

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 791

Finally satisfied, Billy put away his marker and looked proudly at his grandmother. “Look, Granny! Isn't it beautiful?”

The elderly woman laughed out loud at Alex's ruined pants while patting Billy on the head. “It is! You are definitely the best artist in the world, my dear boy. Heck, I think this might be your finest work just yet.”

Not once did the two spare Alex a glance while they conversed. They acted as if they could not care less about the man's feelings.

Still, Alex did not get upset; he just smiled at the elderly woman. “Ma'am, it seems like there's nothing much I can do to salvage this pair of pants. Not only

are they riddled with black ink and spit, but there's also a piece of gum stuck on them. I don't think they'll ever go back to the way they were.”

The elderly woman glanced at Alex and responded indifferently, “And what does that have anything to do with me? If you don't want that pair of pants anymore, then throw them away, for I all care.”

Alex then widened his smile before reminding, “Ma'am, you seem to have forgotten that your grandson was the one responsible for ruining my pants.”

“Do you have any eyewitnesses? Did anybody actually see my grandson ruin your pants? You shouldn't falsely accuse others, you know?”

Obviously, the elderly woman did not want to take responsibility for her grandson's actions and was somewhat disappointed that Alex seemed unfazed.

“But you two are the only ones seated near me. If it's not your grandson, I'm guessing it has to be you then,” stated Alex, still smiling.

The elderly woman then looked away before carrying her grandson and pretended as though nothing had happened.

“You're in the wrong here, ma'am. I just saw your grandson doodling on this man's pants. I also saw him stick his gum on them,” a man seated not too far away from Alex piped up.

The man also spoke up against the elderly woman during the incident with the flight attendant.

Realizing that there was indeed an eyewitness, the elderly woman knew that she could no longer play coy, so she glared at Alex and inquired mockingly,

“How much could your pants possibly be worth? Are you seriously going to hold that against a child? What a cheapskate! It's no wonder you're broke as heck.”

“I assure you, they're definitely worth more than you imagine. As you said, I'm just a poor bastard and a cheapskate, so I'm afraid that I'll have to ask you to pay for them.”

The elderly woman got even more upset when she was asked to compensate for the pants.

“It's just a stupid pair of pants; it's not like you can't wash them clean again. Besides, why didn't you say anything when my grandson drew on them? Did you purposely let him do it just so you could ask for money?”

As Alex expected, the elderly woman remained unreasonable. Hence, he decided to teach her a

lesson she would never forget.

“Do you remember what you said to me when I stopped your grandson the first time around? You told me that an adult like me shouldn't bully a child, so I listened. I didn't stop your grandson when he doodled on my pants because I didn't want you to think that I was bullying him. Now that they're completely ruined, don't you think you should show some sense of responsibility and compensate me for my loss?”

As much as the elderly woman would like to snap back at Alex, she could not do so because what the man said made sense and was entirely reasonable. Out of options, she decided to agree to compensate Alex. If it makes Billy happy, I'll gladly do anything for him.

The elderly woman then took out her purse and muttered, “You're a cheapskate, that's for sure. Only a

cheapskate would ask an old lady to pay for their pants. I hope you stay broke for the rest of your life.”

With that, the elderly woman took out a fifty from her purse and threw it at Alex.

“I believe this is more than enough to cover your crappy pants. Buy yourself a better one and keep the change. You'll need it,” the elderly woman mocked Alex as she continued to glare at the man.

“That's where you're wrong, ma'am. This bottom wear is worth one hundred sixty-eight thousand and eight hundred, so the fifty you just gave me is only enough to cover a very tiny fraction of it,” informed Alex, who did not bother to pick up the fifty bill.

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“What? One hundred sixty-eight thousand and eight hundred?” The elderly woman's face was filled with disbelief when Alex told her the actual value, but then she continued to mock the man, “You must be out of your mind! Fifty is definitely more than enough to buy a new pair of pants, and you dare ask me for one hundred sixty-eight thousand and eight hundred? Not even your life is worth that much!”

The elderly woman held nothing back as she tried to show Alex just how upset she was.

Even the man who stood up for Alex thought that Alex

had intentionally named a high price to get back at the elderly woman.

At that point, the commotion was enough to attract the flight attendants' attention, so the one who had attended to the elderly woman before came over to see what was going on.

Even though she would rather not talk to the elderly woman again after what had happened, she was obligated to do so because it was part of her job.

“Excuse me. May I know what's going on here? Is there something I can help you guys with?” asked the flight attendant politely.

As soon as the elderly woman saw the flight attendant, she leaped to her feet. “You're just who I needed to see. This man demanded that I compensate him with one hundred sixty-eight



thousand and eight hundred for a pair of crappy pants that my grandson ruined. I don't think the man himself is even worth that much money.”

Although the flight attendant did not like the elderly woman, she listened nonetheless and checked Alex's pants, which were already covered in spits and black ink, not to mention the gum stuck on them.

The flight attendant could tell that the pants were utterly ruined and that no effort would be enough to restore them.

Still, she agreed that the amount Alex had demanded was somewhat ludicrous since no regular working-class man could ever afford a piece of clothing that expensive.

Besides the pants, Alex was all dressed up in cheap clothing and shoes, so everybody simply assumed

that he was not a wealthy person.

Although the flight attendant owed Alex a favor since he had helped her, it would not be reasonable for her to force the elderly woman to compensate Alex with such a large amount of money.

On top of that, because she suspected that Alex was trying to con the elderly woman, the flight attendant suddenly had mixed feelings toward the man.

“Sir, since you stated that these pants are worth one hundred sixty-eight thousand and eight hundred, do you have any way to prove that?” inquired the flight attendant courteously, even though she was convinced that Alex was just as terrible a person as the elderly woman.

“Yeah, do you? You can't just go around asking people for that much money without anything to back

it up. I bet I can't get that much even if I sell you, you shameless bastard!” the elderly woman chimed in while Billy made a face at Alex. The boy would have liked to doodle on the man's face if he was given a chance.

Even though nobody believed him, Alex remained calm. He remembered he had put the price tag into the pocket after looking at it. If nobody touched these pants, the price tag should be where I left it.

Alex then reached into the pocket, and as expected, he found the price tag inside.

Without another word, the man took it out and handed it over to the flight attendant. “If you don't believe me, you can have a look yourself. I have no reason to lie to you.”

With a brow raised, the flight attendant carefully

unfolded the price tag. And just as Alex had informed, the amount stated on it was exactly one hundred sixty-eight thousand and eight hundred.

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Although the amount was right, the flight attendant wondered if Alex had forged a fake price tag beforehand.

Since the amount involved was quite significant, she decided to get the purser's help.

With the price tag in hand, a middle-aged woman took

a good look at it before looking the pants up on the internet.

After that, the purser respectfully handed the price tag back to Alex. “Sir, after doing some research, I was able to verify the authenticity of your price tag. I've also checked your bottom wear and found out that they were indeed custom made for a suit.”

At the sound of that, the elderly woman was so shocked that she almost dropped her grandson.

“You can't be serious! This pair of pants can't look any more ordinary!” exclaimed the elderly woman as she pointed at Alex's pants. How is it possible that the crappy pair of pants is worth that much? These people must be working together to con me, but they'll never get a cent from me. I refuse to be taken advantage of by these liars!

Being custom-made meant that the delicate bottom wear was supposed to be dry-cleaned only. Still, even with water, there was no way anyone could clean it because of its condition.

“As I said, I may be broke, but I happened to own a pair of pants that's worth one hundred and sixty thousand. Now it's time to pay up,” reminded Alex with a smirk while the elderly woman was still in denial.

“What? This can't be... You're all a bunch of crooks! How dare you try to con an old lady like me! I'll show you...” The elderly woman was so daunted by the amount she had to pay that she could no longer speak right.

Never had she expected a young man dressed in cheap-looking clothes to be wearing a pair of pants worth over one hundred thousand.

Even if she were to give Alex every cent she had saved up for her retirement, it still would not be enough to cover the insanely large amount of one hundred sixty-eight thousand and eight hundred.

Meanwhile, that amount was but a small change to Alex. He would have just let it go if the child had soiled his pants by accident.

Unfortunately for the elderly woman and her grandson, Alex decided to teach them a lesson because they had intentionally caused him trouble. If the adult refuses to discipline the child, then I'll just have to discipline the adult.

“I don't care what you have to say, ma'am, but you better pay up. After all, a broke bastard like me could never earn enough to afford another pair of these pants. What was it that you said? Not even my life is

worth that much?”

The elderly woman could feel her head spinning when Alex insisted that she had to pay.

When her innocent grandson picked up his marker and started making his way to Alex, the elderly woman was horrified. What if Billy ruined another piece of that man's clothing, and it turned out to be worth another hundred thousand? I'll forever be in the man's debt!

The elderly woman then pulled Billy back and rebuked him for his behavior. “What do you think you're doing, Billy? Can't you see that we're in enough trouble as it is? You stupid boy!”

Immediately after that, Billy started bawling his eyes out. The elderly woman quickly embraced her grandson and apologized when she realized that she



had been too harsh on the child. “I'm sorry, my dear boy. I know I shouldn't have yelled at you like that. I was wrong.”

Unmoved by the drama, Alex poked the elderly woman in the back with his index finger to get her attention. “Don't forget about what happened to my pants. Like it or not, you still have to pay up.”

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The elderly woman thought she could get Alex to take pity on an old lady like her by rebuking her grandson. Unfortunately for her, the man was not moved by the

slightest, so she decided to pretend that she did not hear him. She planned to continue comforting her grandson and play coy. It's more than one hundred and sixty thousand! I refuse to pay that man that much money.

Of course, Alex could tell what the elderly woman was trying to do. He smirked and gave her another reminder. "I'm only going to say this once, ma'am, so listen up. If you refuse to talk about my compensation with me now, I'll call the cops on you as soon as we land. If it comes to that, things will only get worse for you. Not only will you have to pay me, but you'll also have to go to prison."

The second she heard that, the elderly woman turned around to point her finger at Alex. "You did it on purpose! You intentionally let my grandson draw on your pants so that I'd have to pay you, didn't you?"

“Do you hear yourself, ma'am? It's not like I forced your grandson to stick his gum on me, or spit at me, or doodle on my pants.”

Unsure how to respond to that, the elderly woman lowered her head and kept quiet. It's true that the man didn't force Billy to do any of those things, but how will an old woman like me come up with that much money to pay him?

Left with no choice, the elderly woman knew all she could do was insist that Alex's pants were not worth as much as he informed.

“We're all working-class citizens here, so how could you possibly afford to own a pair of pants worth more than a hundred thousand? Why aren't you sitting in first class instead if you're that wealthy?” The elderly woman was not ready to give up just yet.

More and more people started to gather around the two. Besides being shocked by how much Alex's bottom wear was worth, the crowd was surprised by the elderly woman's sheer shamelessness.

“So you're saying that the wealthy must fly first class and that only the wealthy can wear pants worth more than a hundred thousand? Is that it?”

The elderly woman nodded fervently in response to Alex's questions since she was still convinced that the expensive bottom wear did not belong to the man. He must've picked up the pants from somewhere, and the price tag just happened to be in the pocket. Why else would those pants be the only expensive piece of clothing on him? If he really could afford to buy them, he wouldn't be here in economy class.

“I'll only believe you if you can afford to upgrade to first class. Only then will we discuss your

compensation.” The elderly woman wanted to challenge Alex to prove her point.

Before she got on the flight, she had heard from her daughter-in-law what a premium experience it was to fly first class and that it would cost at least forty thousand. A broke bastard like him can never afford to pay that price. If he backs down from my challenge, I might just be able to deny him his compensation.

Although the crowd thought that the elderly woman was detestable, they, too, wondered why anyone would want to fly economy class if they were wealthy.

Nonetheless, Alex decided to take on the elderly woman's challenge. “So if I upgrade to first-class right now, you'll compensate me for my pants?”

“That's right. If you can afford to do that, I'll pay you. But you better think carefully. First-class costs at least

forty thousand, so are you sure you can afford it?”

At the sound of the elderly woman's promise, Alex grinned from ear to ear. “That is not something you have to worry about, ma'am. Instead, you should start thinking about how you're going to come up with the money to compensate me.”

With that, Alex shifted his attention to the beautiful flight attendant and handed her a credit card. “I would like to upgrade to first class, please.”

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Since the flight attendant thought that Alex was just as bad as the elderly woman, she found it hard to believe when the purser said that the price tag was authentic.

She was slightly stunned when Alex handed her his credit card, but then she quickly came to her senses and proceeded to process the man's request.

The elderly woman was anything but relaxed as she waited for the flight attendant to return. All she could do was hope that the flight attendant would end up informing Alex that he did not have enough credit for the upgrade.

Then, the elderly woman would have a reason to believe that those pants were fake and not worth that insane price.

After a short while, the flight attendant returned with

Alex's card and congratulated the man, "Sir, you have been successfully upgraded to first class."

Alex then put away his card and thanked the flight attendant before turning to smile at the elderly woman. "See, ma'am? Why would I lie to you? Sometimes, the wealthy fly economy class too. Now let's talk about my compensation."

Suddenly, the elderly woman lost all her will to continue her futile struggle.

"I'm sorry, young man. Please, you have to understand that I'm just an old lady. Even if I want to compensate you, I simply don't have that much money. I know I was wrong. Could you find it in your heart to forgive me? Please!"

The elderly woman begged him pitifully, but Alex remained unmoved, for he could see right through her



little tricks. She should've stopped her grandson's unacceptable behavior if she couldn't afford to pay me. Now that the boy has ruined my pants, how can I just let them go and pretend as if nothing happened?

Seeing how Alex refused to forgive her, the elderly woman immediately grabbed Billy and pushed her grandson forward in the man's direction. "He's the one who drew on your pants. If you want your money, then ask him for it. I simply don't have that much money."

Even though she knew that there was no way a five-year-old could come up with the money, she could not think of any other way.

Still, Alex remained calm as he asked the child to return to the grandmother. "You better think this through, ma'am. Do you think you can escape the law if I call the police on you? Anyhow, you'll still have to

pay up.”

Feeling like she had been pushed into a corner, the elderly woman started yelling at her grandson again, “You stupid, stupid boy! Why the heck did you ruin that man's pants? Did you think I had enough money to pay him? Is that it?”

Although the child was too young to understand anything about money, his grandmother's harsh tone was enough to make him bawl once again.

“But Granny, I thought you wanted me to do it. Why are you yelling at me now?” asked Billy while crying.

Immediately after hearing that, the crowd shifted their attention to the elderly woman. So it was the grandmother who was behind everything all this time. She deserves to be punished for this.

The elderly woman wanted to explain herself, but it was already too late, for nobody had any reasons to doubt what the boy said.

“I'll make it easier for you, ma'am. All you have to pay me is one hundred and fifty thousand. So will it be by cash or wire transfer?”

As much as the elderly woman regretted her behavior, she was aware that it was too late to change anything then.

She had finally learned her lesson and vowed never to let Billy cause anyone else troubles ever again.

After the elderly woman got off the flight, she asked her daughter-in-law to pay Alex fifty thousand while she transferred almost all the money she had in her bank account to cover the remaining one hundred thousand.

For the rest of her life, she would never forget the lesson that cost her one hundred and fifty thousand.

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To Alex, one hundred and fifty thousand was not a significant amount. However, it satisfied him—as he held the money in his hands—to know that it was enough to teach the elderly woman a lesson.

Upon arriving in Lumenopolis, he took a cab to Royal Hotel where Maggie had booked a room for him. It would be another three days before the birthday

banquet would be held.

“Shawn, look there. That's the guy who bumped into me on the plane. You have to avenge me!” Clara saw Alex hop into a cab upon touching down at the airport and recalled his indifferent attitude toward her earlier. It upset her greatly.

Shawn pulled Clara into his arms and planted a kiss on her cheek, saying, “Baby, rest assured. I will stand up for you.”

With that, the two of them got into another cab to tail the one that Alex was in and followed him all the way to Royal Hotel.

“Seriously? That penniless guy is staying in such a posh place?” Clara said in disbelief.

As one of the poshest hotels in Lumenopolis, the

room rates at Royal Hotel were exorbitant. The cost of one night's stay in the most luxurious presidential suite could be as high as one hundred thousand. Even a standard room could easily cost upwards of a thousand.

“Maybe it's precisely because he's penniless that he's willing to shell out the equivalent of two months' salary just to get a taste of staying in a luxury hotel on his first visit to Lumenopolis,” Shawn said derisively.

Clara thought about it and agreed that there might be some truth in Shawn's guess. Alex could actually turn out to be such a vain person.

The purpose of Shawn's visit to Lumenopolis was to attend the birthday banquet of the Grant family patriarch. As the assistant to the mayor of a small town like Nebula City, he normally would not be invited to such events.

The Grant family had, in fact, sent an invitation to the mayor himself. However, the mayor was already scheduled to receive an important official on the same day, and he could not possibly ask the official to reschedule his visit.

Hence, Shawn, the assistant, was tasked with sending the mayor's present to Lumenopolis, giving him a chance to be in the midst of the rich and influential people there.

He had originally intended to take his wife along. However, she had let herself go after giving birth to two children and was certainly looking her age in her mid-forties. He felt that she would be a disgrace to him.

Incidentally, Clara had taken a liking to him lately and even began throwing herself at him. Being superior to

his wife in looks, figure, and even in the bedroom, Shawn decided that he would take her along on this eye-opening trip.

By the time the two of them stepped into Royal Hotel, Alex had disappeared completely from their sight. They had no idea where he was, except that he did indeed enter the hotel.

Clara stamped her feet in anger and disappointment. She was looking forward to giving Alex a good dressing-down and did not expect that he would give them the slip.

They proceeded to book themselves a decent room in the hotel. Once in their room, Shawn pulled Clara into his arms and could not wait to get into the shower with her.

After being rejected by Clara, he went into the shower



alone while she sat on the bed and scrolled through her phone mindlessly.

Suddenly, Shawn's phone started ringing from the pocket of his jacket. Clara looked in the direction of the bathroom and saw through the glass door that he was still in the midst of his shower.

She ignored it the first time, but when it rang again seconds later, she decided to take the phone out of the jacket to have a look. When she saw that it was Shawn's wife, her eyes turned hard and cold.

She answered the call and immediately heard a woman's voice saying anxiously, "Darling, our son has fallen sick and our daughter is still too young. I can't manage the two of them on my own. Can you come back? I'm afraid... I'm afraid our son's condition may take a turn for the worse." With that, she started bawling on the other end of the line.

Without a second thought, Clara pouted and replied, “Your darling is in the shower. We've got some business to attend to in a while. I'm afraid we have no time for you!”

Clara had purposely emphasized the word “business” such that anyone listening could discern what she was trying to imply.

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Clara heard a thud on the other end of the line but did not pay much heed to it. After all, she was just telling

the truth. As an outsider, whatever happened to their son did not concern her. If this old hag successfully summons Shawn back to her side, then all the effort I've put into preparing myself for the Grant family patriarch's birthday banquet will go to waste. Why would I have thrown myself at this sweaty, fat, middle-aged man if I hadn't heard through the grapevine that he had been chosen to attend the birthday banquet on the mayor's behalf?

To her, Shawn was a just stepping stone for her to worm her way into the upper crust of the Lumenopolis society.

A short while later, Shawn's wife finally spoke in a shaking voice. "Tell that Chapman fellow, if anything untoward happens to my son, I'll haunt him even in my death!"

Clara replied callously, "All right, my darling Shawn is

almost done showering. I've got to hang up now. Please don't call us anymore to disturb us in our business.”

Uninterested in hearing what else the old hag had to say, Clara hung up the phone. She checked her hair and makeup and waited for Shawn to emerge from the bathroom.

Not long after, Shawn stepped out of the shower with a towel around his waist, his eyes burning with lustful desire.

He pushed Clara onto the bed and was about to kiss her when she raised her hand and covered his mouth with it.

“Shawn, I might have done something wrong just now. I'm afraid you'll be angry with me,” Clara said with downcast eyes and pouted glumly.

Caught by surprise, Shawn asked, “What could my baby have done to make me angry?”

“Your wife called earlier and said your son is a little unwell. She wanted you to go back immediately. When I told her you were busy, she started lashing out at me before slamming down the phone,” Clara explained as tears started streaming down her face.

Feeling sorry for her, Shawn started wiping the tears off her face and tried to console her. “How dare that old hag scold my baby! After I go back, I'll divorce her and marry you right away. Even if I'd answered the call myself, I wouldn't have agreed to go home unless something catastrophic had happened. After all, opportunities like this don't come by often.”

Satisfied with his answer, Clara finally nodded and even started seducing him.

After they had finished engaging in their amorous liaison, they decided to try out the food at Arthur's Tavern, a famous restaurant nearby.

Meanwhile, in the presidential suite, the first thing Alex did upon checking in was to change out of his trousers. The trousers, which were worth almost one hundred and seventy thousand, had graffiti drawn all over them and even a piece of gum was stuck to them.

When he was in the cab earlier, the driver had even asked if the graffiti on his trousers was the latest trend among young people.

After changing out of the trousers, Alex took a shower. His phone beeped just as he stepped out of the bathroom.

It was a message from Auriel telling him that the elder had left with his grandson.

Alex's heart was filled with regret. A lot of things had happened lately, and there were many questions that he had not gotten a chance to ask the elder yet. He did not expect them to leave so soon.

Although the boy was not a Master, he was so advanced in his stealth skills that he went completely undetected by Alex. This made Alex very curious about the Stone family and their skills.

Before he had the chance to put down his phone, it rang again. This time, it was a call from Maggie.

“Alex, have you checked into the hotel that I booked for you?” she questioned in a sultry and sophisticated tone.

“Yes, I have. Why?” Alex asked.

Maggie grumbled, “Can't I call you for no reason at all? You must be hungry after your flight. I've made a reservation at Arthur's Tavern. See you there!”

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Arthur's Tavern was decked out in the full glory of the medieval era. The tables and chairs were carved out of hardwood, and the waitresses were dressed in rich, medieval costumes. Everyone who stepped into the restaurant felt like they had traveled back to medieval times.



However, the enchanting atmosphere was not the primary draw of the restaurant. It was their mouth-watering cuisine that attracted their patrons to visit time and again.

It was already a full house when Alex arrived. He spotted a slender hand waving at him from the crowd. It was not hard for him to find Maggie.

Her breath-taking beauty had already caused many heads to turn in her direction. As Alex joined her at her table, he felt many people looking at him in a mix of envy and jealousy.

Clearly, these were men who had designs on Maggie.

To other people, she was a goddess. But to Alex, she was like a plague he was dying to avoid. He would not have even come to Lumenopolis if he had not already

promised Maggie to attend her grandfather's birthday banquet.

This was because he knew that in the three days leading up to the banquet, she was going to pester him nonstop. Now was just the beginning.

“You're finally here. You have no idea how intimidated I feel about all these looks I'm getting. But now that you're here, I'm not afraid anymore,” Maggie said as she inched closer to Alex.

Ever since she heard Auriel's suggestion to get Alex to go to bed with her, she had been very open about her feelings toward him.

She also knew that Heather had asked him for a divorce and a settlement of ten billion.

Being a sharp-eyed person, she had observed at

Stanley's birthday party that Alex attracted plenty of female attention.

Among them were Autumn from the Jones family and Carlene Bolton, the famous singer. There were probably many more that she had not met.

For someone as outstanding and charming as Alex, it was no wonder that many girls were interested in him. It was all thanks to Heather's foolishness that she now had the chance to get close to him.

Maggie planned to make her move on Alex once his divorce was finalized and before any other woman had a chance to get their hands on him. She knew that for a man as faithful as he was, once they were married, he would be hers forever.

As she fantasized about her future married life with Alex, a smile crept across her face, making her

beautiful face even more mesmerizing.

Noticing that Maggie was lost in her thoughts, Alex took the chance to unhook her arm from his elbow and pushed her slightly away from him so that there was a distance between them.

As he stuffed his mouth with food, he asked her casually, “So, what's up? I'm sure you didn't invite me to Arthur's Tavern just for the food. Whatever you want to say, just spill it. Don't just sit there with a silly grin on your face.”

Maggie snorted coldly as she thought about what an insensitive man Alex was. I'm already making the first move, yet you're not reciprocating. But then, if you turned out to be a player, you'd be surrounded by women now, and you wouldn't have caught my eye no matter how charming you were.

“I have something to say, of course. I wanted to ask you if you've prepared a birthday present for my grandpa. It has to be approved by me first because you're going to be his future grandson-in-law. You can't afford to upset him,” she said with a grin.

Grandson-in-law? Alex was speechless. I only agreed to attend the birthday banquet. How did it turn into a meeting with future in-laws?

Just as he was about to clarify his position with Maggie, a couple sat down at the table next to theirs.

They were none other than Shawn and Clara. As Alex was eyeing them, they were similarly eyeing Alex and Maggie.

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When Shawn recognized who Alex was, he was a little surprised. But when his gaze fell on Maggie, he was dumbstruck.

She was the most beautiful woman he had ever laid his eyes on. Not one of the most beautiful but the absolute most beautiful one. Clara could not even hold a candle to her.

Before this moment, he had thought that Clara was pretty in her own way. But now, when compared to Maggie, she looked even worse than a plain Jane.

He had clean forgotten about seeking Alex for revenge. He flung Clara's hand away and, with a huge grin on his face, walked to Maggie to greet her politely, "Miss, are you eating alone?"

Having only eyes for Maggie, he was completely oblivious to Alex's presence. If I can sleep with a woman like this, I'll have no regrets in this life.

While he did not take his lustful eyes off Maggie for a moment, Maggie only cast him a quick, annoyed glance and continued chatting with Alex.

Seeing that the man she was with was showing more interest in another woman, Clara felt a wave of anger rise within her. She wished she could give Maggie a few scratches on her flawless face. Men really cannot be trusted. Half an hour ago when we were in bed, he was still telling me how much he loved me and how he couldn't live without me. Now he's fallen head over

heels for another woman in the blink of an eye.

Clara had never believed in true love. She only treated Shawn as a stepping stone to a better future. Her only wish was that everything would go as planned so her efforts would not go to waste.

“Hubby, have you forgotten about me?” Clara wanted to make it clear to Maggie that Shawn was already spoken for so that she would not have any designs on him.

What she did not know was that Maggie could not care less about Shawn's existence. A man like Shawn was like a treasure to Clara, but to Maggie, he was worse than a pile of human waste. Looking at him, she felt nothing but disgust.

Sensing Maggie's coolness toward him, Shawn felt rather embarrassed for himself, though he did not let



it show. He understood that beautiful women were often a little haughty.

Ignoring Clara, he invited himself to join Maggie at her table.

As he pulled a chair toward where Maggie was seated, he grinned and said, “Hey gorgeous, when I first laid my eyes on you, I thought you were an angel who'd descended from heaven. You're simply too beautiful.”

Maggie felt nauseated. Shawn was now so close to her that she could smell his body odor. She had never met a more shameless man who would harass her so blatantly.

Without any hesitation, Maggie threw herself into Alex's arms and said timidly, “Hubby, this man is so creepy. I'm scared.”

Hubby? Clara, Shawn, and Alex were all taken by surprise as soon as the word left Maggie's lips.

Shawn had been trying to treat Alex as if he was transparent. Now that he heard her addressing him as her “hubby,” he was filled with jealousy. How can such a gorgeous lady be married to a useless piece of trash like him?

Clara was equally shocked. I didn't expect him to be married to such an attractive woman. No wonder he was oblivious to me.

Alex was the only one who could not figure out what was happening. All he knew was that Shawn was harassing Maggie, and this was something he would intervene with even if it happened to a woman he did not know.

Not noticing the expression on their faces, Alex waved to a waitress standing nearby and said, “These two people are disturbing our meal. Please do something about it.”

When Shawn and Clara heard that Alex was trying to get them chased out of the restaurant, their faces changed.

“What do you mean by that? I'm a paying customer, and I'm here for my meal,” Shawn said as he sat down at the next table.

After that, he turned to Alex and looked at him smugly. It was a look that made people feel like punching him in the face.

Since they were paying customers, the waitress had no grounds to chase them out of the restaurant. Assuming that a crisis had been averted, she tried to

turn away and attend to something else.

The moment she did that, Alex called her back, “If that's the case, I'd like to book out the whole restaurant. The other diners can remain, but I want these two out of here.”

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 800



Even the other diners were shocked when they heard the words from Alex's mouth. What kind of place does he think this is? This is Arthur's Tavern! This isn't some small eatery that humble folks go to. It'll cost easily one million to book out the entire restaurant!

This young man is willing to fork out so much money just to get rid of those two annoying people?

His generosity impressed everyone present.

Some, however, suspected that he was just joking, because no one would resort to such means to chase away unwanted company.

Clara covered her mouth and sniggered. She looked Alex up and down and was sure that he was dressed in cheap clothing from head to toe. How can such an ordinary person spend one million just to chase us out of the restaurant? It's probably just his own wishful thinking!

Shawn did not even bother to hide his amusement. He laughed heartily for a while before saying, "I've seen many men putting on an act to impress a woman, but never in the way you're doing it. Country

bumpkin, I reckon you don't know what kind of place this is? This is Arthur's Tavern. If you want to book out the entire place, it's going to cost you at least one million. Do you have that kind of money?"

Even the waitress was looking at Alex in disbelief. The restaurant was frequented by patrons who were wealthy and well-dressed. The way Alex was dressed certainly did not fit the mold of their usual clientele.

Moreover, the waitress knew that their table was booked by his beautiful female companion. For all she knew, he might not even be able to foot the bill for his own meal.

Alex was not affected by Shawn and Clara's mocking. He only repeated his request to the waitress, "I'd like to book out the entire restaurant right now. Please get these two people out of here."

Hearing the determination in his voice, the waitress could do nothing else but to ask directly, “Sir, are you sure you'd like to book out the whole restaurant? The total charge will be eight hundred and sixty thousand.”

Eight hundred and sixty thousand. Even though it was lower than the one million that everyone had expected, it was still a staggering figure. It was probably enough to scare a poor man speechless.

Everyone turned to look at Alex, expecting him to be so caught by surprise that he would wet his pants.

However, that did not happen. Instead, Alex put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a bank card before handing it to the waitress. “My personal identification number is a string of six zeros. Can you take care of this for me? Just make sure you get those two irritating pests out of here,” Alex instructed in a neutral tone.

There were gasps all around when Alex took out his card. No one expected him to be serious. Is he really shelling out such a big sum of money just to get those two people out of here?

Instantly, the waitress took the card and began processing his booking.

The one who was most shaken to the core was probably Clara, who had thought of Alex as a rather good-looking but penniless guy.

She could not fathom how he could afford to splash out almost one million just like that. His generosity was unmatched even by Shawn.

“This is impossible. You're just trying to fool everyone, aren't you? How can a penniless guy like you shell out one million just like that?” Clara asked in disbelief.



When it came to loquacious people like Clara, Alex could never be bothered to entertain them. It was the same now, just as it was when they were on the plane.

Feeling slighted again, Clara found herself overcome with anger. He had completely ignored what she said. Was she really such a worthless person in his eyes?

Before Clara could speak another word, the security guard had begun walking toward her.

“Sir, Madam, this gentleman here has booked out our entire restaurant. We will refund you the booking fee for your table. Please kindly take your leave,” he said pointedly to Shawn and Clara.

Now that the security guard had been activated to evict them, they had no choice but to leave. Glaring

fiercely at Alex, they made their way out of the restaurant.

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