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Princess Fleur looked bewildered. “Little demon? Where?!”

“Right in front of you, it’s looking right into your eyes!” said Alex Rockefeller.

He was curious about why he did not freak out since this was his first encounter with something like this. Perhaps, after acquiring the Ultimate Book of Medicine’s wisdom, he gained the experience and knowledge of countless ancestors, as if he experienced it himself.

Princess Fleur indeed felt an unknown being stroking her face at the moment.

“Argh!”

She screamed and leaped onto Alex’s back, clinging onto him as if her life depended on it.

Alex felt a soft sensation on his back and a pair of slender arms wrapped around his waist. For a short while, he thought of succumbing to the temptation.

“Lady, I am not your husband. Keep your hands off me.” Alex patted her on the back. Cheekily, it was the same spot where she was injured just previously.

Princess Fleur was embarrassed. After a moment of awkwardness, she hurriedly jumped down.

Once she moved away, Alex gave Lord Lex Gunther’s back a good, hard slap.

Reeeeeee!

A sound, unlike anything a person had ever heard, rang across the room. Princess Fleur shivered and was just about to jump onto Alex’s back, only for him to push her away. He saw the little demon unlatch from Lord Lex’s body and escape the room in a whiff of black smoke.

Alex quickly chased after it and saw it enter a painting.

He got closer and immediately understood.

Waving his hand at Mr. Jakob, he asked, “Do you know where this painting came from?”

Mr. Jakob shook his head.

Princess Fleur, too, had never seen that painting before.

Lord Lex regained consciousness then and said, "This is a genuine artifact from centuries ago. It was gifted to me by a friend a few days ago. Why?"

"This painting right here is the problem. That thing lives here."

Lord Lex was a little confused until Princess Fleur explained everything. His expression darkened as he cursed, "Xavier Young! You are trying to kill me, aren't you!"

Alex continued, "This painting is where the little demon lives. We cannot let it remain here. I will take it away with me and return it once everything is taken care of."

Lord Lex looked at him wide-eyed.

He had no idea Alex was capable of doing things like this.

Anyway, he wanted nothing to do with the painting and asked Alex to take it with him.

Alex nodded and looked around the room before resting his gaze on Princess Fleur.

“I want to borrow something from you.”

“What is it?”

Alex grabbed onto the bottom of her dress and tore a big piece of fabric out of it.

Princess Fleur was stupefied. She did not expect the turn of events!

Alex, however, retrieved three red threads from the fabric.

He needed them.

Tying them into an unusual knot, he then secured it onto the painting. It was a method to lock a supernatural being down.

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Afterward, Lord Lex Gunther was talking to Alex Rockefeller, with nothing but surprise in his voice. “Just how did you do what you did then, sir?”

“I learned it from a wandering gypsy back when I was still in school. It’s really nothing to be proud of, nothing to brag about.” Alex smiled.

Lord Lex added, “Sir, you are one-of-a-kind and truly destined to do great things in the future!”

“Oh gosh, stop with the flattering.” Alex rolled his eyes.

“I was just telling the truth,” replied Lord Lex.

As the conversation progressed, Princess Fleur’s name was mentioned. She was also known as Waltz Fleur.

Lord Lex had two adopted sons and a daughter. They were Azure Storm, Clay Ember, and Waltz Fleur, also known as Thousand Miles Conglomerate's main battle force in the underworld—the Three Great Chieftains and they all possessed incredible fighting prowess.

“I see.”

“Sir, are you interested in Waltz? Should I send her your way?”

“No, no, hold on. I am at my wit's end with my wife, I need a break. By the way, my mother woke up. We are living in Maple Villa now. Please contact me if you are faced with similar problems again.”

Lord Lex was thrilled. “Amazing, she is awake! Thank the Gods! Unfortunately, I will not be visiting as after all, I am not welcomed there with my status.”

“You think my mother wants nothing to do with the underworld, that is why my father told her nothing about it?”

Lord Lex nodded. “It is a form of protection after all.”

Alex sighed. "You are not better off here too. Things are quite dangerous, please look out for yourself. If you need help, please let me know."

There was a glint in Lord Lex's eyes as he said, "I will, thank you so much!"

Alex took his leave then. He decided not to mention his dispute with Waltz.

They were acquaintances now, hence there was no way he could get paid for the settlement for his car.

Back at Hell's Angels.

"Father, who is that jerk? How come I know nothing about him?" Waltz complained.

Lord Lex frowned. "Show some respect for Mr. Rockefeller!"

"He had no respect for me! He hit me!" Waltz snorted in reply.

"Hold on, you are no match for him?" Lord Lex was surprised.

“I will defeat him when I see him again next time!” Waltz growled and promised.

Lord Lex was shocked and took quite a while to return to his senses.

‘Just how enigmatic can Alex Rockefeller be?’

He wanted to reveal Alex’s identity to Waltz but thought the better of it. After all, the fewer the people who know, the better.

Alex returned to the pier in his wrecked M8. He stuttered to a halt in front of the car dealership.

The saleslady, who serviced Alex just a while ago, was Chloe Zea.

Seeing the pathetic state of the M8, she covered her mouth in disbelief. “Gosh! It has only been two hours! The car insurance is not ready yet, what can we do?”

Alex replied, “Do you have a similar car? Just replace it with mine.”

“We do have one, but sir, this is not possible.” Chloe was put in a difficult spot. “What about the overhaul needed for your wrecked car?”

“What’s wrong with it? I don’t want this anymore and will buy another exact model of it.”

Chloe looked at her client wide-eyed and dumbfounded, obviously finding it hard to believe what she just heard.

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Half an hour later, Alex Rockefeller arrived at Maple Villa in his new BMW M8.

The previous wreck was left behind at the dealership.

After some inspection, the staff found the main components of the car to be functioning as intended. It was as good as new after some overhaul.

Upon Alex’s departure, a small crowd quickly gathered around Chloe Zea, with envy and jealousy plastered all over their faces.

“Chloe, you are so lucky today! That is at least a hundred thousand dollars in commission for you!”

“Where should I go to meet such a generous man?”

“You should keep in touch. He is such a young guy and a handsome one too! If you manage to entice him, your life is set!”

Chloe’s eyes twinkled as she started fantasizing.

It was two o’clock in the afternoon. California’s West Hill Cemetery.

Also the worst cemetery in the state. Run-down and neglected.

Alex and his mother, Brittany Rockefeller, stood in front of a desolate tombstone.

The founder of the titular Rockefeller Group, with his net worth amounting to hundreds of billions of dollars before his death, could only be buried here in the most run-down and desolate spot.

It was extremely difficult on Brittany.

Seconds in, she dropped to her knees and bawled her eyes out.

Alex cried silently and hugged his mother.

It took a while for her emotions to stabilize.

Gently plucking the weeds off the grave, she lamented, "Why? Why was your father buried here? He loved having company more than anyone else when he was still alive. He is so lonely here."

"Didn't the Rockefeller family have their own cemetery? It was bought by your father when your grandmother passed away. Why wasn't he buried there?"

Alex sighed. "After the incident, John Rockefeller accused Dad of corrupt practices and treason, selling sensitive research information to folks of other countries. The old man believed his accusation and banished us from the family. John also said that Dad did not deserve to be buried in the Rockefeller cemetery and colluded with a few of California's major burial grounds to reject Dad's ashes. This was the only place that accepted him."

He continued after a brief pause. "Do not worry, Mom, for I will avenge Dad. I will find out the truth and seek the one responsible for everything!"

Brittany's expression darkened.

Being an extremely capable woman, she knew how to control her emotions well as she said, "Alex, John Rockefeller is a nasty character with many devious tricks up his sleeves. We have to plan our actions carefully."

Alex nodded in acknowledgment even though he already knew what he needed to do.

Brittany continued, "John has perhaps misled your grandfather. Whatever happened, your father was his eldest son. The Rockefeller family's wealth was the result of your father and my blood, sweat, and tears, and we meant to pass it down to you. They do not deserve it. Our banishment is absurd. That being said, we need to see your grandfather."

They needed to do that to know what they were dealing with.

"The old man lives in Assex Manor. It will be quite a feat to see him without any interruptions," said Alex.

Brittany replied, “We need Uncle Cole’s help. Only he can get your grandfather out of his house.”

Uncle Cole was also known by his full name, Gavin Cole.

He was Bill Rockefeller’s best buddy; after all, they had known each other since they were young.

It should not be a problem with Gavin’s help.

That night, Alex and Brittany found themselves over at the Cole Residence, waiting for Bill’s arrival.

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Bill Rockefeller had no prior knowledge of Alex and Brittany Rockefeller’s presence.

He arrived at six in the evening.

Compared to a few days ago where he looked glum and morose after receiving a slap on the face from Lord Lex Gunther, Bill was a completely different man today. He was in high spirits and laughed as he entered the room. "Gavin! What's up with you? Really rare of you to invite me for a drink, eh!"

He then saw Alex standing at the side.

His smile faded from his face. "Traitor, what are you doing here?"

Bill had the shock of his life the other day and pushed all blame onto Alex, seeing that he was still a good-for-nothing brat.

Alex looked straight ahead and remained silent.

Instead, Brittany spoke, "Father, Alex is still your grandson. How can you say those things to him?"

"Ah! Brittany... You're alive?"

Bill was startled.

“Indeed, I am. You don’t seem too happy about this, though?”

Returning to his senses, Bill’s expression darkened as he snapped angrily, “The lot of you were banished a long time ago. You tramp! Don’t you dare call me father, for I am not yours anymore. I do not care if you die; it has nothing to do with me!”

Brittany still had her hopes up when she came, but now, they were all shattered.

“I want to ask you this. Why? Why did you banish us? Rockefeller Group and Rockefeller Manor are both ours. If there should be anything, it should be you lot to be the ones who should leave.”

“You sleazy fool! Both of you, mother and son, are nothing but dirt to me. Do not even fantasize about Rockefeller Group! Go about your miserable lives and leave us alone!”

Gavin Cole interjected, wanting to defuse the situation.

However, Bill was unyielding. If Gavin insisted on speaking, they would no longer be friends.

Brittany tried to hold her rage in. Shuddering, she spoke, “Father, I...”

“Do not call me, father. You do not exist in our family.” Bill cut her off coldly.

“Fine. Mr. Rockefeller, there are some things I would like to speak to you in private,” Brittany said through gritted teeth.

“Are you trying to bribe me? Say it now. I do not want to see you anymore after today!”

Brittany took a deep breath. “Fine, I will say it! Your eldest son, William, is innocent. It was all a conspiracy fabricated by John to frame him! The day before Alex’s wedding, we found evidence of John defrauding money from the company and having close ties with the Japanese!”

“What a load of bullshit! You are the one framing him! Keep spewing nonsense, and I will smack the living hell out of you!” An enraged Bill roared.

Brittany was even angrier. “You believe every single thing John says, but none of mine! Why are you so biased? William is your son too! We built Rockefeller Group from the ground up! How could you do this to us?! I have evidence!”

Bill was slightly taken aback at her remark but scoffed in return. “Evidence? You must have fabricated them too. I will never believe you! Your family committed treason and should have been imprisoned for all you have done. If I hear any of this circulating around, I will have you know that framing John is an offense I take seriously. You will suffer my wrath!”

Alex was at his limit hearing Bill vilifying his mother with obscene remarks.

He yelled in anger, “You old fool! Are you mentally challenged? If I hear another insult from you, I will knock you out with my bare fists!”

Bill was infuriated. He raised his hand on Alex.

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Alex Rockefeller quickly intercepted and grabbed Bill by the hand mid-air.

He glared and sneered. “Old fool, enjoy the last days of standing up. Your happy days are numbered.”

Earlier, he observed Bill Rockefeller having a serious case of blocked arteries in his brain. It wouldn't be long before he would suffer a stroke and become bedridden.

To say Bill was mad was an understatement. He left in a rage.

Gavin Cole sighed, "I have no idea why he is in such a bad mood. You all are a family, aren't you? Don't worry, Brittany. I'll talk to him."

Brittany remained silent.

Brittany and Alex wanted to meet Bill to find out his sentiment, but the response was even worse than expected.

Bill did not take the death of William Rockefeller seriously. His attitude toward Brittany and Alex was atrocious. The truth did not matter. All he wanted was for them to leave the Rockefeller family, like trash being swept out of the house.

It started drizzling when they left Cole Residence.

The autumn weather was slightly chilly.

"Mother, are you telling the truth when you said that you have evidence of John's corrupt practices?" asked Alex after they got into their car.

Brittany shook her head. "It has been more than half a year. Even if they existed at one point, there is none left now. Plus, John is now legally Rockefeller Group's owner. He

has access to large networks. Hence there is no way we can fight him head-on, given how weak we are. We have to bide our time.”

“That is a lot of work!” Alex remarked.

With the Thousand Miles Conglomerate behind his back, he needed at most a few days to destroy Rockefeller Group.

There were also specific tactics to be used to coerce members of the Rockefeller family.

However, this would definitely expose the ties between Thousand Miles Conglomerate and Alex.

That was unthinkable!

Mostly since Lord Lex Gunther was the victim of the attempted murder, Alex knew he had to tread much more carefully.

“It is pretty manageable, to tell the truth. Rockefeller Group was started by your father and me years ago. Do you remember the basis for our success and growth?” asked Brittany.

After giving it some thought, Alex replied, “The Bounty Acne Cream?”

Brittany nodded. “That’s right, Bounty Acne Cream. Or more accurately, its secret formula. Every other product manufactured by Rockefeller Group is designed as a complement to the cream. Years ago, your father obtained the secret formula by chance, which spurred Rockefeller Group’s rapid growth. Before the accident, we managed to refine the current formula, giving it better efficacy. I have the updated formula with me.”

Alex winked. “Which means that we could seize Rockefeller Group’s market share just by releasing improved products?”

“That’s right. Of course, there are a lot of details involved. I will get to it.”

Alex chose to remain silent as he listened.

His mother was once a capable businesswoman. She needed something to focus her attention on before she went insane, thinking about his deceased father everyday.

Bill returned home in a fury. Throwing a tantrum around, he smashed a beautiful set of jade teapots.

John Rockefeller hurriedly asked in astonishment, "Father, what happened?"

Bill replied angrily, "It's Brittany, that good-for-nothing woman. She is alive! And came to interrogate me! I thought you said she was never going to regain consciousness?"