

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 761

“Sir, are you asleep?” Alex asked after knocking on the door.

Just as the question left his mouth, the door swung open, and the dignified-looking old man stepped out. He stroked his beard before giving Alex a once-over. “Young man, why are you visiting me late at night?”

Alex noticed the sleeping boy through the door gap, so he lowered his voice and asked, “Sir, may I talk to you in private?”

With that, he led the old man to the study.

Alex filled a cup of hot tea and brought it to the latter before asking, “Sir, are you a Grandmaster?”

He had chosen not to beat around the bush and asked the question that had been plaguing his mind.

However, the older man did not answer him right away. Instead, he picked up the cup of tea and sipped it.

“I have been a Grandmaster for over thirty years.”

His reply confirmed Alex's earlier guess, but the latter still found it hard to believe.

When the old man saw the surprised look on Alex's face, a chuckle escaped his mouth. “Young man, you're also talented to be this powerful in the mundane world. However, many young talented people like you exist within the secret forces. They are also second-phase Masters despite merely being at the tender age of twenties. There are also many

elderly ones who are much more powerful than I am.”

His utterance left Alex flabbergasted. Right then, a thought popped into his mind, and he asked, “Could there be another rank above Grandmaster? Sir, have you seen anyone like that?”

Ordinary people who were capable of gaining Mortal Force were a rare sight. Only one in a million was capable of becoming a Master.

Alex had only seen one person advancing into the Grandmaster rank from Master, and that person was the old man in front of him. He believed, without doubt, that the old man could take him down with a single move.

I'm glad that I didn't hurt the little boy back then. Otherwise, he wouldn't be speaking to me so calmly now.

After putting down the cup in his hand, a solemn look crept upon the old man's face. He then hesitated for a while before saying, "You'll know it when you become a Grandmaster yourself."

It was an ambiguous answer from the old man. Maybe it's a secret related to the secret forces, so he doesn't wish to tell me about it.

At that moment, Alex could acutely sense how weak he was. The power he thought he had was nothing but a speck of dust to another.

Only when he was mighty would he be able to protect those he wanted to. A fire began burning in Alex's chest, and over time, it blazed brighter and brighter.

In the outskirts of Nebula City, Felix was carrying the unconscious Uriah on his back while Yona trailed

behind him with a pale face as she pressed down on the spot where Alex had plunged the dagger into.

They had been full of confidence when they came to Nebula City, thinking that they would be able to kill Alex.

Yet, such a miserable situation befell them. Her grandfather was unconscious from his severe injury. Even if he were to recover, there was no way he could exact his revenge on Alex again.

As for Yona herself, she was far too weak. Thus, it was unlikely that she would be able to take revenge on Alex in this life of hers. In that case, she would rather choose death.

“So you want revenge?” came a voice that traveled into Yona's ears.

Instinctively, she uttered a determined reply, “Of course. I would rather die if I couldn't kill Alex.”

Then, once those words left her mouth, she realized something was amiss. Immediately, she snapped her head in the direction of the voice.

In her line of sight was a white-haired woman in white clothes, her face concealed with a piece of fabric. Still, those alluring eyes told Yona that she must have an ethereal countenance under the veil.

“Then be my apprentice.”

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)



At Skyworth Clinic, Callum and Yates were anxious as they stood in front of the clinic, but the staff refused to let them in no matter what.

“Please, mister, please let us in. I really need to talk to Dr. Skyworth,” Callum begged earnestly.

The two-day limit set by David was coming up. If they could not find a way to cure him, then the Leighton family would go bankrupt.

It seemed like only Tyrael was capable of curing David at that moment.

“I've said so many times that you can't go in unless you have an appointment,” the staff repeated impatiently.

The clinic forbade people from entering unless they

had made an appointment in advance. It was a rule that Tyrael himself had set, so naturally, his employee would not go against it.

Everyone in Nebula City knew about Tyrael's impressive medical skills and about how ancient medicine had fewer side effects than other medicine. If things were still the same as before, hundreds would have flocked to the clinic over a minor cough or cold. It was easy to imagine how busy Tyrael would have been.

Therefore, he set a rule that stated that only those with an appointment could set foot into the clinic.

When Callum realized nothing he had said so far was convincing the staff, he took off his Rolex watch and shoved it into the latter's hands.

“This is worth over hundreds of thousands. Please,

mister, just go in and inform the doctor. Please, take it as a personal favor.”

Hundreds of thousands?

The clinic staff studied the Rolex watch carefully before glancing at the Rolls-Royce that Callum had parked at the side of the road.

Then, he pocketed the watch and said in a much gentler tone, “Well then, I'll inform Dr. Skyworth of your presence.”

Callum smiled. “Thank you!”

He rubbed his empty left wrist while watching the staff disappear into the clinic. His heart ached at the loss of his watch, but the loss of hundreds of thousands was worth it if it meant saving the Leighton family.

Meanwhile, the illegitimate son of the Leighton family, Yates, watched in silence, not daring to say a word.

His father, Nicholas, had told them that whoever could solve the crisis would become the chairman of Leighton Pharmaceutical. Hence, after going through medical books to no avail, the next thing he did was seek Tyrael's help.

Unfortunately, his elder brother, Callum, had the same idea. Thus, he had no choice but to follow Callum to the clinic quietly.

A few minutes later, Tyrael walked out of the clinic. Once he realized that the man in front of him was Callum, the expression on his face darkened.

“Why is it you? You were rude to Dr. Jefferson in the Ancient Medicine Exposition and have crossed him. What makes you think that I'd help you after that?”

Quickly, Callum said, “Dr. Skyworth, please don't be mad. I had indeed made a mistake during the exposition. I shouldn't have offended your friend. You can punish me however you like in the future, but I hope you'd be willing to save the Leighton family.”

“I owe Dr. Jefferson my life. Moreover, he's taken in my granddaughter as his apprentice. Crossing him is a much severe crime than crossing me,” Tyrael told him coldly.

With that said, he turned to leave.

Just then, Callum took out a check from his pocket and said, “Dr. Skyworth, please reconsider it. Here's fifty million as a token of apology. Dr. Skyworth, please lend a helping hand to the Leighton family. Otherwise, David will surely end the Leighton family.”

Tyrael did not even look at the check in his hands as he uttered, “Whether or not the Leighton family survives has nothing to do with me. Even if you take out a hundred million, my words will remain the same.”

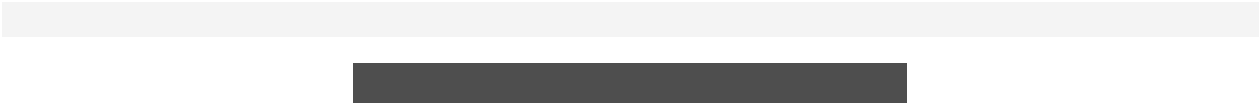
Right then, Yates, who had been quiet the entire time, sighed and got on his knees. He pleaded, “Dr. Skyworth, please show us mercy and save the Leighton family.”

At the sight of Yates' sincerity, Tyrael's grim expression softened a little.

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)





Unlike Callum, Yates was much more humble and polite. He was the complete opposite of his arrogant brother, who assumed that money could solve everything.

Callum frowned when he saw Yates getting on his knees. This bastard is good at acting!

Right then, he recalled the words his father had said—about how whoever could solve the family crisis would become the next head of the family.

Is he doing all these so that he can become the next head of the family? How dare a bastard like him dare to bear such a thought?

At that thought, Callum kicked Yates to the side and lashed out at him. “You're just an illegitimate child of the family. What right do you have to represent the

Leightons? If anyone has to represent the family, it'll be me!”

Then, without hesitating any further, he kneeled in front of Tyrael and said, “Dr. Skyworth, please have mercy and save the Leighton family. David is the Zucker family's only son. His groin is rotting, but I'm sure you'll be able to cure him!”

Tyrael merely stared at him in silence. The fact that Callum had kicked Yates aside and cursed at the younger man gave him the impression that Callum was a problematic man.

Moreover, if his patient was David, it was all the more reason for him to reject them. After all, David was Alex's enemy.

“No matter how capable I am, I won't help the Leighton family. If you don't leave now, I'll call the

cops on you,” Tyrael snapped.

Then, he turned to his employee at the side and sighed. “Don't come to work anymore. Skyworth Clinic can't have people like you working in it.”

With that said, Tyrael turned and entered the clinic before shutting the doors behind him.

Unwilling to admit that he had just been fired, the ex-staff pounded on the door and pleaded, “Dr. Skyworth, I'm sorry! I was overcome by greed just now.”

Nevertheless, Tyrael ignored him.

After a while, he turned around to glare at Callum and snarled, “This is all your fault. You made me lose my job. You're going to have to fork up a hundred thousand in compensation.”

“F*ck you. You deserved it. Moreover, Dr. Skyworth didn't agree to help me out, so give me back that watch!” While speaking, Callum lunged forward to snatch the Rolex watch from the man's pocket.

Immediately, the latter took hurried steps back before pressing down on the opening of the pocket and rebuked, “You're going back on your words! No wonder the Leighton family is in deep trouble. You only have yourself to blame for not convincing Dr. Skyworth to save you all!”

Then, he fled the scene. Callum took off his leather shoe to throw it at him, but unfortunately, the ex-staff was quick on his feet, and it missed.

“Argh! How dare a mere staff negotiate with me? You'd better stay out of my sight, or else I'll kill you!”

Once Callum was done cursing, his gaze returned to the doors of Skyworth Clinic. After spitting on the ground, he growled, “What an arrogant quack! How f*cking dumb is he to not take in a paying customer?”

He then hopped over to pick up his leather shoe and put it on before driving off in his car.

Yates only silently watched the whole scene unfold. His brother had always acted in that way, but it would be a chance for him this time around.

Reaching into his pocket, he fished out something he had been keeping close to him for dozens of years. Yates took a deep breath, seemingly mustering the courage for a decision, and went closer to the clinic again.

This is my one and only chance. I have to take it even if it means using this.

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 764

After kneeling in front of Skyworth Clinic again, Yates shouted, “Dr. Skyworth Clinic, I'm Yates Leighton, and I wish to meet you. If you refuse to see me, then I'll keep kneeling outside of your clinic until you do, sir!”

By then, Tyrael was already by the doorway of his room in the clinic. When he heard Yates' voice, he halted in his tracks before a sigh escaped his mouth.

The illegitimate son of the Leighton family had always been meek around Callum, but after interacting with

him a few times, Tyrael had come to realize that Yates was cultured and well-mannered.

Furthermore, Tyrael felt sympathy toward Yates for being trapped in an awkward situation in the Leighton family.

Both Yates and Callum were the descendants of the Leighton family, yet their standing in the family was worlds apart. The latter was treated like a king, but Yates was treated worse than a servant.

That was why Tyrael's stance wavered after hearing Yates' words.

After a beat, he turned around and opened the main doors. It was then he saw Yates kneeling on the ground with a look of sincerity on his face.

By then, the annoying Callum was nowhere to be

seen.

“Follow me.”

“Thank you, Dr. Skyworth!” Yates exclaimed, overjoyed. He hastily rose to his feet and trailed behind Tyrael.

The moment he stepped into the clinic, Yates took out a rectangular red box. The engraving on the wooden box was simple, but the workmanship, in general, looked rather dated.

Without missing a beat, Yates opened the box to reveal a snow-white ginseng.

He then gently placed the ginseng in his hands and presented it to Tyrael. “Dr. Skyworth, this is a thousand-year-old snow ginseng given to me by my mother before she passed away. This ginseng has

been passed down several generations in our family. I know you respect Dr. Jefferson a lot, so I am hoping to present this thousand-year-old ginseng to Dr. Jefferson in hopes of requesting him to lend a helping hand to the Leighton family.”

Hearing that, Tyrael lowered his eyes to look at the relatively small white ginseng. It was then his heart skipped a beat.

Oh my God! This really is a thousand-year-old snow ginseng!

He had only seen the description of a rare treasure like it in ancient medical books. As far as he knew, something like a thousand-year-old snow ginseng did not exist in real life.

After all, the oldest snow ginsengs he had come across were at most a hundred years old.

Although the snow ginseng in Yates' hands was no longer than a short stick, it was almost translucent. That was because a layer of wax had formed on its surface.

Most ginsengs did not have a layer of wax on their surfaces, for wax formation only occurred after centuries.

Therefore, Tyrael only needed a glance to ascertain that the snow ginseng in front of him was truly a thousand years old.

I never knew that it existed!

Unable to suppress his astonishment, he asked, “Is this... Is this really yours? How did you get your hands on something so precious?”

He remembered that Yates had said that the ginseng had been passed down for generations in his family.

As the latter was only an illegitimate child of the Leighton family, he was already lucky enough not to be tormented, so Tyrael could not figure out how Yates could possess such a precious herb.

Yates nodded before a sorrowful expression crossed his face. It took him a while before he could recompose himself enough to say, “Dr. Skyworth, I'll be honest with you. My mother was born and raised in Coldbridge. Her grandfather, her great-grandfather, and all her other family members had been picking herbs in Coldbridge throughout their life. This ginseng is from my mother's family; it is her family heirloom.”

At that point, tears rolled down his cheeks, but Yates quickly wiped them away.

“When my father, Nicholas Leighton, had just begun his pharmaceutical business, Coldbridge was a place he frequented. Back then, he lied to my mother that he was single. When my mother was pregnant with me, she had to suffer insults from others about how she had gotten pregnant out of wedlock. In the end, she left her hometown with me and went to Jazona. It was until I was six years old—when my mother was about to pass away from her illness—did she contact my paternal grandfather. She was afraid that I would be left all alone in this world. After the call, Grandpa took me into the Leighton family, thinking that I'm still a Leighton and should not be wandering in the streets.”

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

Tyrael was in shock after hearing Yates' account of his life.

Many knew that Yates was an illegitimate son of the Leighton family but were unaware of his past.

It was not like Yates had said it to anyone either; Tyrael was the first to hear his story.

Ever since he was brought into the Leighton family at the age of six, he had been on the receiving end of constant insults and looks of disdain.

His family members treated him poorly—his biological father, Nicholas, his mean stepmother, and the brother who hated him, Callum. They had always beaten him up and humiliated him at every chance

they came across.

They would say that his mother was a country bumpkin or a wh*re who deserved to die earlier and that he was nothing but a bastard who did not deserve to stay in the Leighton family.

Those were the curses he had grown up listening to.

Yates had been holding out against the constant maltreatment in hopes of a day where he would get the chance to escape the horrendous life.

Coincidentally, the Leighton family was facing a tribulation, and Nicholas declared that the one who solved the crisis would become the chairman of Leighton Pharmaceutical.

Therefore, Yates took out the thousand-year-old snow ginseng he had been keeping for decades in an

attempt to turn his life around and rose triumphantly within the Leighton family.

The thousand-year-old snow ginseng was priceless.

A hundred-year-old snapdragon had an average price of thirty million; David's incident had been an outlier.

On the other hand, the thousand-year-old snow ginseng would sell for around one hundred million. It might even surpass three hundred million if someone were to bid for it.

By offering it to Alex willingly so that the latter would help the Leighton family get through their crisis, he would be able to become the chairman of Leighton Pharmaceutical. It would be, more or less, a form of revenge against those who had wronged him.

Tyrael was already stunned to his core when he found

out that the thousand-year-old snow ginseng existed. He knew how well Alex was capable of making medicine, so he was sure that the snow ginseng would surely be of great help to the latter.

Therefore, without wasting another second, he fished out his phone to call Alex.

When Alex received the call from Tyrael, he was still at home, playing with his son.

“Dr. Jefferson, Yates of the Leighton family seeks your help. If you can help the Leighton family get past their current crisis, he's willing to give you a thousand-year-old snow ginseng,” Tyrael explained, his tone respectful.

Alex stiffened, unable to believe his ears. A second later, he uttered, “Are you sure that it's a thousand-year-old snow ginseng?”

It was rare to come across a hundred-year-old snapdragon, let alone a thousand-year-old snow ginseng. Snow ginsengs were much more useful than snapdragons, especially thousand-year-old ones. They were truly the treasure of ancient medicine.

Alex was interested in the thousand-year-old snow ginseng. There were records of snow ginseng in the book, *Empyrean Scripture*. In it, it was stated that snow ginsengs older than a hundred years were infused with Mana. If he could get his hands on one, it would greatly help with the growth of his powers.

Alex then patted Stanley's head before saying dotingly, "Stanley, go on and play by yourself for a while. Daddy has something else to do."

Once Stanley left, Alex spoke into the phone excitedly. "Are you sure that it's a thousand-year-old

snow ginseng? That thing is just too rare!”

Tyrael replied, “Honestly, Dr. Jefferson, it's my first time seeing one too. I'm not sure if it's really a thousand years old, but at the very least, it's five hundred years old.”

Alex trusted Tyrael, so he praised, “Dr. Skyworth, you've done well this time. I've just come up with a kind of pill that will make you a lot younger. I'll give one to you when we meet.”

Hearing that, Tyrael began shaking in excitement. “Dr. Jefferson, you're being too courteous! It's what I should do.”

A half-smile hovered on Alex's lips. “It's fine. Why don't you bring Yates over now? I'd like to see for myself whether the thousand-year-old snow ginseng is authentic or not.”

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 766

After ending the call, Tyrael turned to look at Yates, who was staring at him expectantly the whole time. “All right. Dr. Jefferson has agreed to meet you.”

“Really?” Yates blurted out, thrilled. He could come up with no words to describe the exhilaration he felt.

Yates had a low status in his family. In fact, it was worse than a servant, so it was not a surprise that he did not have a car of his own.

Thus, Tyrael summoned his own driver, and the two headed to Sakura Club, where Alex would be at.

On their way to Sakura Club, Tyrael gave Yates a reminder. “There is bad blood between Dr. Jefferson and Callum, so remember not to be rude to him later on.”

“Of course, I won't. Dr. Jefferson is a capable man. If he can really help the Leighton family, I'll be so filled with gratitude. How could I possibly think of ever being rude to him?” Yates responded earnestly.

Tyrael nodded in satisfaction before stroking his beard. “Good to hear that from you. You have a much better disposition than that brother of yours.”

Once they arrived at Sakura Club, the duo entered the building together. The second they did, they realized Alex was in a chair, waiting for them.

Tyrael and Yates immediately bowed and greeted politely, “Dr. Jefferson.”

Alex did not stand up, merely beckoning them to take a seat. Then, he poured a cup of tea for the two of them.

Both of them were still standing with widened eyes as they took the teacups from Alex, surprised by his gesture. Only after thanking Alex profusely did they finally sit down.

Just then, Yates recalled his snow ginseng. He quickly fished out the wooden box and handed it to Alex. “Dr. Jefferson, this is a thousand-year-old snow ginseng. Please save the Leighton family.”

Skipping the pleasantries, Alex took the box immediately. He was already eager to look at it after

hearing about it from Tyrael earlier.

Once he opened it, the sight of a palm-sized, snow-white, translucent ginseng greeted him.

The very second he laid eyes on the snow ginseng, he was almost completely certain that it was a genuine thousand-year-old snow ginseng.

After all, when he opened the box, a strong wave of Mana hit him. It truly was a magnificent feeling.

The Mana of a thousand-year-old snow ginseng was something that went unnoticed by ordinary people, but Alex was no ordinary person.

With that snow ginseng, he was sure that his strength would be able to grow exponentially in a short period, which was his top priority at that moment.

Yes, the snow ginseng is the best thing for me to build up my abilities as quickly as possible.

Suppressing the shock that took over his mind, Alex then turned to Yates and asked, “What do you want me to do in exchange for a priceless snow ginseng like this?”

Hastily, Yates answered, “Dr. Jefferson, a while ago, David of the Zucker family has encountered some issues in that area. My brother, Callum, volunteered to let him use my family's new prescription. However, he did not get better, and his condition even worsened. In fact, that area of his is currently festering. He has been to many doctors, and they have all said that it will have to be cut off. Now, we're using antibiotics to suppress the festering. The two-day timeframe given by David is almost up, and if we can't cure him of the condition before that, then he's going to annihilate the Leighton family.”

At that, a smile crept upon Alex's face. He never thought that David would have managed to make his groin fester.

I've reminded him back at the Ancient Medicine Exposition, but as expected, he didn't heed my words.

Alex then cleared his throat and said, "So you want me to help the Leighton family get past their crisis?"

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 767



“Yes. I hope you will lend us a helping hand so that the Leighton family could get through this crisis. Once everything is settled, I'll be at your beck and call, Dr. Jefferson.” With that said, Yates got on his knees in front of Alex.

Alex helped him up and said, “You've given me the thousand-year-old snow ginseng. It is only natural for me to help you.”

Then, he paused before continuing, “As far as I know, you don't live a good life in the Leighton family. Wouldn't their downfall be the same as freeing you from their shackles? Why would you use something so precious to save the Leighton family?”

After a moment, Yates confessed, “It's true that I've been suffering in the Leighton family all these years. Honestly, I have no feelings for them. If not for my mother getting sick and sending me back to Nebula

City...”

At that, anger seemed to seep into Yates' eyes as he balled his hands into fists. “The Leightons have been humiliating me for so many years. I'm only still in the Leighton family because I'm trying to look for an opportunity to take revenge on them for the years of misery they've inflicted on me. Moreover, my father agonized my mother. I've always wanted a day where I could make him swallow his pride, go to my mother's grave in Jazona, and repent before her!”

Then, Yates told Alex everything that had happened between Nicholas and his mother.

Back then, Nicholas had just taken over Leighton Pharmaceutical. He often went to other places to purchase ancient medicine. As Coldbridge was the land of ginsengs, Nicholas had gone there too.

At that time, Yates' mother and his grandfather collected ginsengs in the mountain. Although their life was not luxurious, it was a comfortable one.

When Nicholas went to Coldbridge and saw how pretty Yates' mother was, he lied to her about how he was single and ended up getting her to sleep with him.

Later on, Yates' mother became pregnant with Yates. When she went to Nicholas to ask him to marry her, he abandoned her.

Soon, news of her conceiving a child out of wedlock spread across the village, yet Nicholas refused to admit it. Hence, in a matter of days, Yates' mother was met with scoffs and scorns.

Yates' grandfather was a man who was born and raised in the mountains. He was someone who saw

reputation as something that was of utmost importance. Constantly angered by the never-ending insults, he died from a heart attack in less than two years.

To ensure that Yates would not grow up in a horrible environment, she brought him to Jazona after giving birth to him without anyone by her side. Years after, she became deathly ill. Worried about her son's survival in society, she contacted Nicholas' father. It was then Yates was brought into the Leighton family.

At the age of six, Yates went to the Leighton family, but he did not live a good life at all. His father looked down on him, and so did his stepmother. His stepmother and half-brother tortured, beat, humiliated him for over twenty years. The whole time, he had been enduring in silence, waiting for a chance to take revenge.

After recounting his past, he looked at Alex and said, “Dr. Jefferson, my father promised that the one who solved this crisis would become the chairman of Leighton Pharmaceutical. If you can help me become the chairman, then I'll be at your beck and call for the rest of my life!”

Alex felt sympathetic toward Yates' story, for he had once gone through the same thing.

Everywhere he went, someone would curse and mock him. Everything he did was wrong in their eyes. No one had ever treated him with respect or thought of him as someone who was upstanding. He had been called a kept man and a useless piece of trash for many years.

If not for the black card that his father had left to him, Alex would still have been stuck in that miserable life.

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 768



Yates was not as lucky as Alex since he had lost his mother when he was six.

Joining the Leighton family was equivalent to stepping into the abyss where people with lower social status like him barely had any chance to climb any higher.

That was why Yates chose to use the snow ginseng he had been keeping for years to get a shot at besting those who had been horrible to him. It was an opportunity he had been waiting for a long time, and

he refused to let it slip from his grasp.

With that thought in mind, Alex decided to help Yates take control of the Leighton family.

Furthermore, Yates' half-brother was his enemy. Taking up on Yates' case meant dealing with his enemy and obtaining a thousand-year-old snow ginseng. It would be akin to killing two birds with one stone.

“Yates, I can help you cure David. However, I'd have to be honest with you—I'll only treat his festering wound. Whether or not it'll be functional after that is not my problem,” Alex informed him.

For someone like David, who had a thirst for sexual gratification and kept hitting on Carlene and Autumn, he deserved to be rendered impotent.

Upon hearing Alex's agreement to help him out, Yates fell to his knees again and proclaimed, “Dr. Jefferson, as long as you can help the Leighton family this time, I will certainly do anything for you. You only need to treat David's rotting part. With that, he would let the Leighton family off.”

A sense of helplessness washed over Alex as he looked at the kneeling Yates, for the latter had been kneeling multiple times ever since his arrival.

After helping Yates up to his feet, Alex said, “All right. Lead me to the Leighton residence.”

Everyone in the living room of the Leighton residence had grim expressions on their faces. Nicholas, in fact, was pacing with his cane.

All of a sudden, a pillow flew toward him and smacked his back. Nicholas, who was already weak, nearly fell

to the ground after the hit. Fortunately, someone grabbed him in time.

“F*ck you. Your cane is so d*mn noisy. Is there anyone who can treat me? If not, I'm going to make all of you die alongside my family jewels!” David screamed at Nicholas.

“Mr. Zucker, please calm down. My two sons have gone to ask Dr. Skyworth for his help. I'm sure they'll be back with him soon.” With that said, Nicholas straightened his back before sitting down on a chair for fear of making more noise.

Glancing at his rotting groin, David fumed and shouted, “Can't you get another doctor for me instead? I'm going to lose it at this rate!”

No one answered him. For the past few days, they had been running everywhere in search of doctors.

However, once they heard that David was going to be their patient, none of them agreed to take on his case no matter how much the Leightons offered to pay.

Furthermore, they were just average doctors. The only thing they could do was to cut it off. If that were to happen, not only would they not get their money, but David's subordinates might even beat them up.

Taking on his case would be like volunteering to step on a land mine.

Callum, who had been driven away from Skyworth Clinic by Tyrael, went to several other hospitals after that. Like the other Leightons, he could not get anyone to take on David's case, for none wanted to get involved with him.

When Nicholas saw his son returning without Tyrael, he walked over and questioned, "Why are you back

alone? Did Tyrael agree to treat Mr. Zucker's condition?"

Callum sighed as he plopped himself on a chair. After taking a cup of tea and sipping it, he said, "Dad, Tyrael Skyworth is nothing but an idiot. I told him I'd give him fifty million, but he still refused to treat David."

The sight of his son's current state frustrated Nicholas. The Leighton family was about to meet its doom, but Callum could not even hire a mere doctor.

Livid, Nicholas slammed his cane against the ground a few times.

"Dad, what are you doing?" Callum asked, confused.

"We're about to die, yet you still have the mood to sip on tea?" Nicholas then grabbed a cup from the table

and threw it to the ground.

David was already making him suffer, so seeing his good-for-nothing son aggravated him further.

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 769



“Dad, what's the matter with you? We can't rush something like this. There's nothing I can do when Tyrael's the one who refuses to come!”

Like his father, Callum was gloomy. He, too, had nowhere to vent his anger, yet he had to listen to Nicholas' chiding once he was home.

Urgh, where did that bastard Yates go? Once he returns, I'm definitely going to give him a beating to relieve some anger.

Again, David's cursing came from the room, and Nicholas became even more irritated. Tyrael had refused to come, and David's groin was rotting much faster than he thought it would. Is this really the end of the Leighton family?

Right then, Callum leaned toward Nicholas and whispered, "Dad, why don't we run now?"

Just as Callum's words left his mouth, the latter slapped him. It was a slap so hard that Nicholas himself even staggered to his feet.

"How did I birth a son as useless as you? You can't even get Dr. Skyworth to come here, and all you can

think about is running away. You're nothing but a piece of trash!”

Callum pressed his hand on his aching cheek and whined, “Dad, how can you blame this on me? Dr. Skyworth never liked David. It's normal that he doesn't want to come and save him! Moreover, the deadline is nearing. If we don't run now, we're going to be sitting ducks!”

Hearing those words, Nicholas began shaking with rage. This eldest son of mine is truly good-for-nothing! He only knows to escape whenever he encounters any major problem. Calling him irresponsible would only be an understatement!

At that thought, he smacked his palm on the table, jabbed a finger in Callum's face, and berated, “You're so stupid! Do you think we can outrun him if we flee now? No matter where we go, David will find us!”

When that happens, not only will we not be able to protect the Leighton family from a decline, but we might even lose our lives!”

Once he heard what his father said, Callum's mind went blank. He slumped onto the table as desolation crashed into him. The only hope he had was that David would be merciful enough to spare their lives.

Nicholas nearly bellowed in anger when he saw his son's actions. Previously, when he promised that whoever solved the crisis would become the chairman of Leighton Pharmaceutical, he had not planned on letting Yates take up the role. Instead, he had wanted to force Callum to fix his attitude. Yet, to his dismay, his eldest son turned out to be such a flighty person.

The finger that Nicholas had pointed at Callum's face shook, and he snapped, “This crisis of ours happened all because of you. Can't you just think of a solution?”

Callum scowled. If the man in front of him were not his father, he would have kicked him to the side so that he would stop buzzing in his ears like an annoying mosquito.

Instead, Callum rubbed his face and groaned, “Can you stop scolding me? If I had a way to get Dr. Skyworth to come, I would have done so! Do it yourself if you're that dissatisfied with me! Moreover, do you think I deliberately tried to put the Leighton family in danger? I just wanted to use David to make the Leighton family greater!”

By the end of his sentence, Callum was mumbling under his breath, “This would not have happened if not for your faulty new prescription. Why are you blaming everything on me?”

Nicholas was breathless from the anger he felt toward

his son. He never thought of Callum as a flighty individual in the past, but the latter had let him down greatly.

Vexed, he sat down on the chair, and his shoulders heaved as he panted.

Right then, a servant of the Leighton family rushed into the room, huffing and puffing. “Sir, Mr. Yates has returned with Dr. Skyworth and a young man!”

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 770



Thrilled and in disbelief, Nicholas leaped to his feet. He then asked in a trembling voice, “Are you telling me the truth? Has he gotten Tyrael to come?”

The second son he always looked down on had managed to invite Tyrael over. This means that the Leighton family can still be saved!

Even Callum had straightened his back when he heard the news. He never expected Yates to succeed in convincing Tyrael to take up David's case when he himself had failed.

I offered him fifty million, but I couldn't get him to come. What did that bastard do to convince him?

Then, thinking about how Yates had to wait until he was gone before convincing Tyrael and how he had also waited until his father slapped him before bringing Tyrael to their house, he seethed with rage.

“Sir, Mr. Yates has led Tyrael and the young man into the courtyard. They'll be arriving soon,” said the servant in a loud voice and a grin on his face.

Hearing that, Nicholas closed his eyes and mumbled, “Dear God, thank you for saving the Leighton family.”

With that said, he took his cane and walked toward the room. After pushing the door open, he told David, who was undergoing antibiotic therapy through intravenous fusion, about the good news. “Mr. Zucker, Dr. Skyworth has arrived. You'll be saved!”

“Is he really here? Quick! Get him to come in and treat me right away! I can feel that my family jewels are going to rot completely!”

David was so excited that tears were brimming in his eyes. No words could describe how joyous he was

feeling at that moment.

He had been in immense pain and itch for the past two days. However, it was festering, so he did not dare to touch it at all. The fear and anxiety, as well as the physical torment, were driving him over the edge.

The moment he heard that Tyrael was on his way, David sat up. Just as he was about to get down from the bed to greet the doctor, he was forced back to reality by the prick on his wrist.

“Dad, how could it be possible that the bastard managed to convince Dr. Skyworth to come here? Why did you tell Mr. Zucker so soon? What if it ends up being a lie?” Callum refused to believe that Yates was capable of doing it when he had failed.

That was why he was trying to stop Nicholas, lest it became a fiasco. If they ended up lying to David, the

Leightons would be in a worse situation.

“Zip it! The servant has told me that he'll be here at any minute. How can this be fake?” Nicholas shot Callum a glare.

Despite feeling annoyed, Callum nodded.

Just then, Yates, Tyrael, and Alex entered the Leighton residence's living room.

All the Leightons were like Nicholas, who thought that having Tyrael around meant that the Leighton family would be saved.

“Oh my God! Yates really did convince Dr. Skyworth to come. The Leightons are saved!”

“I never thought this would happen. I can't believe that Yates turns out to be much more capable than

Callum. Yates is our savior!”

“Yes, yes. It seems like Yates is destined to be the next chairman of Leighton Pharmaceutical.”

Callum fumed when he heard those words from his family members. When did I become lousier than an illegitimate son?

He then consoled himself inwardly, Yates must have taken credit for my efforts! I'm sure Tyrael came for my sake instead of his.

At that thought, he hurried toward Yates and kicked him. “Bastard! How dare you take credit for this? Don't you know your limits?”

As he spoke, he raised his hand to slap him.

However, that slap never landed, for his hand stopped mid-air.

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