

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 801

Engrossed in his glee, Horace Hernandez did not notice someone approaching. He continued chatting happily with Alex, regarding the man as a money tree.

All the projects he mentioned previously were all made up in hopes of hoodwinking some investment money from the man before he absconded. When that happened, Alex could only put the blame on the Jones family when he could not find him. Then, he could also have his revenge on them for beating him and his son up.

Before this, they felt it was already better than good if they managed to dupe someone of a hundred million. They never expected Alex to be a rich idiot who actually wanted to invest five billion. That was an

unexpected windfall for them.

“So, you're here, Horace! I've been looking for you all over the place!” Tigris remarked mildly, his expression inscrutable.

When Horace heard the familiar voice, he snapped his head back. The second he saw that it was Tigris, he blinked relentlessly, signaling the latter not to reveal their acquaintance.

Tigris strode over to him without a word and struck him hard across the face. Still enraged, he slapped the man three times consecutively before he finally stopped.

I was slapped twice in a row by Flynn back then, and it was all because of Horace! As such, he certainly has to compensate for it!

The blows were so forceful that they knocked off several of Horace's teeth, and his face turned red and swollen. He was wholly bewildered since the person in front of him was his best friend in the past. Even if we rarely meet, we often contact each other on the phone. Why did he suddenly turn his back on me?

Even so, he did not dare demand an explanation from the man right then and there. After all, he told Alex earlier that he was not acquainted with Tigris.

“W-What's the meaning of this, mister? Why did you hit me when I've never offended you?” Horace questioned with bafflement written all over his face, his eyes brimming with disbelief as he looked at Tigris.

“You're pretending to be strangers with me, huh? You played me for a fool back then, causing me to offend Flynn and almost lose my life! I'm going to kill you

today!” While saying that, Tigris kicked him in the stomach.

“If there's a personal grudge between the two of you, it's best to go somewhere else to settle the score. This is Four Seas Corporation, not some place for you both to cause a scene,” Alex stated placidly.

“Of course, Mr. Jefferson! This will never affect your company!” Tigris scraped and bowed to the man before he dragged Horace out.

Panic immediately swamped Horace, who was being dragged away. Oh no, we're discussing business here! Besides, the man is even planning to invest five billion! What if he changes his mind later?

“How will you give me the five billion you promised me, Mr. Jefferson?” Ignorant of his crisis, he shamelessly asked Alex about the money.

Turning to him, Alex smiled and reassured, “Don't worry. I've said that I'll invest five billion, so I'll certainly give you that money.”

Since the owner of the megacorporation had said as much, Horace had no reason not to believe it. Only then did he allow Tigris' lackeys to drag him out.

“What's wrong with you, Tigris? What were you saying about Flynn earlier? Also, why did you hit me, and so hard at that? You almost killed me!” Horace groused as he cradled his face.

He had just arrived in Quadfield and had no idea about Flynn's identity and status in the town.

“That was the owner of Four Seas Corporation, and his best friend is Flynn Dunn, the king of the underworld! Weren't you trying to get me killed by

asking me to beat Alex up? I'm going to kill you first today!" After saying that, Tigris threw a look at his fifty to sixty lackeys.

Surrounding Horace, they all rained blows and kicks on him without pulling their punches. At the side, Wesley Hernandez trembled violently. Yet, he dared not step forward and call a halt to things.

"Boss, boss, he's not breathing anymore," one of Tigris' lackeys whispered to Tigris.

Tigris cast a cold glance at the dead body on the ground and spat on it before beckoning to his lackeys. Then, all of them left.

Only when Wesley saw they had left did he dare go over. The second he discovered Horace was dead, he was instantly horrified, panicking like a child who had lost his family.

Throughout the years, his father had been raising him like a baby. Consequently, he still could not stand on his own two feet at twenty-eight years old.

Throwing himself onto Horace's body, he wailed at the top of his lungs.

All that was witnessed by Alex, who stood before the floor-to-ceiling windows in Four Seas Corporation. The wicked always reap what they sow, so there's no need for me to deal with such a trivial matter personally.

“Jack, buy hell money of five billion and burn them!”

Jack had no idea why the man was ordering him to do such a bizarre thing, but still, he obeyed.

When the office door was closed, Alex fished out a

packet of cigarettes from his pocket and took one out, puffing away. As he stared at the smoke he exhaled in front of him, he inwardly sighed.

It's time to go to Lumenopolis and get Dad out of the prison!

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For his trip this time, Alex did not bring Stanley along. After all, he was not going to Lumenopolis for fun, and it was exceedingly risky, as he was going to break someone out. For that reason, he did not want to place his son in danger.



When he left, he could sense that Stanley did not like Kate all that much. Although Kate had changed drastically since her return, he was still worried and left Stanley with Flynn instead.

He had tested his own capabilities at present, and he had indeed attained the Grandmaster rank with the help of the Foundation Establishment Pill. That being said, he was merely at the first-phase Grandmaster rank.

Since his capabilities were not elevated step by step by his own cultivation but boosted with the help of the Pill, he could not really control his strength all that well.

However, he was no ordinary person, and the Mortal Force he cultivated—Nine Heaven Scrolls—was also something beyond the average man. That was the

only reason he dared to give it a try.

Taking the private plane Jack arranged in advance, Alex arrived on the island where Doomsday Prison was located, right in the center of Brihazy Sea. No sooner had he landed did he sense the unusual of the place.

“I want to see Zachary Jefferson,” Alex said to the prison manager.

When he said that, his emotions were a chaotic mess within him. Dad has been imprisoned in this hellish place for years on end. In the past, I was too weak to save him. But today, I'm finally capable enough to challenge this place!

The prison manager took a long, hard look at him and inquired, “Zachary Jefferson on the eighteenth floor?”

“Yes. I want to see him. I want to see him right now!” Alex enunciated, suppressing the urgency and excitement within him.

“He's considered an extremely dangerous person. If you're attacked during the visitation, your life will be in danger if our prison guards fail to rush over in time,” the prison manager warned.

Zachary was still ranked among the topmost dangerous prisoners in such a gruesome place as Doomsday Prison. A few years ago, a woman spent a pretty penny to visit him. If the prison guards had not stopped the attack in time, she would have been ripped to shreds.

“I just want to see him. Bring me over right this instance!” Alex repeated, his tone turning harder. He was then eager to see his father, not in the mood to listen to the prison manager's yakking.

“He's a relatively dangerous person in this prison, so you need to pay fifty million if you want to see him,” the prison manager asserted.

With nary an ounce of hesitation, Alex whipped out an ATM card from his pocket and handed it to him. Taking it, the prison manager ascertained that the amount inside was indeed fifty million before he led Alex in.

The two of them then took the elevator. Surprisingly, the elevator headed down and only came to a stop when it had reached the eighteenth floor underground.

As soon as the elevator doors opened, Alex could sense that the air there was exceedingly thin. As such, it made it a touch difficult for him to breathe. Nonetheless, he was a Grandmaster, so he could still

go about as usual, even if he were to stay in an environment without oxygen for a long time.

When he stepped into the prison, his gaze alighted on a man sitting cross-legged on the ground with his eyes closed tightly. His hair was long and messy, looking like dried straw. It hung past his waist and scattered on the ground, rendering him no different from a savage.

While Alex could not discern the middle-aged man's true countenance due to his unkempt hair, he was still unshaken in his belief that it was his father, Zachary.

As the reins on his emotions snapped, he took two steps forward before falling to his knees. Tears streamed down his face.

People said men rarely cried because they had not yet experienced bone-deep sorrow. Alex seldom shed

any tears, but tears inexorably escaped his eyes when he beheld his father, whom he had not seen for many years.

“Dad, your unfilial son is here to save you!” His voice choked as he gazed at Zachary in the prison cell with red-rimmed eyes. Right at that moment, his excitement and giddiness bubbled over, threaded by a trace of anguish.

At the sound of that voice, Zachary, who was sitting cross-legged on the ground like a statue, abruptly opened his eyes. He had heard that familiar voice in his dreams countless times, but it was simply too real that once.

“Alex, you... you're here!”

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The instant Zachary moved, the thick iron chains started clanking loudly. He hastened over to Alex, coming over to him effortlessly as though he was unfettered, without the heavy chains bogging him down.

He stretched out a bone-like hand to touch Alex's face. Only when the sensation of flesh registered did a smile bloom on his face.

Ever since Susan visited him in prison and announced her intention to kill Alex, he had been fretting about his son every day. After all, the

influence of the Morrisons was too vast, far beyond what Alex could handle.

Thus, he was tremendously relieved to see that his son was alive and came to visit him then. Phew!

Thank God he's hale and hearty!

“Alex, did your stepmother do anything to you? You must be on guard and avoid her now that I'm trapped in this place with no way of getting out. Also, Uriah has already attained the rank of Master, so you've got to be careful!” Zachary reminded in concern, grasping Alex's hand.

“Dad, she's dead, and I've also killed Uriah. This time, I came to Doomsday Prison to get you out of here.”

Alex asserted solemnly, gripping the man's hand tightly.

Zachary was glad to hear his son saying that, but he



knew the kind of place Doomsday Prison was.

None of those who were confined there had ever left the place alive. After all, three second-phase Grandmasters were watching over Doomsday Prison.

Even Zachary, also a second-phase Grandmaster, did not dare dream of leaving, let alone Alex, who was only in his twenties. Even if he had the Mortal Force to kill Uriah, who was of the Master rank, that was of no consequence in this situation.

Zachary patted Alex's hand with a bitter smile on his face. "I'm afraid I'll never get to leave this place. Anyway, you said you took Uriah out? Don't tell me you've already attained the rank of Master? I'm impressed that you're already a Master in your twenties. Perhaps after waiting for another twenty or thirty years, when you attain the rank of Grandmaster, I'll be able to leave this place as we team up."

He himself had attained the Grandmaster rank when he was in his forties. Even then, he was considered the cream of the crop among his peers. For that reason, he felt it was already a consummate achievement if Alex could attain the Grandmaster rank in his forties or fifties.

The Grandmaster was not a rank every cultivator could attain as long as they exerted great effort. In fact, it was already unprecedented if ten out of ten thousand warriors of the Master rank could be a Grandmaster.

“Dad, I'm already a Grandmaster, so you don't need to wait for another few decades. I'm going to get you out of here, and I'll never again allow you to suffer in this place!” Alex declared.

“What? You're already a Grandmaster?” Even

Zachary, who was popular among his contemporaries and was not easily shocked, was stunned.

He's only in his twenties, yet he's already a Grandmaster? Even that place can't possibly have such a prodigy, no? As far as I remember, he has always lived the life of an ordinary person and had never been exposed to martial arts. That means he attained the Grandmaster rank after cultivating Mortal Force in just a few years!

“Good, good! That's great!” He patted Alex on the shoulder heavily, the joy within him beyond words.

Subsequently, they did not waste any more time since the duration of the inmate visitation was limited. Things would be tricky when the prison manager came.

While no one was there, Alex forcefully pried open the

iron doors of the prison cell. Striding into the cell, he started scrutinizing the heavy iron chains that weighed a ton on Zachary's hands.

“This is abyssal iron. All dangerous prisoners in Doomsday Prison are bound with this metal. I've tried various methods, but I couldn't break the chains. Besides, the other end is connected to the prison's electric switch. When a massive impact strikes them, the switch will be tripped, and electricity will immediately course through the chains. A voltage of over twenty thousand watts is more than sufficient to turn an ordinary person into smoking char.”

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If I want to get Dad out of here, I've got to break the chains made of abyssal iron that's currently binding his hands and feet. But how can I do that without striking them?

That question had become the most critical dilemma right then.

At the sight of Alex in deep contemplation with a frown marring his countenance yet having no solution, Zachary murmured, "I've already been here for so many years and tried out a myriad of methods, but they had all been in vain. Therefore, just leave.

What's more, these iron chains aren't the most difficult part. There are three guardians in the prison, and all three of them are second-phase Grandmasters. We can never hope to defeat them. Actually, I'm already contented to know that not only are you safe and sound but even so outstanding."

“No way! Since I'm already here, I'm not going to leave unless you're leaving with me!” Alex maintained resolutely.

Clocking his son's gravity, Zachary knew he was determined to break him out, even if it meant his death. Since it was of no use to dissuade the man further, he decided to work with his son to solve the problem at hand.

Alex was no stranger to the term “abyssal iron” since it was naturally recorded in the Nine Heaven Scrolls. It was purportedly one of the hardest irons in the world, usually used to make weapons and the like. Of course, weapons made with abyssal iron could be considered divine weapons.

Such an iron was exceedingly rare, yet Doomsday Prison utilized tons of it to restrain prisoners. Even

Alex was very much surprised at the liberality.

Time ticked past. Suddenly, Alex heard the prison manager getting up from his chair and heading in their direction from dozens of meters away.

“Dad, I've got an idea now, but I can't guarantee absolute success. You must hang on!” Apprehension ricocheted within him, and he bit his lower lip as sweat trickled down his forehead incessantly.

If he failed, it meant that his father would suffer from twenty thousand watts of electricity. If he were the one to be electrocuted, perhaps he would not be as nervous as he was right then.

Patting him on the shoulder, Zachary flashed him a calm smile and urged, “Go ahead and try it. I'm already used to the electric shocks here, so it's not going to kill me.”

Alex nodded and no longer hesitated. Circulating the Mortal Force within his body, he gathered all his Mortal Force in his palm. Then, he made a slashing motion at the iron chains, upon which a massive golden silhouette materialized out of thin air and struck the abyssal iron chains.

A resounding bang split the air, and the entire prison shook several times. Plaster rained down from the ceiling, and there was even a danger of it collapsing.

Zachary could clearly sense the surge in Alex's Mortal Force and felt even more gratified. Even he, a second-phase Grandmaster, could not say for sure that he could produce a blow of the same force.

Sure enough, the blow was not entirely ineffective. The iron chain on Zachary's right leg had shattered, and the other chains were also correspondingly



damaged.

In other words, Alex had not managed to break all the iron chains at once. In the next second, he saw a pulse of electricity shooting up the iron chains at Zachary. The titanic current had a shudder running through him.

The powerful current enveloped Zachary. Despite being a Grandmaster, such an electric shock was still debilitating to him, the force so great that almost all his hair fell off.

At the sight of his father enduring such excruciating agony, Alex no longer wavered. Since it had been proven that his Mortal Force could indeed damage the iron chains, he again gathered all his energy and struck at the chains.

With an ear-splitting bang, all the chains snapped,

and the current surging up them disappeared as well. Nonetheless, Zachary was already relatively weak, though he did not pass out.

When Susan left back then, she had not let him off the hook so easily. Instead, she had spent hundreds of millions to bribe the prison manager to increase the magnitude of the electric shock for Zachary.

“Hang on, Dad! I'm going to take you out of here right away!” Alex took out a Pill of Vitality and placed it into Zachary's mouth. Then, he carried his father off the ground.

By then, the prison manager, who had been heading in their direction with a doctor, had arrived. The second he glimpsed the broken chains off Zachary's handcuffs, utter shock manifested on his face.

Despite that, he instantly slammed his hand on the

red button before whipping out his walkie-talkie, crying out, “Someone is breaking Zachary Jefferson out! Requesting immediate backup!”

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No sooner had the prison manager's words rang out than a man in a black robe and obscured countenance appeared at the exit on the eighteenth floor.

The instant the prison manager spotted the black-robed man, all the anxiety and fear on his face vanished in a puff of smoke.

The black-robed man was none other than the second-in-command of Doomsday Prison, Noche Simmons. Therefore, he was convinced that a young man and Zachary, who had just suffered a massive electric shock and was exceedingly weak, could not possibly escape.

Right then, Alex had also rushed over. When he saw a black-robed man blocking the only elevator that would bring them to the ground level, he screeched to a halt.

“Zachary Jefferson is a dangerous prisoner of Doomsday Prison, so you can't take him out. If you place him down now, I'll allow you to leave this small island safely. However, you can never step foot into this place again,” Noche stated in a cold voice.

He did not make a move right away but gave Alex a

choice. If he insists on taking Zachary Jefferson out of here, then don't blame me for showing him no mercy!

“Thank you, but I must take my father out of here today!” There was no room for negotiation in Alex's voice.

As his words fell, Noche, who was a near distance away, morphed into a silhouette and charged at him at lightning speed.

Seeing that, Alex was not the least bit afraid but merely shot his leg out at the man rushing at him. The silhouette stopped and raised a hand to block it.

Both Alex and Noche's speeds were lightning fast. After trading some blows, Alex knew his capabilities were evidently beneath that of Noche's. However, the gap between them was not much, so he could still hold his own against the man. That said, it would be

rather difficult to defeat him altogether.

Fortunately, Alex could then control his Grandmaster capabilities better after battling him.

“How surprising that you've attained the Grandmaster rank at such a tender age! You're a rare talent, and I'll definitely not be your match, given a few more years. However, you came to court death now, so you only have yourself to blame!” Noche proclaimed, a trace of regret flashing across his eyes as he stared at Alex.

With a wave of his sleeve, several silver needles flew toward Alex. The lights on the eighteenth floor underground were dim, so the average person never stood a chance of seeing the minute silver needles.

Alex's ears twitched, and he determined the direction of the silver needles. There were a total of six silver needles—five targeting him and one heading right for

the center of Zachary's forehead.

His father had suffered a strong electric shock, resulting in a temporary loss of movement. Hence, he could not possibly dodge a Grandmaster's attack.

Moving sideways, Alex easily dodged the silver needles heading in his direction before lifting a hand and catching the silver needle that was an inch away from embedding into Zachary's forehead.

If he had even been a second slower, that silver needle would have undoubtedly lodged into Zachary's brain. Verily, that moment earlier was all too harrowing.

Alex promptly blew a gasket. He stared at the black-robed man with eyes bulging with rage. Without holding back in the slightest, he circulated the Mortal Force within him and attacked the latter.

And so, the two of them dueled once more. This time, Alex's speed and reaction had improved significantly, so it turned taxing for Noche to block the attacks.

In no time, Alex saw his opportunity and struck Noche's chest. He did not pull his punches, so that blow sent the man flying back a distance away.

The prison manager was wholly shocked as he gaped at the severely injured man, who had fallen at his feet and coughed up blood. Never had he expected a young man to be able to defeat Noche.

At that exact moment, Zachary, who was sitting cross-legged on the ground with his eyes closed, opened his eyes. With the aid of his cultivation and the Pill of Vitality he had consumed, the numbness from the electric shock earlier had then passed entirely.



Walking over to Alex, he patted the latter on the shoulder, complementing sincerely, “As expected of my son! That was amazing!”

It'll be a piece of cake for us to defeat Noche, a second-phase Grandmaster, when we join forces.

Right then, the elevator doors abruptly opened. Two middle-aged men stepped out of the elevator, one in a white robe and the other in a red robe.

All three guardians of Doomsday Prison were of the second-phase Grandmaster rank. With all three of them making an appearance at the same time to capture Zachary, it would be near impossible for him to escape Doomsday Prison even if he were to grow wings.

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Although Noche was heavily injured right then, it did not mean that he had lost the ability to fight. He struggled up from the ground and stood with the other two robed men. With the three guardians of Doomsday Prison gathered in a single place, an overwhelming aura instantly permeated the entire space.

If an average person were there, he would have long since been slumped to the ground in abject terror of the intense murderous aura radiating off them.

Alex and Zachary stood with their backs ramrod

straight, not in the least bit afraid in the face of the three guardians of Doomsday Prison.

As things had come to a head, they only had one choice left—to fight their way out. Retreat would only mean their deaths, but there might still be a chance of escape if they battled the guardians.

“Do you know what you're doing, Zachary Jefferson? Since the establishment of Doomsday Prison many years ago, not a single prisoner had successfully broken out. You're merely courting death by doing this!” the red-robed man snarled at Zachary.

He was the strongest person in Doomsday Prison, Rosso Hermann. Meanwhile, the white-robed man beside him, who looked slightly younger, was the third-in-command, Vito Bazil. Noche, Rosso, and Vito were brothers from the same mother, so they were terrifyingly powerful when they joined forces.

In response, Zachary threw his head back and guffawed. Then, he turned his gaze on the three of them and declared, “In that case, my son and I will create history today! Henceforth, Doomsday Prison won't be a place where one could never leave!”

If there's no way out, then we'll forge one ourselves. After all, nothing is impossible in life. I, Zachary Jefferson, have never been one to surrender to destiny! Furthermore, my son came here to save me at the risk of his life.

Snorting, Rosso said nothing further. Without any verbal communication or exchange of glances, the three brothers moved in unison, walling Alex and Zachary in.

When Alex wanted to spread out, it was already too late. He stood with Zachary back to back, guarding

against their attacks.

They were not yet familiar with their capabilities then, so making any hasty moves would be a mistake that could bring them to meet their maker there.

The three men attacked in turns, while they could only go on the defense. When Noche attacked, Alex could sense that his strength and speed were relatively slower, so he planned on using him as the breakthrough.

No sooner had that idea occurred to him than the three guardians of Doomsday Prison executed a new strategy. Noche attacked from afar with silver needles, whereas Rosso and Vito went for close-quarters combat.

There were wholly in sync with each other, so much so that despite having their backs to Noche, the other

two knew the direction he was launching his silver needles, so they could concentrate fully on dealing with Alex and Zachary.

Alex merely had the capabilities of a first-phase Grandmaster, so it was near impossible for a novice of his rank to withstand ten moves from a second-phase Grandmaster.

However, he had already mastered his strength when fighting Noche earlier, hence had no problems holding his own even when fighting Rosso, the strongest among them.

Alas, he could not spare any of his concentration to avoid the silver needles from Noche.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Five silver needles flew at Alex, and he failed to avoid

even a single one of them. They all lodged into him, striking him in the thigh, stomach, chest, and even arms.

Even then, Noche did not stop. Alex could clearly see him taking out another six silver needles, and this time, he pinned his gaze on Zachary.

Having been struck by the silver needles himself, Alex naturally knew how terrifying they were. While there was no poison on the silver needles, a weapon used by a Grandmaster was definitely not that simple.

The silver needles that penetrated his body were seemingly alive, running rampant through his blood vessels. All five were like fishes scattered in a lake, swimming to and fro incessantly.

They kept stabbing and ripping at his flesh. No matter how powerful Alex was, he was still debilitated by the

excruciating pain and could no longer fend off Rosso's attacks.

As Noche waved his hand, six silver needles flew at Zachary. Right that moment, Zachary did not even realize the impending danger as he continued battling intensely with Vito.

In the face of Rosso's strike, Alex did not dodge. Instead, he stepped in front of Zachary and took the six silver needles meant for the latter. In the next second, Rosso struck him squarely in the chest.

With the silver needles coursing within him and the blow from a second-phase Grandmaster, Alex finally fell despite his vast strength.



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Noche piped up, “Rosso, I struck him with eleven silver needles. There's no way he could survive that. All that's left to do is to subdue Zachary!”

A Grandmaster would struggle to overcome the fatal effects of just three silver needles, let alone eleven. The needles would cause immense pain throughout the body and attack the heart.

Even the strongest abilities could not shield one against the damage of eleven silver needles, which would puncture the heart beyond repair.

Rosso and Vito trusted Noche's claims implicitly. Hence, they ignored Alex, who was lying unconscious after coughing up a mouthful of blood. They decided to focus their attention on defeating Zachary.

“You have no chance of escaping, Zachary!” Rosso declared. “Your son has died for you. It's high time you stopped being so stubborn and surrendered to us!”

“Alex is dead?” Zachary stared at Alex's unconscious figure in the corner of the room, and he clenched his fists with such force that his knuckles rattled.

My son is in this state because he blocked six silver needles for me. These three men killed my son, and now they're asking me to surrender? Never! Alex is my hope and joy. He died saving me, and I could never sully his memory by wallowing my life away in Doomsday Prison.

Zachary let out a roar that shook the prison cell from its foundation.

“You killed my son!” he bellowed. “I'll use every ounce of my strength to make you pay with your lives!” His coat tore from exertion.

In his crazed state, Zachary's abilities had improved twofold. Freed from the abyssal iron shackles, he could unleash his power to unspeakable heights.

He was not frightened at the prospect of challenging Rosso and Vito, who were both second-phase Grandmasters like himself. Instead, Zachary let loose a series of punches strong enough to kill a living man.

Rosso and Vito struggled to hold Zachary off, and they eventually opted to dodge his attacks instead of facing him head-on.

Noche did not join their fight. He had exhausted his Mortal Force to shoot eleven silver needles earlier. Despite Zachary's rapidly strengthening abilities, the three brothers seemed utterly unconcerned.

They did not believe he could carry on for much longer. Instead, the three brothers would launch a counterattack once Zachary had exhausted his Mortal Force.

Their attention was entirely focused on Zachary, having already pegged Alex for a dead man. Unbeknownst to them, inexplicable changes were happening to Alex's body.

Blood had soaked the lustrous, ivory-colored condensed jade that Alex usually wore over his chest. Surprisingly, the piece of jade appeared to be absorbing his blood.

After absorbing all the blood on its surface, the condensed jade was no longer ivory-colored. Instead, it emitted a pale, golden glow.

Back when Alex had obtained the condensed jade, he had been unaware of the jade's ability to recognize its owner. He had happily accepted the jade for its purported benefits.

The condensed jade now acknowledged Alex as its rightful owner after absorbing his blood, and it would not stand by idly while its owner was in grave danger.

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Alex had not been spared from the pain inflicted by the silver needles despite losing his consciousness.

The eleven needles traveled through his body, piercing and damaging his internal organs. The pain was unbearable, torturing Alex mercilessly.

If not for his sheer will to break Zachary out of this prison, Alex would have long expired from the torment inflicted by the needles.

Suddenly, a doll-like being surfaced in his mind. It emanated a pale golden glow, and Alex could not discern its gender. The doll stared unblinkingly at Alex.

Upon noticing Alex's attention on it, the doll asked in a childlike tone, "Master, do you recognize me?"

Alex was flabbergasted. Why is there a doll in my mind? Why is it calling me “Master”? What the heck is going on? Still, he could not begin to comprehend its appearance as he struggled to stave off the pain from the silver needles wreaking havoc in his body.

The doll seemed to notice his suffering and made a series of mystical gestures. It closed its eyes as the red dot on its forehead emitted golden rays that rapidly engulfed Alex's whole body.

It merely manifested as a faint light flashed across Alex's chest.

Alex was stunned to realize that the golden rays had decimated the eleven needles coursing through his body.

The magical rays were also healing his punctured internal organs.

Alex was ecstatic at the discovery, and he was immensely grateful to the doll.

He asked the doll curiously, “How did you appear in my mind? Why did you help me? And why did you call me your master just now? I don't recall seeing you in my life before.”

From where it lay sprawled, the doll hesitated briefly before whining, “You ask too many questions, Master. What am I supposed to answer first?”

Despite its complaints, the doll drifted toward Alex's shoulder and clung to his bicep, teasing, “I'm the condensed jade, Master! You became my master after I absorbed your blood. I can appear in your mind because I have conscious thought and our relationship as master and servant. And I saved you because you're my master, duh!”



Realization dawned upon Alex after the condensed jade's explanation. The jade's ability to recognize and protect its master had saved Alex from the claws of death.

Alex suddenly remembered that he was still unconscious while his father attempted to fend off the three brothers alone. He was fearful of his father's safety.

“Hey, help me regain my consciousness! I have to save my father. Quick!” Alex bellowed at the condensed jade.

The jade was startled by Alex's outburst, and it began questioning the steadiness of its master's temper.

Nonetheless, the jade would not defy its master's orders, and it stretched out a small arm to touch

Alex's forehead, emanating streaks of golden rays.

Slowly opening his eyes, Alex grew alarmed at the sight of his rage-fueled father.

With nary a hint of hesitation, Alex jumped to his feet and joined the battle.

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## [FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

### Chapter 809



Noche was bewildered at the sight of Alex speeding toward them. He sputtered, “Y-You! I-Impossible! How are you still alive?”

Noche had prided himself in his silver needles, which had taken decades to craft and strengthen. Three silver needles were more than enough to kill a Grandmaster in minutes.

Of course, it remained challenging to make all his shots given a Grandmaster's agility. Otherwise, Noche's silver needles would have been invincible. Rosso had not, however, allowed Alex any room to dodge the silver needles. Noche was sure he saw eleven silver needles pierce Alex's body earlier.

Being struck by eight silver needles resulted in instantaneous death. Alex's survival was unthinkable, as was the fact that he seemed completely unharmed by the fatal attack.

Noche was so stunned that he remained frozen to the spot, immersed in self-doubt regarding his abilities. He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he forgot to

remind Rosso and Vito that Alex was alive.

Alex moved quickly, arriving behind Rosso in a flash. He brought his fist down on the back of Rosso's head.

Before his fist made contact with Rosso's head, the latter seemed to sense a gust of Mortal Force in the air behind him and nimbly dodged Alex's fist.

“Alex? I thought you were dead?” Rosso whirled around and was shocked to discover that his assailant had been Alex.

The failed attack did not dampen Alex's spirit. He had not expected to get rid of Rosso with a single punch, given that the latter was a proficient second-phase Grandmaster.

Nevertheless, Alex's attack had served the vital purpose of breaking Rosso's attack against Zachary.

Letting out a scoff, Alex spat, "It's not so easy to kill me!"

In the meantime, Zachary, engaged in a battle of his own, turned at the sound of his son's familiar voice.

A small smile lit up his initially hopeless expression, and Zachary exclaimed, "I knew it! I knew you wouldn't die like this!"

As his words fell, he was visibly weakening, having exhausted his Mortal Force.

Zachary had been in a rampant state for a quarter of an hour to keep up with two skilled second-phase Grandmasters. It was undoubtedly a burden on his Mortal Force reserved, and losing steam was merely a matter of time.

Even so, his son's survival fueled his insistence to remain in battle. Alas, Vito foiled his plans with a single fist, sending him sprawling on the ground, weak and defeated.

Alex boiled with rage when he witnessed Vito's ruthlessness toward his father. The restraint that had been painstakingly drilled into him by the Jennings family dissolved instantly. Not even bothering Rosso any longer, Alex charged at Vito.

Despite being weaker than Rosso, Vito was not intimidated by Alex's attack. He did not believe a first-phase Grandmaster was a worthy match for a second-phase Grandmaster like himself.

Vito's carelessness gave Alex the perfect opening to land a solid punch on his face.

The punch sent Vito flying several tens of meters

away.

Receiving the blow, Vito was utterly bewildered. Didn't I dodge his punch? How did he manage to strike me? A first-phase Grandmaster could never do this! He's a monster! There's no way he can produce such force after surviving Rosso's point-blank strike and eleven of Noche's silver needles, not to mention that he looks like he's in his twenties! I've never heard of anyone achieving Grandmaster status in their twenties. An absolute monster! He has transcended the limits of a human's capabilities!

Vito slowly crawled to his feet, wincing from the pain in his now-distorted face. He no longer viewed Alex with contempt as he wailed, "Rosso, he's no ordinary man. We must strike together lest we give him room for a counterattack!"

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 810

Rosso nodded and joined Vito in charging toward Alex. The brothers used everything in their arsenal, with a one-track mind on subduing Alex as quickly as they could.

Rosso glared at Alex and threatened, “You may be the most gifted fighter of our generation, but even you won't be spared from death for attempting to break someone out of Doomsday Prison!” They were determined to take Alex down at all costs.

At that, Vito leveraged his incredible speed and dashed before Alex, using a concealed blade in his



sleeve to slash the latter's neck.

Seeing that, Alex hastily dodged his attack. He was scarcely intimidated by their threats. His only purpose was to save his father, and he had no qualms about sacrificing his life when push came to shove.

He engaged Vito in a fierce battle, admirably holding his own despite Vito's advantage as a second-phase Grandmaster.

Rosso's abstention from the fight perplexed Alex. Instead of supporting Vito in battle, Rosso's eyes were closed as though he were meditating.

Alex's anxiety grew at the sight of Rosso's relaxed demeanor. Is he about to unleash some fatal strike? Ugh, I can only focus on fighting Vito for now. I don't have the luxury of figuring out what Rosso has up his sleeve.

All of a sudden, Rosso's eyes flew open, shooting a ray of white light straight toward Alex's heart.

Thankfully, Alex had kept an eye on Rosso while fighting Vito. He instinctively moved back to dodge the white ray.

To his surprise, the white ray changed course in pursuit of him, and it struck him square between his eyebrows.

Upon witnessing the scene, Vito immediately stopped attacking Alex as he smirked in relief. Noche, who lay on the ground in exhaustion, visibly relaxed as well.

The white ray was Rosso's killer strike. It was powerful enough to kill a third-phase Grandmaster, and it was overkill for a first-phase Grandmaster like Alex.

Nerve-type attacks were the pinnacle of all fatal attacks. They would cause irreversible damage to the brain and the nervous system of their victim. Alex would be mentally disabled even if he survived the attack, no longer posing a threat to the brothers.

Rosso ordered the prison manager, "Take Zachary back to his cell. Increase the voltage and arrange for two extra guards to maintain twenty-four-seven surveillance. We cannot allow this to happen again."

Alex's intrusion had shaken the brothers to their core. He could have successfully broken Zachary out of Doomsday Prison if not for Rosso's proficiency in nerve-type attacks.

Just as the brothers had treated their victory as a foregone conclusion, Alex suddenly fluttered his eyes open, looking very much alive. The white ray that

struck him earlier was swallowed by the condensed jade before Alex could even figure out what had transpired.

At that moment, the brothers stood with their backs facing Alex. They had evidently written him off as a threat, giving Alex the perfect opportunity to strike.

Thus, Alex took advantage of their distraction and identified the perfect moment for a fatal strike. He eventually aimed for Rosso's back.

Bam!

Rosso's body soared through the air before slamming heavily into a wall and leaving a man-shaped hole behind. Then, he landed on the floor with a thud.

Upon seeing that, Vito and Noche were dumbfounded. Rosso had been speaking with them

mere seconds ago when he suddenly flew through the air.

The two turned around at the same time, and their jaws almost dropped to the floor when they recognized the man standing behind them.

A horrified shriek filled the air. “Alex? Y-You're still alive!”

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