

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 821

Wanda retaliated in an instant. With a cruel smirk, she kicked Kate so hard in the stomach that it sent her flying.

With another twist of her body, Wanda vanished from view before re-materializing on top of Kate, who was howling in pain before being dragged to her feet.

“Lay a finger on me again and I'll not hesitate to kill you,” Wanda uttered with a pleasant smile, though her words were laced with menace.

Kate was still disoriented from the impact of the kick, feeling as though her bones had been shaken loose. Wanda's threat sent a shiver down her spine.

Gazing fearfully at Wanda, Kate felt her haughty demeanor vanish. “I-I’m sorry,” she stammered. “I won't do that again.”

Wanda shoved Kate roughly as she relinquished her grip. The sound of the latter's apology rang through her like a triumphant song. As long as I am stronger, crueller, and more powerful, nobody will be able to stand in my way.

“I'm going to prepare Master's dinner. I'll have your tongue if you so much as look at me funny. Feel free to test my patience. I would love a reason to punish you again.” With one last disarming smile, she vanished into the kitchen with a cheerful tune humming from her lips.

Kate remained rooted on the spot. The incident made her feel more helpless than she had ever been. She has not only managed to enchant Alex, but she also

disrespected me blatantly by threatening me. I never knew my life and standing in this house to be as frail as this!

That crushing thought incensed Kate.

Ever since she began her studies from the stolen Insect Codex from Alex's study, she had gained a preliminary understanding of the art of warfare. Despite her theoretical breakthroughs, she had yet to gain an opportunity to put the art of entomology into practice.

Kate was forcibly reminded that Wanda and Alex were practitioners of Mortal Force. Once again, she lamented her own helplessness in ascertaining herself as a force equal to the other two.

At the recollection of the indignity she had suffered in the hands of Wanda, Kate clenched her fists so hard

that blood ran down her palms and onto the ground.

Initially deeming the techniques inscribed in the Insect Codex to be too cruel—that a mere mortal such as herself would find repulsive—she received a beating that changed her mind about it. What do I care about a couple of lives in exchange for a chance to build my powers?

Butch was the first name that came to Kate's mind. He has a lot of children at his disposal.

Instead of contacting him via telephone, which might arouse Alex's suspicion, she deemed it more prudent to drive to the desolate alley out of which Butch operated.

“What brings you here, Ms. Sutton?” Butch exclaimed in surprise upon seeing the woman.

After nodding at him, she turned her attention toward the children. “How many kids do you have here?”

Despite looking confused, he nevertheless decided to humor her. “Twenty, maybe thirty. Why do you ask?”

“I want them all,” Kate stated bluntly.

Hearing that, Butch looked increasingly bewildered. The children only serve the purpose of begging. This little syndicate brings me a measly ten thousand a day. It's a tiny sum for somebody like her!

“Ms. Sutton, they wouldn't be of any use to you,” he protested, trying to hide his puzzled frown. “Every one of them has a broken limb!”

Initially intending to lie to him, Kate felt that her goal was too big of an operation for her to carry out alone. A man like Butch is what I need in times of

difficulty like this.

“I want them for their organs,” Kate declared in a commanding voice. “I'm putting you in charge of recruiting and harvesting.”

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Chapter 822



“You must be joking, Ms. Sutton! What would you do with their organs? I'm sure you have no need to stoop to such underhanded measures to make money!”

Staring at the rather lovely woman before him who looked so defenseless that he felt a strange desire to

simply hold her and protect her, Butch marveled at the realization that she was perhaps the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on. That must be why I behave extra well whenever she's around.

Even so, Kate's request had jarred him. It dawned on Butch that if she wanted the children for their organs, they were to be killed to fulfill her request. It's always the most beautiful ones who are the deadliest! Despite my fair share of violence, this woman is probably more vicious than I am.

“I need them to train my insects,” Kate explained without a trace of empathy in her voice. “The children's sacrifice is necessary. It should be their honor to serve a purpose greater than themselves.”

Butch suddenly became thoroughly alarmed. Instinctively, he took several steps back.

The gesture was not missed by Kate. “What's the matter?” she teased while wearing a sweet smile. “Are you afraid of me?”

Butch gulped and shook his head. “Not at all, Ms. Sutton. Why would a beautiful woman like yourself frighten me?”

“Will you work for me, then?” Kate asked, her eyes narrowing.

“I...” Butch hesitated. Despite having done plenty of illegal things, harvesting the organs of thirty children under his care was extreme, even for him.

Even after the initial request, Butch did not know if Kate might develop an insatiable appetite for blood. Upon further consideration, he decided it was more hassle than it was worth, which might even place his life in jeopardy.

I've been running this operation for years, and my life has never been at risk. All I do every day is get up at noon and gamble until nightfall when I collect the bounty my little army of beggars brought me. This is life! Why would I want to change any of that?

“Ms. Sutton, I'm only saying this out of respect to you,” Butch began awkwardly. “But I must reject your proposition, as it is not profitable for me. I'm sorry, but I'm not the man for the job.”

Kate's smile deepened. “Do you think I'm offering you a choice?” she asked him in a creepy tone as she folded her arms. “The alternative is a fate worse than death.”

Despite his fear, Butch did not take the most recent threat seriously. No matter how high her status is, she's just a frail woman who'd come to my territory

alone and unarmed.

“Ms. Sutton, why are you being so forceful despite my polite rejection? I've said my piece. I will not be your man for this job, but if you're still interested in the kids, I can let you have them for one hundred and fifty thousand each. Take it or leave it.” Butch took his seat and waited, looking visibly uncomfortable.

She came to my territory and threatened my life. Why should I sit there and take her disrespect?

“I'm afraid you have misunderstood,” Kate remarked with a pleasant smile. “I don't intend on spending a dime on you today. Instead, you will not only present the kids to me, but you will also beg me to let you work for me.”

Hearing her words, Butch laughed out loud. She must have gone mad to be making such grand threats like

these. What a frail woman! I could just subdue her with my thumb. She must be dreaming if she thinks I will lift a finger for her, much less beg for it.

“Ms. Sutton, I've wasted enough time on you,” Butch muttered dismissively, his finger pointing at the door. “Please show yourself out.”

Kate snorted in disdain. Though far from a match against Alex or Wanda, her study of the Insect Codex was more than enough for her to easily defeat a civilian.

“You've had your chance.” She threw a yellow insect into his mouth. “Prepare to learn complete submission!”

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Chapter 823

Even though the insect appeared exceedingly common, it flew with unusual haste and had made its way into Butch's mouth before the man could react.

Jumping to his senses, he reached for the insect in his mouth and discovered to his horror that it had already disappeared down his throat. “What did you do?” he shrieked. “What was that bug?”

Butch recalled that Kate had come to have her insects feed on the children's organs. It is very likely I have just ingested one of those bugs. What a vicious woman to force me to commit such heinous crimes!

With a roar of rage, he lunged forward to grab Kate, trying to make her take the bug out.

However, before he reached her, Butch was struck by a pain in his stomach that felt as if his intestines were being torn apart.

The wrenching pain was too much for him to bear as Butch fell to the ground and writhed. With great agony, he crawled toward Kate. “Ms. Sutton,” he begged. “Have mercy, please!” I'm going to pass out from the pain. She was right. Even death is preferable.

Kate smiled cruelly. “Begging now, are you? I'll give you one last chance. Are you going to work for me or not?”

“I'll do anything you ask! I will follow your orders!”

Please just make this pain stop!” Feeling the pain in his abdomen at its absolute, Butch banged his forehead on the ground in an attempt to remain conscious.

Kate savored the sight in front of her for a moment before waving her hand, causing Butch to stop thrashing at once.

“Your establishment will be used to raise the insects from now on,” Kate declared. “I will finance you to hire a few hands to run this place. Don't let me down.” As if adding insult to injury, Kate stroked Butch's hair tenderly as she spoke.

Butch winced. Though the pain of having his organs eaten had disappeared, the experience drained the color from his face. His fear of Kate had reached its zenith, and he did not dare show even the slightest sign of reluctance as he nodded fervently.

“Well then, get to work! I will have all of the children under your care. Watch out to not draw any attention to yourself.” Without another word, Kate turned around and walked out.

Butch gazed with remorse at the children who were eating, oblivious to the exchange between their master and his new master. After a brief internal struggle, he made up his mind to comply with Kate's inhumane order.

The pain was so intense that Butch would much rather relinquish all semblance of morality over reliving that experience again.

Every man's got to look out for himself. Better me than somebody else. Besides, there might be good opportunities to work for somebody as powerful and well-connected as Ms. Sutton.

“Chick, Gus,” he called. “Come into my room.”

The children were wrenched from their families by Butch at a young age. As a result, they never knew their real names. Butch employed his own complicated little system to name the children as he obtained them to not only differentiate them but also to keep tabs on them.

The children did not dare defy his orders as they lived in constant terror of Butch. The two children who were singled out made their way obediently to his room. As soon as the door was shut, several screams of pain rang out before total silence fell once more.

After half an hour, Butch opened the door and emerged with a bowl of harvested organs. The product was so fresh that blood still dripped down the sides of the bowl.

He was looking pale. The hand which held the tray shook as the fact that he had committed murder sank.

Upon arriving at the house, Butch presented the tray to Kate. "As requested, Ms. Sutton."

Though Kate felt slightly scared at the bright crimson of the organs on the tray, she did not show it. Instead, she merely looked as though it was a sight she was used to.

Kate opened a diminutive box and released five yellow insects. They were identical to the one that had lodged itself in Butch's stomach.

As soon as they landed on the tray, the yellow insects began feasting on the organs with grotesque ardor.

Letting out a smile, Kate uttered, "Eat up, my babies."

I need more of them. Looks like I need to make a trip to Venenum Clan for a restock.

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Chapter 824



On the flip side, Alex was still seated on his bed in meditation when a coquettish voice drifted to his ears, putting an end to any endeavor to concentrate at once.

“Master, would you like to have your meal before or after having me for a snack?”

He opened his eyes to find Wanda sprawled over the bed next to him. Her long eyelashes fluttered occasionally as she watched him.

In spite of himself, Alex was forced to admit that she was indeed a gorgeous woman. Every gesture of hers seemed to exude sensuality.

If this goes on, I might not be able to take it. Shoving her aside, he put on his shoes a little too hurriedly before heading down the stairs.

Wanda did not expect his resolve to foil her attempt again. Pouting with frustration, she hastened in his wake.

“Wait for me, Master. Why are you walking so quickly?” Wanda jogged over and attempted to take his hand but was ruthlessly swatted away by the man.

“I'm not a monster anymore,” she whined, batting her eyelashes at him. “Why won't you let me touch you?”

Alex sighed resignedly. Despite the numerous advantages of having her by his side like protecting his family in his absence, Alex sensed the possibility of the overwhelming force of her feminine charisma crumbling his resolve at some inevitable point in the future.

“Where is Kate, by the way?” he asked after glancing around the villa, by way of changing the subject.

Wanda pouted again at the mention of Kate. “Am I not doing enough to serve you, Master? What do you need her for? Is she prettier than me?”

Wanda pressed herself against Alex's arm like a neglected kitten as she spoke.

Once again, Alex released a sigh. Deciding that silence was the best way to deal with the overbearing presence of Wanda, he gazed down and ate his food with his mind firmly on Zachary and Stanley's day out.

“Is my cooking acceptable, Master?” Wanda asked with her eyes shining expectantly.

The man nodded, pleasantly surprised that she was an exceptional cook. Much better than I am, that's for sure. It's even comparable to chefs with three Michelin stars.

Upon seeing that, Wanda beamed happily. Contenting herself to his silent company, she remained seated next to him and watched him eat without even a blink.

After the meal, the caretaker took Emmalyn out for a walk around the yard, and Alex was beginning to feel

concerned about Kate's prolonged absence.

As Emmalyn was still young, it displeased Alex for her mother to take off in such an irresponsible manner.

Zachary and Stanley returned at dusk. The large smiles on their faces were indicative of the new bond the pair had formed over the course of their excursion. That night, Stanley even opted to snuggle up against his grandfather instead of Alex as he usually did.

As for Kate, she returned on the following night. Before Alex could demand an explanation, she told him she had spent the day over at a friend's who she had not seen in a long time.

Alex did not interrogate her further, as it was within her right to come and go as she pleased. He was merely irritated at how she had left her infant daughter

in the care of another for such an extended period of time.

With a small twinge of guilt, his accusatory thoughts led to a reflection on his own parenting skills. How am I a more qualified parent than Kate? I'm always out at work, hardly spending any time with my children.

As it had been an unusually quiet period for him, Alex took the opportunity to push aside his nonurgent obligations to spend time with his father and children in an attempt to compensate for the times he had missed.

It was in this uneventful manner that the days passed until the day Garrett called Alex.

There must be a problem in the secret world.

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“Mr. Jefferson, I'm not calling to seek help from you but to meet up with you. You've done too many things for the Greaves family. I don't have much longer to live, so I'd like to see you for the last time. I wonder if you can spare the time, Mr. Jefferson?”

On the phone, Garrett's voice was a tad weak. It was as though uttering those words had already taken all the energy he had left.

Surprise swamped Alex. Despite having suffered a beating at the hands of the secret forces back then, he should have recovered after consuming the pill I

gave him. Why does he seem so frail now?

“Why are you so weak right now, Mr. Greaves? Did something happen? Don't hold back with me,” Alex queried in puzzlement.

On the other end of the phone, Garrett chuckled. However, Alex could sense a bleakness to it through the sound alone.

“Mr. Jefferson, you've done too much for the Greaves family, so I can't trouble you anymore. I'm calling this time just to see you for the final time before I die. I'm truly blessed to have met such a noble person like you. Alas, the Greaves family hasn't been able to do anything for you. Verily, I feel sorry about that.”

Failing to get to the bottom of the matter on the phone, Alex decided to go to Lumenopolis the next day to see what exactly had happened.

Before he left, he even told Zachary about the reemergence of the secret forces. Zachary was likewise very much astonished to hear about that matter.

After all, the secret forces had also isolated themselves for a hundred years without stepping foot into the real world. Yet, they presently wanted to dominate the real world through such a high-handed method.

Nonetheless, Zachary didn't go to Lumenopolis with Alex. Instead, he planned to stay and keep Stanley company.

Upon Alex's arrival in Lumenopolis, Garrett sent him his location. This time, it wasn't the Greaves residence but a rented house that was quite remote.

It was a small place of a little over ten square meters. There were a small bed and closet in the house with a tiny space left for a small table in the middle.

Never in Alex's wildest dreams had he ever imagined that Garrett would have fallen to such dire straits when the man once spent four billion at an auction just to buy a painting by Rembrandt.

Alex strode over at once and scrutinized Garrett, who was lying on the bed weakly. After hearing the entire story, he couldn't help sighing even as his repulsion toward the secret forces intensified.

After his departure back then, the Greaves family only had a few days of peace. When the secret forces caught wind that the sect leader of the Stygian Sect backing the Greaves family had passed away, they started launching their revenge toward the Greaves family.

Being the head of the family then, Garrett's son, Tobias Greaves, wasn't spared. He suffered the wrath of the secret forces and was beaten to death.

Even then, the secret forces weren't satisfied. Instead, they wanted to finish off everyone in the Greaves family.

Fortunately, Micah heard about it in advance and fled the Greaves residence with his grandfather. That was the only reason they survived the secret forces.

The demise of his grandson in a mere few days was already a massive blow to an elderly man in his seventies or eighties. Unexpectedly, that was followed by the death of his son and the ruination of the Greaves family he built from scratch. Unable to withstand all that, Garrett again took ill.

This time, his condition was exceedingly grave. Micah invited the most renowned hospital director in Lumenopolis to check him over. In the end, he was told that his days were numbered.

As Garrett spoke, tears streamed down his face, and the blazing hatred within him toward the secret forces threatened to consume him alive.

I had done good deeds and contributed to charity all my life! I initially thought that I would enjoy blessing for all the good I've done but never had I expected to encounter such a thing during my twilight years!

“Mr. Jefferson, having seen you today, I'm resigned to my death.” Wiping off the tears from his face, Garrett closed his eyes peacefully and waited for the arrival of the Grim Reaper.

Alex had also noticed that the man was in a bad state

then, seemingly at the end of the road.

“Mr. Greaves, how could you just die when you haven't even treated me to a decent meal after I've done so much for the Greaves family? I can't accept this!” Alex exclaimed with a smile.

In truth, he could treat Garrett's illness.

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“I'm really sorry, Mr. Jefferson. Even if I were hale and hearty currently, I'm afraid I wouldn't have the money to treat you to a meal now that the Greaves family has

been destroyed, much less in my present condition...”
Garett lamented in an exceedingly weak voice.

Right that moment, Garrett could seemingly feel a hand clutching his neck tightly that even breathing posed a difficulty. It was as though a massive boulder sat on his chest, and he felt like he would die anytime.

Alex said nothing but helped him up from the bed into a sitting position. He rotated his palm before gently placing it onto the man's back.

He slowly turned his palm, infusing the Mortal Force within him into Garrett. Subsequently, he forcefully slammed his palm onto the man's back.

The instant he did that, Garrett spat out a mouthful of black blood, staining the covers draped over him.

At that precise moment, the door suddenly swung

open. Micah, who had some food in his hands, froze in shock at the sight before his eyes. He didn't quite know what to do.

Being a calm person, he didn't impulsively conclude that Alex was hurting his grandfather. Instead, he carefully observed the situation. Soon, he noticed that his grandfather's complexion had improved distinctly after spitting out that mouthful of black mouth and realized that Alex was there to save the latter.

“Thank you, Mr. Jefferson! We truly can't repay your kindness toward the Greaves family!” As he said that, he dropped to his knees on the ground and prostrated himself before the man.

Meanwhile, Garrett realized that his breathing had eased considerably after spitting out that mouthful of black blood, and the pressure on his chest had also faded into nothingness.

Initially, he had been given the death sentence by his long-time friend and only had a few days to live, but he never thought that his inadvertent action of inviting Alex there for a visit would save his life.

“I'll never be able to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you in this lifetime, Mr. Jefferson!” While saying that, Garrett heaved a sigh, his eyes brimming with desolation.

In the past, I could still gift him the family heirloom of the hundred-year polygonum multiflorum. And if the Greaves family hadn't been forcibly taken over by the secret forces, I'd even be willing to give him the entire Greaves family!

“Mr. Greaves, do you think I'm still lacking in anything considering my current capabilities? If I truly do, then I'd have to say that I'm in need of a meal. After all, I'm

pretty ravenous right now.” Alex rubbed his flat stomach.

Then, his gaze shifted toward the food in Micah's hands. Delight showed on his face, and he smilingly suggested, “If you really want to repay my kindness, Mr. Greaves, how about treating me to the food?”

Garett glanced at the food in Micah's hands, but he felt that it was too bland. It was merely some simple fare bought outside, costing about ten or twenty. There were only some stir-fried cabbage, bean sprouts, and two boxes of plain rice.

Ever since the secret forces forcibly occupied the Greaves residence, they were forced to flee without any money on them. Besides, the secret forces even decreed that no one was to have anything to do with the Greaves family, so their friends in the past didn't dare help them out either under such circumstances.

As such, it was already a luxury for them to be able to have a full meal.

“But Mr. Jefferson—”

Before Garrett had finished speaking, Alex cut him off.

“Aren't you being far too stingy, Mr. Greaves? I merely want to eat some of your food, yet you're reluctant to agree. I'm starving now, so you've got no choice but to go along with it.”

While saying that, Alex took the food from Micah. Picking up the disposable cutlery, he started shoving food into his mouth.

In no time, he finished everything. At the end of it all, he even belched in satisfaction.

“The food was pretty good. Thank you for your

hospitality, Mr. Greaves!” Alex remarked as he rubbed his rounded stomach.

Words eluded both Garrett and Micah. Although they might have to go hungry that day after the man had eaten their food, elation bubbled within them.

After leaving the rented house, Alex wiped his mouth. A chilly look manifested on his face.

I never expected the secret forces to go so far. I wasn't planning to intervene initially, but I've now changed my mind. No matter what, I'm going to teach them a lesson!

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Alex didn't simply march up to the secret forces and pick trouble with them but made some inquiries instead.

With even the Greaves family having been forcibly appropriated by the secret forces, the similarly powerful Jefferson and Grant families weren't spared either.

The current head of the Jefferson family was Shane. The spineless coward handed the Jefferson family over to the secret forces without a word of protest when they wanted to take over, willing to be their lackey just to remain alive.

Alex was far too familiar with the man's personality, having witnessed him strangling his own mother to

death to save himself. Therefore, it wasn't surprising that he would do such a thing.

Conversely, things were not so simple on Richard's end. The man was unyielding and staunchly refused to hand the assets of the Grant family over. Thus, he led the Grants to fight the secret forces to the very end.

Alas, the elites of the Grant family couldn't even hold a candle to the secret forces and were swiftly eliminated.

After having been humiliated by the secret forces, Richard still failed to retain the assets of the Grant family, and they were snatched away in the end.

Right then, his situation was no different from that of the Greaves family, having no permanent place to stay. However, the Grant family was more in number,

so things weren't so dire that they were going hungry.

Alex went to a secluded alley. Having located the address he got from making inquiries, he knocked on the door.

Shortly after, the door swung open, and Richard's voice rang out from inside. "Who's there?"

As soon as his words fell, he caught sight of Alex, who was standing at the door. Without even thinking about it, he slammed the door shut once more.

With the door between them, he roared at the man outside, "What? Are you here to see how far the Grant family has fallen? Scram! Buzz off! You're not welcome here!"

Alex hadn't expected Richard to be so forbidding. Sighing, he lamented, "Is this really called for, Old Mr.

Grant? There was a misunderstanding in the matter back then, so would you please listen to my explanation? Also, I'm not here this time to see how far the Grant family has fallen. Instead, I'm planning to help the Grant family. Can you please let me in?"

In the house, Richard wore a conflicted expression on his face. For a moment, he was undecided, not quite sure whether he should allow the man in. Ultimately, he knew that the man was capable.

Indeed, Maggie had been wronged and was heartbroken for a time. However, that was nothing compared to the Grant family. As the head of the family, he couldn't possibly fail to discern his priorities.

With a sigh, Richard opened the door at long last and allowed Alex in. Nonetheless, chagrin was still written all over his face.

“How are you planning to help the Grant family? Is your stipulation to have Maggie be your mistress? Or do you want me to apologize to that Kate woman?” he probed in a disgruntled voice.

“Maggie's affairs are also mine, so just leave the matter of the Grant family to me with peace of mind. As for an apology, that's absolutely unnecessary when you've done nothing wrong. It was me who wronged Maggie,” Alex replied in all sincerity.

Unbidden, Maggie's stunning countenance popped up in his mind once more. After his divorce from Heather, she was the only woman he ever had feelings for.

“Alex, if Kate hadn't appeared, perhaps you would've always been the prospective son-in-law I'd be proud of. It was you who ruined everything yourself and broke Maggie's heart. Since you said you'll help the Grant family resolve the problem this time, I hope

you'll keep your word!" Richard asserted.

His attitude toward Alex was blasé. After all, it was the latter who made the Grant family a laughingstock among the elite families in Lumenopolis back then. Hence, he couldn't possibly still entertain him amicably.

Furthermore, people from the elite classes were most concerned about dignity and reputation.

"Don't worry about this matter. I'll have the secret forces scuttle back to the secret world and no longer commit evil in the real world," Alex avowed solemnly.

Later, he learned from Richard that it was the Leight Sect, one of the four major secret forces, that forcibly took over the Grant family.

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Richard wasn't of the martial arts world, so he didn't know much about the details. He merely told Alex that the group of people who appropriated the Grant residence electrocuted the Grant family's security personnel with a light touch to the point that they passed out.

In the face of such bizarre means, the members of the Grant family who wanted to fight back all passed out after being electrocuted, including Richard himself. He only regained consciousness after being unconscious for a whole day and night.

The area where Garrett and Richard currently lived was pretty isolated, not within the borders of Lumenopolis. For that reason, Alex could only take a bus to Lumenopolis to check out the situation there.

In such an isolated place, there was only one bus to Lumenopolis, and the fare was merely twenty each trip.

After boarding the bus, Alex planned to take a nap. But just when he had closed his eyes, a middle-aged man sat down beside him.

The seats on the bus were all twin seats. As soon as the man sat down, Alex found it rather cramped as he was just too plump, appearing to weigh over two hundred pounds.

There was no way he could sleep anymore, so he listlessly gazed out the window at the scenery

outside. Inwardly, he was contemplating how he should deal with the secret forces.

Honestly speaking, he was exceedingly confident in his current capabilities since he was a first-phase Grandmaster.

Even in the secret world that abounds in Mana, there probably isn't any dark horse, right? No matter what, I think I'll still stand a chance against them. Ever since I leveled up to a first-phase Grandmaster, my capabilities have been improving far too slowly, even with the help of the condensed jade. Only by constantly battling with warriors could it better stimulate the potential within me. Then, my capabilities will skyrocket!

While he was lost in thoughts, he felt the man nudging him.

“Are you heading to Lumenopolis as well, lad? Judging from your petite stature, you don't seem capable of heavy labor. What's your plan?” the man inquired with a smile.

“Yup, I'm heading to Lumenopolis as well. I'm planning to go and seek the secret forces out,” Alex replied casually.

At the mention of “secret forces,” the man's eyes lit up as though he had found a common topic. “What a coincidence! I'm Zack Wallace. Though you look younger than me, you can just call me Zack. I'm also going to Lumenopolis this time. I'm thinking of going to the secret forces to apply for a job as a chef. I've got no other skills, but the food I cook is delicious! If I could cook for those deities of the secret forces, it'll make good bragging material!”

As Alex listened to Zack, he realized that the man had

misunderstood his meaning, thinking that he was likewise going to Lumenopolis to work for the secret forces.

I never thought that the people here have actually regarded those bandits as deities!

“Why do you still want to work for them when they've done so many despicable things in Lumenopolis? Sooner or later, people like them will be driven back to where they came from!” Alex remarked placidly.

When Zack heard that, his face drained of all color. Darting his eyes around, he hastily clapped a hand over Alex's mouth and urged in a whisper, “Since fate led us to meet each other, lad, here's a piece of advice from me—don't utter such a comment indiscriminately. The rights or wrongs of the deities from the secret forces aren't something ordinary people like us can debate. You must be from

someplace else and aren't aware of the current happenings. The majority of the people in Lumenopolis have now regarded those deities from the secret forces as their Gods, abhorring all slander about them. If a devout believer of the secret forces overheard your remark earlier, you would've had your tongue cut off!”

At that, Alex cast his mind back to his words earlier.

I didn't slander the secret forces. That was just a frivolous comment, yet the consequences would be so severe as having my tongue cut out, huh? I don't quite get it. Those people from the secret forces secretly seize the top families and kill them ruthlessly, but they're making it seem as though they're deities in the open. Besides, they even have such absurd believers! How foolish!

Throughout the journey, he learned a lot about the

secret forces from Zack and couldn't help being impressed by their methods of winning people over.

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 829



“Lad, it's been me speaking all this while that I even forgot to ask you for your name.” Zack rubbed his head embarrassingly with a pudgy hand.

“My name is Alex Jefferson,” Alex stated, flashing him a friendly smile.

He had a pretty good impression of the man who was artless and honest.

“Alex, how about we go together as we're both planning to look for those deities from the secret forces? We'll have a friend in each other. I'm going where it used to be the Grant residence in Lumenopolis to apply for a job as a chef to the deities of the Leight Sect. Would you like to try your luck as well?” Zack offered warmly.

Surprise flooded Alex when he heard the Grant residence in Lumenopolis and the Leight Sect, having not expected such serendipity. He agreed readily.

“Sure! I'll go with you, Zack!”

When the two of them arrived in front of the Grant residence, the place was crowded with hundreds of people, if not thousands.

At the sight of such a massive assembly, shock

inundated Alex. Isn't this too much? All these people are here to apply for a job with the secret forces?

“The number of people here now is considered few. The large crowd was two days ago! You might not know this, but almost ten thousand people are queuing in line every day where the Raven Sect is. You can never imagine what it's like!” Zack exclaimed.

If it weren't because of the expensive accommodation here in Lumenopolis, I wouldn't need to commute every day!

Alex studied the few hundred people outside carefully and noticed that ordinary people like Zack were few. Instead, the majority were wealthy people who drove luxurious cars and wore branded clothes and watches.

“Zack, do you know why those rich people are here?”

he queried.

“Naturally, those rich people aren't here to apply for a job as a chef with the secret forces like me. They want to join the secret forces and learn their arts.” As Zack spoke, he sighed, his expression a tad dejected.

Then, he lamented, “If I had deep pockets like them, I wouldn't want to be a chef either! Just the mere thought of getting to join the secret forces and learn their mysterious arts has me all fired up. Alas, the registration fee alone is a million per person, and there's even no guarantee that one will be able to join their ranks. It'll be lucky to be favored by those deities from the secret forces, but the million would've been in vain if one failed to get selected!”

Out of the few hundred people here, at least two or three hundred of them must be here for registration purposes. The registration fees alone would be close

to a hundred million! Even Alex was very much impressed by their method of making money.

“From the sound of it, Zack, this isn't the first time you're here, huh?” Alex asked.

“Well, of course! I've made five or six trips so far and have gone everywhere else. Leight Sect is about the last place I haven't been, and this is my final chance. I wonder whether I'll be selected.” While saying that, Zack heaved a sigh. At the same time, the simple and honest smile on his face disappeared without a trace.

A wave of sorrow washed over Alex when he heard that.

In the face of the secret forces' invasion, not only are they disunited to fight back against them, but they even feel that it's an honor to work for them! Perhaps people now yearn for immortality and possessing the

capabilities of a deity more when they're no longer worried about basic survival. Oh well, that's understandable on second thought!

Just then, a middle-aged man walked out from among the crowd. He went over to Zack and regarded him contemptuously before kicking the latter's bag.

“Isn't this Zack? I didn't expect to bump into you here! With all these bags you have, don't tell me you're here to apply for a job as a security guard?” The man's voice brimmed with ridicule and disdain.

Zack's expression darkened at the sight of the man in front of him. Averting his face, he pretended as though he didn't hear anything.

Despite that, the man didn't plan on giving up and continued mocking, “Hey, why don't you dare utter a single word when you see me, you wimpy cuckold?”

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 830



“Stop while you're ahead, Cory! Otherwise... Otherwise, I'm going to hit you today! I'm not afraid of you!” Zack snarled with a snap of his head, fury instantly blazing through him when he heard Cory calling him a wimpy cuckold.

In response, Cory Wright merely curled his lips in disdain. “Hey, I didn't know that a coward like you has a temper!” he scoffed.

Pointing at his face, he continued in a drawl, “You

wanted to hit me, didn't you? Go ahead. If you dare hit me, I'll find a lawyer and have you pay a compensation of a hundred thousand! Well? Hit me! If you don't do so today, you're my humble servant!”

Zack's face flushed bright red at those words, and his hands balled into fists. Yet, he didn't dare hit the man.

After all, he was merely an ordinary person, and a hundred thousand was an astronomical sum to him. Even if he toiled for a few years, he might not necessarily make that much. As such, he had no choice but to swallow his anger.

Upon seeing that he wasn't saying anything, Cory turned all the smugger. He took out his phone and sent a message before a wicked smile bloomed on his face.

“Zack, Eve will be coming over in a while. You must

be missing her greatly, huh? Regretfully, she has now gotten together with me and has nothing to do with you anymore. All else aside, your wife is pretty good in bed. Why on earth did she marry a deadbeat like you back then?”

His words became increasingly caustic, inflaming Zack so much that his chubby face had gone as black as thunder. His dignity as a man was trampled on the ground and shattered into a thousand pieces.

Worse still, all that was happening in front of the friend he had just made, Alex. That aside, the crowd milling around was also whispering about him.

“How pitiful that his wife cheated on him with another man!”

“Pah! He's just a useless piece of trash! It's clear as day that he's pathetic and inferior when he can't even

keep his own wife faithful!”

“That's true. Look at how useless he is! Someone is mocking him publicly, yet he doesn't even dare utter a single word of protest. How embarrassing!”

All those remarks had Zack hanging his head low. Never had he felt as mortified as he did then, and the events that particular day seemingly replayed in his mind once more.

“Why did you call me over, Darling? Are you missing me?” Just then, a woman's voice drifted over from a distance away.

Hearing that familiar voice, Zack was rooted to the spot. It was said that men rarely cried, but tears inexorably escaped his eyes.

This is my childhood sweetheart! We grew up

together, yet she has never once called me “Darling” in the three years we were married. And now, she's calling another man with such intimate terms right before me. How ironic!

A passably beautiful woman sashayed over and took Cory's arm. Leaning against him demurely, she coquettishly murmured, “Are you tired after standing here for such a long time, Darling? Would you like me to massage your legs for you?”

A smug smile tugged at Cory's lips, and he said to Zack, “Did you hear how attentive your wife is to me? She never treated you such in the past, did she?”

Zack kept his head lowered, the rage within him almost consuming him whole. Cory was right, for he had always treated Eve as though she was a priceless treasure. After marrying her, he supported her without having her do anything.

He did everything himself, from bringing home the bacon to cooking and doing the laundry. He even waited on her hand and foot, yet she still cheated on him with another man despite him pampering her to that extent.

Only then did Eve Hamilton notice that Zack was also there. A flash of awkwardness flittered across her eyes, but it was gone in a heartbeat. Like Cory, she then eyed him derisively.

“Oh, you're here, too? It's been a long time,” Eve stated indifferently.

When Zack heard that, he finally lifted his head. Gazing at her with all the love in the world, he urged, “Come home with me, Eve! I don't care about the mistakes you made in the past! In the future, we'll just live our lives as before, okay?”

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