

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0376 - 0380

Suddenly, Waltz Fleur put her utensils down and hugged Alex Rockefeller from behind. “Alex, get a divorce! You and Dorothy are from two completely different worlds. Plus, your mother-in-law is a weirdo! You can have me as your second wife and Maya as your first wife. If it really comes to it, you can have Michelle as your third wife. You’ll be occupied enough.”

Alex laughed bitterly.

“I’ve completed the modification for your Cuore Force. It’s in your room. I named it Moon of the Nine Revolutions. You...” Before Alex could finish his sentence, Waltz had already let him go and ran off.

“Sh*t. What kind of wife is this? She’s an annoying girl!” Alex murmured before he continued cooking.

Very soon, Waltz ran out from her room and asked Alex all sorts of questions about cultivation.

Feeling annoyed, Alex pressed his palm against her back and started activating her cultivation pathway. The pathway began to form in the veins in her body.

“From now on, train like this. I can’t help you with the martial art technique. You’ll have to figure it out on your own. Also...” Alex said before taking a sheet of paper out from his pocket that had a list of herbs written on it, items needed to create pills for Waltz. “Here’s a list of all the herbs needed. If you can get them, try to do so. I’ll make pills for you to increase your capability. Feel free to discuss this matter with your godfather. Basically, you guys supply the ingredients, I’ll make the pills. Together, we’ll make Thousand Miles Conglomerate dominate California’s underworld on its own.”

Waltz nodded. “Okay. I’ll talk to my godfather about this.”

Another day passed in the blink of an eye. Early in the morning, Alex received a call from his mother, Brittany Rockefeller. She sounded so excited and loud that Alex thought he might turn deaf.

“Son, you’re awesome!” She exclaimed.

“The Bounty Acne Cream recipe you modified for me yielded unusually good results. It’s three times more effective than the product we developed. Do you know what this means? This means it’s a product that can beat any brand of acne cream in the world. Also, is the other recipe you left behind a whitening recipe? It’s effectiveness is equally as shocking,” Brittany said.

Alex smiled slightly after listening to what she said.

There were countless other recipes like those in his mind. Those two were simply the two most common types. The more effective recipes would, however, require extremely precious spiritual herbs, and they were actually a part of medicinal alchemy.

Thus, a lot of those products couldn't be mass-produced. Otherwise, the results would be even more effective.

"Mother, the main effect of that recipe isn't whitening. It has anti-aging and anti-wrinkling properties. But whitening is a by-product," Alex explained.

"What?" Brittany was shocked.

"It even has anti-aging and anti-wrinkling properties. No way! I'm going to carry out targeted experiments to produce accurate experimental data," she added.

"Remember to keep the recipe a secret. " Alex chuckled.

"I'm not dumb. Of course, I know what to do. Be careful in California. I heard there was an assassination attempt on Zendaya during a concert. It's ridiculous. How could something like that happen?"

Alex rubbed his nose.

He wondered how his mother would react if she knew he was there when that incident happened.

Right after his call with Brittany ended, he received a call from Cheryl Coney.

“Alex, do you still remember the brain specialist from California Main Hospital, Andrew?” She asked.

Alex laughed. “That big nosed foreigner who says things that I can’t take seriously? Of course, I remember him.”

“He came to see me and said that he wants to receive treatment from you!”

“Oh? Well then, has he published the promised apology in the Swiss Medical Journal?”

“Why don’t you come and have a look? Although he hasn’t published it, he has invited a reporter from that publishing company. The reporter says that the apology will only be published after your traditional medicine has been proven effective.”

Alex raised his brows. “Okay. I’ll come over right away.”

When Alex arrived at California Main Hospital, Alex saw Beatrice Assex talking to a few of her classmates. As he passed them by, he listened to their conversation. In the end, he found out they were actually here to look for Mask. It seemed like both of Zendaya's female bodyguards were hospitalized here.

“Beatrice, hurry up. Let's find out if Mask, the man of your dreams is here. If we do get to see him, you'll finally be able to drink and eat in peace, and be put out of your misery from missing him so much.”

Alex was dumbfounded when he heard this.

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“Is there something wrong with this woman's brain? She actually has feelings for Mask! Good gosh!”

Alex Rockefeller felt as if he had been struck by lightning. Barring aside the fact that Beatrice Assex was Dorothy Assex's younger sister, she was also his own sister-in-law. Over the past ten months, this woman had always been dissing him with her peculiar mannerism. She either called him out for being useless or a piece of trash.

Beatrice would probably have a meltdown if she found out that her crush, Mask, was actually Alex.

Alex shook his head. He decided to ignore her and continued walking further inside.

However, Beatrice actually noticed him.

She immediately ran over and grabbed him by his shirt. "Why are you here? What are you doing here?" she asked.

Alex looked at how strange she seemed. "I don't think me being here has anything to do with you, does it?"

Alex calmly pushed her away.

"You b*stard. You might not realize it, but I know you must be here to see that female doctor! How could you be so shameless? My sister just changed her mind about you, and you're already meeting other women behind her back. Can't you behave more like a normal guy? You could get a job, or even make deliveries!" Beatrice said angrily.

Alex chuckled coldly. "Make deliveries? Do you think I need such small amounts of money? Did you even see me meeting another woman?"

Beatrice suddenly recalled that Alex just received twenty million dollars from Felix Shepherd. Now that Alex had the money, he naturally looked down on the money he would earn from making deliveries.

But this jerk was spending his money recklessly. He was seeing other women and he didn't even give her mother a single cent.

"Also, please, wake up. It's one thing to go after celebrities, but it's another thing if you do it mindlessly. How could you fall in love with Mask? You barely know anything about him. Does he even know you? Does he know who you are? If you have so much energy, why don't you pick up embroidery or culinary arts at home? You might end up getting married to a good person in the future," Alex suddenly said.

Beatrice's face turned red after hearing what Alex said.

This was her secret. She only told a few good friends about it when the incident happened. She didn't even tell her mother or her sister. How did Alex find out?

In the next second, Beatrice went from being embarrassed to angry. "What does it have to do with you? Why do you care?"

"I can't be bothered to care about you. Go after Mask all you want!" Alex said before leaving.

Beatrice was so angry that she stomped her foot on the ground.

Her friend, Mona Weiss, ran up to her. "Isn't that your brother-in-law? Why does he look a little like Mask from the back?"

Beatrice was stunned. She looked over at Alex before pouting. "How so? Look at him. He walks like a dog."

"Alright, alright. Let's not care about your annoying brother-in-law. Hurry, let's look for Mask. If we miss him, you'll just end up crying again!" Beatrice's friend said.

Alex heard everything.

He wished he could run over to her and claw her eyes out. 'Look clearly. I'm Mask, the man you dream about all day and night! Now stop dreaming. I'll never like you!'

Very soon, Alex arrived at Cheryl Coney's office.

In the room, apart from Cheryl and Andrew 'the big nosed foreigner' there was also a tall, foreign looking beauty with blonde hair and blue eyes wearing glasses. She was probably the reporter from the medical publishing company Cheryl had mentioned.

There was also a middle-aged man. Alex had met this person before. He was Lucifer North, the director of First City Hospital.

When Alex arrived, Andrew immediately looked excited. “Oh, God! I finally get to see you again!” Andrew exclaimed.

He wanted to greet Alex with a warm hug, but Alex quickly pushed him away. “I’m not your God.”

Andrew didn’t feel awkward about it at all. Instead, he laughed. “Oh, right. I suddenly remembered. Very few people in America believe in the god we speak of. You believe in another god. Dear Alex, regardless of which god you believe in, you are like my god.”

Cheryl tried to hold in her laughter.

Lucifer found it hard to resist his giggle.

The blonde lady, on the other hand, looked Alex up and down before scoffing. “Andrew, you embarrass me. The god you spoke of is a woman. Do you think he’s a woman? Anyway, is he the miracle doctor you mentioned could revive the dead and let patients with broken legs walk again within half an hour? I really suspect that you might have Alzheimer’s disease.”

Alex glanced at the female reporter, and his gaze gradually turned cold.

Chapter 0378

“Dear Alex, please don’t take it to heart. Her name is Miranda Finn. You can call her Little Finn. She’s the granddaughter of an old buddy of mine. Ever since she was a kid... Well, she’s been like a stray kitten...” Andrew quickly said.

Before Andrew could continue speaking, Miranda cut him off. “Andrew, you’re going to piss me off if you keep talking like this. Stop wasting my time. He’s so young, but you call him an amazing miracle doctor. You must have been fooled by him.”

Alex Rockefeller looked at Andrew calmly. “Does this mean you haven’t convinced this woman yet?” he asked.

Andrew waved his hand. “Alex, she’s a very difficult woman to deal with. I really hope you can convince her.”

Miranda laughed out loudly. “Andrew, you must have been fooled by him. To be honest, I didn’t come to do an interview or anything like that. I just wanted to see what kind of person fooled you. Oh, I’ve learned something new today... Traditional medicine? Hmph. Is that even considered medical knowledge? It’s practically witchcraft, something handed down by American tribes with superstitions and myths involved. Andrew, you should really look for a proper children’s mythical storybook from America. Otherwise, it’d be way too embarrassing.”

Cheryl Coney and Lucifer North were both very upset with Miranda. However, she was a foreign female reporter. They couldn't get angry and yell at her in her face.

Right then, Alex walked over to Miranda.

She was shocked. "What are you going to do to me? I'm telling you, I'm a karate expert."

Alex looked at her blue eyes that looked like they belonged to a feral cat. This was the first time he held his gaze with a Persian at such a close distance.

"Do you not believe in traditional medicine? Do you think it's all superstition and myths?" Alex asked calmly.

"Of course," Miranda said.

"Well then, I'll show you what myths in America really look like."

He gently lifted a finger and tapped Miranda below her neck

In the next second, she started screaming out loud. “Oh, oh my god! Oh lord! Why can’t I move? Have I been paralyzed? What did you do to me? Oh! Oh my god! I don’t want to be paralyzed!”

Everyone else was also shocked, including Cheryl.

In traditional medicine, there wasn’t any kind of acupunctural method that could instantly freeze one’s limbs in place. Even the theory of hitting a person’s pressure point as described in martial arts novels wasn’t practical in traditional medicine.

Miranda was crying loudly with a frightened expression.

“Didn’t you say traditional medicine is just witchcraft and myths? I’m showing you what traditional medicine is right now,” Alex said.

“This isn’t traditional medicine. This is... Martial arts. That’s right. You people call it ‘hitting a pressure point’, don’t you? It’s described like that in Condor Heroes,” Miranda said.

Alex couldn’t believe that she’d actually seen this before.

Alex shook his head. "This is traditional medicine."

Miranda still didn't believe him and continued to shout.

Annoyed by her, Alex tapped her again. Now, Miranda couldn't even speak. She could only open her mouth without making any sounds. Her eyeballs rolled around from left to right. She tried her best to give Andrew looks, and it made her seem very odd.

Alex ignored her and turned to look at Andrew. "Looks like your promise is going to fall through. She doesn't believe in it at all."

"No, no. It's fine. Even without Little Finn, I can still come up with the article myself and publish it on the paper. I came to you for a treatment so that I could personally experience the healing effects of traditional medicine. That way, my writing would be even more persuasive. I want the entire world to know that traditional medicine is awesome!" Andrew exclaimed.

Alex chuckled. "Okay. I will give you a treatment now. I'll be able to cure you of pancreatitis within half an hour."

"What? Half an hour? Oh my god! Alex, you really are my Goddess of Mercy!" Andrew exclaimed.

Miranda, on the other hand, smirked.

Could Alex really cure Andrew of pancreatitis within half an hour? It was the biggest joke she had ever heard. If Alex could really do it, Miranda swore she would address him as her father.

Unfortunately, she couldn't speak now.

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Alex Rockefeller thought about it for a while.

The most ideal way to cure this big nosed foreigner of his pancreatitis was to use an electrified needle with the lightning attribute. In fact, using one's finger was the fastest and easiest way.

However, most commoners couldn't accept being treated with finger poking methods.

Without using a silver needle to carry out acupuncture, it would appear too illogical. Most people wouldn't be able to understand it. Hence, Alex turned to look at Cheryl Coney. "Do you have a silver needle? Can I borrow it?"

Cheryl was a doctor who practiced a fusion of traditional and modern medicine. Acupuncture was one of her strengths. So she definitely had silver needles in her drawer. She immediately took a brand-new pack of silver needles out. "I thought you didn't use silver needles," she said.

Alex sighed. "I'm worried these foreigners can't understand the treatment otherwise."

Cheryl chuckled softly. "Do you think they would understand it just because you use silver needles?"

She was right, but Alex still decided to use silver needles. In fact, he used a seemingly miraculous technique that included throwing needles into the air.

"Oh, no, no, no! Oh my god. Dear Alex, do you think I'm a dartboard?" Andrew immediately cried out in shock after pulling his shirt up.

However, it was already too late. Alex moved way too fast. With a flick of his finger, a silver needle jabbed into Andrew's pressure point. Only a short part of the needle was still sticking out and visibly shaking.

"Stop making noise. It doesn't even hurt!" Alex glared at Andrew.

Right then, Cheryl's and Lucifer North's eyes widened in disbelief.

Some nurses were a little rough when injecting needles via patients' buttocks, that was still understandable. However, it was simply outrageous to have the silver needles thrown around like this.

Silver needles were extremely fine.

Moreover, acupuncture requires precision in identifying acupuncture points, which was definitely not something ordinary people could do.

Miranda Finn, who could only move the parts of her body above her neck, felt as if her cat-like eyes were going to fall out.

Right then, another lady walked through the door. She was wearing a face mask. If she was a paparazzi, the people in the room would have been able to acutely sense it. However, she was instead the megastar who had nearly been assassinated earlier, Zendaya!

As soon as Zendaya walked in, she saw Miranda in an odd pose with a weird look on her face. "Miranda, what's wrong with you?" she asked.

It turned out that Zendaya and Miranda were friends. Lucifer shushed at Zendaya, asking her to be quiet. Zendaya was stunned.

Right then, Alex threw out three more needles that accurately thrust into the pressure points around Andrew's stomach. Now, Andrew was left with only curiosity. Just as Alex said, the long needles that pierced through his skin didn't actually hurt. Andrew only felt a slight numbing and itchy sensation.

It was all a little too unbelievable.

Andrew stared at his stomach as he deeply immersed himself in this unusual treatment process.

Zendaya could also finally see Alex's face clearly. "Alex Rockefeller, it's you..." she said in a surprised tone.

Lucifer gestured for Zendaya not to make any sound once again. Only then did she sheepishly press her palms together. After that, she looked at Alex's face without blinking. One couldn't quite tell what emotion she was expressing as her face was covered by a mask.

But Alex didn't even look at her once. Right then, he seemed extremely focused.

He was holding the fifth needle, and it was also the final needle he would use during this treatment.

“Andrew!” Alex suddenly said.

“The condition of your pancreatitis is already quite serious. There are signs of calcification and cysts. This final needle I’m going to use will be a little painful. If you’re afraid of the pain, I could hit you until you pass out. Oh, no. I mean I could use anesthesia on you.” Alex explained.

“No, dear Alex. I don’t want anesthesia. I want to experience this unusual treatment in the most original way. Did you know that my primary doctor recommended surgery for me? But that was too terrifying because the success rate was only thirty percent, and I would probably never wake up from the operating table. Don’t worry. I’m a strong man who’s not afraid of pain,” Andrew quickly said.

“As you wish!” Alex exclaimed.

Alex had a calm look on his face. Suddenly, the silver needle in his hand started to vibrate on its own. There were even tiny electric sparks on the tip of the needle. In the next moment, the silver needle broke away from Alex’s fingers and actually levitated in the air. The electric sparks on it became even brighter.

“Oh...”

“Oh my god!”

“What is this? Is this a special power?”

Andrew started shouting. His face was full of excitement, and he couldn't take his eyes off the silver needle.

The rest of the group did the same.

Alex controlled the silver needle with Chi such that it continued to float in the air. He gently glanced at Miranda. From her expression, he could tell that she was shocked. It seemed as if she had witnessed a miracle. On the other hand, Zendaya seemed relatively calm. Since she was from Michigan's Stoermer family, she had encountered quite a few strange people in her life. Her father was a martial arts expert as well. She knew that once someone achieved the level of cultivation where their inner force could be used externally, manipulating light objects like a silver needle was not that difficult.

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However, Zendaya couldn't quite understand why there were sizzling lightning flashes.

“This is a Chi needle we use in traditional medicine. It is created by imbuing needles with Chi energy. You can think of the lightning sparks as bio-electricity,” Alex Rockefeller said calmly.

The silver needle slowly advanced. When it was five centimeters away from the rest of the silver needles, the electric spark on it spread to the other four needles, and they all started emitting electric sparks.

Crackle!

“Ah! oh!”

Andrew cried out. It was unbearably painful.

To be honest, it wasn't too different from a typical surgery. This treatment also involved removing the calcified parts of his pancreas and the cysts around it. The only difference was that Western doctors would do it with a scalpel, while Alex did it with electrified Chi needles.

Wham!

Alex slapped Andrew so hard that he passed out.

The next part would be easy.

As everyone watched in amazement, the silver needles on Andrew's body began to emit a pungent and unpleasant green smoke.

"It stinks!" Cheryl Coney covered her nose as she took a step back. "It smells like barbecued meat."

Alex seemed very relaxed. "Indeed, the festering parts of his pancreas have been directly roasted and sucked out by the lightning sparks from the silver needles. It does smell a bit like barbecued meat, albeit the stinky kind. Oh, right. How's the old man doing now?"

"He's much better. He's been asking if you would come over to our place for dinner. Are you free tonight?" Cheryl asked with a smile.

Alex shook his head. "Not tonight. I've got an appointment already."

Cheryl's eyes turned dark. She thought he was talking about Dorothy Assex.

In reality, that wasn't the case.

Instead, Alex had an appointment with Jack Trent and Leanne Graves to attend their company's awards ceremony. He would use this opportunity to track down the person who gave Leanne her parasitic disease. Originally, it was supposed to be last night. But since some people couldn't make it in time, and many of the employees from Leanne's company were still out, they decided to wait another day.

Within half an hour, the treatment came to an end.

After the silver needles were removed, Andrew woke up yelling. "What happened to me?"

Alex tossed the silver needles away. "You're fine now. You can get a checkup."

"Really? Is that true? Oh... I really don't seem to be in pain anymore. In fact, I've never felt this relaxed. It's almost as if I've gone back to the condition I was in twenty years ago. I can drink rum again," Andrew said before giving Alex a tight hug.

After that, he went to get a checkup.

Alex then restored Miranda Finn's freedom. "Now, do you still think traditional medicine is superstitious?" he asked.

Zendaya could guess what had transpired between these two. “Miranda, Alex is my friend. He’s a very amazing practitioner of traditional medicine, and he fixed my knee,” she said.

“Oh?!” Miranda exclaimed. “I can talk again. The paralysis is gone. My dear Zendaya, he’s actually your friend, eh? It’s really... it’s amazing! I’ve decided to do a feature on you, Daddy!”

“What did you call me?” Alex asked.

“Oh, well, I swore that if you managed to cure that alcoholic, Andrew of his illness within half an hour, I’d call you Daddy. Well, as you can see, you won!” Miranda explained.

Alex started laughing. Things had turned out well in the end.

“Alex, I have to thank you for what you did last time. Can we have a meal together?” Zendaya asked. Miranda nodded along. “I can interview you during the meal,” she said.

Alex checked the time. “Alright. Cheryl, are you getting off work yet? Let’s go together!”

“I’ll need another ten minutes. Why don’t you guys go ahead first?” Cheryl said.

“Sure!”

They made a reservation.

Alex and Zendaya went over to order their food first. Since Miranda had something else to attend to, she would head over with Cheryl later.

Soon, Zendaya got into Alex’s Aston Martin.

At that moment, Beatrice Assex and her friends, who hadn’t seen Mask, were also at the hospital’s parking lot. They suddenly saw Alex with Zendaya.

“Look, it’s Zendaya!”

“Who’s that guy? Is that Mask? Oh my god! Beatrice, that’s your brother-in-law!”