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'He does not deserve it; let me have it instead!' thought Wilson Jordan.

Alex Rockefeller nodded. "One hundred times is a lot. I will let you off easy this time. Saying it once is enough."

He then took out his bank card and gave it to the saleswoman. "Swipe away!"

Instantly, the saleslady got to work. The company had placed a lot of attention on selling a two million dollar car, thus making the transaction process easier. It was not long before the purchase went through.

Beep!

The sound of a successful payment made.

The saleslady handed Alex his bankcard and various receipts in excitement. "This is yours, brother. Please keep them safe. I will get to it right away. Be back in a half-hour!"

Beatrice Assex was startled. “How...how.. .did you get so much money?”

Alex smirked. “Well, well, Beatrice Assex. Can I count on you to keep your promise, especially as the campus belle of California State University? Hm, I wonder what will happen if news about you breaking promises starts spreading around campus?”

“You!”

Beatrice had a reputation to keep. She briefly contemplated the severity of the consequence before calling out “daddy” in rage.

She then left immediately.

How could she stay after the embarrassment she had been put through?

Alex, Mona Weiss, and the rest looked at Alex with a strange expression before hurriedly going after Beatrice.

Half an hour later, Alex was in his BMW M8.

He slammed on the throttle and left the car dealership.

He had gone for this model because Madame Brittany Rockefeller, used to drive this car.

Beatrice and a few of her friends sat in their BMW 3-series parked right by the entrance and looked at Alex as he sped away in his brand new M8.

Bam!

Beatrice punched the car window. “Damn it! The audacity! How dare he! I will get my revenge one day!”

“Beatrice, you mentioned he was a poor and homeless dude. Where did he get the cash to buy a luxury car?” asked Mona.

Beatrice snorted. “Recently, that jerk got together with the granddaughter of California’s Divine Doctor. She must have given him the money, that bitch!”

Figuring that he would be visiting his father’s grave, Alex took a detour to Gale Street, intending to buy a bouquet and fruits.

After taking a turn, a black Volkswagen came out of nowhere and rammed straight into the front of his minutes-old BMW.

Bam!

The front of the car was now twisted out of shape. The brand spanking new car was instantly reduced into a pile of scrap metal.

The airbags that sprung out when the collision occurred almost sent Alex into a concussion. Fortunately, the Force was there to protect him.

The next instant, he became incessantly infuriated.

A brand new car, worth a whopping two million dollars, wrecked in less than half an hour after leaving the dealership. He did not get to warm up the seat yet.

Suddenly, a loud noise exploded from behind, as the car was rattled once again. The rear of the car had been smashed in.

“Damn it! This is no accident!”

Pushing open the door, he got out of the car.

It was then that a dozen people came out of those cars and surrounded his BMW. Among them, a bald guy looked at Alex in disbelief. “What luck you have!” he exclaimed. “No blood nor bruises whatsoever! Come with us; Princess Fleur wants to see you.”

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“Princess Fleur? I do not know of any dumb princess here. Get out of my way!” Alex Rockefeller snorted.

The bald guy became livid. “You insulted Princess Fleur!”

To which Alex smiled, “Who knows, that bitch of a princess? Why is she looking for me? Perhaps she is an escort at the club? Sorry, I am not interested.”

“Get him, brothers!”

Alex let out a curse and channeled his inner energy. The next second he was right in front of the bald guy.

Smack!

He slapped him, right across the face, with full force.

The bald guy did not expect Alex to take the offense and attack him first. He did not have time to react and was instantly on the floor, hacking out a few bloody teeth. His face had blown up, swollen like a pufferfish.

After putting one down, Alex did not wait. Instead, he charged toward the next person.

“Argh!”

“Get our weapons! Surround him!”

A few went back to their cars and got batons, sticks, and blades. Upon their return, however, a few of their comrades were lying on the floor, grabbing their legs and moaning in pain.

Their legs had been broken.

“Argh!”

One charged at Alex and hit his shoulder with a big club.

Yet, Alex did not even flinch. He grabbed onto the club and turned it on its owner, driving it straight down on his head.

A cracked skull now added to Alex’s long list of injuries.

He had been holding back half of his power, but it still felt too heavy-handed. The Force changed him completely, with his speed and strength increasing exponentially nowadays.

Whoosh!

A machete sliced through the air.

It was then when Alex realized that he could clearly see the machete in motion and the trajectory it took.

He struck the blade hard with the club in his hand.

Clank!

The machete flew away, embedding itself deep into the M8's window.

Meanwhile, Alex grabbed hold of the man's head and ran full speed toward the hood of another car.

Bam!

The man did not even get to scream in pain as he was brutally knocked out by Alex, who smacked his head flat out onto the hood of the car.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye.

These people exuded a murderous aura and were no stranger to brawls, skirmishes, blood, and gore. They did not expect things to turn out like this. Facing Alex, they were nothing but little mushrooms, harmless and defenseless.

Swinging the club, Alex, once again, rushed toward his attackers.

“Hold on, let us talk!” Someone swung his machete around and said.

Clank!

Alex parried his machete away, bringing down the club onto his leg, and breaking it. “We will talk after we fight.”

Another leg was broken.

“Thrashing my new car, eh? Who do you think you are?!” roared Alex.

And another.

“Is this how you send an invitation?”

Crack!

Everyone else couldn't escape fate either as their legs too were shattered by Alex.

Finally, he approached the bald guy, the only one who hadn't injured his legs yet.

The bat was rather sturdy and remained unbroken after shattering many legs.

Alex rested the club on the bald guy's belly and snickered, “Well, well. I suppose the invitation did not work on me, eh? Tell me, why is this escort looking for me?”

The bald guy stole a glimpse at the club, afraid that a slight motion from Alex would mean the end of him. He hurriedly replied, “Scarface. You broke his leg. He is Princess Fleur's subordinate, and we were ordered to come and get you.”

“Oh, Scarface? I thought it was someone else.” Alex raised the club and jammed it downward, hard.

“Argh!”

The bald guy shrieked in extreme pain.

“What the heck are you yelling for? I did not hit you,” Alex retorted.

Two-thirds of the club were embedded deep into the concrete road between his thighs.

The bald guy looked on in horror.

Scarface messed with the wrong person this time. Not even Princess Fleur could take him down!

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Alex Rockefeller lifted the bald guy by his collar and said, “You have to pay for the damages, three million dollars!”

“Um, well, I do not have that much money!”

“Perhaps we have to pay Princess Escort a visit then!”

Shoving the tied-up bald guy into his BMW M8, Alex pulled out the embedded machete from the window and punctured the deployed airbags.

Vroom!

The engines revved to life.

Fortunately, although somewhat wrecked, it was still drivable.

Nudging the Volkswagen out of his way, Alex drove the M8 away from the accident site, headed straight for Princess Fleur.

His curiosity was piqued. Who exactly was Princess Fleur?

On his way there, the car made all sorts of noises, its components falling apart as he drove along. It was quite a sight for onlookers and had attracted plenty of attention, more so than a brand-new BMW would.

“Gosh, isn’t that an M8? What a pity!”

“Seems like a newly-bought car too, even the license plate is not up yet. Hold on...Beatrice, could it be your ex-brother-in-law’s car?”

It was a pure coincidence for them to witness the sight before them.

Wilson Jordan accelerated the car, and Beatrice Assex managed to get a good look.

“Hahaha! It’s that idiot’s new car! Oh, what joy!”

“I don’t even think it’s insured yet. Wonderful! Serves him right!” added Sam Culver.

It was not long before Alex arrived at a river pier.

The bald guy pointed at a rustic wooden cabin by the riverbank and told Alex that Princess Fleur was currently inside.

“I’ll be damned! She lives there?”

Dragging the bald guy along, Alex walked toward the cabin.

With one forceful kick, he broke down the door and shoved the bald guy in.

“Argh!”

Within seconds, a few men rushed toward him.

“Who are you? Why are you here at the Blossom Mansion?”

“Do you know what this place is?”

Alex replied with a face of indifference, “Well, Princess Escort, I am sorry, but Princess Fleur invited me over.”

One of the men was taken aback. “How dare you insult the princess? Die!”

In a swift motion, Alex raised his leg and kicked the oncoming attacker. The man was sent flying like a cannonball, finally landing on the ground after crashing into a few chairs.

Alex looked at a man standing next to him. “Tell Princess Escort that I am here.”

The man was rooted to the ground as he looked on in horror.

“Get over there!”

With no respite, he was sent flying before crash-landing onto his comrade’s body.

“Get the hell out here, Princess Escort!”

Alex roared. His voice reverberated in the cabin like a thunderous roar.

Clack! Clack! Clack!

Footsteps could be heard coming from a spiral staircase inside the cabin. Alex shifted his focus in the direction of the sound.

A young lady, dressed in a fiery red dress and red heels, descended from the staircase.

As black as coal, her hair was tied up into two buns, gently bobbing with her movements.

It was a sight lovely to behold. Alex suddenly found himself quite distracted. Who would have expected a stunner here by the riverbanks?

“What did you call me?”

She came to Alex, exuding a flirtatious vibe.

With her tall, slender figure coupled with heels, she was only a tad shorter than Alex.

“You are Princess Fleur?? Alex found her sharp gaze a little unsettling.

“That is right, or as you said, Princess Escort. You seem like you know a thing or two. If you defeat me, I do not mind being your escort.”

The moment she finished speaking, her expression abruptly changed.

She leaped forward, raising her leg, and swiftly brought it down onto Alex, doing a dropkick all while in a dress.

Alex was startled beyond belief.

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The lady’s heel smashed into Alex Rockefeller’s shoulder.

Yet, he seemed not at all affected.

As the Force engaged its self-defense measures, it almost dislocated her ankles.

The next moment, Alex grabbed hold of her feet and lifted her up.

It was a funny sight to behold.

The moment she leaped forward, she instantly regretted her decision. She totally forgot that she was wearing a dress. At that very moment, it was as embarrassing as it could get.

She fought back with all her might but faced Alex, a strong, undefeatable character; her actions were nothing but a scratch on the back for him. He grasped her waist and slammed her down on a table nearby.

Bam!

A loud thud could be heard.

Fortunately, she shielded her face from the impact with her hands. Otherwise, that face of hers would be gone.

That being said, her chest hit the edge of the table hard upon impact, and she winced in pain.

Pushing her down, Alex gave her a mighty slap on the back. A loud crackle was heard, and a swollen bruise mark instantly appeared on the lady's body.

"Princess Fleur, right? I just cannot fathom your audacity, ordering people to thrash my car!"

Another hard smack on her back followed the remark.

Princess Fleur, with tear-filled eyes, cried out in pain.

As one of the Three Great Chieftains of California's underworld, she did not expect to suffer such humiliating defeat, particularly in front of all her subordinates.

She was extremely livid.

“I am not a smart person, so tell me what kind of escort services do you provide?”

The lady was inches away from going insane.

She twisted and turned, struggling to escape Alex’s grip. Unfortunately, he held her down tight, and there was nothing she could do.

All her subordinates were stupefied.

Who was this man? How could he do it?

Terrifying!

The lady screamed, “Let me go, you jerk! Do you know who I am? If anything happens to me, be prepared to suffer the wrath of the Thousand Miles Conglomerate!”

“Thousand Miles Conglomerate?”

Alex was surprised. Did he come to their turf by accident?

His grip loosened.

Princess Fleur thought he was afraid. She rolled her eyes and smirked, “Scared? Let me go then!”

Alex snickered, “So what about the Thousand Miles Conglomerate, huh? I am still going to give you a piece of my mind!”

He sneered and gave her a good, hard slap.

At this conjecture, a middle-aged man came over hurriedly and said, “Ms. Fleur, Ms. Fleur, things are...”

He saw the scene unfolding in front of his eyes and was stunned.

After realizing who Alex was, he was even more surprised. “Mr. Rockefeller, I wasn’t made aware that you came! Is this a misunderstanding?”

The man was John Gates.

Princess Fleur looked on in astonishment. “You guys know each other?”

John nodded, “He is Lord Lex’s guest.”

“I did not know Father had a guest! And an idiot to boot!” Princess Fleur remarked sharply.

John remained silent.

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He knew better. After all, Lord Lex Gunther revered Alex Rockefeller, a close friend’s offspring, according to him. However, he had zero knowledge of Alex’s actual identity.

“What’s up? Why did you come?” asked Princess Fleur.

“My, I almost screwed things up. Lord Lex passed out suddenly.”

“What?!” Princess Fleur shrieked. “Go, we need to get to Hell’s Angels now!”

She dashed out, limping a little, and quickly got into her Lamborghini.

Following right behind her was Alex, who got into the passenger seat.

“Why are you here? Get off my car!” She was annoyed.

Alex sat unperturbed. “Start the engine; we are going to see your Father.”

“What has it got to do with you?”

“You will know when we get there.”

The Lamborghini sped away, leaving nothing but dust trails behind.

Half an hour later, they arrived at Hell’s Angels.

As soon as the car was parked, Princess Fleur sprang out.

“Where is Father?”

“In the room by the backyard. Mr. Jakob is currently tending to him.”

Alex followed right behind. He was a visitor here before, and under Lord Lex’s orders to grant him free movement in and out of Hell’s Angels, he was not stopped nor questioned by anyone.

He saw Lord Lex and was shocked.

A man in his fifties, Lord Lex, was the epitome of a man with power, exuding dominance and authority wherever he went. Yet, he now looked like a man in his seventies instead, frail and weak, devoid of energy and liveliness.

It has only been a few days since they last saw each other but he now looked like a completely different person.

Something was off.

Alex immediately understood why. It was all thanks to his Third Eye, an ability described in the Ultimate Book of Medicine that allowed the practitioner to identify every single issue within a human body, no matter the disease or the severity of it.

An evil being was currently latched onto Lord Lex's body.

Princess Fleur asked a man dressed in a doctor's robe next to her, "Mr. Jakob, what is wrong with Father?"

Mr. Jakob knitted his eyebrows, looking disturbed. "He fainted out of the blue and lost his energy and spirit. I checked everything, but I have no idea what is going on."

"Shouldn't you send him to the hospital then?" demanded Princess Fleur.

"Don't worry; I will take care of him. Please, leave the room," said Alex.

Princess Fleur was livid. "Who the heck are you? This has nothing to do with you; get out!"

This wasn't Mr. Jakob's first encounter with Alex, as he was stationed here as Lord Lex's personal doctor. He explained, "Lady Fleur, Mr. Rockefeller here is Lord Lex's

esteemed guest. Lord Lex instructed us to treat Mr. Rockefeller with the utmost respect and hospitality.”

Princess Fleur was mindblown. “What? How could I not know who he is? Anyway, Father is now unconscious, do you know how to treat him?”

“Yes, I do.” Alex nodded.

His affirmation cast a few doubts on all present in the room, especially Princess Fleur and Mr. Jakob.

Alex shook his head in resignation. They would have to see it with their own eyes to believe him.

“Well, if you refuse to leave, fine, I will tell you the truth. Lord Lex is the victim of a voodoo spell. Right now, a little demon is latched onto his body, sucking the life out of him as we speak.”

“What?!”

“I beg your pardon?”

How could they believe such a ridiculous explanation offered by Alex?

“I know you wouldn’t believe me.” Alex turned Lord Lex on his belly and tore his shirt open.

“Look!”

On Lord Lex’s back were two little bloody footprints, while on his shoulders were two little bloody handprints. They looked like marks made by a little child on his back.