

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 24

“Britney, what happened?”

Benjamin frowned while he stood up and asked.

Britney tried to cover her torn clothes that exposed her skin. She pointed at the middle-aged man who came in and shouted, “That bastard, molested me.”

The man yelled angrily, “B*tch, who molested you? Hurry up, take out my...”

Before he could finish his words, a bootlicker of Benjamin, Dylan Minette, jumped and kicked the middle-aged man in the chest. The man fell to the ground.

“Goddammit! Who released this maniac? How dare you molest Britney! Why don’t you molest your own sister!”

Other men also stepped forward. They punched and kicked the man.

Then they kicked the man out of the dining room.

Dylan laughed and said, “You son of a b*tch! Let me teach you a lesson! Don’t you dare to do it again!”

“Way to go, Dylan!” the crowd cheered.

Alex shook his head. Others might not notice, but he noticed that the middle-aged man wasn’t any ordinary man. He wore a custom hand-made shirt from Italy with a small dark plum blossom cufflink.

His father used to have one of them. He knew that it was worth three million dollars.

For someone who could afford this shirt couldn't be anybody.

Besides, he knew Britney was lying from her expression. It couldn't be that simple. Many pretty women would voluntarily present themselves to a man that could afford a shirt worth three million dollars like him. How would he fancy Britney with such an ordinary appearance?

To prevent them from getting into something bad, Alex reminded them, "He might be an extraordinary person, I think you guys should back off."

Unexpectedly, Dylan sneered and said, "Of course you will think that he is extraordinary. Who else in this room is not extraordinary to a low-ranked person like you! You're such a coward! Get lost! You're nothing but a toy-boy!"

A woman said, "Yeah! Even if that person is somebody, so what? This place belongs to Thousand Miles Conglomerate. No one would dare to cause trouble here. Right, Benjamin?"

Benjamin said proudly, "Yes! The manager of this restaurant, Ramsay knows me. He respects me. Don't worry about it."

Alex shook his head and said to Cheryl, "Let's go."

However, just as they were about to leave their seats, the door of the room was kicked open. About seven to eight security guards of Urasawa Restaurant rushed in aggressively, followed by several well-dressed men. One of them was the middle-aged man that had been beaten up just now.

With an electric baton in his hand, the chief of security yelled, "Whoever stole Mr. Edgar's diamond ring, take it out immediately! Also, whoever hit Mr. Edgar just now, show yourself."

Everyone in the dining room was shocked to see such a scene.

Even Dylan who had shown courage initially was trembling. He was shaking like a leaf as he saw the chief security's furious look.

Britney lowered her head and her face turned pale.

"Hurry up!" The chief security roared again.

Many people looked at Benjamin hoping that he could do something about it.

Benjamin noticed a man behind the security guards. It was Manager Ramsay from Urasawa Restaurant. He immediately walked towards him and said, "Manager Ramsay, I'm Benjamin Smith from Golden Light Group. I believe there must be a misunderstanding!"

Unfortunately, Manager Ramsay, who was usually polite to him, didn't reply. Instead, he stared at him coldly.

Benjamin felt that something was wrong.

The middle-aged man who was beaten up jumped out, pointed at Britney, and said, "That's her! That b*tch stole my diamond ring and slapped me!"

Two security guards immediately rushed over and held Britney up.

Britney struggled desperately, but she couldn't break free. She asked Benjamin for help repeatedly, "Benjamin, please help me! I didn't steal the diamond ring! Please save me!"

Benjamin was the host of this dinner gathering. If words about him being a coward spread, it would ruin his reputation and Dr. Cheryl might look down on him.

As he was about to say, "Manager Ramsay, my dad is..."

Manager Ramsay glared and interrupted, "Don't be a fool, liar."