

## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 811

Alex's survival upended the very foundation of Noche and Vito's beliefs. The three brothers were well aware of their abilities, and they knew the fatal consequences of Rosso's nerve-type attack on Alex.

Even a third-phase Grandmaster would be unconscious for at least a week if they miraculously survived Rosso's nerve-type attack.

However, Alex was merely a first-phase Grandmaster. It seemed unthinkable for him to not only appear unscathed from Rosso's attack but land a solid counterstrike on his assailant.

They had been ready to chalk up Alex's survival from Noche's silver needle attacks as an exception, yet

emerging intact from Rosso's fatal strike proved otherwise. It was now evident that they had grossly underestimated Alex's abilities. Losing to Alex was now a terrifying yet plausible scenario.

Alex's strike against Rosso broke the latter's bones and knocked him out cold. At the same time, Noche remained fatigued after using his Mortal Force to pierce Alex with his silver needles.

The only person who stood a fighting chance against Alex was Vito. He was, however, too unnerved by the day's revelations to put up a proper fight against Alex.

Vito stared at Alex as though he were some indestructible monster. Faced with such an unpredictable opponent, the former was overwhelmed with fear.

“Y-You monster! W-Why aren't you dead?” Vito

stumbled over his words, his voice quivering with fear.

Vito's terror had Alex's lips curving into a smirk. I could kill him with a snap of my finger if I wished.

Letting out a sneer, Alex stated, "The three of you can only kill me in your dreams at this rate. If someone were to die today, it could only be one of you!"

Vito remained silent. He was not a blindly arrogant man, and he had no choice but to admit that the three brothers had suffered a humiliating loss at the hands of a twenty-something man.

Zachary has a fine son indeed!

Vito and Noche closed their eyes, resigned to their deaths.

"We admit our loss at your hands," one of them

uttered. "And we will accept death as a fitting retribution!"

Not paying them any attention, Alex carried his father on his shoulders. He was already stepping into the elevator as he tossed out, "My only purpose for coming here was to save my father. Doomsday Prison requires your supervision. If I kill all of you today, the truly evil beings in this prison may escape and run amok in the outside world. I won't do such a disservice to mankind."

"Y-You monstar! W-Why aran't you daad?" Vito stumblad ovar his words, his voica quivaring with faar.

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The elevator doors closed as Noche and Vito gradually opened their eyes, mulling over Alex's final words.

Their gazes roved over the mess in the space, and they sighed in unison. They could not tell if they were relieved to have survived Alex's attack or if there was altogether a different emotion churning in their hearts.

Doomsday Prison had henceforth lost its reputation as an inescapable fortress. The three brothers would be humiliated if news got out about Alex's success in breaking his father out of their supervised prison.

Alex's words continued to occupy their thoughts.

Noche and Vito both wondered if Zachary's escape from Doomsday Prison was perhaps a sign that he was never meant to be locked up in the first place.

Based on their understanding, Zachary had never been a dangerous criminal. Fearing his fearsome capabilities, Susan had spent a fortune to sabotage Zachary and land him in Doomsday Prison.

News of Zachary's escape spread like wildfire throughout the prison. Many long-term inmates began plotting their escape. After close brushes with death from electrocution, they eventually gave up any designs of absconding.

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After making it out of Doomsday Prison, Alex gently patted Zachary's back to wake him up. He eked out, "Dad, I've saved you!" His voice was thick with emotion.

Thanks to the Pill of Vitality Zachary had consumed earlier, he had recovered some of his Mortal Force. Despite his groggy state, he made out his son's voice, and that was the motivation he needed to force his eyes open.

He immediately felt blinded by the sun. Instinctively, he turned his head away, and vast greenery filled his sight. His mind blanked in confusion.

Alex sensed his confusion and, more insistently this time, he repeated, "Dad, I've saved you. We're freed!"



He sounded as though he was trying to convince his father as much as himself of the reality of their freedom.

“W-We're free? For real?” Zachary asked weakly, running his bony fingers across the soft grass in disbelief.

He had been trapped underground for so long that his eyes were smarting from the afternoon sun. It felt like such a luxury to be bathed in the warmth of the sunlight once more. At that moment, Zachary felt like the luckiest man on Earth with every breath of fresh air he took.

After entering Doomsday Prison, he had never imagined he could leave that forsaken place again. Hence, he was struggling to come to grips with his newfound freedom.

Alex's valiant efforts to rescue him had borne fruit, and Zachary was no longer doomed to a life of pure suffering and agony.

Getting to his feet, Zachary pulled his son into a tight embrace. Tears streamed down his face as he exclaimed, "My dear son! I knew you had it in you!"

He was trembling with gratitude and pride as he patted Alex's shoulders.

A parent's acknowledgment was music to a child's ears. Alex's face lit up with a radiant smile. He was filled with an unprecedented sense of pure joy.

Releasing a smile, he uttered, "Dad, do you know how much your grandson misses you? He's going to be over the moon when you visit him!"

"Wait, do you mean that? I have a grandson?"

Zachary released Alex from his hug and looked at his son expectantly.

“Of course! His name is Stanley, and he's six this year. He's an intelligent and good boy. I'm sure you'll love him the moment you meet him.”

After Alex's brief description of Zachary's first grandchild, the latter could not wait to visit his grandson

“Well, what are you waiting for? Bring me to him!” he urged. “I'd love to spend time with my grandchild. Let me see if he looks like you when you were young.”

Instead of sharing his father's enthusiasm, Alex voiced hesitantly, “Dad, maybe you should freshen up before meeting him?”

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Upon hearing that, Zachary lowered his head to stare at his clothes. His clothes were little more than shreds

of fabric hanging off his frame, while his hair was sticking out in all directions after being electrocuted. Covered in grime, he made for a rather horrifying sight.

He had been under such tight surveillance during his incarceration in Doomsday Prison that he had not been able to shower in years, and his body emitted a faint stench.

In some ways, he seemed even more filthy than beggars on the street.

“Yes, yes, you're right. I can't possibly see my grandson in this state. I'm going to frighten the poor boy! Help me freshen up,” came Zachary's hasty reply.

Just then, a helicopter had arrived to whisk Alex and Zachary home.

The helicopter crew was shocked at Zachary's appearance, though they kept quiet out of respect for Alex's status.

The father and son continued chatting happily even after disembarking from the helicopter. Alex eagerly updated his father about the happenings over the years.


They were so absorbed in their reunion that they did not notice a figure observing them from a distance.

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 813





Alex could not bring Zachary to the mall with the latter dressed so peculiarly, so he brought his father home for a shower and had the latter change into his clothes.

Their frames were similar, so his clothing fitted Zachary well.

“Dad, do you want to go to the barber first or get some clothes first?” Alex inquired.

“Clothing first. The one I'm wearing is not to my taste. I feel awkward in this outfit.” Zachary began stretching out of the blue. Even though the clothes he had on were casual attire, it still made him uncomfortable.

Zachary was not used to wearing casual wear. He was the person who brought the Jeffersons to where they were, so his usual attire was more formal, giving



others a stern vibe.

Since Alex was buying for his father, he would not be stingy about it. He brought Zachary to a branded men's wear clothing store.

“Welcome.” A beautiful young shop attendant approached them with a polite smile.

However, her polite smile froze on her face when she got a good look at the two male customers. Her gaze started scrutinizing them up and down.

They look strange. The younger man is dressed like a poor fellow, while the older man has long hair! What's with his odd fashion style? This store is one of the finest men's wear clothing stores. The ones who come here are either the rich or famous. These two don't look rich no matter how I see them.

The shop attendant smiled awkwardly and asked, "Have you come to the right place? We're a branded men's wear clothing store."

"Yes," Alex answered indifferently before leading Zachary into the store. "Dad, have a look. Let me know if there's anything that catches your eye."

"Okay. Now, this is more like what the head of a family should wear." Zachary nodded with satisfaction and began browsing through the selection on the shelves.

The shop attendant, Fanny Baum, did not expect the two to act as though they could purchase the clothes. What was worse was the older man was touching and feeling the materials of every piece of clothing that caught his eye.

Fanny had worked hard to get a position in a branded

men's wear clothing store. She did not want two beggars to mess with the place, which could cause her to lose her job.

Not knowing what to do, she turned to the deputy store manager for help. Inhaling deeply, she braced herself before striding over to Coltonon Johanson.

“Mr. Johanson, there are two male customers over there. I don't think they're here to purchase anything, but they are touching and dirtying the clothes. What should I do?”

Colton gave Fanny a disdain look. “Useless woman. You can't even solve such a small problem. I don't know what's the point of you even being here. Bring me to them.”

Tha shop attendant smilad awkwardly and askad, “Hava you coma to tha right placa? Wa'ra a brandad

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Colton gava Fanny a disdain look. “Usalass woman. You can't avan solva such a small problam. I don't know what's tha point of you avan baing hara. Bring ma to tham.”

Fanny did not dare to retort and merely muttered an acknowledgment. She quietly led Colton over to Alex and Zachary.

When Colton noticed Alex's and Zachary's attire, a contempt expression appeared on his face. I have worked here for over a decade, and this is my first time seeing men dressed like that daring enough to step into the store.

Colton did not think the two were wealthy men with a low profile. Those truly wealthy in high society did not care much about clothing brands.

They had personal designers use the most comfortable and suitable materials to design their clothes. They might be dressed in a simple manner, but they would usually wear an expensive watch. That was their signature.

The two in front of him were most definitely not rich. They were only there to cause trouble. Hence, he made a beeline to Zachary arrogantly and tapped on the latter's shoulder.

“Hey, why don't you take a look at where you are? Is this the kind of place you guys can just come and go? Leave immediately and don't disrupt our business. You standing in my store is tarnishing our reputation,” Colton remarked with a sneer.

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### Chapter 814



Instantly, the expression on Zachary's face froze. He whirled around and pinned Colton with an intense stare. An air of King Class warrior began emanating from him.

Under Zachary's stare, Colton felt his blood turn cold as if he was thrown into a pool of ice. Goosebumps ran from his neck down his arms, and the contempt in his eyes was now replaced with fear.

A sense of foreboding rose within him. He felt as though the man in front of him could kill him in a second simply by moving a finger. At that moment, he knew the man he had offended was no ordinary man, as no average person could emit such a terrifying aura.

“I-I'm sorry. Please continue browsing,” Colton stammered from the anxiety in his nerves. His entire body was trembling under Zachary's fierce gaze.

However, Zachary did not shift his gaze from Colton as he continued to stare the latter down. From that alone, Colton knew Zachary was unsatisfied with his perfunctory apology.



Without hesitation, Colton instantly dropped to his knees and slapped himself. After a long while, he finally stopped when his cheeks were reddened and swollen.

Feeling Colton's sincerity and trepidation, Zachary slowly retracted his Grandmaster's aura and resumed browsing the shelves as though nothing had happened.

Even if Zachary did not practice martial arts, he was someone accustomed to being at the top of the hierarchy. He was the head of the Jefferson family of Lumenopolis, after all. One glance from him was sufficient to teach a rude commoner a lesson.

In the meantime, Alex had wanted to step in to resolve the situation but saw Zachary had settled it with his own method. He gave the latter a thumbs up

with admiration.

Ever since he arrived at Quadfield, there were countless times when he felt the stares of disdain and contempt from strangers. Even so, due to his introverted character, he merely ignored their scornful glances and biting remarks. Unless they crossed a line, he would not take it to heart.

Colton immediately ran away when Zachary released him from his cutting gaze, not letting the latter have a chance in changing his mind about punishing him with more violent methods.

He had seen many wealthy and high-standing individuals with extensive working experience in the store. Yet, it was his first time encountering such a ruthless character. He almost peed his pant from dread when he was rooted in place earlier.

He would not make a peep if they decided to steal every cloth or even thrash the entire store.

“Mr. Johanson, why are you back so quickly?” Fanny cast a glance at the two men who were still browsing casually. “Can they afford it?” she queried.

Hearing her question, Colton rolled his eyes at Fanny. I would've slapped her if it wasn't for her good looks.

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He snapped, “You! You almost had me killed. Don't f\*\*king ask for my help again when you meet men like that in the future! Otherwise, I won't even know how I die.”

With that, Colton downed the entire glass of cold water in a rush to calm his nerves. He felt the coolness from the water kick in, settling his anxiety.

On the other side, Zachary did not spare a glance at the two whispering about him. He picked a few clothes he liked and happily went to the counter.

“Let's not rush. I want to buy a gift for my grandson. This is my first time meeting him as his grandfather. I

can't possibly allow myself to meet him empty-handed." Zachary continued window shopping as he mulled over a suitable present for Stanley.

Seeing his father like that, Alex shook his head resignedly. He looks so spirited. Did he take some energy drink?

Alex started to feel tired after accompanying Zachary for a long while, so he did not enter the mall with the latter. Instead, he searched for a quiet place to rest and have a smoke.

Bringing the lit cigarette to his lips, he inhaled the fulfilling and slightly sour smoke into his lungs. As he released his breath with a puff of smoke, he felt the edge of a cold knife against his neck.

"Give it to me, or I will slit your throat with this knife," threatened a woman, her voice appealing.

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## [FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

### Chapter 815

Alex used his psychokinesis to peer at the knife held against his neck. It was merely an ordinary knife that could not do him any harm.

However, he was curious how the woman could appear behind him so suddenly without him noticing.

“Give you what?” Alex asked, puzzled.

“Where is the jade you were wearing on your neck? Give it to me.”

Her voice sounded by his ear again. Her tone was urgent then, desperate to get her hands on the jade.

Alex finally understood her intention. She wanted the condensed jade but could not find a way to steal it from him.

After absorbing his blood, the jade recognized him as its owner. It had fused into his body and was now the doll-like figure in his mind.

Maybe the woman had been following him for quite a while but only showed herself now because she could not find the jade.

“It's gone. I don't know where I lost it,” Alex lied smoothly, shrugging his shoulder.

“What? How could you lose it?” A gleam of confusion



flashed across her eyes. Did someone steal the jade from him before me? How is that possible, though? Not many can recognize a condensed jade, so how can it be stolen so easily?

Bearing that thought in mind, the woman tightened her grip on the knife and held it against Alex's neck with more force. "Are you making fun of me? Hurry up and hand me the jade. I will slit your throat if you don't."

Not scared of her threat even by the slightest bit, Alex laughed out loud. "Why are you so confident that you can kill me?"

Alex shot his palm behind him with force but felt something soft when his hand touched the woman's body.

He looked over his shoulder in curiosity and noticed

that he had pushed his hand right onto the woman's chest.

An awkward feeling overcame him. He was used to fighting with men, so he did not think much about where his hand would land when he attacked. He did not expect such an embarrassing situation to happen when his opponent was of the opposite gender.

The woman was thrust backward from the sneak attack. A mouthful of blood sprayed from her mouth as she pushed herself up from the ground.

“You're despicable! I'll kill you for using such an underhanded method to fight me.” The woman gritted her teeth in anger and launched herself at Alex.

She's wearing a black robe, so I can't see how she looks. Have I seen her before? She knows about the condensed jade, so that means we've crossed paths

somewhere. I wonder what she looks like.

Alex easily dodged her assaults. After a few exchanges of blows, he was certain she was still at the Master rank and was a long way from ascending to the Grandmaster rank.

He sent a kick toward her midriff, causing her to fly backward until her back crashed into the wall, breaking it into pieces.

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Passersby stared with their mouths agape as they watched the two fight. They had only seen such scenes on television in their entire lives.

Some even thought they were filming for a movie. They scanned the surrounding area, trying to spot any cameras or directors, but could not find any.

“Oh, my goodness! Is this real or is it my imagination?”

How could a human possess such enormous strength?”

“Could this merely be a prank for a variety show?”

“Who cares if it's real or fake? Hurry, and record it on your phone. This video will surely gain me followers and fame once I upload it on social media.”

A few passersby quickly reached for their phones and began recording.

After all, a fighting scene like that was a rare sight in the twenty-first century.

The woman lay on the ground, coughing violently from the impact. Despite still being conscious, she was breathing heavily with severe injuries all over her body. She no longer had the strength to fight.

Astounded, she questioned Alex, “How did you get so strong in such a short time? Have you reached the second phase of Grandmaster rank already?”

Huh, so I have indeed met her before. Otherwise, how would she know I have boosted my rank?

With that thought in mind, he strode to the woman, planning to pull her robe to reveal her face underneath.

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## [FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

### Chapter 816



The woman initially made to resist Alex's attempt of removing the facial scarf before slumping over in defeat, having recalled the dominance he had exuded during their prior confrontation.

The face beneath the cloth was so beautiful that Alex was thunderstruck at the first glance.

To his further astonishment, a pair of furry ears atop her head was revealed as the scarf was lifted off entirely. Isn't this the mysterious catwoman who had been bought by Giovanni at the auction for three billion?

Alex was startled to run into her again under such an odd combination of circumstances. Without the steel chains around her wrists and ankles, she looked entirely different from her meek and helpless feline persona which she had exhibited at the auction.



Absent from the confines of captivity, she was, at that point, bristling with the rage of a lioness before him.

As early as their first encounter during the auction, Alex had already formed the impression upon her being wheeled out onto the stage that she was no ordinary woman. Looks like my hunch was right. I wonder what happened to the poor idiot who had paid that amount for her?

“You're just a kitty cat!” Alex exclaimed, unable to resist the temptation to stroke her hair as one would do with a domestic cat. “Why don't you go catch fish or hunt mice as other cats do? Why would you want to play with my pendant?”

Despite sustaining heavy injuries, she was still prideful enough to squirm out of his reach.

“You were barely more powerful than a Grandmaster

just a couple of days ago.” The catwoman shook her head in disbelief. “How did you improve so quickly? That's nearly impossible!”

If he had remained at the stage he was when I saw him the other day, I'm confident I would have been able to subdue him easily!

“Why is it impossible? You've just experienced my strength earlier. I hope it will only take one defeat to get it through your head that you are no match for me.” All pretense abandoned, Alex's smile vanished as his hand shot out to grab her by the neck. “Now tell me what you want with the condensed jade.”

His grip was so powerful that it had instantly crushed any notion of retaliation on the catwoman's part. If I don't answer him soon, he's going to snap my neck!

“I'll... tell you,” she croaked at last.

Hearing that, Alex loosened his grip and allowed her to fall onto the floor in a crumpled heap. "I am not known for my patience," he warned coldly. "I will not hesitate to kill you if I find out you're playing me for a fool."

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The crowd gasped at his words, hardly daring to believe that Alex could find it in his heart to treat such

a beautiful woman with such cruelty. From the moment her face was revealed, the crowd had been sympathetic to her cause.

Despite their silent protests, nobody at the scene dared to interfere. After all, it would be like courting their own deaths.

The catwoman turned her eyes up at Alex timidly. Her green orbs were made startlingly prominent, with her pupils reduced to slits by fear.

“I was once a human being like yourself,” she said sadly. “It was due to an accident while learning a secret technique that had turned me into this. I require your condensed jade because it has the power to rid the evil force within me. I've grown tired of being treated like a monster. I promise to never dabble in the dark arts again! All I want is just to have my normal life back.”

As she spoke, her eyes welled up with tears, threatening to spill down her cheeks at any minute.

“I'm begging you to let me borrow the condensed jade so I can reverse this curse. Once I regain my life, it will be yours to command!”

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### Chapter 817



Any ordinary man would have leaped at the catwoman's proposal had they been in Alex's shoes and possessed the condensed jade.

As Alex studied her, he could not help but noticed that her beauty differed from Maggie's. Maggie was sweet and pure, like an angel who descended into a realm that did not deserve her.

The catwoman, on the other hand, embodied the ideal archetype of most men—sultry and confident. Her presence was as intoxicating as a drug, and only a single instance of contact was required to send most men off the path of rationality to do her bidding.

“Sorry.” Alex shrugged. “I don't have the condensed jade anymore. Wish I could help.” Pitiful as her circumstances were, he did not think it was wise to lend a total stranger something so valuable. Besides, the jade had already been absorbed by him.

The catwoman's eyes flashed murderously at his blunt refusal before she retracted her gaze.

Opting for a different tactic to deal with his reluctance, she leaped into his arms. “Oh, Master,” she purred. “I will be yours forever if you could just lend me your jade. I'll only have nine more years left to live if you won't save me!”

Alex was not moved by her seduction. He pushed her to the side with a sneer. “Do you really think that I would believe your lies? Your sweet words won't work on me at all. You'll have one last chance to get out of my sight before I kill you.”

If she's really as helpless as she portrayed herself to be, how could she have gotten out of her chains? She might have lied or done worse to Giovanni to release her.

At that moment, a childish voice piped from the corner of his mind. I can rescue this strange-looking woman, Master. All I have to do is spare a little bit of power



which is simply surging through me in abundance!  
Her predicament is child's play for me. Are you sure you want to reject a beautiful woman who is begging to serve you?

The jade stared at Alex with an expectant silence as if more eager for the catwoman to join them than its master was.

Alex was curious at the jade's request.

Could there be something special about her? Alex asked internally.

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Could there be something special about her? Alex asked internally.

The jade shook its head, looking abashed. Actually, Master, I'm just curious. I've never witnessed the entanglement between a man and a woman in all my years of existence.

Hearing her, Alex rolled his eyes. This kid is beyond hope for having such perverted thoughts.

The condensed jade felt the need to defend itself. Kid? I'm three thousand years old!

Then start acting like one instead of behaving like a hormonal teenager! Don't let me catch you thinking about that again!

"Master!" crooned the catwoman again as she gazed up beseechingly at him. "Please save me from this

affliction!”

With a sigh, Alex turned his attention to address the condensed jade. If you're as powerful as you claim, show me what you got!

The condensed jade turned to face the catwoman and emitted a ray of gold light at her forehead, which quickly enveloped her entirely.

“Did anyone see if that gold light came from a special effects machine?”

The crowd scanned around for the projector and became perplexed at the absence of none.

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 818

The catwoman remained where she stood frozen with her eyes wide with shock as her body began undergoing a metamorphosis. The furry ears on her head shrank at the same rate with which her tail disappeared.

The catwoman was overjoyed. Am I dreaming? Is this finally happening?

Upon realizing that she was not, she released a wide, radiant smile on her face. “Have... have I truly returned to my previous form?”

Despite the overwhelming joy she felt at that moment, the catwoman could not help but wonder about the extent of her recovery, as she had not actually seen

the condensed jade in action. It all happened so quickly that I haven't had the chance to process it all.

“Thank you, thank you! I pledge my life to you from now on. I will do anything you say.” The catwoman fell to her knees before Alex, her exquisite features hardening with grim loyalty.

It was only after discovering the vast difference in skill level between herself and him that she abandoned her initial idea of robbing Alex of the condensed jade.

Despite looking like he's in his twenties, this man has already achieved the rank of Grandmaster! It would be an honor to be a mere servant to somebody with as bright a future as he does. If I play my cards right, there's even a possibility of me serving him in bed.

To her surprise, Alex did not even seem tempted by her offer. With one last glance at the woman on the

ground before him, he turned to leave at the sudden recollection that his father might have finished shopping and was possibly already waiting for him.

Wait, he's leaving just like that?

The crowd was so stunned at Alex's abrupt departure that they were openly debating the possibility of his homosexuality as the reason that he was unaffected by the beautiful creature before him.

Somehow, the catwoman's transformation back to her original self was not as astonishing as Alex's disinterest in her. To account for the disappearance of her cat ears, the crowd reasoned that it was one of those trendy hairbands fitted with animals' ears.

As they were about to consult and distribute the footage that they had managed to capture earlier on, the crowd suddenly discovered that their footage did

not exist on their devices at all. There was not even a single photo of it, as well.

Perhaps Alex had sensed their intention earlier as they were in the process of extracting their phones to capture the incident.

As the ancient arts he practiced were considered miraculous, even unacceptable, to modern society, he had preserved its mysticism and mitigated unwanted attention by ordering the condensed jade to disrupt the communication signals in the vicinity.

To his surprise, Alex did not even seem tempted by her offer. With one last glance at the woman on the ground before him, he turned to leave at the sudden recollection that his father might have finished shopping and was possibly already waiting for him.

Wait, he's leaving just like that?



The crowd was so stunned at Alax's abrupt departure that they were openly debating the possibility of his homosexuality as the reason that he was unaffected by the beautiful creature before him.

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Losing interest, the crowd began dispersing, leaving only the catwoman on her knees with a bewildered expression on her face. Alex's departure had caused such a dent in her self-esteem that her first reaction was to seek out her reflection in order to reaffirm her beauty.

I have never met a man who could reject me outright like that. Me, whose beauty fetched a price of three billion!

As strongly as she felt about her own value, Alex did

not seem to share that view. His departure had shaken her.

I'll nab him one way or another! I refuse to believe that he is as chaste as he pretends to be. No matter how talented or accomplished he is, he's still a man who will need a woman by his side.

The catwoman made up her mind that she would no longer settle to be Alex's servant. Instead, she made a vow to become his queen to punish him for his defiance.

Driven by her newfound purpose, the catwoman quickened her pace to reach her quarry.

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 819

“You must have bought one of everything, Dad.” Alex gazed in amazement at the small mountain of toys at the cashier.

Waving an airy hand, Zachary replied, “I had to. I'm meeting my grandson for the first time, and I don't know what Stanley likes! I hope he would be able to find something he enjoys with this many toys to choose from.”

Alex gave a dry chuckle as he was debating whether or not he should inform his father about his other child. There'll be another heap of toys when he finds out about Emmalyn.

Alex decided against it after some consideration.

Instead, he opted for it to be a surprise.

It was when the Jefferson men were about to head to their car after paying that Alex felt the sensation of being followed. Whipping around without warning, he found the catwoman staring in their direction.

Panicked, the catwoman yelped as she frantically attempted to conceal herself. Obviously, it was to no avail, for Alex was already striding toward her. Before, she could follow him for days without being noticed with the help of her feline instincts.

In addition to being imbued with the feline sense of hearing and reflexes which were seven times more sensitive than that of human beings, her rank of Master when she was a human being served to grant her superhuman stealth. After being transformed back into a human being, her treads seemed to have become clumsily obvious.

“Why are you following me?” Alex asked roughly.  
“Wasn't I clear about this?”

The catwoman gazed up with her eyes full of hurt at Alex for his harsh tone. “Please don't abandon me. I am ranked a third-phase Master, you know. I can be very useful to you.”

The condensed jade chose that moment to chime in. She's right! Let her stay, Master. She can protect your family in your absence.

Alex thought that the condensed jade had a point. Though Flynn watched over Stanley from time to time, he would not be able to hold his own if he came across actual fighters.

“Fine, you can stay. Your persistence has won me over. Just call me Alex. I don't feel comfortable being

called 'Master.'“

The condensed jade felt confused at his words. What about me? Why do I have to call him Master and she doesn't have to?

Despite having existed for three thousand years, the condensed jade spent the entire duration of its existence within the confines of a gemstone. Alex was only its second master.

As a result, it did not understand the innuendo when a woman called a man with that title, or why passers-by stared when they heard.

“As you wish, Alex,” the catwoman answered cheerfully.

On the side, Zachary observed the entire exchange without a word as he did not wish to intrude upon the

matters of young love.

“Why ara you following ma?” Alax askad roughly.

“Wasn't I claar about this?”

Tha catwoman gazad up with har ayas full of hurt at Alax for his harsh tona. “Plaasa don't abandon ma. I am rankad a third-ghasa Mastar, you know. I can ba vary usaful to you.”

Tha condansad jada chosa that momant to chima in. Sha's right! Lat har stay, Mastar. Sha can protact your family in your absanca.

Alax thought that tha condansad jada had a point.

Though Flynn watchad ovar Stanlay from tima to tima, ha would not ba abla to hold his own if ha cama across actual fightars.

“Fina, you can stay. Your parsistanca has won ma



ovar. Just call ma Alax. I don't faal comfortabla baing callad 'Mastar.'“

Tha condansad jada falt confusad at his words. What about ma? Why do I hava to call him Mastar and sha doasn't hava to?

Daspita having axistad for thraa thousand yaars, tha condansad jada spant tha antira duration of its axistanca within tha confinas of a gamstona. Alax was only its sacond mastar.

As a rasult, it did not undarstand tha innuando whan a woman callad a man with that titla, or why passars-by starad whan thay haard.

“As you wish, Alax,” tha catwoman answarad chaarfully.

On tha sida, Zachary obsarvad tha antira axchanga

without a word as he did not wish to intrude upon the matters of young love.

Having had two wives himself in his youth, Zachary was a firm believer in polygamy. He had so much faith in his son's masculinity that he saw it as a direct cause of having scores of women following him around.

The catwoman spoke of her past in the car ride home. Born Wanda Salazar, she too was a practitioner of Mortal Force from a prominent family. Despite being blessed with prodigious talent, she was not given the same opportunities as her brothers because of her gender.

That injustice was what had prompted her to begin illicit studies of the techniques. Unexpectedly, the force had shot beyond her control throughout her entire body and left her stuck as a part-feline creature.

After running away from home in shame, she had spent her days hiding from place to place, always wary of being discovered by the enemies of her family. Soon, the days became a blur of monotonous anxiety until she was auctioned off as a freak exhibit.

As it turned out, Wanda had caught a glimpse of the condensed jade around Alex's neck at the auction, which led to her abandonment of her new owner to follow Alex.

The car pulled up outside the Jefferson residence coincidentally at the moment she concluded her tale. The gates to the villa swung open and admitted Alex's car, following behind was a truck filled with toys that Zachary had purchased in its wake.

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## FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 820

The trio entered the villa together. Zachary's gaze darted all over the living room, caring less for the decor than for a trace of his grandson.

Kate was whittling away the afternoon by watching some television when a noise came from downstairs, alerting her to the presence of visitors. Stumbling down the stairs in her haste, she gaped in surprise at the trio.

“You're back, Alex! Would you like something to eat? Are these your friends?” Kate strode forward quickly to get a better look at the two newcomers.

Her inquisitive, beady eyes froze in surprise when they fell upon Zachary's face. This must be his father. They look exactly alike!

“Is this your father?” Kate asked, suddenly coyly.

Zachary turned to regard Kate properly. The hard lines on his face gave way to a benevolent smile. “You must be Stanley's mother. Where is my grandson, I wonder?”

Hearing him, Kate froze in horror as she shifted her gaze at Alex for help.

“I'm sorry for not mentioning this earlier, Dad, but Stanley's mother and I are already divorced. This is Kate Sutton of Lumenopolis.”

Upon hearing that she was not Stanley's mother,

Zachary retracted his smile abruptly and headed up the stairs in search of his grandson without another word.

Coincidentally, Stanley emerged at that moment at the head of the stairs. He came running down excitedly at the sight of Alex and threw himself into the latter's arms whilst greeting him at the top of his voice.

“Stanley, this is your grandpa.” Alex made the introductions. “Why don't you say hello?”

Stanley's eyes widened as he studied the old man for a few seconds before tugging on his arms and doing as he was told.

Delighted, Zachary led Stanley by the hand out of the room, clearly intending to exclude Alex from their party.

Dad was so caught up with meeting his grandson that he didn't even treat Kate with respect. If he finds out that I have a daughter with her, he may treat her a little better.

“You must be tired, Master,” crooned Wanda. “Why don't you have a seat while I make you something to eat?”

Alex nodded before turning to address Kate. “Is Emmalyn asleep?”

Kate had, until that moment, been staring at the beautiful newcomer with distrust. Who does she think she is to be calling him “Master”?

The grudge she bore Wanda in her heart caused Alex's query to fall on deaf ears.

Alex did not attempt to get her attention again. Instead, he headed up the stairs to look for his daughter himself.

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“You must ba tirad, Mastar,” croonad Wanda. “Why don't you hava a saat whila I maka you somathing to aat?”

Alax noddad bafora turning to addrass Kata. “Is Emmalyn aslaap?”

Kata had, until that momant, baan staring at tha baautiful nawcomar with distrust. Who doas sha think sha is to ba calling him “Mastar”?

Tha grudga sha bora Wanda in har haart causad Alax's quary to fall on daaf aars.

Alex did not attempt to get her attention again. Instead, he headed up the stairs to look for his daughter himself.

In the meantime, Wanda threw a casually insolent glance at Kate before heading into the kitchen without a word.

“Hey, which gutter did Alex drag you back from?” Kate questioned as she blocked Wanda in her path. “What exactly did you say to him to get him to bring you back here? Can't you see that he has a family?”

Wanda merely smiled disdainfully at Kate. “None of your business. Get out of my way!”

Little did Kate know that Wanda had a superiority complex that bordered upon megalomania as a result of nobility and prestige.

The only reasons she felt indebted to Alex to such an extent that she had volunteered to be his servant were that he had completely overpowered her and that he had rescued her life.

What about her? She's just a mortal woman. Not even a beautiful one at that. Who does she think she is to be calling the shots?

“Do you know who I am?” Kate yelled. “I am the lady of this house! Get on your knees and apologize for your rudeness!”

Wanda merely continued to smile and gaze at Kate with disdain and mockery in her eyes, clearly without the slightest intention to apologize.

Incensed by the newcomer's insolence, Kate slapped the former across the cheek.

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