

Finding Out The Billionaire Chapter 128

Since the ghost had been taken out, Jessica had finally returned to her calm and collected self.

Upon hearing Jessica's words, Alex reached for the puppet. He saw some names sewed on the chest of the puppet.

Jackson Saffin.

The name sewed on the puppet had been pricked by needles of all lengths. An ordinary person might miss it because it was barely noticeable.

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Jackson Saffin should be a person's name, but Alex couldn't figure out the reason the name had been sewed on the doll.

"It's an extremely wicked curse. The one who has been cursed will die a miserable death while the descendants of the cursed one will be jinxed for eternity. Are you related to Jackson in any way?" Alex turned around and asked Jessica who had paled at the sight of the doll.

"J-Jackson is the name of my grandfather," Jessica stuttered.

Alex could figure out the truth behind the cursed puppet almost instantly; he was certain that Jackson, Jessica's grandfather, must have had offended a conjurer back in the day.

"Don't worry. I'll break the curse immediately. That's the end of the curse that has been bothering you and your family," Alex assured Jessica, nodding, breaking the puppet in half with all his might without any hesitation.

The moment the puppet broke in half, Jessica felt an alleviating sensation. A mysterious source of power had been removed from her system, so she felt great all of a sudden.

In the meantime, on the peak of the Mountain of the Beasts.

"Someone has actually broken the curse!"

A hoarse voice could be heard coming from a cave concealed by countless vines.

A wrinkled pair of hands pushed the vines aside and an old woman with grey hair covering her entire face walked out of the cave.

The old woman had another puppet with her. It was the same one Alex had broken. Similarly, the puppet had been pricked using needles of all lengths. The name, Jackson, had been sewed on the puppet as well.

However, the crimson-looking name could no longer be seen – it was slowly fading.

The old woman looked in the direction of Nebula City, losing herself in the process of thought. Eventually, her eyes glinted.

Suddenly, another teenage girl walked out of the cave. She was dressed in a traditional set of clothing, along with accessories of those belonging to the aboriginals.

The teenage girl stared at the old woman and asked respectfully, "Master, what's wrong?"

"Does this mean the forbidden technique of the Mountain of the Beasts, as well as the mysterious power from the relic that Bernard handed over to me, can't suppress the luck of those from the Saffin family? Although it's been years since that old fool passed on, I still can't move on from the things he's bestowed onto me!"

The old woman simply ignored the teenage girl's question, murmuring to herself in a callous tone while she lost herself in the process of thought.

The woman had gotten overly worked up, fastening her grip with all her might and distorting the puppet she had in her hand.

The teenage girl took a peek at the look the old woman had on her face. Thereafter, she lowered her head in silence and stopped poking her nose into the old woman's business.

"Saffron, take this puppet with you and make a trip down the hill. Tell your senior you have to make a trip to Nebula City. The puppet will guide you to the person who has ruined my plan. I want you to kill the person on my behalf," The old woman turned around, instructing the teenage girl.

"Yes." Saffron shuddered involuntarily upon receiving that instruction from the old woman. Nevertheless, she took the puppet from the old woman obediently.