

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0181 - 0190

Anyone in their right mind wouldn't have said such things, all the more right after being saved.

Waltz had wanted to beat Bill up right there and then but was stopped by Alex.

Alex ripped off his shirt that had been soiled by the spit and threw it onto the ground. "This indicates that we no longer owe you anything. We're cutting it clean with you, old man. From now on, I have no relations to the Rockefellers. I don't owe you anything, but you do. If you didn't return what used to be my father's before the 5th of October, all of you would have to pay with your lives."

"Let's go, mom!"

"Shut up!" Bill raged, yelling at him with bloodshot eyes. "Well, come and take my life right here, right now! You ungrateful little pest, I will not hand you a single penny from our family! Do you really think you're a Rockefeller? Dream on! You were never my grandson, to begin with, and your father isn't even my son! Both of you are mere outsiders!"

"What?!"

This shocked Alex and Brittany to their core. Even the Rockefellers were taken aback.

John was the only one who knew that William was not Bill's son.

No one else knew about this.

Brittany rushed over to Bill and grabbed him by the collar, lifting him up. "Are you telling the truth?"

Olivia and the others were appalled by Brittany's strength. She seemed just like any other fragile woman, yet she was able to lift Bill up from his wheelchair.

Bill replied, "Why would I lie to you, b*tch? William was never my son. He's been adopted. I raised him, so it was only right for him to pay back the favor by earning money for the family. Now you're demanding it back? You don't deserve to! Think again!"

Noah probed, "Dad, are you really telling the truth? Then... Then why didn't you say so back then?"

"Hmph!" Brittany let go of Bill. She seemed slightly shaken up.

Waltz held her arm, supporting her as she helped Brittany stand up.

“No wonder... So that’s why you never recognized his efforts, it didn’t matter how hard he worked for the family. You just wanted to use him, to use us, so that you can reap the benefits from us!” Brittany started sobbing.

Bill replied, “So what if we did? I raised him. He should be grateful that I did. Earning money for us was the only way he could pay us back.”

Brittany blinked her tears away, and she seemed more determined now. “Alright then, you raised William. You can have the Rockefeller Group as repayment. We have no business with each other from now on.”

“However...”

“If I were ever to find out that you, or John, caused William’s death, then don’t blame me for being cruel. I will make sure you pay for what you did!” Brittany then walked out of the manor, followed by Alex and Waltz. After taking ten steps forward, Alex stopped in his tracks and stared at the pond again.

A few koi fish were swimming in the pond merrily. One of them was white with colorful spots. It looked quite plump as well. He remembered that William specifically brought this fish back from Japan because Alex liked fishes.

It was too late, however, to show his gratitude towards his father.

'Dad, did you know about your true identity?'

He wondered to himself.

Alex snapped back into reality and said calmly, "Rockefeller Group is yours. However, this manor was my birthday present. I will take it back. I don't want to see any of you still lingering around this manor by October 5th. If you refuse to listen, you'll end up just like this very floor."

He stomped hard on to the ground, causing the ground to shake.

He then caught up to Brittany and Waltz, and the three walked out the gates together.

One of the younger Rockefellers was confused and went to inspect the ground.

"What happened to the floor?"

Suddenly, in the middle of the spot Alex had stomped on, a hole with a radius of 20 meters caved into the ground. The young teen screamed as he fell into the pit.

The Rockefellers remained deathly silent.

On the other hand, Brittany was still extremely upset after returning to Maple Villa, hence she went straight to her room to get some rest.

Waltz comforted Alex. “Don’t worry. I’ll keep her company.”

“Thanks...”

“If you’re really thankful, you should give me a kiss.”

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Of course, Alex was able to dodge the slipper easily.

Just then, Dorothy called out to him from the staircase on the second floor, “Alex, come upstairs.”

Just as Alex wanted to walk up the stairs, Claire held him off by pulling his arm. “No way! Dorothy, are you insane? How could you let this loser go up to your room? That’ll ruin your reputation if this news ever gets out! How are you supposed to get married after this?”

Dorothy replied coldly, “Mom, I’m going to repeat myself. I’m already married, Alex is my husband. On the contrary, your tantrums would really ruin my reputation. What do you even want? Do you really want me to stab myself in the heart, only then you’ll be satisfied?”

Realizing that Dorothy was really mad, Claire, who was livid, could only let go of Alex and yelled to the sky, “Oh God, what did I do in my previous life to deserve this?!”

Deigning to even look at her, Alex went upstairs.

In fact, Alex had been in Dorothy’s room in the past, but it was a long time ago. However, the decoration in her room had not changed much since then.

Upon entering the room, Dorothy pounced onto Alex passionately.

Alex was slightly taken aback, but he quickly matched up her passion. Since he was already quite flustered from Waltz’s teases back at home, now he could finally unleash his carnal desires.

The two landed on the bed as their lips tightly smashed into each other's.

However, they had not realized Beatrice, who had followed Alex upstairs quietly. She opened the door gently and peeked into the room... With just one look, her face started burning up as she let out a scream.

Thud!

Out of panic, Dorothy kicked Alex off the bed.

However, her action led to Beatrice's misunderstanding of the whole situation. She thought that Alex was trying to force himself onto Dorothy, so she grabbed a nearby vase and smashed it in Alex's head.

With a loud crash, the vase was smashed into pieces.

Dorothy was startled and screamed loudly, "Beatrice Assex, are you crazy?!"

She rushed to check if there were any wounds on Alex's head.

It was fortunate that Alex had the Force as an automatic defense, of course, a mere vase wouldn't be able to hurt him one bit.

However, he was absolutely pissed off. So, he got back up on his feet and glared at Beatrice.

Claire, who was alarmed by the noise as well, rushed up to Dorothy's room, barefooted. "What's wrong? What in the world happened?"

Beatrice yelled, "Rockefeller! This bastard was trying to rape Sis!"

"What?!"

"Bastard! You f*cking bastard!"

Claire was left fuming. She lunged toward Alex and wanted to give him a smack in the face, but one of her feet stepped onto the broken pieces of the porcelain vase, and she immediately cried in pain.

"Oh no! Mom, you're bleeding so much! What do we do? What do we do?"

“Call an ambulance!”

The two sisters fell to pieces in the midst of chaos.

Alex was speechless for a while. “It’s just a small wound, why the fuss? I’ll tend to it. Dorothy, get the first aid kit”

In just a brief moment, Alex quickly bandaged Claire’s wound.

However, he still had to endure another round of her insults. Even though Dorothy tried explaining that it was her idea, Claire just wouldn’t stop scolding Alex.

Alex knew that he wouldn’t be able to continue doing the things with Dorothy earlier, even if he stayed any longer. Hence, he decided to head back home.

Unexpectedly at this moment, Madame Joanne, along with Benny, Anderson and Emma, walked into the villa.

“Grandma!”

Claire and the others were ashen-faced with shock upon Madame Joanne's arrival.

They knew she wouldn't come by for no reason.

Nothing good would ever come out of their arrival, especially with such threatening expressions on their faces.

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As soon as Madame Joanne arrogantly walked through the door, she took a quick scan of the interior of the villa, with a look of disgust and disdain on her face. Her presence was as if a great gift bestowed upon them.

Claire had bad-mouthed Madame Joanne behind her back many times. Upon seeing her arrival, she immediately jumped up from the sofa to give her a warm welcome, despite the pain in her feet.

"Mom, what brings you here? Here, take a seat!"

She held Madame Joanne's arm, guiding her to the sofa.

However, Madame Joanne didn't move an inch and forcefully flung her hands away.

Emma stared at them in disgust. "Ugh, really? Just look at how dirty your sofa is. There's blood on the floor too! Where did that blood even come from? Could it be syphilis? How could you let her sit there? Are you trying to infect Grandma with such filthy diseases?"

Claire froze with her hands still in the mid-air. Her expression immediately turned grim as well.

Both Dorothy and Beatrice were bridled with anger as they thought, 'What does Emma mean by that? Is she saying that the three of us are sl*ts that mess around with some random men? How could we endure such an insult?'

Suddenly, a loud slap could be heard. Emma's face turned to the side upon being slapped hard, with one of her teeth flying out of her mouth.

"Ah! My new porcelain teeth!"

"You jerk! You slapped me again!" Emma shouted as she cupped her face with one hand.

The one who slapped Emma was none other than Alex. After slapping her, Alex sat down on the sofa and said coldly, "If you don't have anything nice to say, then shut up. If all you say is bullsh*t, then I'll just have to teach you basic human decency."

Just then, Alex's action had gained a rare support and praise from Beatrice, even Claire was not as upset as before.

"Grandma!" Emma turned to Madame Joanne for help.

Madame Joanne slammed her walking stick to the ground, glaring at Alex furiously. "How dare you! Who do you think you are, Alex Rockefeller? How dare you slap my granddaughter out of nowhere? Do you not know how to respect elders?"

Alex replied dismissively, "My respect is earned depending on the elders themselves. If the elder is polite and humble, I'd give her my utmost respect. If the elder is shameless and biased, I will not give a sh*t about her and I'll slap the living hell out of her too."

"You..." Madame Joanne was so furious, to the point that her whole body started trembling.

After a gentle reminder from Benny, only then did Madame Joanne calm down.

Dorothy asked, “Grandma, Uncle Benny and Uncle Anderson, why did you come by our place today?”

Anderson huffed. “Is this how you treat your guests, by leaving your grandmother standing like this? Is this sense of propriety you guys are talking about? More like discourtesy and unfilial ness!”

Dorothy felt aggrieved, yet she still took a chair out of the dining room and let Madame Joanne sit.

Madame Joanne spoke up, “I’m here for two things.”

Dorothy nodded. “Yes, Grandma, please continue.”

Madame Joanne said, “First things first. Dorothy, I need you to find Charles Carter again. Mr. Carter is a sworn brother with Thomas Hawk from South Cali Structures. The Assexes want to sign a contract with South Cali Structures, but Stoneworks has connections with South Cali Structures too. However, if Mr. Carter were to give us a hand, Assex Constructions would surely be able to sign the contract.”

Dorothy was taken aback and shook her head. “Grandma, you overestimated me. I can’t just go up to Mr. Carter and ask him for that. Moreover, Mr. Carter wouldn’t go that far just for me!”

Madame Joanne's expression turned cold. "You just don't want to. If Mr. Carter could help you to forge a fake contract just so you could get back the subsidiary company in City South last time, why wouldn't he help you this time?"

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Dorothy was speechless as she didn't know what to say.

Alex spoke up, "Mr. Carter helped us last time because of me."

Anderson laughed out loud. "Because of you? You're just an abandoned kid from the Rockefellers, a loser who lives off his wife! Why would Mr. Carter help you? Everyone knows that Dorothy was just bluffing last time. Why would Mr. Carter know a loser like you? Dorothy must have given you all the credit after she signed the contract!"

Dorothy replied, "I don't have the ability to have Mr. Carter at my beck and call. It really was because of Alex."

Anderson cackled even louder. "You do have the ability, because you're pretty! As long as you spread your legs, Mr. Carter will definitely help you. Otherwise, why were you the only one who was able to secure the contract with him when the others failed to do so? Don't worry, we won't let your help in vain. After signing this contract, the Asseses will give you five hundred thousand dollars... Five hundred thousand dollars! Just think about it, not even the top rated models could earn this much in one night. It's an amazing deal just for you!"

Dorothy trembled in anger, with her eyes reddened. “You! Stop this nonsense! I didn’t do anything!”

Anderson replied, “Only you know what you did. I mean, why do you care about it so much anyway? If you’ve slept with him once, you might as well do it for the second time.”

“Motherf*cker! ” Alex, who couldn’t hold his anger anymore, jumped out of his seat and grabbed Anderson by his hair, rubbing his face against the rough mat after pressing him onto the ground.

Anderson’s face soon began bleeding as his skin was abraded.

“How dare you harm me! I’m your elder!” Anderson was livid.

“I ’ve already warned you, haven’t I? I’ll beat the living sh*t out of you if a trash like you spew any bullsh*ts.”

Two slaps landed on Anderson’s face.

“You f*cker, why don’t you let your wife sell her body? Why don’t you let your mom or your daughter do it too?”

Another two slaps landed on Anderson's face.

"If you dare to bullsh*t again, I'll gouge out your tongue. Don't believe me? Try your luck then!"

Extremely angered, Alex slapped Anderson till he fainted away and flung him out of the door.

How could Madame Joanne endure such humiliation after watching her own son being slapped by Alex? He even asked Anderson to send an old lady like her to sell her body, that was just preposterous!

Joanne yelled, "How dare you, you little pest!"

Alex took a step forward and yelled back, "Who are you calling names, you old hag?"

Shocked by his anger, Madame Joanne screamed out of fear and was on the verge of collapse.

Benny finally exploded in anger. "That's enough! She's still your grandmother, Alex Rockefeller. Have you gone mental? Do you really think no one would be able to put you in your place? Do you think you're bulletproof huh?"

Alex smiled coldly, “You can try, I dare you. Besides, I haven’t gone mental, but you’re the ones who crossed the line. Putting aside Dorothy’s ability to convince Mr. Carter, even if she could, she isn’t obligated to help you. But, what about you guys? All you know is to spew insults, ruining her reputation. Hmph, are you guys even here to ask for help?”

“I don’t want to hear anything about this. Just get on with the second thing that you have to say.”

Madame Joanne’s eyelids twitched with anger, but she managed to calm herself down and said, “Secondly, from now on, all the new material contracts of the City South branch will now be taken over by Assex Constructions. The rights to sell off the new materials in the City South branch will now be forfeited.”

“What? How could you do that?” Dorothy jumped up from her seat as cold sweat trickled down her forehead. That was because all the contracts that she had just signed recently were all new material contracts. She made an advance payment for the procurement of the materials, and even bet all her fortune on them. Once her rights were to be forfeited, she wouldn’t be able to sell them and everything would be all for naught.

Madame Joanne huffed. “Why couldn’t I? I can do whatever I want as long as I say so.”

Dorothy spoke up, “Grandma, you have to be reasonable. All of the contracts we have at hand at the City South branch are for the new materials. If we were to hand them over to the main branch, it’s akin to forcing us to cease the company’s operations. I still have so many materials stocked up, what do I do with them?”

Benny replied, “I’ll buy all of them from you at half the market price.”

‘Half?’

Dorothy was about to snap. If she were to sell them at half the market price, she wouldn’t be able to cover her losses, even if she had to sell her body.

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“Uncle Benny, my company would be ruined if I were to sell the materials at half the market price! That wouldn’t be able to cover the advance expense that we forked out for the materials. You’re trying to ruin our lives!”

Dorothy was in such a panic that she reared up, after all, this was all too much for her.

Alex did not understand much about Assex Constructions’ new materials. Although he felt sorry for his wife, he could not find any excuse to stand up for his wife. So, he could only wait and think of another way to help her.

Madame Joanne smiled coldly. “What does that have to do with us? Your company can go into shambles for all I care. Grandma wants to help you, since you’re my

granddaughter. If you could achieve the first request, we wouldn't take action on the second."

Dorothy understood their intentions now, it was a simultaneous pressure to force her into submission. Madame Joanne looked confident, knowing that she was going to get what she wanted.

Benny said, "Dorothy, I'll give you a day to think about this. If you don't give me an answer by this time tomorrow, I will forfeit your sales rights of the new materials at the City South branch. Just decide for your sake."

After that, the Assexes walked out of the villa immediately, as though they would be tainted by the contaminated air in the villa if they stayed there any longer.

After walking out of the villa, Emma lent an arm to support her father, Anderson as she viciously cursed, "That bastard Rockefeller! One day, I'll have him kneel before me and make his life a living hell!"

Anderson said, "I want to kill him..!"

However, Benny shook his head. "Anderson, you're at fault too. Couldn't you have kept your foul mouth shut? Saying things like that would definitely piss Dorothy off. That bastard Alex is a mad man too, he'd beat anyone up as long as he has a reason to. You and Emma better stay away from him in the future."

Madame Joanne said, "Don't worry, as long as we sign the contract with South Cali Structures, I'll avenge the both of you and make that Rockefeller brat regret his actions for life."

They then got into their car and drove off.

Dorothy, on the other hand, helplessly flopped onto the sofa. Aggrieved, tears began streaming down her face as she bit her lower lip. However, in just a few moments, Dorothy curled up into a ball and sobbed uncontrollably.

Alex was heartbroken, so he hurriedly approached her and squatted down to comfort her. "Dorothy, don't worry. Tell me what's with the sales rights of the new materials, we'll face this issue together."

Claire pushed Alex aside. "What do you know? What good would it do even if we tell you? Get lost, this is your fault! If you hadn't beaten Emma and Anderson up, Madame Joanne wouldn't have made things difficult for Dorothy! It's all your fault, you're nothing but a bearer of bad luck! You're just here to scourge our family!"

Alex was ticked off and wanted to shove this woman into a toilet as he thought, "She looks alright, yet she's just full of sh*t."

"Claire Assex, can you just shut up for one second? All you know is to yell, what does this even have to do with Alex? He's just helping us, can't you use your brain for once?!" Dorothy was about to fall apart but she couldn't bear Claire's nonsense anymore.

Claire said, "Alright, alright. I'll stop, okay? Umm... is it really that bad?"

Dorothy replied, "If that were to happen, we'd have to sell the villa, we'd be homeless."

"Huh?!" Claire immediately screamed. The situation was far worse than she had expected.

Alex placed his hand on Dorothy's knee. "Don't be so negative, you still have me, don't you? I'll help you."

Claire yelled out of habit, "I'd be glad if a loser like you wouldn't make things more difficult. You... alright, I'll just stop talking!"

Dorothy proceeded to explain their whole situation and the sales rights of the new materials.

In fact, such construction materials could only be sold in fixed areas after getting authorization. Moreover, each area would only have one official sales agency. In California, Assex Constructions was the designated sales agency for the new materials. Besides that, it would be illegal to sell the materials without permission.

Alex asked, "Which company is the main manufacturer of the new materials?"

Dorothy replied, “A company in California, which is owned by the Yowells.”

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The Yowells?

Alex froze a little, then let out a sigh of relief.

Since it was Keith’s property, whatever rule regarding the materials would be set by the Yowells. He believed that Keith would definitely help him out with such a trivial matter.

Alex immediately said, “Okay, don’t you worry. Just leave it to me, I’ll help you resolve this issue.”

Dorothy asked, “What plan do you have? Are you going to beg Mr. Carter?”

Alex smiled mysteriously. “Just wait and see.”

Throughout their conversation, Beatrice observed Alex with a puzzled look. She suddenly remembered that youthful lady with huge busts, as known as the top-notch campus belle in California State University, Michelle Yowell.

She immediately spoke up, "Alex, I'd like to talk to you. Follow me outside."

With that, Beatrice turned around and walked out of the villa.

Dorothy and Claire looked toward Beatrice in bemusement before turning their gaze to Alex. Both of them thought that something impossible had happened.

After all, what could Beatrice and Alex possibly talk about in private?

Even Alex was extremely puzzled, yet in the end he still followed her outside the villa.

They stopped under the parasol tree in the Villa's garden.

"What do you want to talk about?" Alex shoved his hands into his pocket, standing three metres away from Beatrice.

Beatrice was wearing a pair of overalls, with a white t-shirt underneath. Her legs were fair and long, to be frank, she looked quite gorgeous.

At first sight, anyone would be attracted to such a beauty.

However, Alex had lived in Assex Villa for more than half a year. He was way too familiar with his sister-in-law. She had numerous flaws just like her mother. For instance, she was lazy, harsh, insulting and snobbish. No matter how pretty she was, Alex had no interest in her at all. Hence, he was grateful that Dorothy was nothing like them.

Beatrice asked, "Who is Michelle Yowell to you?"

Alex chuckled coldly. "So that's what you wanted to ask? Why should I tell you?"

He then turned around, preparing to leave.

Beatrice yelled, "Stop right there, Alex Rockefeller! Do you even know what you're doing? Do you know who Michelle Yowell is? She has a title in California as the little devil of the Yowells. This person is cruel, she's not someone you should mess with! Why are you pursuing her when you're already married to my sister? Do you know that this would ruin your life? It might ruin ours too!"

Alex stopped in his tracks. “So you’re saying I’m pursuing Michelle?”

Beatrice replied, “Are you not? You must’ve lured her with sweet lies! You may be able to fool her for now, but you can’t fool her forever. Once she finds out your true identity someday, not only will you dig your own grave, but you will also scourge our family too!”

Alex let out a sardonic laugh.

Beatrice continued, “Are you going to look for Michelle? Are you trying to fool her into helping you get the sales rights of the new materials? Do you not know that you will walk right into the trap by revealing your identity to her?”

Alex replied, “You have no idea at all. Moreover, I’m not pursuing Michelle.”

“Then tell me, what is your relationship with her?”

“Relationship huh?” Alex’s gaze turned sharp. “Alright, I’ll tell you then. It’s because Michelle’s grandfather is about to die, and I’m the only one who can save him. All the lineal descendants of the Yowell family have been diagnosed with a very serious sickness and I’m the only one who can help them. Michelle almost died yesterday too, and I saved her. Are you satisfied with this answer yet?”

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Upon listening to his words, Beatrice burst in anger as she thought, 'How dare he utter such nonsense?! Does he think that I, Beatrice Assex, am a dumbass?!'

However, this bastard looked extremely arrogant and smug, so Beatrice couldn't hold in her fury any longer.

"Do you think I'd believe that? Do you think you're some kind of miracle doctor? That you're a reincarnation of Hippocrates? Why don't you just say that you saved the earth, or better, the entire universe? Really... Is this the dream of a loser?"

"I really dislike you, you don't deserve my sister at all. Yet my sister is just so infatuated with you, both Mom and I can't do anything about you at all! So, I hope you can come back to your senses and be down-to-earth. Don't ever hurt my sister, or even my family."

"You can continue to be our nanny in this villa, but you have to cut ties with Michelle Yowell." Beatrice said with a cold expression on her face.

After letting out a sardonic laugh, Alex turned around, looking toward the golden crown of the parasol tree, and said, "Grasses could only look up to the parasol tree. How could the common people know the goals of a great man?"

Beatrice understood the hidden meaning behind his words.

Just as she was about to snap, Alex's phone rang.

Since he just got a new phone and had not synced his contacts, so only a local number was displayed on the screen.

"Hello, who is this?"

A sweet voice came from the other side of the phone. "How could you not know who I am? Did you not save my number?"

Alex recognized her voice. "Michelle Yowell?"

"Yeah, it's me. Gosh, I'm so pissed, you stole my first kiss! It would be treacherous if you couldn't even recognize my voice," Michelle replied.

Beatrice, on the other hand, frowned as soon as she heard Michelle's name. She tried to eavesdrop on their conversation, but she couldn't hear anything at all.

All she could hear was Alex's voice.

"Do you have a death wish? Fine, just tell me, what do you want? I'm busy you know!"

"What? Head to the Taekwondo club of California State University? For what..? I'm not free."

"Uhm, wait.. I've changed my mind, I'll go take a look!"

Michelle, who was on the other side of the phone, seemed to be in the Taekwondo club in California State University. She might be in trouble, hence she called Alex for help. Alex didn't want to help her initially.

However, thinking about Dorothy's situation with the new materials, he decided to lend Michelle a hand. Beatrice, who was standing aside, was extremely shocked.

How could Alex talk to Michelle in such a despicable tone?

She thought, 'Damn, this jerk has some tricks up his sleeve in pursuing girls. How did he even pursue Michelle? Could it be that Michelle likes hot-tempered guys like him? That might be true. Michelle isn't a nice lady, and her temper is odd too, so there's still a

possibility that she likes guys like that. I guess this loser really has a way with women. Otherwise, why would Sis be so infatuated with him? A jerk! He's such a jerk!

Alex gritted his teeth and took a glance at Beatrice, who seemed annoyed, before heading back into Assex Villa. He turned to Dorothy and said, "Dorothy, I got caught in something, and I have to go out for a bit. Don't worry about the company's situation, I'll deal with it for you."

Claire said, "Don't make things worse, just go back into the kitchen and cook us a meal."

Without the maid, Claire was unable to get anything good down her stomach for the past few days since she didn't know how to cook at all and she was sick of ordering takeouts.

Alex stared at Claire for three seconds and folded his arms behind his back, exiting the villa.

"He... What an ungrateful loser! What attitude was that? I'm his mother-in-law, for god's sake! Who on earth would treat his mother-in-law like this?"

"Mom, just order takeouts!" Dorothy suggested.

“I won’t order takeouts! I’m not going to eat them, I’ll barf as soon as I smell them!”
Claire buffed as she watched Beatrice walk in. “Beatrice, go make us something to eat.
You cook better than I do.”

Beatrice took a glance at Dorothy and hurriedly said, “I need to go to school, I just remembered that I have something to do.”

At this moment, the Taekwondo club in California State University was teeming with people.

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At this time of the year, California State University was already closed for holidays but lots of students stayed back at the university, especially the seniors and club members. As for the top-notch and extremely popular campus belle, Michelle, as soon as the news of her challenging someone spread, it immediately led a large crowd.

There were quite a few outsiders in the crowd as well.

Wham!

On the half-meter high stage, a young teen with a mohawk, was sent flying off the stage with just one kick from his opponent, falling hard onto the ground.

It was fortunate that the stage was surrounded by soft mats, hence he didn't end up injured.

Loud cheers and claps echoed through the clubhouse. The young teen with a mohawk gloomily walked up to a youthful lady with huge busts, who had a stern expression plastered on her face. "Sorry, Ms. Yowell, I was no match for him."

The winner on the stage, who was a young man with long hair, pointed toward Michelle.

He stared at her mockingly and said, "Michelle Yowell, didn't you claim that you're the best fighter in California? What now, are you chickening out? Are you scared of fighting me up here? Or are you on your period that you can't even walk properly? Hahaha!"

With the young man's arrogant laughter, many in the crowd started gossiping as well...

"This Michelle Yowell girl always acts all high and mighty. I guess she just puts up a bold front, but in reality she's just a weak girl."

“Right? Everyone knows she’s the best fighter in California State University. Looks like she bribed some students to spread such lies. Look at her, I bet the rest of the Yowells aren’t any better too.”

“Yeah, she’s just a classic bully, picking on the weak but avoiding the strong. She puts on an ostentatious act whenever she beats a weakling. To be frank, who couldn’t beat someone weaker? Now that a strong opponent shows up, she’s just sending her club member up there, avoiding all confrontation on her own. Such a person... Hrnph! And, they even call her the campus belle!”

Voices filled with disgust and disdain drowned Michelle’s senses.

With her hot temper, she managed to hold up well and had not vomited blood yet due to anger.

However, she really had no choice. After all, she vomited blood just yesterday and almost died after falling into a river. She also had to spar with one of her club members earlier too, which caused the recurrence of her injury and her vomiting blood again.

Helpless, she had to ask for Alex’s help.

Her right hand men couldn’t stand by and watch, so they shouted, “What are you so cocky about? Ms. Yowell is hurt and vomited blood earlier, that’s why she can’t fight you now. If you really want a fair fight, you should come back in a month.”

Upon hearing these words, laughter and mockeries roared inside the hall.

The long haired guy, who was still on stage, cackled. "Hurt and vomited blood? Did you really vomit blood, or you just bled down there? Vomit some blood for us now then! We'll only believe you after you do!"

"Or you could come up here and prostrate before me, and give me three hard knocks to the ground to show your allegiance. From now on, your Devil Coven will belong to my Green Dragons. How about that?"

Michelle's face turned grim. As the little devil of the Yowells, she had never experienced such humiliation.

"Fine, I'll fight you!" With that, she walked up the stage.

At this moment, Alex finally arrived at California State University by cab.

However, it was his first time coming to California State University, so he was not familiar with the place at all, let alone found the Taekwondo club. Moreover, the university was fairly quiet and empty, he couldn't even find a living soul to ask for directions.

Just then, he noticed a group of three guys and two girls rushing off to some place. So, he hurriedly caught up to them and asked, "Hello, excuse me, how can I get to the Taekwondo club?"

An elegant and tall girl quickly scanned Alex up and down and said with a cold expression, "You're not a student here, are you?"

"Uhm, no. I'm here to look for Michelle Yowell."

"You're here to look for Ms. Yowell? Do you know her?"

One of the guys replied.

Alex replied, "Kind of!"

The guy smiled. "I guess you're here on account of her reputation, to watch Devil Coven defeat Green Dragons! Okay, follow us, we're from Devil Coven."

A girl with chubby cheeks pointed at the tall girl. "She's Annalise Henderson, the second best fighter in Devil Coven, whereas Ms. Yowell is the best fighter. We're going to the clubhouse now, so you can tag along!"

Annalise shot a dissatisfied glare at the chubby-faced girl and huffed. “Come on, stop the idle chatter and get walking!”

She then glanced at Alex. “All you need to do is follow us, just don’ t be talkative.”

Alex rubbed his nose. “Oh, alright.”

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Alex followed the five in the back and listened in on their conversation.

“Sis Henderson, I heard the president of Green Dragons, Trevor Newman, was the one who challenged us. He even brought a skilled fighter along this time. I wonder if Ms. Yowell can handle them,” one of the guys said worriedly.

“Don’t worry, Newman is just all talk. He looks impressive but he’s just a weakling. He couldn’t even beat me last time, let alone Michelle. He has no chance against her,” Annalise said confidently.

“But I heard Newman went for a special training for a duration of three months!”

“You guys might not understand martial art even if I were to explain it to you. Three months? Even if he has trained for three years, he’s still no match for Michelle, and can’t even beat me. That’s because both Michelle and I are experts in inner force after intensive training.”

“So, it’s really because of inner force? Then, aren’t you guys as strong as Shooriyojou?”

“Besides, Sis Henderson, you’re so gorgeous. You really do have the similar elegance as Shooriyojou. I wish I was your Condor Hero!” Another guy flattered.

Annalise replied, “I’m no Shooriyojou, but my inner force may be almost as strong as hers.”

Alex couldn’t hold in his laughter and let out a chuckle. In fact, from his point of view, Annalise was no more than a Beginner- Royal ranked fighter. Her inner force was no stronger than his mother, Brittany. Yet she was here, bragging her strength.

“What are you laughing at?” Annalise turned around and glared at him.

Alex immediately replied, “Oh, nothing...”

“Hmph..!”

It was clear that Annalise was an egoistic person and hard to be befriended.

While trying to suppress his laughter, Alex curiously asked the girl with chubby cheeks and dimples, “What’s Devil Coven, and what’s Green Dragons?”

The girl was shocked. “You don’t even know them? Looks like you really don’t know much about our club president. Devil Coven is a club that we started, with Ms. Yowell as the club president. As for Green Dragons, they’re a club from Technology and Business University. Both our clubs have been at each other’s throats for the longest time, especially after Trevor Newman bullied one of our club members, and that was how we became rivals.”

Annalise scolded again, “Priscilla Paytas! Can’t you just keep your mouth shut?”

Priscilla Paytas was the girl with chubby cheeks.

She stuck her tongue out at Alex and shrugged her shoulders, indicating that she could not say anything more. However, she protested timidly and said, “Sis Henderson, this isn’t a secret anyway. He would know about this once he asks anyone else in school.”

Annalise huffed coldly again.

In just a few minutes, they finally reached the Taekwondo club.

Alex was taken aback by the large crowd. He thought there would be tens of people inside, but he did not expect that the clubhouse was filled with people, blocking the entrance completely.

At first glance, there were definitely more than a thousand people here.

Suddenly, someone yelled out loud, "Annalise Henderson of Devil Coven has arrived! Everyone, hurry and make way for her!"

Upon hearing those words, the whole crowd started gossiping, some even cheered loudly.

"Annalise Henderson is here! She's the second best fighter of Devil Coven! Hurry and make way!"

"With Annalise here, Devil Coven couldn't possibly lose, right?"

Alex noticed that Annalise held her head up, with a pleasurable look on her face as though she were satisfied with such praises.

As they walked into the clubhouse, Priscilla pulled Alex's arm and said, "Follow behind me, or else you won't be able to get in."

"Okay!" Alex nodded as he stared at her intently.

Priscilla didn't have a tall figure and elegance like Annalise, yet her pinkish chubby cheeks made her unique. She was adorable, her face looked like a full moon with a hint of sakura petals.

Just then, the crowd started screaming loudly, Alex turned to the stage.

Michelle, who was wearing a white uniform, kicked her opponent away. However, she started vomiting blood with a pale face, kneeling on the ground.

Everyone gasped loudly, especially the Devil Coven members. All of them had shocked expressions plastered on their faces.

However, the long haired guy, Trevor Newman, was completely fine. He walked up to Michelle and stared down at her. "Michelle Yowell, didn't you say that you're strong? Why did you get defeated so quickly? I had you vomiting blood with just one punch. Looks like you're no match for me either."

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While clasping her chest in pain, Michelle coughed up blood and couldn't answer at all.

Meanwhile, Trevor scanned the crowd and yelled, "Hey, everyone in Devil Coven and California State University, did you see that? Michelle Yowell, the one you claim as queen, is now kneeling before me, Trevor Newman from Green Dragons! Do you guys yield?"

Alex frowned. He could tell that Michelle had acted recklessly again by using her inner force, resulting in the recurrence of her injury. If it was not treated in time, it could leave serious repercussions on her health. When the time came, she might not be able to recover completely, even with his help.

However, just as he was about to give Michelle a hand, the members of Devil Coven rushed up the stage and helped her get down.

Annalise and the others rushed to her and asked about the situation. Only then did they realize that Michelle had been wounded before the fight.

Annalise huffed. "I'll take him down."

Michelle replied, "Be careful, Newman's strength has improved quite a lot."

Annalise nodded and went up to the stage.

Alex didn't care about the fight onstage, he knew he must immediately tend to Michelle's wounds. Just as he took a step forward, Priscilla hurriedly pulled him back and whispered, "What are you doing? Don't go over there, Ms. Yowell has a bad temper and she's hurt now."

Alex smiled. "It's fine, I'm here for her in the first place."

Priscilla, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry at his silliness, said, "Dude, please don't cause any trouble for me. I'm begging you, just stand here and watch the fight Don't move a muscle."

Just then, Michelle noticed Alex and hurriedly waved at him. "You! Oh my god, you're finally here! Come here quick, I'm dying in pain!"

Huh?

Priscilla froze, with her mouth agape. She looked at Alex, then turned to Michelle as she thought, "Why does it feel like I've done something stupid?"

The members of Devil Coven next to Michelle also looked at Alex in bewilderment as they thought, “Who is this guy?”

Alex winked at Priscilla and said, “See? I didn’t lie to you, I really know Michelle.”

He then walked over to Michelle with furrowed eyebrows. “Were you trying to end your life because it’s not long to begin with?”

Michelle grimaced in pain, with blood still dripping off of her chin. She grabbed Alex’s hand and pressed it against her chest. “Quick, touch me now! Come on! I can’t stand it anymore! I can’t!”

What?

Everyone else nearby was astonished by such a scene, with their eyes widened.

What had just happened?

Their queen, their best fighter, was now placing a man’s hand on her... Ahem. Asking someone to touch that body part was atrocious, everyone just couldn’t believe their eyes.

Priscilla was left tongue-tied, with her mouth agape. Yet, she came up with a theory that Alex might be Michelle's boyfriend.

Alex shook his head and sighed. However, he then pressed his hand on Michelle's heart and channelled his Chi to place compression on the wound. After that, he used the electrical acupuncture to heal her.

Her wound was able to heal up pretty well in just a brief moment.

Suddenly, the crowd screamed again, the members of Devil Coven gasped in shock as well. Annalise had been kicked out of the stage, she lost!

Trevor laughed. "How was that? Devil Coven, your two best fighters have lost to me! Why aren't you guys admitting defeat yet? What are you waiting for?"

"Michelle Yowell, do you yield?"

"All of you from Devil Coven are just a bunch of useless weaklings!"

Michelle was fuming, she was about to rush up stage to fight him again but Alex stopped her.

He waved at Priscilla. "You're Priscilla Paytas, right? Do you trust me?"

Priscilla nodded and responded with a hum.

Alex replied, "Alright!"

He grabbed her hands and channelled a special form of Chi. After letting her hands go in just three seconds, he slapped her hands gently and said, "Now go up there and beat him up."