

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 1061

“Calm down, Mr. Livingston. Although Mr. Jasper was in the wrong, he doesn't deserve such a harsh punishment, does he?” Maverick feebly attempted to make a final plead for Jasper.

Harold stood up from Maverick's bedside and solemnly said, “I used to think Jasper is talented and thus I turn a blind eye to his mischief. However, after hearing about that boy named Alex, who is only in his twenties and already has greater achievements than Jasper, I know I cannot indulge him anymore. If he does not buck up, he will lag behind that young chap even more.”

“Although the forbidden ground is where the Livingston family sends the sinners who are

condemned to death, it is actually built for the heirs of the Livingston family. If the heir can withstand five days of hardship at that place, he will have built up sufficient resilience and confidence to lead the family to greater heights. Like I said before, the Livingston family doesn't need good-for-nothings," Harold added.

Maverick was silenced by Harold's explanation and reasoning. As Jasper's mentor, he had been teaching Jasper martial arts since he was a young kid. The boy literally grew up before his eyes, and the two of them had developed a strong bond.

However, that would not change the fact that he would always be just a lowly slave of the Livingston family. He had never been to the forbidden ground, but it was not hard to imagine how horrifying that place would be. Maybe Harold was right, and Jasper, as the designated heir, had to go through such a test to prove himself.

Maverick could only pray hard for Jasper to survive the ordeal and get out of the place alive.

At the forbidden ground, Jasper let go of his pride and started pleading with the two guards. “I beg of you. Please let me see my dad one more time. He could have changed his mind!”

In the face of death, pride meant nothing. Many people had perished in the forbidden ground, and even people of Grandmaster status did not survive the place.

Jasper was only twenty-eight years old and the only heir to the Livingston family. It would be a tragic end if he was to die on the forbidden ground.

The two guards paid no heed to Jasper's struggle and plead. They threw him into the pitch-dark pit and

immediately turned to leave.

Jasper suffered no injuries from being thrown from heights, but he suffered from a great shock when he looked around him.

Although it was pitch-dark in the pit, as a half Grandmaster, he could see as clearly as in daylight. That was why he had a rude shock.

At the bottom of the pit, everywhere he turned, he saw skeletons and bones. Those remains piled up high, and even by a conservative estimate, almost ten thousand people would have died there.

Previously when he passed by the place and heard those excruciating screams and cries for help, Jasper was never moved. He never thought he would end up like those people someday.

Other than those remains, there was nothing in the pit. Jasper believed there was definitely more than meets the eye. He was positive there was a beast or trap hidden somewhere in the pit. Those people would not have died otherwise.

However, in the few minutes that he was there, he did not encounter anything strange. The unknown usually would be most terrifying; thus, Jasper did not dare to let his guard down.

He tensely kept a lookout for any signs of danger for two hours but spotted nothing. He even went through the disgusting piles of remains, yet failed to find anything suspicious.

With no signs of imminent dangers, Jasper slowly began to relax. He looked at the time on his watch and realized it was already eight in the evening. Usually, he would be lying in the bathtub at that hour,

enjoying a luxurious bath with a few beautiful maids pampering him from head to toe. The comparison made the sad situation he was in seemed even more depressing.

He pinned the blame solely on Alex, as he felt that he would not have ended up with that punishment if not for Alex.

Alas, he was confined to the forbidden ground and could not get out to seek revenge on Alex. He had already secretly made a plan to get a few mighty fighters from the family to go after Alex five days later.

Looking at the pit filled with remains, Jasper resignedly cleared a small spot to lie down for some rest. As soon as his head touched the ground, his eyes widened in shock.

On the rock face above him, he saw thousands of

bloody red eyes staring at him. Next to those big red eyes were even more tiny bean-sized luminous green eyes.

Those tiny greenish eyes were much more than the big red eyes. The sight of the space above him resembled that of millions of green stars in the night skies.

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Jasper was stunned by what he saw, a sight more shocking than the piles of human remains he saw when he fell into the pit earlier. His face contorted in

fear, and he broke out in a cold sweat.

He had searched through the piles of remains earlier and found nothing suspicious. Little did he realize the dangers were staring at him from above.

Jasper could clearly see those big red eyes were bats' eyes, but the bats above him were not the small bats he had seen before in the outside world.

Those bats in the pit were as big as a dog, and Jasper had no doubts their long fangs could easily pierce through a person's neck.

The luminous green eyes belonged to poisonous centipedes. They were all over the rock face above Jasper, and he could hardly find an inch of empty space not taken up by them.

Jasper saw that they were eyeing him intently, just

like he was scrutinizing them. He carefully regulated his breathing, trying to keep as still as he could. He was worried that any movement from him would trigger them and cause them to flock toward him.

Jasper would have preferred to face a monstrous creature anytime, compared to those fearsome little creatures that made his hair stand on ends.

Oh, Dad! I am your flesh and blood. How could you put me through h*ll like this?

Jasper was silently cursing and swearing at his father. He couldn't bear the thought of dying such a horrifying death.

Plop!

Suddenly a centipede fell from above and landed on Jasper's face. Before he realized what was

happening, the centipede crawled into his nostril. Jasper panicked and quickly utilized his Mortal Force and killed the centipede.

However, that was only the beginning of his nightmare. Soon, more centipedes started falling onto the ground and began to swarm toward him.

Jasper could only think of using his Mortal Force to create an invisible shield around himself, and that successfully prevented the poisonous centipedes from getting near him.

He may be temporarily safe, but he knew he could not let his guard down. His attention was on the gigantic bats that had yet to make any moves.

If he, as a half Grandmaster, could make use of his Mortal Force to keep himself safe from the centipedes, he was positive those Grandmasters that

were here before could do better than him. Yet, they perished in the pit.

As such, he was certain those bats, which were as big as a dog, were the more dangerous ones.

Jasper was on high alert and managed to kill a big swarm of centipedes. However, that seemed to be a futile effort, as an endless stream of more green-eyed centipedes were making their way toward him.

Beyond his invisible protective shield, countless centipedes had gathered around. Jasper had already used up a third of his inner strength in maintaining that protective shield with his Mortal Force so far, and he knew he would not be able to keep it up for much longer. What was more worrying was that those dangerous bats had not launched their attacks yet.

“Help me, Dad! How could you let your son die here?”

Even a ruthless tiger would protect their own offspring, so how could you put me through this? I really won't be able to hold on for much longer, Dad!” Jasper started crying out loud for help. He was terrified, as he could clearly see the bats were aroused and had started to fidget restlessly.

“I have learned my lesson, Dad! I will not disobey you in the future! I promise I will work hard to strengthen my Mortal Force and will stop creating trouble for you!” Jasper pleaded piteously, hoping his father would relent and let him out. However, his efforts were futile, and no one came to his rescue.

Those gigantic bats started fluttering their wings, and a few of them glided toward him.

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Jasper quickly intensified his own Mortal Force to strengthen the protective shield.

Bang!

It took just one powerful knock from the gigantic bat, and his shield was shattered. Instantly, a huge swarm of centipedes crawled onto Jasper's body, freaking him out. He had always been scared of those leggy worms.

However, he had no time to worry too much about the centipedes, as he soon had to focus his defense on

the more dangerous bats. He was well aware that one single bat could kill him, let alone a big flock that was eyeing him intently.

Soon, his legs were covered with centipedes. They were moving up his body and some went inside his pants, toward his ...

Jasper had no choice but to start killing them to prevent them from entering his body.

All it took was a moment of distraction, and the bats immediately launched an attack on him.

Rip!

A bat tore off a chunk of flesh from Jasper's arm, and the intense pain caused him to break out in a cold sweat. Unfortunately, that was only the tip of the iceberg, as more bats started coming onto him, ready

to tear him apart.

A desperate Jasper could not think rationally anymore. He instinctively launched a counter-attack, but he soon found out his strikes had no effect at all on the gigantic bats!

With that realization, Jasper had lost all hope.

Another bat tore off a chunk of flesh from his thigh, then more attacked his waist and his back. In no time, his body was full of ugly and bloody wounds. The centipedes, aroused by the scent of blood, started crawling into his wounds.

“Argh... D-Dad! Help... Help me!” Jasper agonizingly cried out as he fought a losing battle against the bats and the centipedes.

Soon, he was twitching weakly on the ground, his

body infested with those green-eyed centipedes. He could feel them gnawing at his flesh, damaging his organs, devouring him from inside out.

The excruciating pain was unbearable. Much as Jasper did not want to die, he could take the pain no more. He gathered his last strength, ready to end his own life so he need not suffer any further.

Flash!

A flame appeared on his palm, generated by his Mortal Force. Much to his surprise, those centipedes on his hand started to retreat and move away from it.

Jasper was elated to see that response and broke into a hearty laugh. As he laughed, more centipedes crawled into his open mouth.

Jasper was prepared to end his own life anyway, so

he threw all caution in the wind. He decided to take all those torturous creatures with him to his grave.

He started a huge fire by burning those dried remains on the ground. The fire was so intense that the flames were blue and not the usual red or orange flames.

Those centipedes on the ground were fried by the high temperature and were sizzling on the hot ground, letting out a pungent burnt smell. The gigantic bats also stopped their attack and retreated to their safe haven high up on the rock.

The centipedes were not as lucky as the bats. They could not fly and did not manage to escape from the fire. Most of them perished, and only a lucky minority managed to crawl to safety.

Jasper did not back off from the fire. Instead, he walked toward the hottest area. Those centipedes

inside him could sense his suicidal intention and started crawling out of his body, trying to escape. Unfortunately for them, when they got out of him and fell to the ground, they were still burnt to death.

The pain Jasper felt from being burnt was nothing compared to the earlier excruciating pain of being eaten alive. He stood in the fire, waiting to be burnt to death. However, the fire started to die down before he could die, leaving him with severe burns.

At that moment, a hidden door appeared out of nowhere on one of the walls in the pit, and a mummy-looking person walked through the door. When he appeared, the fire died out, and all the bats and centipedes calmed down.

That mummy seemed to be the master of the place and could control every single thing in the pit.

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“Congratulations! You have passed the first test.” The mummy spoke, straining with much effort, its voice hoarse and unpleasant. Jasper could not tell if it was a male or female.

Jasper stayed slumped on the ground, and blood was oozing out from wounds on every part of his body.

Jasper was a handsome guy, with impeccable looks. However, after the ordeal, he was reduced to a lifeless creature. There was no glimpse of life in his

eyes. It was as if the bubbly Jasper was eaten alive by the bats and centipedes, and all that was left was a hollow shell.

The mummy walked toward Jasper and raised its bony hand to touch him on his forehead. Jasper made no attempt to shun the hand and passively allowed that scary mummy to touch him.

Suddenly, he felt a stream of pure energy flowing from the bony hand into his body. The injuries on him also healed miraculously.

In addition, much to his surprise, Jasper discovered that his skill level seemed to have improved by leaps and bounds, and he had achieved the level of a first-phase Grandmaster. He would have jumped with joy if he was his old self, but that did not excite him anymore.

“This is only the beginning, my heir. Work hard to get out of this place, and when you successfully do that, you will have achieved great abilities and be a worthy heir of the Livingston family,” the mummy said emotionlessly to Jasper.

The mummy was not a monster but was the guardian of the forbidden ground. He was an ancestor of the Livingston family and had stayed there for a thousand years. Due to its practice of dark skills, it was totally disfigured and could only stay in that hideous place. If he left the forbidden ground, he would disintegrate into ashes.

In its own way, he trained up the descendants of the Livingston family, hoping that one of them would successfully find a treasure called the condensed jade. He needed the power from that condensed jade to reconstruct his body and achieve eternal life.

“I know how you feel now. You have lost all hope of living, haven't you? Every single person who comes here has to forget about getting out alive. Even if you manage to get out, you do not live for yourself anymore. You live for the Livingston family, and the only thing you can think of doing will be to build up the Livingston family and to find me the condensed jade,” the mummy explained.

Jasper remained silent, listening with a hollow look in his eyes. The experience was too traumatizing for him, and he was still in a stunned daze.

“I don't give a d*mn about those things. If you want to look for that treasure, do it yourself! Why do you put me through this? I am a human being, and I have my own mind and life. I am not your puppet!” Finally, Jasper came around and all the pent-up anger in him exploded, and he lashed out at the mummy.

When he was about to lose hope, his father did not come to his rescue. Even Maverick, his so-called mentor who had watched him grow up, did not bother to help him. He was heartbroken.

“You are the descendent of the Livingston family. That is your responsibility, and you have no choice but to take up that responsibility!” the mummy emotionlessly asserted in its unique voice that left a lasting impression on anyone who heard it.

Jasper turned his nose up at that and retorted, “Jasper is already dead. He was eaten alive by the bats. You are looking at a walking dead. All I am is this hollow body that I don't care about. You can do whatever you want with it.”

The mummy was not upset with his retort. Instead, it did some serious thinking and after a long while, it asked, “I can do anything? Even if I asked for your

body, you will let me have it?”

“Take it, take it! Jasper Livingston is dead!” Jasper howled without any hesitation. He might have been spoilt and wilful, but he was a deeply emotional man who treasured the people around him. When he was condemned to death by his loved ones and abandoned by those he relied on, he lost all faith and hope. Although he had achieved better skills, his heart was dead, and he felt like a walking dead.

“Deal! Your body is mine then. A year is more than enough time for me to find the condensed jade!”

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“Mr. Jasper, it's great that you're out!” Maverick immediately approached Jasper with a relieved smile.

Even Harold, who never smiled, could not help lifting the corners of his lips. He did not expect his silly little son to pass the test.

Maverick was about to pat down Jasper to make sure that the boy was not injured. However, before he could even touch Jasper, the boy had roughly pushed him aside.

What...?

Maverick frowned, hurt and confused. Jasper had always shown him respect. He did not understand why he was being so inexplicably cold toward him. In fact, there was no joy on his face despite having just passed the test.

Jasper glanced around at everyone as if they were strangers. His eyes were cold and distant.

“Have you forgotten how to speak?” Harold scolded. The smile on his face was gone and his usual bleak expression was back on his face.

It had been a few minutes since Jasper had emerged from his ordeal. He merely swept his eyes over Harold and ignored his question.

Jasper's eyes turned cold. He lashed out. Harold was completely caught off guard and could not dodge his son's sharp slap to his cheek in time.

“Is this how a junior speaks to his senior?” Jasper said slowly and deliberately as he stared at Harold coldly.

Harold was shocked by Jasper's question. He did not know how to respond. Junior? Is my son calling me his 'junior'?

Jasper had always respected him. Harold had never encountered such a situation with his son.

Harold began to realize that something was wrong with his son. It seemed that his entire personality had changed after the ordeal. It was as if he was a completely different person.

“Who are you?” Harold asked. His instincts told him that the boy standing in front of him, who looked exactly like Jasper, was not Jasper.

“I am the forefather of the Livingston family!” the boy who looked like Jasper answered.

...

While in the midst of cultivating, Alex's eyes flew open. His heart started racing. His intuition told him that something terrible was about to happen.

The last time he felt such dread in his heart was when Flynn was caught by that group of men and almost lost his life. He was sure that this time around something even worse was coming.

There was only one possibility at that moment; those two men who escaped might pose a threat to his life.

This made Alex even more vigilant. After several days of intense training, he was so close to becoming a second-phase Grandmaster. Yet, Alex had reached a stage that he was unable to break through.

At that moment, a knock sounded on the door. Alex got up from his bed and pulled open the door to see

Flynn standing outside.

Alex was a little taken aback to see Flynn standing before him. He had been so caught up with cultivating for the past few days that he had forgotten the day and time. A week had flown by, and Flynn should be done as well.

The man standing in front of him was in good spirits albeit a little skinnier than he was before. Flynn did not even have to open his mouth; Alex understood that he had used all his willpower to rid himself of his addiction to the drugs.

“I knew you could do it, Flynn,” Alex said, patting Flynn's shoulder. He broke into a relieved smile. This was the first piece of good news that he heard in the past few days.

“Man, what a bore! There is nothing in this world that

is too difficult for me! How else can I claim to be the king of Nebula City!” Flynn declared in a smug voice.

Alex smiled. When he saw how happy Flynn was, he decided not to bring up the past.

“Alex, I'm bored to death staying locked up in that tiny room. Let's go out and have a couple of beers. My treat! I have something to ask you...” Flynn flung his arm around Alex's shoulders and led him away.

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“Huh? You want to learn martial arts?” Alex was so surprised that he almost spat out the food in his mouth.

“Yes,” Flynn replied calmly. The serious expression on his face made it clear that he was not joking. “You know it well that although I'm capable of fighting when faced with ordinary men, I'm useless against anyone with a gun. Being imprisoned was an awakening for me. I now understand how important it is to know how to defend myself! After all, I can't expect you to show up and rescue me every single time, right? I also hope that when the time comes that you need me, I'll be capable of being there for you. That's what friends are for, right?”

Alex smiled. He knew Flynn well. It seemed that the incident had really changed him.

“If you really want to learn, I will teach you,” Alex

offered.

Flynn was ecstatic when he heard Alex's offer. He asked in an excited tone, “So, Alex, I'm not that bad compared to you, right? Do you think I'll be able to reach your level in three to five years?”

Flynn was already looking forward to becoming a master of martial arts before he had even started his training. Alex was helpless in the face of Flynn's impatience, but he did not say anything to dampen his confidence.

“Well, that's hard to say. Some people are naturally good at it, and they are able to easily reach the level of Grandmaster after three to five years of training. However, there are also people of middling talent who will never in their entire lives reach even the level of Master. It depends on each individual,” Alex explained.

Flynn rolled his eyes and smirked. “Well, a person of great talent like me can learn anything fast! Although I'm not even as good as you are, I should be able to reach your level in five or six years! By the way, how many people are there who are more talented than you in martial arts? Who knows I could turn out to be even more talented than you!”

Alex smiled. He searched his memories. After a short silence, he replied, “As far as I remember, I've not met anyone who is more talented than I am nor has there ever been anyone else who could reach the level of Grandmaster in three to five years. As of today, I am the only one capable of that feat.”

Flynn stared at Alex. His jaw fell open. He sure didn't hold back on the self-praise! Well, he may be a great fighter, but I'm sure he's not unbeatable!

“Alex, I never realized how narcissistic you've become! You really do make me feel as if I'd never reach your level!” Flynn joked.

Alex made no attempts of explaining himself. After all, he had only stated facts. Flynn did not know anything about martial arts yet. Once Flynn started training with him, Flynn would understand that he was not being narcissistic at all.

The two men had not hung out in a long while. After the recent incident, Alex realized exactly how much Flynn had done for him.

The two men chatted and drank the night away, free of any worries.

“Flynn, have you ever thought of becoming the king of Lumenopolis? If you want, I'll let you take over that territory as well,” Alex said suddenly.

Flynn had suffered plenty, and Alex felt rather guilty. He wanted to make it up to Flynn, and ease the burden on his conscience.

All men crave power, and Flynn was no different. Although he was the king of Nebula City, people from other territories would not know who Flynn Dunn was.

However, if he were to be the king of Lumenopolis, people would know him wherever he went. His name alone would instill fear in others.

However, Flynn was not interested in the position at all. He waved his hand dismissively at Alex's offer. "Alex, I know you're offering me the position for my own good. However, I think it's better for me to stay in Nebula City. With you behind me, I know I can easily rule over Lumenopolis. However, that's not what I want. After all, with great power comes great

responsibility. All I want to do is to eat and drink in peace, practice martial arts, and hopefully, be of good help to you.”

Since Flynn had made it clear that he was unwilling to take up the position, Alex dropped the matter.

In just a few short years, Alex's life had changed dramatically. Just a few years ago, he was known as the useless live-in son-in-law of the Jennings family, leading a profoundly unproductive life. The most he ever did was spend a little on a pack of cigarettes whenever he passed by the convenience store.

Back then, people either ignored or ridiculed him. Now, he had wealth and power, but he was not as happy as he had been before. There seemed to be something missing in his life.

Affection... Love...

These must be the things that a man must forgo in his quest for power!

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“What's on your mind, Alex? Are you trying to avoid drinking by pretending to be lost in your thoughts?” Flynn placed an overflowing mug of beer in front of him.

Alex snapped back to reality. He smiled, picked up the mug of beer and downed it. “Do you really think a few beers can get me drunk? Order a few more

rounds of whiskey! I'll make sure you lose your sense of direction by the end of the night!”

“Hey Alex, don't you know that I'm known as Flynn 'Souse' Dunn! I have never been drunk even once!” Flynn proclaimed, smacking his palm against his chest proudly. As he spoke, the smile on his face slowly disappeared and was replaced by a mournful expression.

Alex was confused by his sudden change in mood. He was fine just a moment ago. How can a man's mood change in the blink of an eye?

“What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?” Alex asked in concern. Did he not manage to rid himself of the drugs completely? Is he suffering from withdrawal symptoms?

“It's nothing. I just thought of something suddenly,”

Flynn replied with a wry smile. His eyes dodged Alex's.

Alex had no idea what had overcome Flynn. He had always been a happy-go-lucky person, always smiling and laughing. Yet, at that moment, he was crying in front of Alex.

“Am I not like a brother to you? If there's something that's bothering you, share it with me! Maybe it will ease the burden on your heart,” Alex urged as he reached forward to pat Flynn on the shoulder.

Flynn tipped his head back, willing his tears not to fall. He sighed and confessed, “I used to like drinking during my meals. I was so full of pride and I would always claim that I could never get drunk, but she would always persuade me to drink less. Now, no matter how much I drink, I won't be able to hear her voice ever again.”

Alex suddenly realized that he was not the only one who had such an experience. Isn't Flynn and I just the same?

Although Flynn was now the king of Nebula City, the woman that he had loved deeply was dead, and there was nothing he could do to bring her back. No matter how powerful he was, he could not return to those halcyon days.

“Hey! We must always look toward the future in our life! The people who have left us are in the past. You must live well, brother! Your loved ones who have passed on are in heaven looking down at you, hoping you will live a happy life,” Alex said, trying to comfort Flynn.

Alex knew he was not the best at consoling others. All he could do was speak the facts and hope that Flynn

would see the truth in his word.

Flynn kept silent. He picked up the bottle of whiskey that the waiter had just set down on their table and took a deep swig straight from the bottle. Alex quickly reached forward to stop him.

Even if it were true that Flynn could never get drunk, it was just a matter of time before he had to be admitted into the hospital to have his stomach pumped if he continued drinking so recklessly.

“You're crazy! Okay now, let's not think too much about the past. Let's hit the karaoke bar later. You can sing your heart out there, brother!” Alex said, snatching the bottle away from Flynn's grasp.

Flynn refused to heed Alex's word of wisdom. He raised his hand and tried to smack Alex away. He growled rather angrily, “If you're truly my brother,

you'll hand me that bottle right now! I want to get drunk today! I don't want to think about anything!”

Alex was helpless in the face of Flynn's grief. He did not truly understand the depth of Flynn's emotions. Ever since Juliet's death, Flynn had never allowed another woman to get close to him.

Flynn was a man who valued love and brotherhood. Alex knew this well. However, Alex was often busy. Hence, he barely even had time for Stanley, let alone Flynn.

However, Alex would not allow Flynn to spend the rest of his life alone. He had to find someone to stand by his side. That way, Alex would not have to worry about him anymore.

Alex had just finished his train of thought when he noticed that Flynn had suddenly set the bottle down.

His eyes were wide in shock, and he was staring at something or someone behind Alex.

“Alex, have I been drinking too much? Why do I see Juliet standing behind you?” Flynn sputtered incoherently, pointing a shaky finger at the spot behind Alex.

Alex was stunned to hear Flynn's question. He turned his head, and his jaw fell to the floor when he caught sight of a woman standing not too far behind him.

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Somewhere not far away from Flynn and Alex, there were a few men forcing a girl in her early twenties to drink.

The girl looked sweet with a fair complexion. She had huge eyes and cherry lips, and her long hair was tied into a ponytail. As for her clothes, she was just wearing a simple white T-shirt with a pair of jeans. Despite her simple clothing, she looked innocent and cute.

Since Alex had frequented Flynn's shop, he'd seen Flynn's late wife, Juliet Lowe. That girl looks exactly like Juliet! Did she come back to life?

“What...” Alex was perplexed. Juliet is dead! Flynn and I, we buried her! I'm sure of that! Will two people look exactly alike in this world? How is that possible?

As Alex was immersed in his thoughts, Flynn, who

was beside him, didn't know how to react, so he just covered his face with his hands.

“Alex! Alex! Has Juliet come back to life? She looks exactly like her!” Flynn wanted to stand up and walk over to have a closer look.

However, he'd had a little too much, he blacked out and sat back down in his chair the moment he stood up.

Alex sighed upon seeing that. However, he was happy for Flynn. Regardless of whether Juliet has indeed been resurrected, that girl's appearance will perhaps light up Flynn's life.

Alex then used his Mortal Force to suck all the alcohol out of Flynn's body. After that, he regained consciousness and stood up without a problem.

Flynn quickly walked toward that table. When he got nearer to the girl in her early twenties, he noticed that the girl looked exactly like his dead wife, Juliet.

“Juliet? Are you back? I've missed you so much! Do you know how much I've missed you over the years? In my dreams, I can only see the scenes of us being together in the past. Thank God I've met you once again! Now that I'm strong enough, I'll never let you get harmed again,” Flynn held the girl's hand and uttered sincerely.

The girl that looked exactly like Juliet remained silent while the men beside her were angered. One of them shoved Flynn aside, held the girl's hand, and scolded, “What the f*ck? Are you blind? How dare you touch my woman? Touch her again, and I'll chop off your arm!”

Before Flynn could say anything in response, the

cute-looking girl stood up. With tears in her eyes, she said, “Hey, you wanted me to drink with you, right? Calm down, okay? I'll keep you company.”

The girl then shot a look at Flynn and whispered, “Mister, you've got the wrong person. I'm not who you think I am. Leave now, okay? You can't afford to mess with these people.”

The girl was just warning him out of kindness, but Flynn was having none of it. Instead, he merely smiled frigidly. Is there anyone I can't afford to mess with in Nebula City?

“I, Flynn Dunn, can't afford to mess with them? Well, I'd like to see who these people are!” Flynn smirked and shifted his gaze toward the men standing beside the girl.

Just by looking at those men, he could tell there were

just thugs in the area. If they were worth knowing, Flynn would definitely recognize them by then.

Their leader was in his late twenties, and he was wearing a bulky gold watch on his wrist. He was enraged upon hearing what Flynn said. Indeed, everyone knew who Flynn was because he was Nebula City's underground King Class warrior.

“You b*stard! Do you have no limit when you bluff? Is Flynn someone you can afford to imitate? I'm going to kill you!” The man with the gold watch was scolding him so emotionally that droplets of his saliva had landed on Flynn's face.

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)

Right then, Alex also made his way toward them, but he didn't intend to join the confrontation. Flynn can easily take those three to four thugs down. Besides, this is the perfect opportunity for him to rescue the girl who looks exactly like Juliet.

“Good luck, Flynn!” Alex pulled a chair nearby and sat down to enjoy the show.

At that point, Flynn was getting annoyed at the thug with the gold watch. Since they're still not leaving after I've told them my name, I'm going to teach them a lesson!

Flynn kicked one of the men in the stomach forcefully and sent the man flying a few meters away.

Seeing that, the other men dashed toward Flynn immediately. Some of them had even used benches as weapons.

The girl was frightened, and she wanted to help, but she didn't dare to do so. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she cried helplessly, "Stop it, you guys! Stop it!"

Flynn knew the girl was frightened when he saw her crying. Without wasting another second, he strode forward with three punches and two kicks to beat up those men.

By then, the men knew they were no match for Flynn. They exchanged glances with each other before running away without looking back. They didn't even dare to protest verbally because they were beaten into submission.

Flynn dusted his hands and approached the girl before comforting her gently, “Everything's okay now. Don't cry, okay? I've gotten rid of those bad men.”

Only then did the woman dare to put down her hands that were covering her face. After seeing that all the thugs who tried to take advantage of her had left, she breathed a sigh of relief and said, “A-Are you okay? Thank you for helping me.”

Flynn waved his hand nonchalantly. “Don't mention it. They didn't pose much threat, anyway. By the way, what's your name?”

“I'm Jule Gomez.” Jule blushed and lowered her head to avoid looking straight into Flynn's eyes. Her hands were holding her shirt awkwardly as she said that.

Flynn widened his eyes in astonishment when he heard the girl's name. Not only does she look like my

late wife, but she also has a similar name!

Besides Flynn, Alex was just equally stunned. How could there be such coincidence in this world?

“Your name is Juliet?” Flynn was in disbelief, so he asked again.

Jule shook her head. “No! It's Jule! Is there anything wrong with it?”

Although they had similar names, Flynn knew right away the girl standing before him wasn't his late wife. Well, they look alike, but they have different names.

Alex was rendered speechless upon seeing the interaction between those two. Well, it doesn't seem like I'll be drinking any more or I'd become the third wheel!

“Flynn, Stanley is waiting for me at home. I'll go home to him, okay?” Alex had no interest in being the third wheel, so he came up with an excuse to leave.

Initially, he thought Flynn would ask him to stay. However, Flynn merely waved at him.

He's ditching me for the girl!

After Alex left, only Flynn and Jule were left at the scene. When the fight was going on, all the other customers had left.

“I'm Flynn Dunn. Don't hesitate to give me a call if you ever run into trouble at Sakura Club. I can always be of help.” Flynn whipped out a note with his contact on it and passed it to Jule.

Jule timidly took the note before thanking him. She had no idea what to say to the unfamiliar man

standing in front of her. He'd beaten those men on his own. He's a hero!

“By the way, what happened just now? Why were they forcing you to drink?” Flynn asked after recalling what happened prior to the fight.

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

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Jule was embarrassed upon getting asked about what happened. What should I say? What if I keep mum and he ends up thinking that I'm an indecent girl?

Ultimately, she said, “I'm a server at this shop, and

those men are thugs from this area. When they came here just now, they said I wasn't doing my job well. So they ended up blackmailing me. They said if I don't drink with them, they'll complain about me to my boss. My dad is sick, and I can't afford to lose this job. Hence, I-I..."

Jule bit her lips and was having trouble trying to finish her sentence. At that moment, her vulnerable look was giving others an urge to come forward and protect her.

"Thank goodness you've appeared in time. Otherwise, I doubt those men were going to let me go. Thank you for your help. May I know what I can do to repay your kindness?" she asked.

Waves of memories overwhelmed Flynn after he learned about what happened to Jule. I've also met Juliet under similar circumstances! The first time I met

her was also at an eatery. Back then, she was a server at the eatery, and she was also harassed by a few thugs. I ended up saving her. They looked the same, and they also have similar names. Not only that, but we've also met under similar circumstances. How could there be such coincidence in this world? Perhaps this is fate?

“It's all right. You don't have to do anything in return. Hey, what sickness does your dad have? Coincidentally, I have a friend who's a divine physician,” Flynn uttered.

For some reason, he felt a special connection with the girl who looked like his late wife. He felt an urge to help her in any way possible.

Jule got emotional upon hearing what Flynn said. “Are you serious? If you can save my dad, I'm willing to do whatever you tell me to!”

Flynn smiled and reached out his hand instinctively to touch the girl's head. Jule shied away because, after all, he was still a stranger to her.

When she realized she'd avoided his gesture, she felt bad. He'd already said he was willing to help me. Why did I avoid his friendly gesture? After all, he just wanted to touch my head! What if he ends up not wanting to help me?

With those thoughts in her mind, she apologized anxiously, "I'm sorry, Mr. Dunn. I-I didn't shy away on purpose."

Although Flynn was disappointed when she shied away from him, he realized that she was still just a young girl. Well, it was only normal that I'd startled her with my gesture.

“It's okay. You don't have to be afraid of me, though. I'm not a bad guy. It's just that you look a lot like my late wife. You can just treat me like your elder brother from now on, okay? Don't hesitate to look for me when you need help. As long as it's within my capability, I'll be there to help you out,” Flynn answered nonchalantly.

“My dad has leukemia, but I don't have enough money to send him to the hospital. At this point, he can only rely on medications to stay alive. I want to earn enough money to pay for his surgery and get him well again!” As Jule was talking, she couldn't help but think about her father, who was bedridden. Suddenly, tears started welling up in her eyes, and she started crying again.

Flynn was heartbroken when he saw that. He then took a piece of tissue and helped Jule wipe away the tears on her face. “It's all right. As I've said, my friend

is a divine physician. He can even treat cancer! I'm sure he can cure your dad. Don't worry!"

Jule stared at Flynn in disbelief and asked, "Are you serious, Mr. Dunn? Are you sure you are not lying to me?"

Flynn raised his hand and vowed, "Don't worry. I'm not lying to you. If I say your father can be cured, he can surely be cured!"

Jule nodded. "You're a good man, Mr. Dunn. I'll believe everything you say!"

Prior to that, Flynn had never felt special every time someone had regarded him as a hero, not even when his subordinates had done so. However, he felt rather good and proud when he was praised by the girl.

Da*n, this feels good.

God must be by my side! Not only have I found a girl who looked just like Juliet, but she also has a similar name to hers! I'm so grateful!

“Mr. Dunn, have a seat and wait for me, okay? My shift is ending soon. I'll get changed before taking you to see my dad,” Jule uttered.

Flynn agreed and kept his eyes fixated on her when she was walking away. When he was watching her from behind, he felt a sense of familiarity. Oh my, they look so much alike.

Flynn didn't know it, but the innocent expression Jule had on her face was nowhere to be seen after she turned around. Instead, she was grinning sinisterly when she was walking away.

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