

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 35

Ten years later, Rockefeller Group had a capital of 300 billion, becoming a famous business in California.

It was a fact that the Rockefellers's achievements were because of William and Brittany's hard work. However...

The Rockefellers ended up kicking the both of them out of the family and John took over their business. Spark even wanted to have Alex's wife.

If this were really John's scheme, it would be terrifying.

Alex clenched his fists tightly. "Don't worry, Mom. If Dad really died in vain because of Uncle's scheme, I'll make sure he pays for it with the worst punishments possible."

Alex decided to stay for the night in the hospital to accompany his mom instead of going back to the Assex's residence. He knew that if he had gone home, he would end up in a terrible fate.

Brittany had just woken up from her coma so her body was still fairly weak. She fell asleep in just a few moments.

Alex, on the other hand, couldn't calm down at all.

The ring that his father had left him was truly incredible.

'Did Dad know about this?' Alex thought to himself as he sat next to the bed. He could still feel a strong flow of energy coursing through his entire body.

'Was this the Chi that my ancestor had given me?

'Oh right, training!'

Alex immediately revised the moves in his head. They were from an unknown type of martial arts—the Force—mainly used as medicinal martial arts. He had wanted to try it out, though he wasn't really hoping to get anything out of it. This was all still too surreal for him to process.

However, as he started training, it was as if he was a natural at these moves. The training of the Force felt quite simple to him. He was able to gain control over the energy coursing through his veins, flowing to every part of his body. His training was extremely successful—he was able to gain full control over his core and his Chi was stronger than before. He had mastered this unknown martial art.

At the same time, Cheryl had reached home as well.

She took off her shoes and jacket before flopping her beautiful figure onto the sofa. She exclaimed, "I'm spent!"

Her grandmother handed her a bowl of soup. "Here, Cherry. Grandma made some goulash in the evening. Have some, it'll enhance your beauty."

Cheryl rolled over and realized that there were two huge meatballs laying in a bowl. She picked it up and drank the whole bowl of soup in one go. Her grandmother smiled as she watched her drink the soup.

Just then, her grandfather, James Coney, walked into the living room. He furrowed his eyebrows, "You should sit properly, young lady! No wonder you still can't get yourself a boyfriend!"

Grandma snapped back. "Oh, shut it you old fart. What are you about? My dear little granddaughter is tired. So what if she's putting a leg up? It's not like she's putting it on top of your head! Cherry, just ignore him and sit however you like."

James decided not to argue any further. He then poured himself a cup of tea and asked, "Was it busy at the hospital?"

Cheryl replied, "Not really, but there was a vegetative patient who just woke up all of a sudden today..."

She smiled as she imitated Alex's poking and explained what he did. She recounted to her grandfather about the Thirteen Acupunctures of Hell and how Brittany was revived.

But James froze and asked immediately, "The Thirteen Acupunctures of Hell? Can you tell Grandpa more about that? How did he do it? What acupuncture points did he poke at?"

Cheryl blinked her beautiful eyes in confusion, "Grandpa, do you really believe in that kind of stuff? I haven't heard of anything called the Thirteen Acupunctures of Hell."

However, she still listed out the acupuncture points he had poked.

James's expression turned serious as he listened to her. In the end, he slapped his thigh and exclaimed, "The Thirteen Acupunctures of Hell, it really is the Thirteen Acupunctures of Hell! It's the legendary reviving method! Cherry, quick, contact the guy. Grandpa would like to meet this young man."

"Huh...?" Cheryl's mouth was wide open as she stared at her grandfather in disbelief.