Mina from having absolute control over the Tokugawa business because they knew she would get married in the future.

The ideology of male superiority was still very much ingrained in the Jetroinian culture. To this day, the Jetroinians still believed that men should be the sole breadwinner of the family. Women, on the other hand, should just stay at home to take care of the family.

As a skilled warrior, Haruko was already an exception

in the Tokugawa family. They did not want another powerful female to dominate the family anymore.

That was why they had roped in Takeshi, who had zero experience in running a business, to manage Tokugawa Pharmaceutical. Nonetheless, Yama was still the official chairman of the company.

Mina, who was pushing Yama around in his wheelchair, frowned. "I don't think Takeshi is capable of bringing back the so-called divine pill."

Yama could relate to her feelings. He consoled her by patting the back of her hand. "I know it must be difficult for you to accept that Takeshi is now running the company, but you can't do anything about it because you're a woman. If you were born a man, I'm sure you'd be the best candidate for the position."

Mina clenched her fists, and her eyes gleamed with

ambition, but she concurred with what her father said.

Had I been a man, I would for sure be appointed as the next patriarch of the family. So what if I'm a woman? I will not resign to my fate.

Yama continued, "Don't think about it anymore, okay? You're my only daughter, and everything I own will still eventually go to you."

Mina responded with a grin and kept mum.

Deep in her heart, Mina hoped Yama would remain paralyzed for the rest of his life because she was afraid that her father might try to conceive another child should he regain full mobility. She believed he would give it a shot since he was only in his fifties. Should the child turn out to be a boy, she would lose her position in the family.

Meanwhile, Takeshi had touched down at the airport. He was overwhelmed with mixed feelings upon seeing Yama.

“I've brought back the divine pill safely. Would you like to take it now?” Takeshi passed a box to Yama.

Yama could no longer contain his excitement. His hands were shaking when he accepted the box. This divine pill is going to give me a new lease on life!

During the heyday of Tokugawa Pharmaceutical some ten years ago, Yama had gotten into a racing accident that left him paralyzed.

He had traveled around the world to look for a cure but to no avail. All the hospitals he had visited told him that his paralysis was permanent.

Yama used to be a man with a big ego. Yet after the

accident, he could no longer take care of himself. He would need the maid's assistance in everything he did in life, including going to the washroom.

The paralysis had caused Yama to suffer for about a decade. When he thought of the wonders the divine pill could do to his body, tears of joy started brimming in his eyes.

As he opened the box, four black pills appeared before his eyes. Without hesitation, he picked up one of them and swallowed it right away.

A maid then went up and served him a glass of water.

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All eyes were on Yama as he popped the divine pill into his mouth. Everyone was watching him expectantly as this was the first time they had heard of a pill with such miraculous powers. Can it really make a paralyzed man stand up and walk again?

Mina could not bear to look. No one was probably in greater emotional turmoil than her at this point in time.

Swallowing the pill, Yama felt energized and refreshed, as if he had instantly turned ten years younger.

This renewed energy gave him the confidence to try standing up from his wheelchair.

Having been paralyzed for ten years, Yama could

finally feel his legs again.

In the next second, something amazing happened. Yama actually stood up from his wheelchair and could even stand up steadily.

“Good heavens!” The sight of Yama standing on his feet came as a great shock to everyone who witnessed it. No one had thought that a medicine that could cure paralysis really existed.

“Uncle Yama, you're really standing up! From now on, Tokugawa Pharmaceutical will rise to greater heights under your brilliant leadership!” Takeshi said deferentially.

Yama could not contain his excitement. He was in a state of elation as he tried to walk, jog, and run.

This time, he was finally free from the wheelchair that

had accompanied him for the past ten years. He walked to Takeshi and gave him a pat on his shoulder, saying, “You deserve great credit for bringing back the divine pill!”

Takeshi was clearly pleased with himself. He had done a great favor for the Tokugawa family by bringing back the divine pill. From now on, everyone in the family would have nothing but good things to say about him.

In the midst of the celebration, Takeshi did not forget his sister. “Uncle Yama, in our quest to bring the divine pill home, Haruko has been captured by the deplorable Eurasians. What's more, they have evidence that we stole the divine pill. If we plan to mass produce it and market it to the whole world, they said we have to pay them ten billion to buy the formula from them.”

After hearing what Takeshi said, Yama sank into deep thought. Ten billion was no small amount to Tokugawa Pharmaceutical.

However, having experienced the miraculous healing power of the divine pill for himself, he was confident that they would be able to recover the cost of ten billion within the first year of production and sales. By the second year, they should be reaping huge profits.

Combining all the assets owned by Tokugawa Pharmaceutical, Yama estimated that its net worth would be slightly above ten billion, of which seventy percent were in the form of loans. However, he was sure that the divine pill would be a worthwhile investment.

Mina, who had been observing quietly from a corner, remained silent. She, too, had not expected the divine pill to be such a miracle cure.

There was loathing in her eyes as her gaze fell on Takeshi. It was bad enough that this cousin of hers was snatching Tokugawa Pharmaceutical from her after all the blood and sweat that she had invested in running it.

If Yama were to have a son, her only path in life would be to end up as a pawn in a marriage of convenience. Takeshi, just you wait and see. Don't let me catch you when you're down and out. I won't miss the chance to trample on you!

Lost in the victorious mood of the divine pill's miraculous healing powers, Takeshi and Yama were completely oblivious to Mina's feelings.

After sorting out the documents from the finance department, Yama transferred the ten billion into Alex's account.

Now that he was done with the official business, Yama was eager to embark on his favorite activities.

First on the list was to seek female company. Having been deprived of them for ten years, he could not wait to get back in the game with a couple of women.

However, he was aware that it would not be an appropriate thing to do, what with his daughter and nephew still right there with him. It might also harm his public image if he was caught engaging in such activities so soon after his miraculous recovery. Therefore, he decided to go racing instead.

Race cars were something he enjoyed mounting as much as women.

Takeshi had a suggestion. "Uncle Yama, why don't you take my Bentley? It's a powerful car that's sure to

give you an adrenaline rush!”

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Yama had been itching to get his hands on the steering wheel again. It was a race car accident that led to his paralysis all those years ago.

But it did not damper his passion for fast cars.

The three of them got into the Bentley together. Yama caressed the steering wheel as a mix of emotions welled up within him. He had never imagined that he could one day stand up and walk again. Now that it

had become reality, he still felt like he was in a dream.

He made the decision that he would hand over the reins of Tokugawa Pharmaceutical to Takeshi from now on. He was determined to party through the rest of his life.

If he was lucky, he might even have a son to take over his huge empire. His daughter would eventually marry into her husband's family. Only a son would see him through his old age and send him off at his funeral.

As he was starting the engine and thinking about the wonderful life he had ahead of him, he suddenly threw up a big mouthful of dark, inky blood with a loud gagging sound.

In an instant, the steering wheel and windscreen were all splattered with blood.

Yama's limp hands loosened their grip on the steering wheel as he felt his life force draining from his body at an alarming speed.

His neck felt like it was being strangled by a huge, invisible hand. His face was twisted in agony as he garnered whatever strength he had left to articulate these last words, "The divine pill is poisonous..."

With that, he breathed his last as his body went limp on top of the steering wheel.

Takeshi and Mina were in utter shock. Just a moment ago, Yama was talking animatedly to them about racing. How could he be dead just like that?

Takeshi's mouth was agape as he sat in the front passenger seat, unable to believe what he had just seen. He nudged Yama's body and said nervously,

“Uncle Yama, please stop pulling such tricks on me. Wake up! You're scaring me to death!”

Mina, who was seated at the back, had recovered more quickly. Her beautiful face was calm and composed. There was even a hint of secret delight over the turn of events.

Without further hesitation, she opened the car door and shouted to the staff standing nearby, “Help! Takeshi killed my father!”

Her words caused Takeshi to panic. He hurriedly got out of the car and wanted to cover Mina's mouth so she would stop maligning him.

But Mina was well-prepared. She dodged Takeshi's hands and shouted again, “Somebody, help! Takeshi is trying to kill me now to shut me up!”

This was an opportunity sent from heaven. If she used it well, she might be able to keep Tokugawa Pharmaceutical in her grip. Takeshi, you were the one who almost caused me to lose everything I have. You've even caused my father's death. I can't possibly let you off easily. You can only blame yourself for being so incompetent. The divine pill that you brought back turned out to be poison, and you caused the Tokugawa family to lose ten billion for nothing. You're practically dead meat.

At this moment, a big group of men hired by the Tokugawa family had rushed forward and surrounded Takeshi on all sides.

If Haruko was the one being surrounded, she would have slipped out rather easily. Unfortunately, Takeshi was not as skillful as she was.

“Take him to Mr. Tokugawa. I will personally explain

to him about what happened today,” Mina said emotionlessly as she turned to cast a glance at Yama's body. Thank you, Dad!

Takeshi sat down on the ground, feeling utterly dejected. He had now tasted what it was like to be floating in heaven at one moment and banished to hell in the next. If Grandpa knew that I was the one who caused Uncle Yama's death and led the family to lose ten billion, I'd be finished.

By this time, Takeshi had worked out what had happened. His eyes bulged as he growled in fury, “How dare the despicable Eurasians sabotage me!”

Unfortunately, he would never get the chance to exact his revenge on Alex.

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Meanwhile, at Sakura Club, Alex received a notification on his phone about the transfer of ten billion into his account. A sly smile crept across his face as he thought about the successful execution of his cunning plan. He checked the time and figured it was about time Takeshi realized what had happened.

“Now that the ten billion has been transferred to me, I'll write off any debts between us. You can choose to stay or leave, though I'd advise you to stay. Don't go back to Jetrouina,” Alex said, sounding earnest and sincere.

Haruko rolled her eyes and did not seem to take heed of what he said. She snorted coldly. “Since the money is in your hands, untie me now!”

Alex shrugged and decided to speak no more. He had done his part by giving her his advice. He instructed his men to untie Haruko.

Once untied, Haruko loosened her muscles and, casting an angry glance at Alex, started to make her way out of the club.

When she walked past Flynn, she gave him a tight slap on his face before darting out the door and disappearing into the crowd.

Flynn was dumbfounded. Caressing his face which was still stinging from the slap, he lashed out angrily, “This Jetroinian bitch sure holds a grudge! Don't let me run into you again.”

After that, he looked pitifully at Alex and said, “Alex! Your brother was slapped by a Jetroinian bitch. You have to avenge me!”

Alex tried to stifle a snigger as he said, “Rest assured, Haruko will never see a good day again.”

After leaving the club, Haruko hailed a taxi and intended to make her way to the airport and fly back to Jetroina.

En route, she tried to call Takeshi on the phone many times, but he never answered. She assumed that he must have presented the divine pill to Yama which in turn cured him of his paralysis. She thought that he probably missed her calls because he was busy being congratulated by everyone in the family.

She, too, could not help feeling elated. They had

pulled off their mission at Eurasia successfully and brought back the divine pill. It was finally time for this humble branch of the Tokugawa family to shine.

On her way to Takeshi's home after touching down in Jetroina, Haruko's phone suddenly rang. It was a call from one of Takeshi's subordinates. "Ms. Haruko, please do not return to Jetroina. The Tokugawa family has given orders for you to be arrested. Mr. Takeshi has been imprisoned in the family dungeon."

There was a great sense of urgency in the man's voice as Haruko listened in confusion. She could not figure out what had happened.

Nevertheless, she instructed the taxi driver to stop the car so she could continue the conversation in a secure location. She was consumed with rage when she found out what had happened.

She gripped her phone so tightly it was almost bent out of shape. She smashed it onto the ground and hissed through gritted teeth, "Damn you, Alex! Just you wait!"

Meanwhile, at the Leighton residence, the lights were still on even though it was past two o'clock in the morning.

Yates was seated on a chair and flipping through a book with furrowed brows. The entire surface of his study table was covered with medical books.

Taking off his spectacles to rub his dry eyes, he yawned and looked at the time on his watch.

A wave of fatigue washed over him. He longed to have a good night's sleep in his soft and comfortable bed, but his grandfather's words were still ringing in his ears. "Between the two of you, whoever manages

to bring the Leighton family out of this crisis will take over as the next patriarch of the family.”

Those words were the catalyst that kept driving Yates forward because it was an opportunity sent from heaven.

He had had enough of his old life, where he was a nobody in the family and was looked down on by everybody. To Callum, he was just a bastard who deserved nothing but scolding and beating.

He was determined to put those days behind him!

He was so agitated that he had unknowingly crumpled the pages of the medical book he was reading into balls of paper.

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It was midnight when Alex woke up, startled. Instinctively, he reached out for his phone. When he saw the date, he was stumped.

Many things had happened at the same time recently. There was the auction of the snapdragon, followed by Stanley's crisis, and then the incident with Takeshi and his sister.

Although everything had been resolved, Alex still did not feel at ease whenever he was sleeping. It felt as if he had forgotten something.

It was the date on the phone that reminded him it would be Stanley's fifth birthday the next day.

Alex smacked himself on the head. A while ago, he had wanted to plan a lovely birthday bash for Stanley. Thankfully, he still had some time to get everything ready.

Looking at his son lying next to him, Alex kissed him lightly on his forehead.

Stanley, I will give you an extraordinary birthday that you will never forget.

Alex walked out of the room and gave Flynn a call. He informed him of his plans and wanted him to handle the birthday party preparations.

Alex wanted it to be a surprise for Stanley, hence he got Flynn to handle the preparations so that Stanley

would not find out.

The moment Flynn heard that the son of his good buddy was going to have a birthday party, he got to work right away, even though it was late at night.

He gathered his subordinates and carried out the urgent mission.

The next morning, both Alex and Stanley went to have breakfast at a stall near Sakura Club. Stanley had wanted to eat the eggs from that stall.

Alex noticed that Stanley seemed preoccupied while he was having his eggs. He said nothing and continued to drink his soup.

While eating the eggs, Stanley sneaked a peek at Alex and felt even more confused than ever. In fact, he was a little disappointed as well.

It's my birthday today. Has Daddy really forgotten about my birthday?

In truth, Stanley did not wish for any birthday presents or even a birthday cake. Even an egg would suffice.

Just then, a car sped past them, and as a result, the residual rainwater on the roadside splashed onto the father and son duo.

If the car had traveled at a faster speed than usual, the dirty water would not have splashed all over them as there was not that much water on the road.

However, the speed at which the car had gone was nearly one hundred and twenty miles per hour, and it was considered way too fast.

Stanley's white shirt was splattered with tiny black

dots, and so was Alex's face. Even Alex's soup was tainted with dirty water.

The rainwater had also flown into the pots of soup at the stall. There was no way the owner could sell those pots of soup anymore. For an average Joe, not only was he unable to earn any money, but he ended up incurring a loss.

“Oh my! My soup! What am I supposed to do?” the stall owner cried out.

With half of his shirt drenched and the cold morning air blowing at him, Stanley could not help but shiver. “Daddy, it's so cold!”

Without hesitation, Alex took off his only shirt and draped it on Stanley.

They had thought that car had gone off. However, the

traffic light was red, and the car had stopped not too far away from Alex.

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Chapter 736



The driver was a young man in his mid-twenties, and he was dressed in branded clothes. Even the car he was driving was the latest limited edition Ferrari.

One look and Alex could tell that he was from a wealthy family.

At that moment, the driver had no choice but to stop because the cars in front of him had stopped. If it was

not for the other cars, he would have run the red light.

Even if he had knocked someone down, there was nothing money could not solve.

However, he had just received his new car that day, and he was unwilling to damage his own car by banging into others.

As soon as the young man put the car to a stop, he started honking and scolding, “All you lousy cars should move aside. Don't block my way!”

He was loud, and several people heard him. It annoyed them, but when they saw the car he was driving, they controlled themselves.

However, right then, there was a middle-aged man who lost his cool and walked to the side of the Ferrari.

“Young man, watch your mouth! Can't you see that it's a red light?”

Since the man came out from an average car, the Ferrari driver had no regard for him. He stepped out of his expensive car and confronted the man.

“I want to honk. What can you do about it? It's my hand after all. Don't you know what car I am driving? How dare you provoke me! Believe it or not, I will smash your car!”

It was the first time the middle-aged man had encountered such a rude person. He pointed at the young man and said, “You are so insolent and unreasonable at such a young age. You are hopeless!”

The young man sneered with disdain. “Go find out who I am first before raising your voice at me! My

name is Caleb Simpson! I'm from the Simpson family in Kenfort! How dare a commoner like you lecture me! I'm going to destroy your piece of junk today!"

With that, Caleb walked to the side of the road, picked up a brick, and strode toward the Volkswagen.

When the man saw that, he immediately went up to stop Caleb. But Caleb pushed him aside and smashed the brick on the windscreen of the Volkswagen.

A palm-sized crack appeared. Caleb shouted, "Well, well. It looks like the quality of this junk is not too bad after all. No matter what, I'm going to smash this car to bits today!"

The owner of the Volkswagen was heartbroken. The car had cost him more than a hundred thousand, and it took him two years to save up for the car.

Looking at the crack on the windscreen, he felt like dying. Without thinking, he ran to the front of his car to stop Caleb from damaging it any further.

Caleb did not care if the man was in front of the car. He threw the brick, and it hit the man right in his head.

In that instance, blood came gushing out from his head.

The bystanders were shocked. They did not expect the Ferrari driver to hit the man with a brick.

While they felt sorry for the middle-aged man, they were also glad that they did not confront the Ferrari driver.

The middle-aged man sat on the ground in pain. Caleb was not concerned with his injury. Instead, he

smirked, took out a thick wad of cash, and threw it at his face.

“Stop putting on an act! Take this money and buy yourself a coffin!”

Not far away, the stall owner was frightened. He did not expect the young man to be such an arrogant bully.

Looking at his pots of soup, he shook his head and accepted his fate.

At this moment, Alex was holding onto Stanley's hand and walking toward Caleb. Seeing that, the stall owner was worried.

Are they sick and tired of living?

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Chapter 737

That luxury car driver dares to throw a brick at another man's head. Aren't they looking for trouble if they go over there now?

Furthermore, only their clothes got dirtied, unlike me who has lost a few hundreds' worth of soup!

Alex was his regular customer. If it was other people, he would not be bothered to care about them. But as it was Alex who was about to get into trouble, the stall owner felt that he had to do something.

He walked up to the father and son to caution them,

“Are you going to confront him? You saw with your own eyes how high-handed he is. Anyway, nothing serious happened to both of you. It's just your clothes! Let it go!”

“Thank you for your concern, but I cannot let it go. Don't worry. I will get your money back for you as well.”

Alex then ignored the stall owner and made his way to Caleb.

The stall owner sighed. I have already warned him. If anything untoward happens to him, it has nothing to do with me.

At the same time, Caleb noticed two individuals coming toward him, and it sparked his interest.

Are they asking for trouble too?

Well then. Bring it on! Other than his old-fashioned father, Caleb had never feared anyone else.

Alex and Stanley stared at Caleb, and the next thing, Alex got down to check on the middle-aged man's injury.

Blood was still flowing out from his wound, and it looked serious. Alex frowned and tapped a pressure point to stop the bleeding.

“I've stopped your bleeding. You need to get to the hospital right away and get a doctor to see to your injury. After all, it's a head injury, and you shouldn't take it too lightly,” instructed Alex. He then picked up all the money on the ground and gave them to the man.

The middle-aged man was stunned to see another

young man in his twenties who managed to stop the bleeding with immediate effect.

One was so arrogant and did not give a hoot about others, but the other was humble, polite, and helpful. How can there be such vast differences between two young men?

The man looked at the money in his hand and did a rough estimation. There should be around fifty thousand here. After fixing the windscreen and paying for the medical fee, I should have some leftovers.

After thanking Alex and casting a glance at Caleb, the man sighed. There was nothing else he could do about the incident.

Despite the pain in his head, the man could only suffer in silence.

Alex patted him on the shoulder and said, “Don't worry. I will make sure he apologizes to you.”

“Who the f*ck do you think you are to meddle in my business? Are you tired of living?” Caleb could not believe that someone would dare to interfere in his affairs.

In Caleb's eyes, Alex and Stanley meant nothing to him. He thought that Alex was just someone with a death wish.

Currently, Alex was only clad in a singlet, and there were spots of mud all over his face. As for Stanley, his clothes were wet, and he had on an adult's shirt. Both father and son looked exactly like beggars.

Alex replied coldly, “I was having breakfast with my son over there when your car sped by and water splashed all over us. What are you going to do about

that?”

Alex had seen everything that Caleb had done. He felt the need to teach that rascal a lesson.

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Chapter 738



“You two poor beggars, it's your honor to be splashed with water by my Ferrari. How dare you question me about it! Do you want me to break your head too?”

Caleb waved the brick in his hand as he spoke.

Stanley was scared, and he hid behind his father. He

tugged at the latter's shirt and pleaded, "Daddy, let's go!"

Stanley had witnessed how Caleb assaulted the middle-aged man earlier on, and he did not want his father to get injured. He was afraid that Caleb would hit him with the brick too.

Alex reassured his son by caressing his head. Stanley must have been traumatized by the recent events. Now that someone had threatened his son, there was no way Alex would let him go.

He stared at Caleb furiously and said in a stern voice, "If you get down on your knees right now and bow ten times to us as an apology to my son and me, I will let it go. Otherwise, don't even think about leaving here today!"

Upon hearing that, Caleb laughed in disdain. That

was the first time a beggar had threatened him that way.

Such audacity! I'm going to teach him the lesson of his life today! No! I'm going to make him a cripple today!

How dare he ask me to bow down to him! Even my own father has never said things like this to me before. Stupid beggar!

Caleb could not be bothered to talk with Alex anymore. He raised his hand with the brick and was about to smash it on Alex's head.

Bloody beggar! Let me show you what I'm capable of!

The onlookers were speechless. Just because he's rich, he thinks he can do whatever he wants.

Just as everyone thought that Alex would suffer the same fate as the middle-aged man, Alex caught the flying brick with one hand.

Fiddling with the brick he had caught, Alex threw the brick right back at Caleb. In that instance, the brick was smashed into pieces, and blood began to flow out from Caleb's head.

Alex's move was simple and brutal, but he did not go all out. Otherwise, Caleb would have died on the spot.

Caleb only suffered a slight concussion from the impact.

Alex wiped the dust from his hands and told him icily, "This is a lesson for you. I want you to compensate the stall owner with ten thousand for spoiling his soup. If you aren't willing to pay, I don't mind teaching you a few more lessons. By then, I cannot promise that you

can walk away alive.”

It was the first time the spoiled Caleb had been hit on the head with a brick. No one in Kenfort would dare to treat him that way, and he simply could not accept the fact that he was beaten in a small town by a beggar.

However, the impact was quite bad, and he felt giddy. If he was beaten for another few more times, he doubted he could return to Kenfort anymore.

The only reason he had come to this small town was that his father had wanted him to attend the birthday function of the son of the Jefferson family and butter up to them.

Since the situation was not to his advantage, and he also knew he could not outfight Alex, Caleb took out ten thousand and gave it to Alex. With his hand holding his head, he asked in fear, “Can I leave now?”

Although he was calling for a truce, there was hostility in his eyes. He was not going to let it go just like that.

“What's the hurry? You damaged that man's car. Shouldn't you compensate him for it?” asked Alex with a smile.

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Chapter 739



What?! He's asking for too much! I've just given him ten thousand, and now he wants me to hand over my limited edition Ferrari to that man as well?

Caleb reckoned the old car he just smashed could not be worth more than twenty thousand, barely even enough for him to enjoy a single night out at the bar.

His Ferrari, on the other hand, was worth eight million! Not only was eight million a considerable amount to him, but that limited edition coupe was a priceless gem as well. How could he give it away just like that?

“No! That's never going to happen! Don't push your luck, you j*rk! I haven't even settled the score with you yet for bashing me over the head just now. Don't you even think of getting my car!” he barked, standing in front of his car protectively.

Alex raised his eyebrows. “Are you sure you won't recompense?”

“Of course! So what if I just busted that shabby old car? It only costs ten thousand at most. Why should I

compensate him with my car?" replied Caleb indignantly.

Just then, the middle-aged man came to Alex. "Thank you, young man. I'm really grateful for your help, but I hope you'd let this go. He's from the Simpson family of Kenfort. I don't want you to get into trouble for helping me."

He worked as a private chauffeur and had been to many places, including Kenfort. Thus, he had heard of the Simpsons the last time he was there.

Even though the Simpsons were only a second-class family in Kenfort, they were still considered an upper-class family in a small place like Nebula City.

Judging from the modest-looking clothes Alex and Stanley were clad in, the man reckoned they must come from a lesser social class and did not want

them to risk offending a powerful family for the sole sake of helping him.

“The Simpson family? So what? That's still no reason for him to act so brazenly!” Alex remarked indifferently.

With that, he turned toward Caleb and uttered coldly, “I'm giving you one minute to reconsider. If your answer is still the same, then I don't mind troubling myself to teach you a lesson.”

To him, Caleb was merely a member of an insignificant, second-class family from Kenfort. That did not give him a free pass to run amok in Nebula City.

As for Caleb, he surely had not foreseen Alex's boldness. However, he knew he stood no chance of fighting him alone if he insisted on keeping the car.

Besides, remembering how Alex had nearly cracked his skull with a brick earlier, Caleb had no doubt that Alex would kill him just as he had claimed. Even though the latter would most likely be sentenced to death for the act, Caleb still despised the thought of losing his life to a lowly man like Alex.

After much thought, Caleb figured he had no choice but to compromise for the moment.

Fine then! I'll let these cheap folks have my car while I go back and send my men to rough this annoying busybody up. Once that's done, I'll get back my car!

With a heavy heart, he pulled the car key out of the ignition and handed it to Alex. “Does this mean I can go now?”

“No. You'll still have to hand over the document for

the transfer of the car's ownership and apologize to this man here before you go,” stated Alex tersely.

Naturally, Caleb had no objections to giving up the documents since he had given up the car keys. After passing the papers and reluctantly apologizing to the man, he shot Alex a final glare before turning to leave.

Go on, be smug about this while you still can! Tonight, my men will come and send you to meet your maker!

Once he left, Alex turned to the middle-aged man and gave him the car keys and documents. “That guy just wrecked your car. Here, take these as compensation.”

The man gulped in disbelief. After all, the scene that unfolded before his eyes was surreal, to say the least.

My goodness! The keys to a Ferrari? I could work till the day I die, and this would still have remained as a

Alex did not heed his words at all, as he did not feel the least bit threatened by the Simpson family.

With a light-hearted chuckle, he pushed the car keys into the man's hand.

Face lighting up with joy, the middle-aged man gazed at the Ferrari and could not bring himself to look away. It was common for men to be obsessed with cars, and he was no exception.

After thanking Alex profusely, he drove away in the Ferrari, so happy that he seemed to have forgotten all about the injury on his forehead.

The onlookers gazed at him enviously, which was not surprising, considering he had just exchanged a car that was barely worth twenty thousand for a luxury car worth eight million.

They would have rushed forward like him earlier if they had known that would happen. Even if they had to suffer a blow to the head, a Ferrari would still be worth the injury.

Holding Stanley's hand in his, Alex walked out of the crowd and went to the stall owner, handing him the ten thousand Caleb just gave him.

The stall owner stared at him, utterly dumbfounded. Earlier, he had thought Alex would get into trouble for going over, but the latter turned out to be a ruthless character.

Not only had he smashed a brick on Caleb's head, but he had also gotten ten thousand from him.

Thinking of how the other man had just driven the Ferrari away, the stall owner did not think it was

unreasonable for him to accept the money.

Finally, after thanking Alex, he took the cash and promised to serve him free breakfasts at his stall for the rest of the year.

Alex knew free breakfasts would not amount anywhere close to ten thousand, but he did not comment on that.

Instead, he merely smiled and left with Stanley.

On their way back, Stanley said, "Daddy, you were so cool just now, like the superheroes in movies who go around seeking justice and punishing bad people. I want to be just like you when I grow up!"

Tousling the boy's hair fondly, Alex replied, "You're going to be even greater than me when you grow up, Stanley! When the time comes, it'll be your turn to

protect me!”

Stanley nodded earnestly. “Yes, I will protect you, Daddy, just like how you've always protected me.”

While that was going on, Caleb entered a room in a five-star hotel in Nebula City.

“Mom! A beggar just whacked my head with a giant brick and then snatched away the new car you just bought for me!” he whined as he dove into the arms of a woman, a forlorn expression on his face.

The woman's name was Sheryl Little. Although she was almost in her fifties, her well-maintained appearance created the illusion that she was, at most, in her mid-thirties. Adorning herself with jewelry, she exuded an elegant and regal air.

She was, in fact, the pampered eldest daughter of the

Little family, which was one of the most distinguished families in Kenfort. After marrying beneath herself into the Simpson family, she held substantial authority within the household. To boot, she had also given birth to an only son, Caleb, whom she loved unrestrainedly.

“Someone dared to bully my son? I can't believe such a bold man exists in this small city! Whoever it is must be tired of living!”

Overwhelmed with rage, she slammed her palm onto the desk with such force that even the glass on it shook a little.

“It's about time that insolent son of yours learns a lesson! You've spoiled him too much, so you'd better not join him in stirring up more trouble!” warned Caleb's father, Yann Simpson.

He sighed and went on, “We only came to Nebula City to attend a party held by the patriarch of the Jefferson family. He's celebrating his son's birthday today, so could you two stop causing trouble, please?”

Sheryl immediately retorted, “What do you mean by we're causing trouble? Can't you see how badly our son is hurt? We have to take revenge for him today, even if it means we have to skip that birthday party later!”

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