

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 751

These people were none other than the three powerhouses of Phoenix Organization—Ashton, Bucker, and Aurora.

“Get out of here with your men, Flynnno. I'll deal with them.” Alex tapped Flynn on the shoulder, signaling the latter to put him down.

However, Flynn had no intention of obeying his orders. “Aren't they just three foreigners? My men can deal with them. What's there to be afraid of?”

“Trust me, Flynnno,” Alex responded gravely. “I may be injured, but I can still handle them. We don't know how many people they've brought with them, anyway. Go now and watch over Stanley. I'll take it from here.”

Flynn hesitated for a moment before eventually putting him down, aware that the latter's abilities exceeded those of the average human being.

Alex stood up straight and smiled nonchalantly at Flynn. "You'll be in charge of protecting Stanley. Once I'm done here, I'll head back and look for you guys."

As he looked all right, the worry in the latter's heart diminished. In fact, Flynn even felt slightly disgruntled. He seems perfectly fine! Why did he even make me carry him just now? How mean!

Feeling more at ease, he punched Alex's chest lightly. "You're in charge here, then. Leave Stanley to me."

"Okay." Alex nodded.

It was only after Flynn and the others had left that he

slumped to the ground and spat a mouthful of blood.

While standing on his two feet to reassure Flynn, one of his broken ribs had dug into his internal organs, and he nearly collapsed from the pain.

Considering Flynn's character, he would never have left me here if I hadn't put up a tough front. Flynn, you may be king of the underworld, but at the end of the day, you're just an ordinary human. You can't beat these first-phase Masters. If you stayed behind, you'd only die with me.

Alex had quickly guessed that these three figures were members of Phoenix Organization, for the aura they exuded was similar to another person he had once killed—the one called Drake.

“What an honor to have the three powerhouses of Phoenix Organization appear before me!” Alex

exclaimed with a smile. “Have you come to celebrate my son's birthday?”

While speaking, he stealthily took a pill from his back pocket and popped it into his mouth.

The Pill of Vitality could heal all of his injuries in the quickest time possible, but he would still need about two hours to recover fully.

Alex felt the pill working its magic as soon as he consumed it. His Mortal Force, which was previously drained, was recovering slowly. Even if I can't kill them, at the very least, I know I'd be able to run away. I just need a little more time.

Unfortunately, his opponents saw right through him and had no intention of letting him drag things on.

“We came to kill you, of course!” Aurora remarked.

With that, the three of them charged toward Alex, planning to end the fight as quickly as possible.

Three first-phase Masters would have been no match for someone like Alex—if he had not fought Uriah.

Unfortunately, the man was gravely injured and was not even given the time to heal.

Seeing that his three opponents were heading his way, he could only endure the pain and evade their attacks all at once.

Boom!

At the very next second, a large crater appeared right where Alex had stood before jumping away.

There was no other road for him to take. Fighting was

the only option.

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After blocking off over a dozen attacks from his three opponents, Alex began to feel his energy wane. If this continues, that little boost I got from the Pill of Vitality is going to run out too.

“Why are you after me? I've done nothing to get on your bad side,” he said, hoping to stall some time or find another way out of this predicament.

“We took a big risk by coming to Eurasia just to kill

you, punk, so don't even think of trying to waste our time. You're going to die today,” replied Ashton calmly as he gazed at Alex as though the latter were as good as dead.

At the same time, Bucker picked up a car by the roadside and tossed it at Alex.

Seeing that, Alex speedily jumped away before a loud boom was heard. The vehicle burst into flames as soon as it hit the ground.

Just as Alex felt relieved to have evaded that attack, a sultry figure appeared right behind him and aimed a dagger at his neck.

It was too late by the time the man realized it. With a side step, the dagger stabbed into his shoulder.

Despite the excruciating pain he felt, Alex could do

nothing but pray that Aurora's dagger was not laced with any sort of life-threatening poison.

Thankfully, the woman did not fancy applying poison to her weapons.

Alex was in a tight spot dealing with three opponents at once. Whenever he evaded one of them, the other would then pull a sneak attack on him from another direction.

If this keeps going on, they might just kill me within minutes. I have to think of a way to take care of all three of them speedily! But we're talking about three first-phase Masters here. Urgh! Whatever. It's not like I have a choice. I'll fight them to the death!

“Thunder Fist!” Alex accumulated his Mortal Force within his hand and threw a fist at Bucker.



To his surprise, the latter took the hit directly before grabbing his shoulder.

Bucker's expression turned grim from the attack, but he showed zero intention of letting go of his opponent's shoulder.

Alex could feel the firm pressure on his shoulder. The other two are going to seize the chance to kill me if I don't shake him off.

With a furrow of his brows, he began to kick at Bucker's crotch area.

No matter how much of a tough guy Bucker was, any man would feel pain from being kicked in that particular spot. True enough, a scowl eventually appeared on his face.

At the same time, Ashton and Aurora made their way

over when they saw their enemy being restrained, planning to kill him right there and then.

Alas, Bucker could no longer endure the relentless kicks to his crotch. As soon as he let go of Alex, the latter swiftly evaded his incoming opponents.

Bucker, on the other hand, was not as lucky. All of Ashton's and Aurora's attacks landed on him instead.

Despite his superhuman physique, his comrades' attacks took a heavy toll on his body.

Yet, neither Ashton nor Aurora even spared him a glance as they continued to go after Alex instead.

Alex's Mortal Force was nearly depleted, and taking his past injuries into account, he barely had any energy left to move.

The attack coming from his two opponents sent him flying backward, and he eventually crashed into a tree.

“I think I might actually die here today,” he murmured to himself.

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Alex lay on the ground, no longer possessing the strength to get back up.

Not only had all his Mortal Force been used up, but that attack he just received had shattered his internal

organs.

Despite being a second-phase Master, restoring his organs would be just as difficult, especially when there were still three enemies going after him.

The man let out a wry smile as blood trickled down the side of his lips. Man, I must look so pathetic right now.

Aurora arrived before him and placed a foot on his head, her sharp heel tearing his skin.

“Hey, brat, I’ll give you a quick death if you lick my heels clean and beg me for mercy,” she proposed with contempt.

To be able to kill someone of a higher rank than herself was a great honor to her.

This man lying under my foot is a second-phase Master, for goodness' sake! It'd be a lot less fun if I were to take him out just like that. Oh, to see him cry and beg me to end his suffering would be my biggest dream come true!

Ashton stood next to Aurora, wrapping an arm around her waist and blowing gently into her ear. "Hurry up and kill him already. Kong's still lying there on the verge of death, you know?"

"How is his current state any of my business?" She scoffed. "We've finally managed to take down a second-phase Master, so can't you just let me have a good time for a while?"

"Or we can wrap things here up quickly, and then I'll give you a good time back at the villa." Ashton grinned wickedly.

Their mission in Eurasia would be complete once they killed Alex, so they could take it easy after that.

Meanwhile, although Bucker had received damage from both Ashton and Aurora, his body was still unlike that of a normal first-phase Master.

That was why the man could still get up and walk over despite his grave injuries. Then, he raised a fist, aiming it at Alex's chest.

They had come to Eurasia to kill him, after all, and since Ashton and Aurora had attacked him by accident, they naturally were not going to interfere with him this time.

Pow!

Regardless of how little Mortal Force he had left, Alex knew it would be over for him if he let Bucker punch

him directly.

Thus, he blocked the man's fist with his two hands, although the back of his hands practically became deformed as soon as the impact happened.

“Wow! This punk hasn't given up yet!” Aurora taunted as she observed Alex's movements.

The bones in Alex's hands shattered as he stared at his enemies—the three people who now possessed control over his fate—with half-open eyes.

“You... You can kill me... But don't hurt my friends and son...” Alex muttered weakly, his words almost sounding like a whisper.

He did not fear death; what he feared was these three bigwigs of Phoenix Organization going after Stanley and Flynn.

This had nothing to do with them, so he did not want to get them involved.

Am I really going to die?

Alex refused to resign himself to the fact that his life was ending soon. No! I can't accept this. I have yet to rescue Dad from Doomsday Prison and watch Stanley grow up. There are still so many things I want to do. Is it really too late for all that now?

“Are you joking around with us, Alex Jefferson? Do you expect us to keep your son and friends alive so that they can avenge you? Now that we're here, we're going to wipe every one of you out!” Ashton remarked disdainfully.

Alex's eyes reddened at the mention of Stanley, and a single drop of grief rolled down his cheek.



Suddenly, a tremendous aura radiated from his body. I'll protect Stanley—even if it costs me my life.

Ashton and Aurora noticed something different about him but certainly were not going to give him a chance at all. Aurora immediately took her dagger out and stabbed it into one of Alex's pressure points.

With that, Alex's billowing aura vanished in an instant.

Even his final struggle would prove futile.

At the end of the day, Alex was no immortal.

Then, Aurora gathered more strength, intending to kill Alex and not give him a chance to turn the tables on them.

“Stop right there!”

At that very moment, a loud, commanding voice rang out from behind. The three foreigners were so stunned that they fell into a slight daze.

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An elderly, sage-like man dressed in a long robe walked over to them.

Even though he appeared carefree, he moved ten meters forward with every step he took and thus arrived right in front of the three members of Phoenix Organization in the blink of an eye.

Neither Aurora, Ashton, nor Bucker could react in time when the older man waved his arm, forcing a massive wave of energy in their direction.

The invisible aura pushed them dozens of meters back, causing them to be on guard and hesitate to take any action.

“Who are you? Alex is the one we're after. Are you trying to save him?” Aurora yelled.

“I'll be protecting this man today. Those who intend to hurt him will have to go through me!”

The three first-phase Masters began to tremble in fear as soon as the elderly man cast a glance at them, and they nearly lost their balance.

With their thoughts having just been seen through,

they now stood before him like vulnerable newborn babies, unable to fight at all.

But we're first-phase Masters, and there's three of us here! Alex Jefferson may be a second-phase Master, but we still managed to put up a fight with him! But why does it feel like this geezer can crush us to death with just one finger?

“Well, since you want him, we shall hand him over to you,” said Aurora respectfully. “We have other business to take care of, so we'll be taking our leave now, sir.”

After she gave Ashton and Bucker a glance, the three of them left without a second thought.

If we insist on killing Alex, not only might we fail, but we could even end up dying right here.

The man in the robes averted his gaze toward Alex after the three Phoenix Organization members had left.

Both of Alex's hands were deformed, his internal organs were severely injured, and he had three broken ribs—one of which had pierced his organ.

At that rate, he would not survive even if he were taken to the hospital right away. He should have been dead by then, but miraculously, he was not.

Furthermore, there seemed to be a mysterious power healing his wounds. It progressed very slowly, but that was the one thing keeping Alex alive.

There was a limit to the Pill of Vitality's effectiveness, so it would never be able to heal all of Alex's current injuries.

“Thank you...sir,” Alex mumbled with much difficulty as he stared at the old man with gratitude. Who is this man? Why did he save me in the nick of time?

No matter how hard he racked his brain, he was certain he had never met the older man before. In fact, he could not even see through the latter's Mortal Force despite being a second-phase Master himself.

Then, he thought of another rank but quickly dismissed it in disbelief. Of all the people I've met, it's rare coming across someone with the rank of a Master, let alone anything above that. But now that I think about it, he's never even lifted a finger ever since he arrived, yet he managed to scare those guys from Phoenix Organization away just like that. Could it be that this man really is a Grandmaster?

“You should stop talking, young man. God knows how you're even still alive! You sure are a lucky one.” The

elderly man was puzzled since he had no idea Alex consumed a Pill of Vitality.

He sat Alex up before retrieving a bottle from his sleeve. Then, he opened the lid, and a black pill came rolling out.

“Here. Eat this,” he said.

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Alex did not even bother inspecting the black pill handed over by the old man. His life was practically hanging by a thread, anyway.

Hence, after much effort, he reached for it and swallowed it without thinking twice.

Seeing that, the elderly man grinned. “Are you not afraid it might be poison, young man?” he teased.

As soon as Alex ate the pill, he felt a burst of energy surge within him, repairing all his internal organs and broken ribs.

His deformed arms were also returning to normal.

Alex could not believe that a tiny black pill could be so effective—much more so than every other pill he had created.

It was capable of leading a person away from death's door.



This pill just gave me a second chance at life! If only I had the recipe for it. If I did, I'd never have to worry about my enemies ever again, Alex thought greedily.

But those were mere thoughts; there was no way he could obtain such a thing from a Grandmaster.

Alex gazed at the old man sincerely while feeling his body recover. “I see you have a sense of humor, sir. Thank you. I would've been long dead at the hands of the trio from Phoenix Organization if you hadn't shown up to my rescue, and now, you've also given me a miracle pill and restored my life. I don't know how to repay you.”

The latter huffed as his gaze darkened. “Well, if you're that grateful, hand my grandson over!”

“Your grandson? Who's your grandson?” Alex stared at him in confusion. “I don't even know your name, sir.

Why would I have your grandson?”

In truth, he had made a few guesses about the older man.

There's no way an average human can reach his level. For starters, Uriah Morrison has only managed to become a second-phase Master after decades of training. Even someone like him is as rare as can be, and I've definitely never heard of a Grandmaster existing in this world. This old man might be someone from the secret forces. But what makes him think I'd have his grandson?

Unable to fathom it, Alex asked, “Have you been mistaken, sir? I really don't know who your grandson is.”

“That's enough of your nonsense! Keep putting on an act, and you'll be sorry.” The old man's voice grew

stern.

I just saved you from the gates of Hades, but you're being dishonest with me? You ungrateful punk!

Alex was absolutely dumbfounded. What's with his mood swings? He just saved me, and now he wants to kill me? It really looks like he might do it! But where can I even find his grandson?

“I really don't know who your grandson is, sir. Could you maybe describe him or tell me his name, at least? I might be able to remember something if you do,” he explained in vexation.

With a grim expression on his face, the elderly man reached for Alex's pocket and took out a jade pendant that had the word “Stone” carved on it.

“I wouldn't have come here if you didn't have my

grandson's pendant with you. Now tell me where he is!”

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It was now that Alex realized who this incredible Grandmaster was.

Is he the grandfather of that little pickpocket I caught at Welfare Mall? Oh, it's no wonder I thought that kid seemed out of the ordinary. Even a second-phase Master like me is envious of the little boy's stealth skills.

Alex used to suspect the boy of being part of the secret forces, but given his limited knowledge of that group, he was not sure if there was even anyone with the last name Stone in it.

Alex had noticed the pendant on that boy's neck back then. Then, Auriel took it from the boy after beating him up and gave it to him, and so he continued to keep it with him to this day.

I would've been dead meat if this old man hadn't come here for the pendant. I guess, in a sense, this was my lucky charm.

Impressively, the black pill given by the elderly man was so potent that it had restored half of Alex's health by then. It really is a miracle pill!

Not wanting to snub the old man, he brought him to Sakura Club to find the little boy.

The elderly man had nothing more to say after finding out that his grandson was all right. In fact, the boy looked like he had been fed especially well.

Alex even invited the old man to Stanley's birthday celebration, but the latter refused with a huff, saying that he disliked parties.

Hence, Alex returned to where the party was being held. Most of the guests had left, except for a few who were close acquaintances with him.

That included Tyrael, Auriel, the Joneses, the Taylors, Jack, Maggie, and even Carlene.

Upon seeing Alex, Flynn immediately rushed over and patted him on the shoulder. "You really weren't lying, eh, Alex? How did you take care of the three of them?" he asked, smiling.

Alex was speechless for a moment, but he briefly described what had happened while leaving out the fact that he had nearly died, lest he worried Flynn.

In truth, he preferred hanging out with just a few people he was familiar with rather than a sea of guests.

Maggie carried the five-year-old Stanley lovingly, keeping him company and playing games with him. She did not even get mad when he accidentally dirtied her dress.

Everyone talked and laughed merrily as though the shocking incident from earlier the day had never happened.

Alex was relieved to see how well Maggie and Stanley got along and recalled what she had once

told him.

She said she would treat the boy as her own son, and it looks like she isn't lying.

Still, Alex also could not help but think about Heather, the woman with whom he had remained married for so many years.

Stanley was nearly trafficked and killed due to Heather's negligence. Yet, after the incident, the woman had merely called to ask if the boy was okay and then stopped following up on it.

At that moment, Carlene arrived next to Alex and struck up a conversation with him bashfully. "I haven't seen you for a while, Alex. What have you been up to?"

For the past few days, Carlene dropped by the



chairman's office almost every day, only to be disappointed when she never got to see Alex.

She would not have had an opportunity to look for him that day if Flynn had not informed her about the birthday celebration. As it took her much effort to meet the man, she intended on making full use of this opportunity to talk to Alex.

“I've been busy with some private matters, although I have been keeping track of the company's affairs too. You've been doing well. Keep up the good work,” Alex answered.

The way he spoke to her was like a superior talking to a subordinate, which dejected Carlene slightly.

Just then, Maggie's gaze fell on them inadvertently, and a hint of resentment brewed within her. Seriously? I'm here keeping his son company,

and he dares to flirt with another woman?

Then, a devious smile played on her lips as she patted Stanley by the shoulder. “Look, Stanley! Your daddy's talking to a pretty girl. Shall we go take a look?”

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Stanley nodded and followed Maggie to where Carlene and Alex were.

Meanwhile, Carlene, hurt by Alex's aloofness, was thinking of a way to have a proper conversation with

him.

Just as she was about to speak, a gorgeous woman walked up with Stanley and squeezed in between them, pushing her away slightly.

Carlene was taken aback. Then, the beautiful woman remarked out of the blue, “Stanley, why don't you play with this lady for a while? It looks like she doesn't have anyone to talk to and could use some company!”

“Okay!” the boy replied as he took Carlene by the hand. “I'll keep you company, miss.”

With that, he led the flabbergasted Carlene away from the scene. But I was just about to have a talk with Alex!

Maggie snuck a grudging look at Alex before feigning an aggrieved look and complained, “Hmph! I was

busy looking after your child, and here you were talking to another woman. You're horrible.”

“You've gotten the wrong idea,” Alex explained instinctively. “Ms. Bolton and I share nothing more than a professional relationship.”

Maggie chuckled in response while stroking her chin. “Did you explain yourself because you were afraid I'd get jealous? In that case, I won't be jealous.”

Alex was at a loss as to how to respond.

Just then, his phone rang.

Heather? Well, I guess it's no surprise. It is Stanley's birthday, after all. If Heather did not even bother with a phone call on her own son's birthday, Alex would only deem her less fitting as the boy's mother.

“Alex! It's Stanley's birthday today, but I suppose you've totally forgotten that. I've gotten him a birthday cake, so bring him here!” Heather demanded.

She figured that someone as irresponsible as Alex would never take the initiative to buy their son a birthday cake.

In spite of her assumptions and tone, Alex was not mad. At least she got him a cake.

“Stanley's having a lot of fun here. Why don't you come over here to celebrate his birthday?” he asked.

Heather hung up immediately. This guy is hopeless! He forgot to prepare a cake, and now he even wants me to bring it over!

Her treatment toward Alex worsened due to Carmen and Lucas badmouthing him all day. The more nasty

things she heard of the man, the more she regarded him as good-for-nothing trash.

Still, it was Stanley's birthday. Not wanting to disappoint the boy, Heather headed out with the cake.

Upon arriving, she was caught off guard by the scale of the birthday party thrown by Alex. That thirty-meter-tall Ultraman standing at the entrance looked way too magnificent.

Heather immediately began to wonder if the man had received his share of the Jefferson family's legacy.

Did he deliberately hide it from me because he doesn't want to give the Jenningses a single cent? Hmm, didn't he promise to give me ten billion back at the hospital? Well, I'm going to get that sum from him today!

With that, she stormed into the villa, only to be completely stunned by what she saw. Her stomach dropped at the sight of Alex having such a charming and goddess-like woman by his side.

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Maggie had such an enchanting appearance that she looked like a fairy having descended from the heavens. Not only that, but she exuded the grace of that of a lady from a prestigious family—far more superior to Heather herself, despite being considered Nebula City's most beautiful woman.

To put it simply, Maggie gave off an extraordinary sense of elegance and poise that Heather did not.

Moreover, Autumn and Carlene were just about as beautiful as Heather, which made her feel defeated.

She suddenly wanted to check herself in the mirror. Is my hair okay? What about my makeup? I don't want to lose out to those women!

“Mommy! You're here. I'm so happy!” Stanley let go of Carlene's hand and trotted over.

Everyone turned to Heather as they heard the boy shout in excitement.

Maggie's expression turned odd upon seeing Heather. Then, she turned to Alex. “Stanley's mother is here. When do you two intend on divorcing?”



Is she looking that forward to me getting divorced?

Alex was dumbstruck for a moment.

What's there to like about me? I'm married, and I even have a kid. A woman like Maggie can get any guy she wants! Why the hell is she clinging onto a nobody like me?

“We're still discussing it,” he replied briefly.

Hearing that, Maggie stepped forward and hooked her arm around his. “Hurry it up! I'm still waiting for you to marry me, you know?” she said in his ear kittenishly after leaning closer.

As her voice was not soft, many people around them heard her, including Heather, who had just walked in.

Alex grew awkward at the question and did not know

what to say in response. He figured he was better off disregarding the woman's question and doing something else instead, heading outside for a smoke to cool himself down, for instance.

Heather caressed Stanley's head. "I bought you a birthday cake, Stanley! Do you want to try it now?"

"Daddy got me a cake too. It's over there!" the boy replied, pointing in another direction.

Following his gaze, Heather caught sight of an extravagant five-tiered cake. Then, she glanced back at the small cake she had brought over with her, suddenly feeling as though she had just been slapped in the face.

The woman had accused Alex of forgetting their son's birthday and not buying him a cake, which was why she had shown up with one.

After arriving at the place, Heather was even more irritated to learn that a more stunning-looking woman was waiting for Alex to get a divorce.

That was why she had decided to change the subject, yet, it only made her feel worse.

At that very moment, Heather saw the ethereal woman walking toward her. Not knowing why the latter was approaching her, she looked at her warily.

Maggie arrived in front of Heather.

Then, she glanced at the small cake and asked, “Hi! Did you bake that yourself? That's so thoughtful of you.”

Heather did not have a good feeling about this woman who looked more exquisite than herself, and she

certainly was not going to admit that she had purchased the cake at a bakery. “Why, of course! He's my son, after all.”

Maggie beamed and gave Stanley's cheek a light pinch. “I adore Stanley so much too.”

While speaking, she took an agreement out of her purse and handed it to the boy. “I didn't get you a present, Stanley, but I believe all children love going to amusement parks, and that's why I decided to buy you the biggest amusement park in Nebula City. Happy birthday!”

Stanley took the agreement in disbelief. A five-year-old like him certainly understood nothing about business, but at least he knew that he owned his very own amusement park.

“You're the best, Ms. Grant! I like you so much!” The

boy kissed Maggie's cheek in exhilaration.

Maggie glanced at Heather before looking at Stanley. “So who do you like more, Stanley?” she asked. “Is it me, or is it your mother?”

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“I... I don't know.” Like a child who had made a mistake, Stanley lowered his head, fidgeting with the hem of his shirt.

He liked the theme park that Maggie had given to him, but his mother was still his mother at the end of the

day. For a moment, Stanley could not make up his mind.

Maggie ruffled his head and smiled. “All right, Stanley, time for cake! You're the birthday boy today!” she said, changing the topic.

Then, she held the boy's hand and led him toward the lavish five-tiered cake prepared by Alex.

Heather was no fool; she could sense the animosity Maggie had toward her. However, what she did not understand was why a woman like her would fall for someone like Alex.

It was a merry atmosphere, but Maggie was passive-aggressive toward Heather. The others noticed but said nothing about it.

At eleven in the night, Stanley could not stay up

anymore. He fell asleep, and the crowd dispersed.

One by one, they left, and slowly, the smile on Alex's face disappeared. What replaced it was a look of gloominess. For Stanley to have a joyful birthday, he had been suppressing his foul mood.

The Morrisons and Phoenix Organization really want to take my life that badly, huh?

Alex knew the trio from Phoenix Organization would not leave Nebula City because their task was not completed. If they dared to come after him again, he swore he would let them have a taste of what it meant to be in a living hell.

After all, they were the people who intended on hurting his son and friends. Regardless of anything, Alex was going to wipe out Phoenix Organization.

“Alex, what do we do with the guy we captured— Caleb Simpson—as well as the woman named Sheryl Little?” Flynn asked.

“Take me to them,” Alex told him.

The two then went to where they detained Shane, Caleb, and the rest.

The moment Alex stepped into the room, a blurry figure rushed over and kneeled in front of them.

“Alex, I know I've made a mistake. Please, will you let me go? We're all from the same family, so please spare me!” Shane pleaded.

When he thought about how his grandfather, a second-phase Master, was beaten up, he realized he, an ordinary person, was no match for Alex at all.



He was only in his twenties and had so many things he had yet to do. Unwilling to die so young, he rushed to get on his knees once the door opened.

Alex frowned as he glanced at Shane in disgust. They were both from the Jefferson family, which was why he had been lenient toward the elder brother of his.

Yet, Alex could not help but look down on how Shane had turned out. The latter had debased himself so much so that he felt it was a waste to leave the Jefferson family in the hands of people like him.

“Since he enjoys kneeling so much, send him to the south of the city and let him be a beggar there,” Alex told Flynn flatly.

A beggar?

Shane was taken aback by Alex's words. He was

displeased with the younger man's decision, for he was the head of the Jefferson family.

Nevertheless, he was doomed to die if he were to go against Alex's words. Hence, instead of voicing any of his complaints, he thanked Alex continuously.

As long as I'm alive, Shane thought.

Then, the people towed him out of the room and into a black van.

Right then, Yona, who had been watching from the side, scoffed. She was calm and steady, and her eyes were bright with hatred as she stared at Alex.

“You can either kill me or beat me up, Alex, but if you're a man, then you'll spare my grandfather's life. You've already grievously wounded him, so he won't ever be a threat to you anymore.”

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 760



Alex had yet to come to a decision as to what he should do with Uriah. At Yona's words, he cast a glance at the old man, who was unconscious on the bed a short distance away.

Indeed, Uriah was no longer a threat to Alex as the severe injury essentially crippled him. Even if he were to rest and recover, his Mortal Force would still be greatly affected by the incident.

In a sense, it was a kind of torment that contented

Alex more than death. For Uriah, an old man nearing his nineties, death would be a relief from his suffering.

However, by keeping him alive, he would constantly be reminded of the fact that he failed to avenge his children's death. That would perhaps be a far greater punishment for him than death.

“I'm not interested in taking your grandfather's life. On the other hand, you keep trying to kill me, time and again. That will be something I'll be holding you accountable for,” Alex snarled.

Yona had steeled herself for such an ending. After all, she had tried to kill him multiple times after he was severely wounded.

“As long as you agree to let my grandfather go, you can kill me however you like,” Yona said as she stared at Alex, completely fearless.

If she could not take revenge, she might as well be dead.

Upon hearing her words, Alex lost the desire to kill her. Nevertheless, a punishment for her was due to happen.

He then took the dagger from her waist. When Yona realized what he was doing, she instinctively tried to snatch it back from him.

However, she belatedly realized that Alex might want to kill her with her own dagger, so she closed her eyes and waited for death to come.

Swoosh!

The dagger stabbed into her body, and a burst of pain surged through her body. Yona furrowed her brows

and bit down hard on her lower lip to stop herself from making any sound.

Just as she was about to be habituated to the pain, the dagger in her chest was yanked out. It took her by surprise, and this time, she cried out in pain.

In the next second, the dagger stabbed back into the same spot. The shooting pain was searing, and Yona nearly passed out from the agony.

“Are you toying me?” She forced out those words through gritted teeth.

Instead of stabbing the dagger into her heart, Alex was messing with her—dangling her over the edge of the cliff instead of letting her fall right away.

Alex did not answer her, nor did he pull the dagger out again. Leaving it in her chest, he turned to speak

to his subordinates behind him instead. “Drag them out for a beating before throwing them out of the villa. Remember not to kill them.”

Then, his gaze drifted toward Caleb and his mother, who curled themselves up in the corner of the room. A sneer played on his lips.

Caleb and Sheryl had been watching the whole thing unfold from that corner. Terror-stricken, they could almost hear their hearts beat loudly against their ribcages.

Since the head of the Jefferson family had been sent to the south of the city to become a beggar, what even more horrible fate would await them, the weaker Simpsons?

Caleb and his mother shook like a leaf as they watched Alex stroll toward them.

“Since the two of you refused to repent and even continued to cause me trouble... Flynn, break all four of their limbs and throw them out,” the man said calmly.

“Mr. Jefferson, we know we're wrong now. Please let us go! Please!” the mother and son begged as they got on their knees by Alex's feet.

However, Alex ignored them. Without sparing them another glance, he left.

They all deserve it.

By the time Alex returned to Sakura Club, it was already midnight. He did not stay in the villa as he wanted to find out if the old man who saved him earlier in the day had left.



To his surprise, the latter was still around. In fact, the lights in his room were still on.

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