

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 1001

The old lady was uneducated and spent her life in the rural mountains. All she knew was that her family had passed the ginseng down for generations.

Furthermore, Anthony sounded convincing. Thus, she became indecisive and feared losing the chance to save her son if Anthony left.

“All right, Madam, I'll take that as you agreeing to sell this ginseng to me for fifty thousand, then” Anthony took a stack of cash and placed it before the old lady. “Here. Count them. I don't want you to chase after me later and say that I have not paid enough.”

The old lady's hands trembled as she looked at the thick stack of cash. She had never seen so much money in her life.

However, the money was still insufficient for her son's medical treatment. Where can I get another two hundred and fifty thousand? I have even sold the family heirloom. There is no other way for me to obtain money.

“There is no need to count. I trust you.” The old lady placed the stack of cash in her basket and handed the ginseng to Anthony.

Since I need to get more money, I have no choice but to sell my house. It doesn't matter that I will be homeless as long as I can save my son. If needed, I can sell my blood or any part of my body that is worth anything.

The old lady looked at the stack of cash in her basket and sighed. Suddenly, Anthony's voice came from behind her.

“You are such a fool! Hahaha! I haven't seen anything this funny for a long time!” After putting the ginseng in his car, Anthony felt so smug after scamming the old lady that he started. mocking her as she was about to leave.

The old lady turned to Anthony puzzledly and asked, “Sir, what do you mean?”

“You foolish old woman! I said you are stupid! The ginseng you sold me is not some ordinary cultivated ginseng. It's authentic wild mountain ginseng. This ginseng would sell for so much more than just three hundred thousand. In fact, people are more than willing to pay three million for this. Yet, you sold it to me for only fifty thousand. You are the biggest idiot in the world!” Anthony said and burst into laughter.

The old lady nearly fainted from shock. She couldn't

believe that she had sold a ginseng worth three million for only fifty thousand.

Now, she had lost her family heirloom and the chance to save her son. Immense regret engulfed her. She thought about her sick son, who urgently needed money for surgery, and became overwhelmed with desperation.

Kneeling before Anthony, she pleaded, "Please, sir. You said the ginseng is worth three million, but I don't need that much money. I only need three hundred thousand. Just three hundred thousand is enough for me. My son is in the hospital and urgently needs three hundred thousand for surgery. He is only twenty-five years old. I can't let him die so young. Please, take pity on me and give me the money. I need the money to save his life."

Anthony looked at the tearful old lady and felt no

remorse. Instead, he found her disgusting and kicked her disdainfully.

“Stay away from me, you disgusting old hag! Besides, you've already sold me your ginseng, and I've already paid you. You have agreed to this trade, so it's too late to regret it. I earned that three million through my effort. So why should I give you three hundred thousand?” he said contemptuously.

The old lady got up from the ground and went to Anthony's side. She kneeled again and held onto his pants, pleading, “Sir, have a heart, please. I desperately need three hundred thousand to save my son!”

“Your son's life has nothing to do with me! I have given you fifty thousand. That was what we agreed to previously. The only reason I told you this is to let you know how stupid you are!” Anthony sneered and

kicked the old lady aside again.


He kicked her without care and did not bother to check whether he had injured the old lady. After kicking her aside, Anthony headed to his Mercedes-Benz and planned to drive away.

Hah! I can't believe I just got something worth three million without much effort. Once I sell it, I can live comfortably for a while. I feel excited just from thinking about it! Who knew mountain folks are so easy to fool!

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After suffering two kicks from Anthony, the old lady sat on the ground and clutched her chest, breathing heavily. She could only watch Anthony walk away as she could no longer muster the energy to get up and stop him.

The old lady felt immeasurable regret for what she did.

I'm such an old fool! Why did I sell something worth three million for only fifty thousand? I just lost the only way to get money to save my son. It is all my fault. I feel so regretful that I wish to die. Fifty thousand is not enough. Selling my house can only get me a few thousand more. Even if I drained my blood, it would not get me the remaining two hundred and fifty thousand needed for the surgery!

The old lady fell into utter despair. She watched as

Anthony's Mercedes-Benz preparing to leave when suddenly, a young man appeared and stood before the car.

Anthony sounded the horn a few times, but the young man refused to leave. Seeing that, Anthony rolled down the window and shouted at the young man, "Scram, you b*stard! If you don't move out of the way, I'm going to run you over!"

The young man was none other than Alex. He had been observing the situation from the side all this while.

"Run me over if you dare," he replied indifferently.

"Fine! You asked for it, so don't blame me later! I'm going to mow you down with my car!" Anthony was bursting with fury. He looked at Alex's clothes and thought he was someone who lived in the mountains.

How dare this brat mess with me? He is asking to die!

He gritted his teeth and was about to step on the gas pedal when he realized something. Wait a minute... if I run over this b*stard right now, it'll only cause me trouble. I can't have any problems now that I have earned three million and haven't the chance to spend it yet! With that thought in mind, he felt it was not worth it and did not step on the gas pedal in the end.

However, this did not mean that his anger dissipated. He opened the car door and got out furiously.

Anthony pointed at Alex and scolded, "Hey brat, don't you know the meaning of the word 'scram?' How dare you block my way? You'd better believe me when I say I can get someone to kill you!"

Alex looked at him and replied calmly, "If you wish to kill me, why didn't you step on the gas pedal and run

me over with your car? Why waste your time looking for someone else to do the job? Could it be that you're scared?"

Anthony did not expect Alex to speak to him that way. Did he just call me a coward? He could not bear being mocked by a poor mountain folk.

He raised his voice and spat, "You wish! It's just that your life is worth less than my car! I don't mind knocking you down, but it would scratch my beloved car. And that's not worth it to me! So scram! Do you hear me?"

In response, Alex glanced at Anthony's Mercedes-Benz and smirked. He just compared me to a Mercedes-Benz that cost merely a few hundred thousand. What a joke.

Then, he chuckled and said, "I don't mind leaving, but

you have to give this old lady the money you cheated from her. Pay her three million and not a coin less, understand?”

The old lady was grateful to see someone standing up for her. However, three million was an unimaginable sum for her. Therefore, she knew Anthony would not have that much money with him. Thus, she said, “Thank you, young man. But I don't want three million. Three hundred thousand is enough for me. I only want to save my son.”

Alex's words nearly made Anthony explode with fury. The f*ck? I earned that ginseng with my skills. He has no right to ask me to pay more money to that stupid old hag. What nonsense is this? He's making no sense at all!

“Are you dreaming or something? Why should I pay her? You'd better scrap that idea off your mind. I won't

give her even a dime more, much less three hundred thousand. Don't you assume that I won't run you down with my car. You'd better scram, now!" Anthony scolded furiously.

He thought Alex was a delusional idiot for saying those things.

With that, Anthony was about to re-enter his car when someone suddenly grabbed his shoulder. The grip was so heavy that it nearly snapped his bones.

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“If you can't pay, return the ginseng to the old lady. Otherwise, don't even think about leaving here,” Alex said coldly with a darkened expression.

Anthony clenched his teeth in pain as Alex gripped his shoulder. His face was twisted in anguish as he said, “Let go of me! You're breaking my bones!”

Naturally, Alex was aware of the force he was exerting. He loosened his hold on Anthony's shoulder and asked again, “Will you pay or not?”

That ginseng is worth three million and can fetch an even higher sum in an auction. It's not every day that I can find something this valuable. It would be a pity to have to return it.

With that thought in mind, Anthony rubbed his sore shoulder and said, “That old lady is unrelated to you. Can you not be such a busybody? Since you're so

strong, why don't you work as my bodyguard instead? I can cover your food and board and pay you two thousand a month. What do you think? You can't get a better offer than this, so you should consider it carefully.”

He thought he had offered good pay to Alex. He figured that a mountain folk like Alex had never been to a city. Thus, a mere two thousand should be enough to tempt him.

Alex chuckled. Now that he knows he can't fight me, He is trying to pay me off instead? If I desire it, the whole of Lumenopolis' Jefferson family will fall within my grasp. Even Four Seas Corporation's profit exceeded two thousand per minute. So why would I care for that meager two thousand he offered?

“I asked you to return the ginseng to the old lady. Didn't you hear me? I won't repeat it again. You'd

better not challenge my patience,” he warned.

What is wrong with this young man? Why is he so stubborn? He keeps insisting on opposing me. What's so great about being a little stronger than me? I doubt he would have the guts to kill me in broad daylight.

With that in mind, Anthony pressed the car key fob and locked the doors. He'd probably just beat me up a little. It's worth it for the sake of three million! No matter what, I will never hand that ginseng over!

“I won't return that ginseng. And I doubt you have what it takes to kill me here!” he said shamelessly.

Alex scoffed and looked at Anthony's Mercedes-Benz. When it came to shameless scoundrels like Anthony, he reckoned he didn't need to pull his punches. I'd be doing the world a favor by getting rid of him!

Therefore, he punched Anthony's Mercedes-Benz without hesitation.

Bam!

A loud noise sounded, and Anthony's car window shattered into pieces. Alex did not spare a glance at Anthony as he took the ginseng from the car and returned it to the old lady.

Anthony was stunned by what happened. How is it possible that such an unreasonable mountain folk exists? He just broke my car window and took the ginseng. Isn't this a robbery?

“Hey! You've just gone way overboard, young man! How dare you damaged my car? Don't even think of leaving here until you pay me two hundred thousand,” he threatened Alex. He then turned his gaze toward the ginseng in the old lady's hand and wanted to

snatch it back.

However, Alex predicted his movements and gave him a kick. The force of Alex's kick sent Anthony flying a few meters back.

“I have given you a chance and requested you to return the ginseng. But you refused to listen. As such, you can't blame me for using force!” Alex said coldly.

Anthony had never suffered such a beating in his life. He kept rolling on the ground in pain. It took some time before he could get back up again.

“You stinking brat! You've just pissed me off completely! Also, that old hag over there. Don't even dream about saving your son. I'm going to call someone here and kill both of you.” Anthony had never suffered such humiliation in his life and was bursting with fury.

In his eyes, the mountain folks were lower-class people. Thus, he could not bear being treated by them this way.

The old lady panicked and brought out the ginseng again. Hearing the threat, she feared she would die before she could save her son.


“Young man, you should escape now! You still have a chance to run before his people arrive,” the old lady urged Alex.

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Chapter 1004





This man definitely has a death wish. It seems I have punished him too lightly. He was the one who used despicable means to trick the old lady into giving him the only thing she has to save her son. Yet, he wants to kill us now? This man has no conscious. It's a waste of resources to keep him alive.

Alex looked at the panicking old lady and patted her shoulder to comfort her. "Don't worry. Nothing will happen to us."

He looked at the people walking around, selling medicinal herbs. Initially, he wanted to kill Anthony straightaway. After all, to him, killing Anthony was like killing an ant.

However, there were too many people around, and killing him would cause a big stir. Furthermore, the old lady was still there. Alex did not wish to frighten her.

“You should be thankful that there are other people around. I'm giving you two options. You can either apologize to the old lady and get out of our sight or die!” he said in a chilling and murderous tone.

Initially, Anthony still thought that Alex was joking. But when he looked into Alex's eyes and saw that the man's gaze was cold like ice, it made him feel like he had sunk into the depths of hell.

Suddenly, Anthony lost control of his bladder and peed himself from fright. His pants were drenched and the stench of urine wafted into the air.

He had never been humiliated like this. He felt thoroughly embarrassed and did not dare to face anyone.

Despite that, he did not have the guts to leave right

away. He remembered Alex ordered him to apologize to the old lady if he wished to live. Otherwise, Alex would kill him.

Anthony wanted more than nothing than to call his men over to beat up Alex and the old lady. However, he feared that Alex would kill him before his men arrived.

Therefore, he kneeled before the old lady and glanced at Alex fearfully before apologizing, "I'm sorry, madam. I was too arrogant. Please forgive me. I hope you won't hold it against me."

The old lady began to panic when she saw a prominent man like Anthony kneeling before her. She quickly helped him up and stammered, "G-Get up. P-Please, get up. I forgive you."

"Thank you. I shouldn't have kicked you twice before

this. As a sign of my remorse, you can keep the fifty thousand I gave you as compensation. Also, I don't want the ginseng anymore.” Anthony sounded sincere.

Nonetheless, the old lady did not dare to keep the fifty thousand. She was going to return it to Anthony when Alex stopped her. “Madam, since he gave it to you as an apology, you should keep it.”

“Yes! He's right! I have committed a grave mistake before this. So please, keep the money. Otherwise, I'll feel uneasy!” Anthony added.

Since they kept persuading her to take the money, she accepted it. After all, her son was still in the hospital and needed money for surgery.

Anthony looked at Alex fearfully and asked, “Anyway, I have apologized. Can I leave now?”

He feared he would receive another beating from Alex and was frightened by his intimidating aura. Therefore, Anthony could only humble himself and do as Alex said.

“You can leave.” Alex nodded and asked sternly, “Are you going to get someone to bully the old lady again? If you are, I'll be here waiting.”

Anthony answered immediately, “No, no! I don't have the guts to do that!”

“In that case, you can scram!” Alex ordered.

Hearing that, Anthony did not dare to say anything else and rushed into his Mercedes-Benz. Then, he started the car and planned to leave.

That d*mn old hag and stinking brat! I'm going to get

someone to beat them to death right now! I won't bear this indignity in silence!

As the thought flashed through Anthony's mind, a vicious look descended upon his face. In actuality, he was not sincere when he apologized to the old lady earlier. He only did it so that he could leave.

Before he could exact his revenge, however, his car suddenly exploded without explanation after he drove a little distance away.

A loud booming noise sounded, and a giant cloud of smoke in the shape of a mushroom rose into the sky. The Mercedes-Benz suddenly burned up and was engulfed with roaring flames.

Coincidentally, the car exploded in an area that did not have any medicinal herbs shops. As such, apart from Anthony, no one was affected by the explosion.

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“Why would the car just blow up like that for no reason? Honestly, the world sure is unpredictable! That guy was still alive and well a while ago, and now he's just gone!” the old lady exclaimed.

“It's probably because he has done way too many evil deeds in life. Maybe fate decided it's time to stop him from hurting any more people,” Alex said with a sneer.

Of course, all that talk about fate was just something Alex made up. The explosion was actually his doing

entirely.

As the area around him was quite crowded, killing Anthony on the spot would cause a huge commotion. That was why Alex came up with such an alternative method instead.

This is a little more complicated than killing him off directly, but it does save me a lot of trouble afterward. There's no way Anthony could have survived this.

Alex stared at the burning car. He then turned toward the old lady and said, "I think you should sell this ginseng of yours at an auction. The people there won't try to con you, and you'll be able to sell it for a decent price too."

"But I don't even know where to find those auctions you're talking about, young man. Had it not been for your help, I would've been conned by that guy and be

unable to pay for my son's medical bills. The guy said that this ginseng is worth over three million, but I don't need that much money. How about I sell this to you for two hundred and fifty thousand instead?" the old lady asked, only to realize she might have spoken too soon when she noticed the plain clothes that Alex was wearing.

There's no way a guy wearing these clothes could possibly afford to pay two hundred and fifty thousand.

With that in mind, the old lady explained, "Please don't get the wrong idea, young man. I would've willingly given you this ginseng for free if I didn't desperately need money for my son's surgery."

Naturally, Alex knew what the old lady meant. It would indeed be a bit difficult for an elderly person like her to attend an auction.

He couldn't get a very close look at the ginseng due to his distance from the basket and the white cloth covering it, but he could tell that it really was of high quality.

If I recall correctly, Tyrael did mention lacking a millennium ginseng for the synthesis of Soul Reaper. I thought it would be incredibly difficult to find such a rare ingredient, but it has presented itself to me on a platter. In that case, purchasing this ginseng would both provide Tyrael with the ingredient he needs and help this old lady afford her son's surgery costs!

With that thought in mind, Alex pulled out a credit card and handed it to the old lady as he said, “All right. I'll buy this ginseng, then.”

“How much money is in this card, young man?” the old lady asked out of curiosity as she couldn't confirm the balance just by looking at the ATM card.

“Don't worry. The money is definitely enough to pay for your son's surgery,” Alex replied with a smile before leaving with the ginseng.

Unlike the other vendors, the old lady didn't have a credit card reader with her. All she had was a basket, a white cloth, and the millennium ginseng.

For a moment there, the fifty thousand that she had in the basket felt a lot more reliable than the unknown amount on the ATM card. After all, she would have no hope of paying for her son's surgery if the ATM card turned out to have no money in it.

The mere thought of it scared her so much that she quickly ran to a nearby vendor and asked, “Hey, Hank! Could you help me check how much money is inside this card? A young man claimed that there are two hundred and fifty thousand in here, so I sold my

ginseng to him. He was a nice guy and all, but I still need to confirm if what he said is true. You know how much I need that money for my son, right?”

“You shouldn't be out here selling stuff at your age, Julie! There are a lot of heartless people out there trying to con honest villagers like us! How could a stalk of ginseng possibly sell for two hundred and fifty thousand? For all we know, those two could be in cahoots! This whole thing was probably an elaborate scheme of theirs to con you of your stuff!” Hank said as he took the ATM card over from her.

Julie panicked even more when she heard that. Hank is right! That young man was so plainly dressed that he doesn't look like a rich guy at all! Maybe I really have been conned!

She then turned toward Hank, only to see that he had already inserted the card into the credit card reader.

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Hank was about to continue lecturing Julie about having precautions against con men when the balance displayed on the credit card reader left him speechless.

Julie felt her heart sank when she saw his response. What's the matter? Was he right about me being conned? So that card really has no money in it, huh? Sigh... I can't believe I was conned by the guy that I thought was a nice person! I might be able to catch up to him if I run after him now, but...

“Forget it, Hank. I'll just accept the fact that I got conned and find some other way to get the money for my son's surgery,” she said with a depressed look on her face.

Having recovered from his state of shock, Hank exclaimed excitedly with a huge smile, “You don't even need to worry about the surgery's costs, Julie! There are ten million on this card! I have never seen this much money in my entire life! This is so unbelievable that I actually thought I was hallucinating, but it looks like that man might be your greatest benefactor ever!”

W-What? Ten million?

Julie quickly stepped forward to take a closer look at the amount displayed on the credit card reader.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven... That's seven zeroes! This card really does have ten million in it!

She nearly fainted from shock when she saw such an insanely huge amount of money.

Meanwhile, Alex had arrived at a marketplace of a town at the bottom of the mountain. Because he didn't bring a lot of clothes with him, he had to wear Tyrael's clothes during his time on the mountain throughout the past two weeks. I don't hate Tyrael or anything, but it just feels kind of weird wearing someone else's clothes...

“Hey, handsome! Look over here! This store has some really cheap clothes for sale! With low prices like these, it's an absolute steal! On top of that, our clothes are in line with the latest fashion trends this season!” one of the salesgirls called out to him with a smile.

Alex instinctively glanced at the clothes he was wearing. Do I really look that poor? Even if these clothes don't look that decent, the fact that they don't fit me well should make it obvious that they're borrowed! Well, whatever... It's about time I change the way I look anyway. Wouldn't want people to keep looking down on me like I'm some kind of peasant.

“Thanks, but I'll pass,” Alex replied politely before heading into the store of a more expensive clothing brand.

Huh? Has this guy lost his mind or what? He doesn't even look like he can afford the clothes in this store, and yet he's going into a branded clothing store? The salesgirl frowned when she saw the store Alex entered.

Alex became the center of attention the moment he

set foot in that clothing store. Of course, it wasn't because he looked exceptionally handsome. The clothes he had on simply formed a ridiculously huge contrast with the ones worn by the other customers around him.

While browsing through the clothes on sale, Alex accidentally bumped into one of the customers.

“Terribly sorry, miss. I didn't see where I was going,” he quickly apologized out of politeness due to his decent upbringing.

The person he bumped into was a young and sexy woman wearing a revealing dress. She furrowed her brows the moment she saw how shabby Alex looked.

The woman then pulled out a wet paper towel and wiped the spot where she came into contact with Alex earlier before tossing it at him.

“Ugh! Why don't you see where you're going, you filthy creep? Now I've been contaminated with your stinking filth!” she exclaimed in disgust.

Filthy? I know that Tyrael's clothes don't fit me well, but it's definitely clean! It doesn't even smell weird, so why would she call it filthy? It's true that I bumped into her, but it was just a light touch. Besides, I've already apologized to her, so why did she have to insult me like this?

Not wanting to argue with her, Alex kept quiet and picked out an outfit to try on.

However, the woman wasn't satisfied with his apology and refused to let him off the hook so easily. Hmph! Does this filthy peasant think a mere apology is going to cut it?

“Excuse me, salesperson! Do you guys have no standards regarding the type of customers you allow into your store? Get this peasant out of here or I won't be shopping here anymore!” she yelled at the top of her voice.

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Chapter 1007



A man in his mid-thirties with a pot belly came over and wrapped an arm around the woman's waist as he said, “Oh, Baby! Point out the ignorant punk that offended you so I can teach him a lesson!”

The woman put on a pitiful look as she nuzzled

against his chest and pointed at Alex. “That filthy creep over there refused to apologize after bumping into me!”

Alex, who was on his way to the fitting room, fell speechless upon hearing that.

If I recall correctly, I did apologize to her immediately after bumping into her... Why is she making it sound a lot more serious than it actually is?

“So, you're the fool that refused to apologize after bumping into my baby, huh? How did a filthy peasant like you enter a branded clothing store like this? Are you seriously going to try on that outfit?” Isaac Lynch yelled at him in disdain.

Alex was planning on ignoring them both at first, but they were so persistent that it seemed a confrontation was inevitable.

“It's true that I bumped into her by accident, but I have already apologized to her. Also, I don't think the clothes I'm wearing have anything to do with my right to shop here. Why are you being so nosy? Are you planning on paying for my clothes or something?” he said after letting out a helpless sigh.

“You....” Isaac was at a loss for words.

He sure has a sharp tongue for a filthy peasant! I actually did hear him apologize to her earlier, but I'm not about to let him get away with being so rude toward me!

With that in mind, he called out to a salesperson nearby, “Hey, you there! Come here!”

A pretty salesgirl in her early twenties came over and asked politely, “What seems to be the problem, sir? Is

there something I can help you with?”

Isaac jabbed a finger with a golden ring on it at Alex as he questioned the salesgirl, “I decided to shop at your store because of the branded clothing that you sell! But how could you let this filthy peasant try on these clothes? I can't possibly buy them now after he has laid his filthy hands on them!”

He doesn't look like he has much money on him... What should I do? The salesgirl thought to herself as she looked at Alex with a conflicted expression.

“But we can't stop our customers from trying out clothes, sir. How about I show you some of our better-looking collections instead?” she replied politely.

Isaac had wanted the salesgirl to get Alex out of the store, so he was extremely dissatisfied with her when she didn't do so.

“Hmph! I don't care how good the other collections look! I want the clothes that he has selected!” he shouted stubbornly.

The salesgirl's expression grew increasingly conflicted upon hearing that. “H-How about you try looking at something else instead? After all, this gentleman over here has already chosen this one...”

Hmph! As if I give a d*mn about that! This punk has offended my girl, so I have to regain my reputation no matter what! I need to show this punk just how large of a gap there is between us! Isaac let out a snort at the thought of that.

“As I said, I'm not interested in the other clothes that you have here. Bumpkins like him have a strong body odor, so I'll pass on the ones that he has tried on. However, I do want the one he has in his hand right

now. Besides, there's no way he could possibly afford any of the clothes he has tried on anyway!" he said with a taunting glare.

The salesgirl then shifted her gaze toward the outfit Alex was holding and saw that it cost a hundred and fifty thousand.

The shirt alone cost around eight to nine thousand, so it would be a huge waste if Alex wouldn't buy it after trying it out.

"How about you try some other clothes instead, sir? This one cost a hundred and fifty thousand." The salesgirl decided to tell Alex the price in hopes that it would be enough to scare him off and save her the trouble.

To her surprise, Alex simply yanked the price tag off the shirt and said nonchalantly, "Only a hundred and

fifty thousand? That's pretty cheap considering how comfortable this fabric feels to the touch. You know what? I'll take it.”

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Isaac burst out laughing and shot Alex a disdainful look as he said, “Hahaha! A filthy bumpkin like you wants to buy an outfit worth a hundred and fifty thousand? Do you even have any idea how much that is? It's not a hundred and fifty, you know?”

It would burn a hole in his pocket to pay a hundred and fifty thousand for a shirt, but he figured it would

be worth it if he could show a bumpkin like Alex the difference between them.

Did this bumpkin just call this shirt cheap? He must've misheard the price or something!

Even the salesgirl herself was starting to doubt Alex's words at that point.

“Hah! This fool can't even regret his words now that he has torn the price tag off! He must cough up the hundred and fifty thousand now!” Isaac said with a mocking grin.

Although Isaac was simply being a nuisance at that point, the salesgirl really did have to collect the payment from Alex.

“Um, mister... I'm afraid you can't return this shirt now that you've torn the price tag off, so you'll have to pay

us a hundred and fifty thousand,” the salesgirl said with an awkward look on her face.

Alex simply shot Isaac a nonchalant glance before telling the salesgirl with a smile, “Give me a moment. I'm going to try this shirt out and pick out a few more afterward.”

He then ignored the three of them and went straight into the fitting room.

“You see that? That punk was so scared that he hid immediately! I can't believe he actually said he's going to pick out a few more clothes! What a joke!” the woman scoffed disdainfully.

“Listen up, missy! That guy might just try to slip away to avoid paying for the shirt! Did you see how scared he looked after hearing the price? You'd better keep a close eye on him!” Isaac added.

If that guy really runs away without paying, I'll be the one who has to pay for that shirt!

With that in mind, the salesgirl grew incredibly nervous and kept her eyes fixated on the fitting room door. She really hoped that Alex wouldn't actually escape like the two of them said.

Time seemed to pass by really slowly while she was waiting. Only a few minutes have passed since Alex entered the fitting room, but the salesgirl felt like she had been waiting for a century.

Suddenly, Alex opened the door and came out of the fitting room dressed in a suit.

Gone was the image of a poor bumpkin peasant as he donned a perfectly-fitting suit that looked like it was tailored specifically for him.

Alex actually had a rather attractive appearance with his tall nose, deep pupils, arched eyebrows, and chiseled jawline.

He looked so charming with his elegant attire and handsome appearance that even the woman found herself staring blankly at him.

In fact, the suit fit him so well that it wouldn't even be an overstatement to describe him as a fashion model.

Isaac, on the other hand, looked the complete opposite with his greasy skin and protruding pot belly. There was no competition between them at all.

Naturally, Isaac didn't quite appreciate his woman ogling another man like that.

To add insult to injury, he wouldn't even look half as

decent as Alex even if he donned that exact same suit.

“So what if he looks good in that outfit? It means nothing if he can't afford it! I can't wait to see how he'll cough up a hundred and fifty thousand later!” he mumbled in displeasure.

“Hmm, it looks pretty good on me,” Alex said with a nod as he glanced at himself in the mirror.

Noticing how the salesgirl had her eyes glued to him the whole time for fear of him running away without paying, Alex handed her a credit card and said, “You can put these few pieces back on the rack. I'll take the rest.”

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 1009



“T-These are our store's finest clothes and will cost you five million in total. Are you sure you want them?” the salesgirl asked with an uncertain look in her eyes.

I knew this guy was putting up an act, but I didn't think he'd go this far! There's no way this bumpkin could possibly afford that many clothes from a store like this!

With that in mind, Isaac turned toward the salesgirl and said, “Missy, I think you should hurry up and call the police. This guy is clearly playing you for a fool! He's probably trying to keep you busy at the cash

register so he can make a run for it!”

Although the salesgirl found his statement rather reasonable, she really hoped that Alex would be able to afford all those clothes as the commission earned would be insane.

“I gave you my credit card, didn't I? Go ahead and swipe it if you don't believe me. A mere five million means nothing to me,” Alex reassured her casually.

The salesgirl breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing that. He's right! I'll find out if he actually has that kind of money once I swipe this card of his!

She then punched the amount into the credit card reader without any further hesitation and inserted Alex's card.

Her heart was racing like crazy as she waited for the

device to respond. Alex had already torn the price tags off those clothes, so the store manager would still hold her accountable even if she handed Alex over to the police.

Isaac and his woman had eager looks on their faces as they watched from the side. They were really looking forward to seeing Alex get taken away by the police.

Beep! The transaction was successful, much to the salesgirl's relief.

With a bright smile, she ran up to Alex and handed his card back to him as she said respectfully, "Here's your card, sir! Please wait a moment while I put these clothes in a bag for you."

Alex nodded and replied, "Please have them delivered straight to the clinic up in the mountain.

Surely, you're familiar with the name 'Tyrael Skyworth,' right?"

"Of course, sir! Everyone here knows who Dr. Skyworth is! Are these clothes all for him?" the salesgirl asked.

"Yes, I want them all delivered to his clinic." Alex had been wearing Tyrael's clothes throughout the past two weeks. Seeing as the weather was changing soon, he decided to buy Tyrael some clothes too.

Both Isaac and his woman were shocked and speechless by what they had just witnessed.

It would hurt me just to pay a hundred and fifty thousand for a shirt, and yet he just forked out five million like it's nothing! How the heck is he that rich? Just moments ago, I was mocking him for acting like a fool, and now I turned out to be the biggest fool

around!

Men were competitive in nature, so Isaac didn't take too kindly to losing that battle. "So what if you're rich? I don't see a single woman around you at all! At least I'm lucky enough to have a hot girl like this by my side!" he said while tightening his grip on his woman's waist.

Putting everything else aside, Isaac's woman did look very attractive. It was indeed quite an impressive feat for a man like Isaac to have a woman as beautiful as a supermodel around him.

"Yeah! Beauties like me are super rare!" the woman said proudly while winking at Alex.

Having dealt with people showing off in his face throughout his many years living with the Jenningses, Alex had long since learned to control his temper and

hide his anger. He no longer felt the need to compete with anyone unless they were deliberately starting a fight with him.

Suddenly, a charming and feminine voice could be heard coming from behind him.

“Wow! I didn't think I'd bump into you here! What a coincidence, huh?”

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 1010



Alex turned around upon hearing that familiar voice, only to see a stunningly beautiful woman standing

before him. Despite wearing a pair of ordinary-looking jeans, her slender legs and hourglass figure were still clearly visible.

She was exuding an air of confidence and charm that most women couldn't even come close to achieving. That woman was none other than Elsa herself, and her appearance instantly attracted the attention of everyone in the store.

“Elsa? It really is a coincidence seeing you here!” Alex responded with a smile when he saw her.

Of course, Elsa didn't come alone. There was another girl standing beside her. She had shoulder-length hair that fell just below the straps of her yellow dress, and her face looked a little less attractive compared to Elsa's. She was Elsa's best friend, Helen.

Isaac was so taken aback by their beauty that his

woman didn't seem all that pretty all of a sudden.

If anything, she looked more like a barmaid or escort in a bar when compared to Elsa and Helen.

Wait... This is a clothing store for men, so why would Elsa be shopping here? A look of surprise and confusion flashed across Alex's countenance upon that thought.

“Elsa, since when did you know a handsome man like him? I'm your bestie, and I haven't even heard of him! You said you came here to buy some clothes for a guy named Alex, right? How many more hot guys do you know?” Helen asked while staring at her.

Elsa didn't expect her friend to blurt it all out, so she wasn't able to cover Helen's mouth in time.

“That guy is Alex!” she whispered into Helen's ear.

Helen began sizing Alex from head to toe upon hearing that. “Oh, wow! You sure have great taste, Elsa! He's a real hottie, that's for sure!” she whispered back at her.

Although they tried to keep their voices low, Alex could hear everything they said. Huh... I never thought that a serious woman like Elsa would actually have feelings for me, let alone buy clothes for me!

Isaac had thought of making a comeback using his hot girlfriend, but he got defeated again when the two prettier women showed up.

Having lost the battle in terms of wealth and appearances, Isaac felt so humiliated that he couldn't stand being there for a second longer. As such, he grabbed his woman by the hand and left the store as quickly as he could.

The moral of the story here was to always keep a low profile as the ordinary-looking guy could very well turn out to be a billionaire.

Being Elsa's best friend, Helen knew full well just how strong her mentality was.

Elsa used to claim that she would only date guys braver and more capable than her, so this Alex guy must've done something really impressive if he managed to win her heart! Well... He does look pretty handsome, and those clothes he's wearing cost a lot too! A hot guy with decent family background, huh? No wonder Elsa has fallen head over heels for him!

With that in mind, Helen held her hand out and said politely, "So, you're Alex, huh? It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance! My name is Helen Storm, and I'm Elsa's best friend!"

“The pleasure is all mine,” Alex replied as he shook her hand in response, only to realize Helen gently scratching against his palm with her fingernails.

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