

FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 931

In no time, an elderly man stepped in the door. With his white clothes and grey hair, he appeared a century old. The wrinkles on his face resembled the bark of an ancient tree, and his long hair dragged on the ground. At a single glance, one couldn't tell whether he was a man or a woman.

The disciple of the Raven Sect beside him pointed at Alex and declared, “Mr. Bach, this is the person who wants to wipe the secret forces out. He has already killed two sect leaders from the four major sects, and he even wants to kill Master Snyder now. It's clear that he wants to decimate the secret forces!”

Hadriel, who was lying on the ground with a leg in the grave, let out a faint smile.

Thank goodness I've managed to hold out until Mr. Bach's arrival! This time, Alex definitely can't escape! Regretfully, that b*tch, Wanda, took off. Otherwise, I'll have them both ripped into pieces and fed to the fishes!

By then, Alex had also understood that the person who had just arrived was the elder of the Raven Sect. From the powerful aura emanating from the elderly man in front of him, he could discern that the latter had already attained the rank of a third-phase Grandmaster.

However, he was only a first-phase Grandmaster then and already found it laborious to deal with Masters or second-phase Grandmasters, much less the current figure who was two phases above him.

At that moment, Damon had a probing look in his

eyes as he scrutinized Alex. Even after living for more than a hundred years, he never expected the person who came to make trouble with the secret forces to be such a young man.

“Are you really planning to decimate the secret forces? How dare you?” he thundered, his eyes pinned on Alex.

With just that sentence, Alex felt an immeasurable sense of oppression, as a force kept hammering down from above his head to bring him to his knees. Yet, he forced himself to stand ramrod straight, unwilling to kneel before Damon no matter what.

The ground where he stood slowly depressed, and his entire leg was on the verge of sinking into the concrete.

“I've never thought of decimating the secret forces. I

just can't stand them acting all domineering in the real world and perpetrating crimes. Why must they steal the fruits of the labor of ordinary people when they're martial artists? Indeed, the lot of you are very powerful. However, are we not allowed to retaliate? Even if I were to die here today, I want to seek justice for those people in the real world so that you'll know that we're no easy prey!" Alex enunciated without backing down, looking straight into Damon's eyes.

By then, Hadriel, who was lying on the ground, had recovered slightly. He struggled up from the ground and staggered over to Damon. Dropping to his knees, he greeted, "You're finally here, Mr. Bach! Things aren't as he claimed. We didn't do anything to those in the real world. They were the ones who willingly enshrined us as immortals. This punk likes to deceive others, so don't listen to his load of drivel. Hurry up and kill him, Mr. Bach!"

However, Damon ignored him but looked at Alex with an approving expression on his face.

This young man before me is only in his twenties, yet he has already attained the rank of first-phase Grandmaster, and he achieved it in the real world where there's no Mana. Even I envy him for having such talent. Besides, he's not afraid in the face of danger and doesn't show the slightest hint of fear even when confronted with me. Just from his courage alone, I can tell that he's someone who will achieve great things in the future!

Therefore, it went without saying that he would never kill Alex before getting a clear picture of the situation when the latter was such a talented man.

“Which sect are you from, lad? And what's the name of your master?” he inquired, stroking his long, white beard.

Alex never expected the powerful elderly man to ask him such questions, assuming that the latter would dispatch him right away. Hmm, since he didn't do so, there's still hope to turn things around.

“I don't have a master. I'm just a member of the Jefferson family in Lumenopolis. I couldn't stand their actions, so I wanted to interfere for a bit,” he answered truthfully.

“You have no master and are from the Jefferson family in Lumenopolis?” Damon stroked his beard, plunging into deep contemplation. I thought this young man in front of me is a genius from some major sect or perhaps has a very powerful master. I never expected him to be a mere cultivator from the real world.

He didn't know about Zachary, for he had been in

solitary training in the secret world for several decades and was entirely ignorant about the outside world.

However, Alex intrigued him greatly.

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“Why are you asking me so many questions? Are you not going to kill me?” Alex queried tentatively.

He didn't want to reveal everything to Damon yet end up dying. Therefore, he decided to ask and clarify things.

Chortling, Damon looked at him and teased, “Why would I kill you?”

Hearing that, Hadriel couldn't take it anymore, anxiety written all over his face. Not only is Mr. Bach not helping the secret forces to finish Alex off, but he even seems impressed. Ugh! That b*tch, Wanda, has taken off, so even if he doesn't die, I would've suffered the humiliation at his hands for nothing!

At that thought, he quickly urged, “Don't be fooled by him, Mr. Bach! Hurry up and end him!”

“Do you even have the right to speak here?” While saying that, Damon flicked his sleeve and sent the man a great distance away with his powerful aura.

This time, Alex was wholly stumped. Isn't this elderly man before me the elder of the Raven Sect? Why

would he make a move against Hadriel? What secret is there behind all this?

The disciples of the Raven Sect were all dumbfounded as well. Initially, they all thought that Damon was their savior, but he unexpectedly lifted his hand against their sect leader.

Unbeknownst to them, the reason he was being so amicable to Alex was the dragon-shaped nephrite badge in the latter's hand.

As the older generation of the Raven Sect, he still held firm to a rule—beholding the nephrite badge was equivalent to beholding the sect leader of the Raven Sect. Ever since he stepped in the door, he hadn't regarded Hadriel as the true sect leader of the Raven Sect.

After all, all sect leaders of the Raven Sect would only

hand the nephrite badge to the person best suited to be their successor.

The more Damon studied the young man before him, the more he found the latter well-suited to be the sect leader, realizing that Alex was more than qualified, whether in terms of capabilities or character. Under his leadership, the secret forces would undoubtedly reach greater heights.

That was also why Damon didn't kill Alex.

“I'm not planning to kill you. Look at the nephrite badge in your hand. The person who owns that nephrite badge is regarded as the sect leader of the Raven Sect. Since you're the sect leader of Raven Sect, how could I possibly revolt and take your life?” Damon stated with a smile playing on his lips.

Alex reflexively glanced at the black, dragon-shaped

nephrite badge in his hand, which he was keeping safe for Wanda in fear that Hadriel would snatch it from her.

Ah, it turns out that this elderly man in front of me didn't kill me because of this nephrite badge in my hand. I never expected my kind gesture to have actually saved my life inadvertently.

Considering the situation then, he didn't plan on explaining things to Damon since keeping himself alive was the most important thing.

“You claimed that I'm the sect leader of the Raven Sect now that this nephrite badge is in my hands. In that case, what's Hadriel's status at present?” Alex asked Damon, gripping the nephrite badge in his hand.

“The person in possession of the nephrite badge is

the sect leader of the Raven Sect. Therefore, without it, he isn't the rightful sect leader, and his fate is naturally in your hands,” Damon replied placidly.

Upon hearing that, Alex was ecstatic.

I initially thought that I would die for sure, but now there's such a twist of events. Phew! How lucky! In order to keep myself safe, I'll take the position of the Raven Sect's sect leader first and explain things to this elderly man after I find Wanda.

As his thought went in that direction, a familiar voice rang out in the near distance.

“Don't kill Alex! This matter has nothing to do with him. Take it out on me instead!” Leaping down from the roof, Wanda swiftly shielded Alex behind her and glowered at everyone.

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Initially, Wanda was going to flee after Alex pushed her away, but regret swamped her just when she was going to get into a taxi to head back to Nebula City.

In the end, she didn't leave in the taxi and escape. Instead, she decided to return and look for the man.

Throughout the month she spent with him, she had slowly developed feelings for him despite her initial intention of controlling him.

After all, he was the first man who was unmoved by her beauty. Furthermore, he promised to help her take revenge even after learning that she was from the secret forces. That aside, he listened to her plea to not hurt the disciples of the Raven Sect when they were surrounded and attacked. Most importantly, his first thought when he sensed danger was to have her leave.

In all her life in that major sect, never had she been so protected by anyone. He was the first person who was willing to prioritize her. Thus, she couldn't bring herself to take off alone while leaving him to die.

“Everything was my doing and had nothing to do with him. Just take it out on me and let him go!” Wanda said to Damon.

Shifting his gaze to her, Damon sensed the blood of the Snyder family coursing through her veins. Hence,

he inquired, “You're part of the Snyder family?”

“I'm Wanda Snyder, daughter of Quintus Snyder. And you are?” Wanda fixated her eyes on him. She didn't know that such a powerful figure existed in the secret forces.

The instant Damon heard Quintus' name, a smile bloomed on his face.

“I remember back before I went into solitary training that Quintus' daughter was only a few years old. I didn't expect you to be all grown up now. Time really flies. How is he now? What's his cultivation level like? And is he still in the pink of health?”

At the mention of her father, grief showed on Wanda's face, and tears escaped her eyes.

“My father is dead, poisoned by Hadriel. Even Keith

had been killed on his orders. I only managed to escape death narrowly. He did all that because he wanted the position of the sect leader of the Raven Sect. His ambition is to have the secret forces conquer the real world again,” she explained with tears shimmering in her eyes.

“Oh? Is that so?”

The aura around Damon instantly burst forth, so strong that even Alex at the side could clearly sense his towering wrath.

He stalked over to Hadriel and picked him up from the ground. Pinning a chilly gaze on the heavily-injured man, he demanded in a deep voice, “Is that true?”

“Uh...” No matter how cunning Hadriel was, he couldn't force a single falsehood out of his mouth before Damon, for the aura radiating off the latter was

simply too strong.

Right then, he was regretful beyond words. He never expected that the backup he called over would choose not to help him. In fact, the man even wanted to kill him.

“Speak up! Was all that your doing?” Damon questioned once more, his face stained with a trace of fury.

Lacking the guts to utter a single lie under the man's intense aura, Hadriel didn't dare ignore that question. Thus, he could only murmur timidly in affirmation.

When Damon heard him admitting to it, he instantly saw red. Never in his wildest imagination had he ever thought that there would be such an evil person in the secret forces, going as far as taking the lives of his family. Verily, death was too light a punishment for

him.

Likewise, the disciples of the Raven Sect heard Hadriel admitting to it and were livid at his lies. If they weren't incapacitated then, they would end him personally.

At the thought that they almost killed Wanda earlier after being duped by the man, great regret inundated them.

Meanwhile, Damon didn't show Hadriel the slightest mercy. He struck the latter's head and took his life at once.

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Since that matter had been resolved and Wanda had returned, Alex planned to come clean with Damon about the nephrite badge.

At that precise moment, Wanda nudged Alex and asked in a whisper, “What's happening here? Why did he kill Hadriel instead of you?”

She initially thought she would be departing this life with Alex when she came back, never expecting that twist of events. Hence, surprise and jubilation filled her.

Chuckling, Alex patted her on the shoulder and replied, “I'll tell you about it later. I need to explain something to the elder first.”

Wanda nodded in acquiescence, exceedingly curious as to what the man wanted to say to Damon.

“Sir, this nephrite badge in my hand isn't mine. Earlier on, Wanda handed it to me for safekeeping. She's the owner of this nephrite badge, the person to whom the sect leader of the Raven Sect wanted to bequeath his position,” Alex confessed to Damon.

Tossing Hadriel's lifeless body aside, Damon looked at him in puzzlement, surprised by the revelation that he wasn't the rightful owner of the nephrite badge.

Nonetheless, the fact that he clarified the matter proved that he wasn't a selfish person hungry for power. After all, the entire secret forces would have belonged to him if he hadn't said anything about that. Hence, Damon was all the more impressed with Alex's magnanimity.

In fact, he seemingly felt wistful that the latter wasn't the true owner of the nephrite badge.

“But this nephrite badge is now in your hands, so you're the sect leader of the Raven Sect.” He wanted to try his luck, finding it a pity to give up on such an excellent sect leader, both in terms of character and capabilities.

Hearing that, Alex returned the nephrite badge in his hand to Wanda without even thinking about it.

“It's no longer in my hands now, so Wanda is the true sect leader of the Raven Sect, and it has nothing to do with me,” he hastily clarified.

Earlier, he had treated the nephrite badge like a hot potato, wanting to be rid of it as soon as possible.

After all, it was the nephrite badge that was significant

in the succession of the Raven Sect leader, and Hadriel even went as far as murdering his father and brother to get his hands on it just to stand at the pinnacle of power. Yet, Alex gave it to someone else without a second's hesitation.

Damon was so infuriated by the scene that words eluded him. Ugh! Why must he be so tactless? Can't he understand my meaning?

“The Raven Sect never had a female sect leader, so Wanda isn't suited for the position.” This time, he was determined to have Alex be the sect leader of the Raven Sect.

Unexpectedly, Alex's subsequent reply almost had him bursting a blood vessel.

“The other members of the Snyder family have been murdered by Hadriel, and you also killed Hadriel

earlier. That leaves Wanda as the only choice. There's no better candidate other than her," Alex analyzed.

Damon's face flushed bright red from fury. If it weren't for the disciples of the Raven Sect gathered there, he would have outright announced that he wanted Alex to be the sect leader.

Wanda naturally understood his meaning, and she similarly felt that Alex was a good candidate. Rather than handing the nephrite badge over to someone else and having him be the sect leader of the Raven Sect, it's better to have Alex take the position. At the very least, he has saved me time and again.

With a smile on her face, she placed the nephrite badge into Alex's hand once again, commenting, "Alex is actually the most suitable candidate to be the sect leader of the Raven Sect."

Seeing that, Damon nodded in tacit approval. She's pretty discerning. Hmm, not bad. This time, he won't decline anymore!

Alex glanced at the black, dragon-shaped nephrite badge in his hand before he impatiently returned it to Wanda again.


“What on earth are you two doing? Have I not made myself clear enough? I've got no interest in being the sect leader of the Raven Sect!”

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Not interested in being the sect leader of the Raven Sect? That is such an esteemed position, yet he has no interest in it? Damon was so livid that he almost burst out laughing.

He felt that Alex must be ignorant about the secret forces to make such a choice, convinced that the latter would certainly beg to be the sect leader if he knew the significance of the position.

“The secret forces have Mortal Force cultivation techniques that aren't available in the real world and the resources to boost your Mortal Force. Are you sure you don't want to be the sect leader of the Raven Sect?”

Without an ounce of hesitation, Alex countered, “How many times do I need to repeat myself? Sir, I'm really not interested in being the sect leader of the Raven

Sect.”

As for those cultivation techniques, he felt that there was no better technique that was all-encompassing in the world than Nine Heaven Scrolls.

Neither was he interested in those resources that could boost his Mortal Force. He already had a piece of condensed jade, so everything else wasn't of much use to him.

If he really became the sect leader of the Raven Sect, he would be constrained in everything he did in the future besides having to consider the interests of the secret forces. Therefore, there was no reason for him to invite contempt by heaping trouble upon himself.

This time, Damon was entirely enraged. He regarded Alex highly, so he deemed the latter ungrateful for declining his offer.

“The Raven Sect isn't coercing you to be the sect leader, so never mind if you don't want the position! I'm not going to force you!” he huffed.

Upon seeing that, Wanda tugged at Alex's clothes and inquired, “Alex, why would you turn down such a golden opportunity? Are you really not going to consider it?”

“I really have no interest in it. Why must you both coerce me into being the sect leader? I've already helped you resolve the matter with Hadriel, so you're the sect leader of the secret forces henceforth. Don't be like Hadriel, or I'll come and pick trouble with you. If there's nothing else, please excuse me.” After saying that, Alex made to leave.

Reluctant for him to leave, Wanda grabbed his arm and tried to persuade him to stay, “Aren't you going to

stay for a while? Even a few days will do.”

“No thanks. Stanley is probably missing me at home, so I'd like to go home and keep my family company.”
As Alex said that, he headed out.

Wanda knew that she couldn't get him to stay when his mind was made and could only watch as he left. Despite her reluctance, there was nothing she could do about it.

“Thank you, Alex,” she murmured, staring at his retreating back.

Damon went to her and queried, “Do you have feelings for that lad, girl? If you do, go and get him! Men with such great talent and character like him are rare. Considering your stunning beauty, no man would remain unmoved.”

When Wanda recalled Alex's indifference to her beauty, aggravation flooded her. “But he's just unmoved! Besides, there's seemingly someone else he loves. Ah, never mind, forget about it! Let's not mention him anymore!”

After the matter with the secret forces had been resolved, the prominent families were exceedingly grateful to Alex, for he was the one who helped them take back everything they had.

The only person who was resentful was Alex's half-brother, Shane.

Instead of being happy for Alex, he grew increasingly envious of the latter.

Why do I have to be a slave of the secret forces while he's the great hero in everyone's hearts? As he brooded over it, his jealousy and rage mounted. Alas,

he couldn't do anything about it.

The only thing perking him up was regaining his control over the Jefferson family once more so that he could once again spend his days drinking and carousing.

Meanwhile, Alex returned home after resolving the matter with the secret forces and recounted everything to Zachary. When Zachary heard that the secret forces had a third-phase Grandmaster, shock swept through him even as fear ricocheted within him.

Since Alex returned alive, it was time for him to fulfill his promise to Kate.

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Holding two weddings in a year had almost extinguished Alex's anticipation of marriage. This time, he only wanted to give Kate and Emmalyn an identity.

The wedding was simple without fairytale-like magnificent castles or hanging gardens. Despite its simplicity, he wasn't planning on treating Kate too shabbily since it was her first time getting married.

He booked the best five-star hotel in Nebula City and had Jack make all the preparations. He himself, on the other hand, started busying himself with making elixirs.

News that he was getting married again came to

Heather's knowledge, and that had her feeling exceedingly envious.

In fact, she had been upset ever since Kate made an appearance at Alex and Maggie's wedding with her child, but she hadn't found the opportunity to seek the woman out until she caught wind of their wedding this time.

Indeed, she had many suitors professing their love to her during this period, many of them wealthy heirs. Although she was once married and had a child, her good looks were a great asset.

Nonetheless, she was still hung up on Alex. Back when she was with him, she found him useless no matter how she looked at him. But when she had truly lost him, she started to miss him a lot and felt extremely regretful. That was humans' inherent possessiveness and ego.

“Why are you still in the room, Heather? Go out and enjoy yourself. Mr. Watson is here to look for you again today! Look how sincere he is! Just go and accompany him,” Carmen urged, opening Heather's room door.

Without sparing her a single glance, Heather pulled the covers over her head and ignored her mother.

Seeing that, Carmen walked over in exasperation. Sitting on the bed, she patted Heather gently and coaxed, “Heather, you're not young anymore. Though you're divorced, you're among the most beautiful ladies in Nebula City. It's a piece of cake for you to find a rich man and get married. You can't stay at home forever and be a spinster! You should go out and take in some fresh air. Look, Mr. Watson is pretty good.”

Unable to stand such remarks anymore, Heather yanked down the covers and sneered at her, “Are you so desperate for me to get married?”

In a patient voice, Carmen explained, “I'd like you to stay by my side for a few years, too. However, Mr. Watson is quite a good candidate. He's in the real estate industry and has a net worth of over a hundred million!”

“Quite good?” Heather scoffed. Regarding Carmen indifferently, she continued, “He's almost fifty years old. He's old enough to be my father, yet you want me to marry him? You just want to sell me off in exchange for money for you and Lucas, no? Don't think I'm oblivious to your true motives!”

The man Carmen was speaking of was Dexter Watson, who was rather popular in Nebula City, but he was already forty-seven years old, about the same

age as Carmen. That aside, he even had two sons.

Exposed, Carmen was mortified and flew into a rage. “What do you mean by that, Heather? No matter what, I'm also doing this for your good. Mr. Watson is indeed the wealthiest among your many suitors. As such, aren't you going to be leading a comfortable life if you marry him?”

“If so, you should marry him instead! You're both about the same age anyway, so you'll have much to talk about,” Heather retorted.

“What nonsense are you talking about, Heather? If he took a fancy to me, I would've married him long ago! Regretfully, he has no interest in me, and I can't do anything about that. Heather, even if it's out of consideration for me and your brother, you should get married. We can't all live in this small rented house, can we? It's cramped and packed, a far cry from the

villa we lived in previously,” Carmen griped in sheer aggravation.

She truly couldn't quite stand the sudden fall from grace after having gotten accustomed to living life in the lap of luxury. In order to make a living, she had no choice but to find a job then, working herself to the bone every day until she was close to falling apart.

Lucas did nothing else but play video games all the time, so he was utterly undependable. Thus, she had no choice but to pin all her hopes on Heather.

“You brought this upon yourself, so you only have yourself to blame. Anyway, I'm not getting married!” Heather asserted in a firm voice.

“This time, you must get married even if you don't wish to do so. Don't think I'm oblivious to the spark of hope within you. You're waiting for Alex to marry you,

aren't you? There's no hope for that. Alex is going to marry Kate!”

After saying that, Carmen dragged her down from the bed and headed out of the room.

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Chapter 937



“What are you doing, Mom? I've said that I'm not going to get married! There's no way I'm marrying someone who's old enough to be my father for the sake of money!”

Heather struggled wildly but to no avail. After all,

Carmen had done quite a bit of manual labor recently, from the household chores to working outside, so she was far stronger than Heather.

Ignoring her daughter's struggles, she continued to drag the latter out of the room. She truly couldn't stand their difficult days another day longer, and the only person who could change that was Heather.

“Mom, if you continue coercing me in such a manner, I'll go and jump off a building right now!” Heather threatened.

It wasn't until Carmen heard that did she slowly calm down and release her grip on Heather's hand while wearing an apologetic look on her face.

“I'm sorry, Heather. I know I went too far earlier. Please don't be angry with me. I've been so tired, not only having to work but also doing the household

chores. Truly, I can't stand it a day longer, and I can only pin all my hopes on you.”

While speaking, Carmen covered her face with both hands and started wailing at the top of her lungs as though she had suffered a great grievance.

At the sight of her mother crying piteously, anguish washed over Heather. She reached out and took Carmen's hand.

Only when her hand came into contact with Carmen's did she sense the presence of numerous calluses on the latter's hand despite her usual penchant for maintaining her looks. Turning her gaze to the latter's face, she noticed wrinkles marring her countenance.

While Carmen was really very selfish at times, she was still her mother at the end of the day, so Heather ultimately relented.

Reaching out, she wiped the tears from her mother's face, urging, "Don't cry anymore. I'll go and meet Mr. Watson, okay? I'll do as you say."

The second Carmen heard that, her tears abruptly dried up. Her grief was all but gone, replaced by joy. Beaming from ear to ear, she looked at Heather and questioned, "Heather, have you really agreed to date Mr. Watson? You're not playing a joke on me, right?"

Heaving a helpless sigh, Heather affirmed once more, "Yes, I agree to meet with Mr. Watson. I'll listen to you, okay? Don't cry anymore."

"Okay, okay, I won't cry anymore. What a sensible girl! You're truly my good daughter. With you getting together with Mr. Watson, we won't need to lead such a difficult life anymore." Carmen was exceedingly gratified that her foolish daughter had finally seen the

light.

Heather changed into the best dress she had in her wardrobe, dolled herself up with makeup, and styled her hair before leaving the house.

When she got downstairs, she saw a Porsche parked below the apartment. It was extremely rare for a Porsche to appear in such an impoverished and remote place, so she knew right away that it was Dexter's car.

By then, Dexter had also spotted her. He swung open the car door and climbed out. When he got a closer look at her, he was instantly riveted.

This lady standing in front of me isn't just a beauty! She's a goddess! She's as stunning as an angel who's untainted by the world. It's as though she stepped out of a painting!

“You look exquisite today, Ms. Jennings. Your beauty almost had me falling into a trance. You're even more beautiful than the celebrities on television!” he lauded.

In the face of his compliment, Heather merely smiled without saying anything. Truth be told, she was repulsed by his intense stare.

From his rapacious gaze, she could tell the filthy thought playing on his mind at a single glance.

Alas, her hands were tied. She had already given Carmen her word, so she had to endure their date no matter how sickened she was.

Dexter didn't have a fit despite her silence. After all, people had much more tolerance toward beautiful women.

Not only was he unangered, but he even courteously opened the car door for her. After the two of them got into the car, he asked Heather with a smile, “Do you like oriental or western cuisine, Ms. Jennings?”

“Oriental, I guess,” Heather answered casually.

Grunting in acknowledgment, Dexter ordered the driver to head toward Happy Living, the most renowned restaurant in Nebula City.

Throughout the entire drive, he kept rambling about his glorious achievements, his vast business, and his collaborations with some influential figures.

Meanwhile, Heather merely listened quietly beside him, murmuring from time to time until the car came to a stop in front of Happy Living.

No sooner had they alighted from the car than she

caught sight of Alex and Kate in front of them.

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When Heather saw that Alex was going to have lunch at the same restaurant, hesitance swamped her. She was then with a man old enough to be her father while he was living a carefree life, all the women around him more beautiful than the last. With that stark difference between them, she wanted to leave before he noticed her.

She whirled around and climbed back into the car. Next to her, Dexter was at a loss upon seeing her

action. Thus, he opened the car door and asked, “What's wrong, Ms. Jennings? Are you not feeling well?”

In response, Heather shook her head. “No. I just don't feel like having oriental cuisine all of a sudden. Let's go and have western cuisine instead!”

The instant Dexter heard that, his expression darkened. He didn't know that she changed her mind because she glimpsed Alex, so he mistakenly assumed that she was deliberately making things difficult for him.

With that, he grew a tad vexed. After all, she not only ignored him when he complimented her the first time they met but also acted indifferent when he talked to her during the drive.

Before we came, I asked her where she wanted to

eat, and it was her who chose to have oriental cuisine. Yet, she's now humiliating me by refusing to get out of the car when we've arrived. Even if she's incredibly beautiful, she's still a woman who was once married and has a child. What right does she have to look down on me?

“Do you not know your place, Heather Jennings? You're now so wretched that you're living in a rented house, yet you're still acting high and mighty here with me! What right do you have to do that when you were once married and even have a child? You should be grateful that I took a fancy to you. Hurry up and get out of the car!” he ordered harshly.

Heather felt thoroughly humiliated. She had never imagined that such would be her image in the eyes of others, and distress filled her.

“I'm not feeling too well, so I don't want to eat

anymore. Please excuse me.” Climbing out of the car, she planned to hail a taxi home after saying that.

Since Dexter had already insulted her thus, there was no reason for her to stay and be snubbed further.

However, Dexter grabbed her arm and demanded in a voice tinged with fury, “You're still acting all great and mighty, huh? Do you really think that I can't do anything to you just because you've got a pretty face? Do you know why Carmen insisted that you accompany me? It's because your brother, Lucas, owes me five hundred thousand. Considering your current situation, your family can never repay me that amount. If I lodge a police report, your brother will face a jail term of a few years.”

In other words, he was threatening Heather that Lucas would have to go to prison if she dared to leave that day.

Right then, Heather was both furious and helpless. She was irate that Lucas was still going about his old ways, not bothering to find a job when he had no more money but taking out a loan and spending lavishly. Unfortunately, he and Carmen were both her family, so she couldn't abandon them despite wanting to do so.

Her dignity wasn't worth a dime compared to her brother going to prison, so she gave a self-deprecating chuckle before relenting, "Fine, I'll eat here."

Only then did a smile bloom on Dexter's face as he pulled her into Happy Living. When they entered, Heather didn't see any sign of Alex, so she reckoned that he had gone into a private room.

Despite the delicious dishes spread on the table, she

had no appetite. Nevertheless, she couldn't decline the food Dexter took for her and stuffed it into her mouth, hoping that the day would end sooner.

While they ate, Dexter wasn't idle either, letting his hand roam all over her body. Verily, he relished the feeling of groping an exquisite beauty as he pleased.

Heather had no choice but to endure the disgust within her, not daring to resist in the slightest.

“Pretty, how about I bring you to a hotel after we've finished eating?”

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[FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE](#)



Heather froze upon hearing what Dexter said. She understood what he implied, but there was no way she could bring herself to do it with a fifty-year-old. Yet, it seemed she did not have a choice anymore.

When Heather was still in a dilemma, someone suddenly opened the door and barged into the room. “Oh, I'm sorry. I entered the wrong room. Wait a minute. Heather? Is that you?”

Hearing that, Heather looked up and saw Kate standing by the door and giving her a puzzled look.

“Heather, it's really you! I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me! Oh, I missed you so much!” Kate walked up and sat beside her.

If Heather had a list of people she did not wish to bump into, Alex would rank first, followed by Kate.

Although she was my best friend, not only did she fool around with Alex when we were still married, but she also bore him a daughter. I would have still been in the dark had she not appeared that day.

Heather kept her head down and continued with her meal as she did not want to talk to Kate. At this point, she could only suppress her anger because she could not afford to offend Dexter.

Dexter, on the other hand, had instantly laid his eyes on Kate the moment she stepped into the room. Oh, my. Another beauty with a sexy body just like Heather! No wonder people always say birds of a feather flock together!

Kate was not mad at Heather for ignoring her. Instead, she turned to Dexter and smiled at him. “Are you Heather's friend?”

Dexter immediately tidied up his shirt and introduced himself, "I'm Heather's boyfriend, Dexter Watson. You can call me Dexter. I'm in real estate."

Kate immediately responded with an even more dazzling smile. My goodness. Why did Heather choose to date this disgusting old man after divorcing Alex?

At that thought, she turned her attention back to Heather and sneered, "I know we've not met for a year, but I'm surprised by how your taste in men has changed!"

Heather was so mad that her hands started shaking. She tightened her grip on her utensils as she tried to contain her anger. She's mocking me for dating an old man! But what can I do? What she said is true anyway. I can only swallow my pride and not respond

to anything she says.

“Why are you so quiet, Heather? Are you not feeling well? Should I get Alex to bring you to the hospital?” Kate acted as if she was genuinely worried.

Meanwhile, Dexter, who had been observing their interaction, could not help but feel that Heather was being impudent. How could Heather be so rude when her gorgeous friend has expressed concern for her?

Heather could clearly sense the sarcasm in Kate's words. She could have asked Dexter to send me to the hospital. Why would she intentionally mention Alex's name? She just wants Alex to know that I'm dating an old man!

“No thanks. I'm all right. You should go now. I'd feel better when you're gone,” Heather said in exasperation as she could not wait to get rid of Kate.

Dexter instantly expressed his dismay. Glaring at Heather, he reprimanded her, “Your friend is concerned about you. Why couldn't you appreciate her kindness? It's very rude of you to speak to her in such a manner. You wouldn't have ended up in such a miserable state had you been more courteous.”

Heather felt helpless as everyone seemed to be siding with Kate, including Dexter, who initially took an interest in her.

Not only did Kate tear my family apart, but she also kept targeting me on purpose. I can't believe we used to be good friends!

While Dexter was reprimanding Heather, Kate took the opportunity to call Alex. “Hey, I'm in Room 608. Come over.”

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FINDING OUT THE BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 940



Alex and Kate's private room was Room 609, which was merely a stone's throw away from Heather's. After ending the call, Alex walked over to Room 608, not knowing what to expect.

It was his first time bringing Kate out for dinner since she and Emmalyn came back, and he did that with the intention of making up to her.

After opening the door, Alex saw Kate and Heather sitting together. He also noticed the middle-aged man

in the private room. It seemed as if a father had brought his two daughters here for dinner.

“Alex! Come, let me introduce you to Mr. Watson. He is Heather's new boyfriend. She now has a unique taste in men, don't you think?” Kate walked up to Alex and grabbed his arm.

Alex could not help stealing another glance at the middle-aged man upon hearing that introduction, and a corner of his mouth quirked up. Heather, oh, Heather. You actually sold yourself to a man who's old enough to be your father? You're willing to do anything for money, aren't you?

While he despised Heather for stooping so low, he was even more frustrated by the fact that she did this for money.

She insisted on divorcing me and abandoning

Stanley, but now, she's ended up with nothing. How could I sympathize with her? It's such a pity that I loved her wholeheartedly during those years.

“She indeed has a unique taste in men. I don't think I'd ever be able to live up to her expectation,” Alex sneered.

The remarks Alex and Kate made stabbed Heather's heart like a knife. However, she had no choice but to endure it. I can blame no one but myself. After all, I deserve it.

Dexter, who had taken an interest in Kate, initially thought he could have some fun with two gorgeous women tonight. Hence, he could not help but feel a trace of hostility rise within him the moment Alex appeared.

“What's your name? What business are you in?”

Dexter asked condescendingly.

“I'm only running a small business,” Alex answered casually. He then looked at Kate and said, “Come on, let's go. We shouldn't disturb them.”

Alex was mad at Heather, but at the same time, he could not bear to see the wretched state she was in. That was why he wanted to leave the room as soon as possible.

However, Kate was not done humiliating Heather yet. I hate the fact that Alex is still doting on Stanley, so by hook or by crook, I'm gonna take it out on Heather today!

In a coquettish voice, Kate pleaded for Alex not to go, “Why don't we stay? I hadn't seen Heather in a long time, so I'd like to catch up with her. Besides, it'd be fun for the four of us to have a meal together, don't

you think?”

Dexter, too, did not want a beauty like Kate to leave so soon, so he also tried persuading them to stay.

Meanwhile, Heather kept mum throughout the conversation as she knew nothing she said could salvage her reputation. He must think of me as a woman who's willing to do anything for money.

“You run a small company, huh? I'm in the real estate industry. The property prices have increased tremendously over the last few years, and my assets have exceeded one hundred million. Since you're Kate's boyfriend and an acquaintance of Heather, I'm more than willing to support you if you need my help. So what's your name?” Dexter asked.

“Didn't Heather tell you about me? I'm Alex. Alex Jefferson.” Alex let out a wry smile and glanced at

Heather.

“Alex Jefferson? This name sounds familiar.” It took Dexter a while to recall who he was. Suddenly, his eyes widened. “You're Heather's ex-husband? That useless guy?”

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