

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 501 - 510

“Are these seeds?” Alex didn’t find another patch of spiritual soil. However, he found a bunch of weird-looking seeds in a black antique porcelain jar that were slightly flowing with Chi.

He had no idea how long they had been around, but they looked as if they were on the brink of death.

‘Could Clown have dug up these seeds from some other grave?’

‘So, their Chi would start depleting once they were out of the grave. Otherwise, why else would they still be alive?’

‘I’ll think about that later. As long as there’s Chi flowing in it, they must be good.’

Alex took a plastic bag out and kept the seeds before placing the whole bag into his pocket. As for the porcelain jar, he didn’t want to take it since the members of Divine Constabulary might think he was being greedy.

In just a few moments, Anna, Sky and the others arrived at the scene in two helicopters.

Sky slapped Alex's shoulder as he looked at Clown, who looked as if he was taking his last breaths. "It really is Clown! You've done well, my friend. We'll give you full credit for this mission."

Anna huffed. "So this guy had been hiding on the oceans. No wonder we couldn't find him in California!"

Alex turned to her and asked, "Where's the pizza?"

Anna rolled her eyes. "You have to wait at least twenty minutes for pizzas. Do we look like we have the time for that? I just asked them to deliver it to your house."

She then threw him a bag of food. "Here, it's for you."

"What is this?"

Anna pointed to the words on the bag. "Are you dyslexic? It's pretzels!"

In just a few moments, the members of Divine Constabulary arrested Clown and cruised into one of the ports to confiscate all the tomb antiques.

Alex and the others were sent back to California by helicopter. It was midnight by the time Alex got back to Maple Villa. He didn't expect to see Brittany, Waltz and Maya watching television while eating chips.

"How are you guys not asleep yet?" Alex was surprised.

"Oh, we forgot our sense of time. This show is too good." Maya said as she yawned.

Alex took a look at the television and just saw commercials.

'What's so good about commercials?'

Just then, he realized that the three were actually waiting for him to come home.

Brittany stood up. "Alright, alright, we're done with television for the night. Run along to bed now, we have a busy day ahead of us! You go to sleep too, Alex!"

Brittany and Maya then went upstairs to their rooms. Waltz, on the other hand, leaned onto him. She had showered a while ago so she smelled nice and soft. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she said, "Did you get a taste of that pretty superstar? You've been out for quite a long time, you know? Hmmm, I can even smell some perfume on you. Don't tell me..."

Alex panicked. “What? No way... Where?”

Waltz pinched him hard on his chest and huffed. Turning around, she rushed upstairs as well.

Alex took a sniff of his clothes. ‘I can’t smell any perfume though.’

He decided to take a shower as soon as he got back to his room.

He remembered the seeds he collected earlier. He picked out a few good ones and planted them in the pots by his window. He wasn’t sure how long they’ll be able to survive after all.

At the same time, he noticed that one of the frosty octagon flowers already bore a few seeds.

The next day, Zendaya showed up at Maple Villa. She came by to help with the commercials for Lush Cosmetics. She also wanted to thank Alex for saving her last night. With the recent event, Alex had saved her twice.

Brittany was overjoyed to see Zendaya as she excitedly clasped onto her hands. “Oh my, Zendaya! Hello! I’m Brittany, Alex’s mother. I’m such a big fan. Your concert was so amazing last night!”

Even though she was someone who had gone on stage multiple times, Zendaya was slightly startled when Brittany grabbed her hand. She felt extremely nervous. This nervousness felt like she was seeing her mother-in-law for the first time.

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‘Who am I to think like that?’

After some small talk, Zendaya sat down in the living room and noticed Waltz, Maya and Holly. All three of them were gorgeous in their own way. Even the young Holly had a devilish beauty.

“Uhm, who’s Mrs. Rockefeller?” Zendaya turned to Alex, but he was spacing out as he stared at his phone. Waltz took a glance at Alex and twitched her mouth. “Does he look like he has a wife?”

“What?” Zendaya covered her mouth, obviously shocked.

‘Does he not?’

'Alex lied to me? But why?'

Maya said, "Maybe. But she's just his wife on paper. She doesn't count as his actual wife."

Zendaya was even more confused at this point.

'Then is he married or not?'

Alex stood up. "Ms. Stoermer, don't take them too seriously, they're just joking. I'm married. Look, my wife is asking me to go to her place now! I'll be counting on you for the commercials, though I don't know much about these things. I'm off!"

Brittany narrowed her eyes. "How could you leave so soon? Ms. Stoermer just arrived! What is that woman asking of you? She must be up to no good!"

Alex smiled. "No no, it is good news! One of our female schoolmates is getting married tonight and we've been invited to the wedding."

This time, he wasn't lying.

The group chat was still talking about it as well. The schoolmate was Amanda Halls who used to share a dorm with Dorothy.

Zendaya was understanding and kind. “Oh, you must go then. A schoolmate’s wedding is very important. Don’t worry about the commercials, I think Mrs. Rockefeller and I get along quite well, so I’ll definitely do my best.”

Brittany held Zendaya’s arm. “See? This is what we mean by being understanding and polite, unlike your so-called wife. Look at Zendaya, she’s so much better than her. I don’t understand why you’re still hung up on her to be honest. Do you really want to wait until she cheats on you for you to let go?”

Alex’s expression darkened. “Mom, what are you even saying?”

Brittany was still furious with Dorothy. “Am I wrong? I’m just telling the truth! Tell me, how old are you, son? I’m here waiting for you to give me some grandkids but she won’t even let you lay a finger on her! Why would I want her as my daughter-in-law then? Is she there to just be put on a shrine?”

Alex fell speechless.

His voice became deep and hoarse as he left the villa gloomily. “I’ll be off now.”

However, Zendaya's eyes were glistening with hope and glee.

Alex rushed off to the villa in Senna Port along with some cosmetics from Lush Cosmetics.

He was sure that his own products were safe and effective, especially the anti-aging products. Plus, they weren't just effective for the middle-aged or the elderly, but for the young as well. Not only would the products make skin smoother, they would be able to make them glow and perfectly moisturized.

"Wait, isn't that... The newest cosmetics line from Belle Blossom? Lush Cosmetics, was it?"

Claire had sharp eyes and immediately snatched the bag out of Alex's hands as soon as she saw it. After opening the bag, she exclaimed excitedly. "Oh my god! There are three sets of them too! You're pretty thoughtful after all. Lush Cosmetics aren't for sale and many rich women couldn't get their hands on any despite having the money!"

Alex was shocked. "Mom, how did you know that?"

Claire replied, "One of my best friends is a VIP member of Belle Blossom. She even brought me along to enjoy their treatments yesterday. Oh right, where did you get these from? Are they fake?"

Dorothy joined the two, though slightly confused.

Alex didn't feel the need to hide the truth. "Lush Cosmetics was invented by my mother, but they haven't mass produced the products yet. I know they're really effective though, so I brought some for all of you."

"What? Your mom invented it?" Claire scrunched up her nose upon hearing this.

She despised Brittany, but was terrified of her as well. The moment she realized that Lush Cosmetics was invented by Brittany, she instinctively hated these products and her attitude flipped 180 degrees.

Beatrice, on the other hand, felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

'Lush Cosmetics? Alex? He's... the Master Rockefeller from last night!'

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Beatrice stared at Alex in disbelief.

The pianist wore a mask on stage. However, by comparing the two and with the information that Alan provided, she was sure that the pianist was her brother-in-law.

'He knows how to play the piano and has mastered it! Even Alan had to step down for him! But wasn't he just a loser?'

'If he had such skills, why was he willing to slave away for us?'

She couldn't understand at all, but her gaze softened as she continued to stare at Alex.

Thinking back to when Zendaya performed 'Doors of Fate' on stage, the emotions she felt made her feel like Alex should break up with her sister and be with Zendaya instead.

'How could he fall in love with someone else? He should be with Zendaya!'

Alex, on the other hand, had no idea what was going on in Beatrice's head. He didn't expect Beatrice to bump into Alan during the concert, let alone know that Lush Cosmetics would expose his identity as the pianist.

"So, Lush Cosmetics was invented by your mother? How long has it even been since she woke up from her coma? How could she make any good quality cosmetics in such

a short time? Don't tell me, she must've added some weird chemicals. Wouldn't want any health hazards now, do we?"

Claire threw the products aside, scornful.

Alex frowned slightly. "Fine, whatever. I can save it for better use anyway."

Claire was hostile. "You never bought me any gifts marrying my daughter, and now you're giving me some hazardous products? I don't care if your mom wants to defeat Rockefeller Group, that's wishful thinking anyway. But I won't forgive you if you got us involved."

Alex's gaze turned cold, he remembered what his mother had said.

'Would I really be happy with such a mother-in-law? Can I really handle this life forever?'

'If I can't keep my promise and make Dorothy the richest woman in California, wouldn't that mean I won't ever get her recognition?'

Dorothy spoke up. "Mom, if you don't want it, I'll have it."

She took the bag and dragged Alex upstairs. “Hubby, help me pick an outfit to attend the wedding in.”

Claire yelled behind them. “Dorothy, you inherited my beauty. So don’t let those hazardous products destroy your looks! Otherwise, you won’t be able to remarry later on!”

After entering the room, Dorothy hugged Alex as she tried comforting him.

He still seemed quite gloomy, hence she used her trump card. Kissing his forehead and nose, she said, “Hubby, you know how my mom is, so don’t take it to heart. If she ever does insult you again, you can take it out on me. I’m her daughter, so I have to pay for what she did.”

Alex’s anger and frustration went down. He grabbed her by the waist and pinned her to the bed. “How so?”

Dorothy was slightly startled, but she whispered a three letter word softly into his ears. Upon hearing it, Alex was so excited that he almost jumped the gun.

However, they had to attend a wedding later. Otherwise, he would’ve gone down to business right there and then.

She then changed into different outfits in front of Alex, having him help her pick one out.

Alex, on the other hand, was slightly overwhelmed. He could feel his whole body warming up.

“Darling, you’re just so breathtaking, so it doesn’t matter what you wear! You’re bound to make everything you wear look good. But I’d suggest you wear something more lowkey, or you might steal the bride’s spotlight! And that wouldn’t be good, right?” Alex suggested matter of factly.

“Tell me then, what should I wear.”

“How about nothing?” Alex joked.

Dorothy huffed. “I don’t mind as long as you let me.”

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Alex surrendered. “No, I won’t. Okay, how about this? A t-shirt and jeans, it’s casual and comfortable.”

Even though the outfit was casual, Dorothy was still insanely gorgeous. She looked just like a mortal goddess.

It was almost time for them to leave, Alex asked, “Darling, you and Amanda are pretty close, right? How much do you plan on giving as a wedding gift?”

Dorothy replied, “Amanda is my bestie! Back when we were still in university, I came down with a high fever. Thank god she helped take care of me, or my brain would’ve been damaged! You have her to thank for being able to marry such a smart wife.”

“Really? I didn’t know that.”

“You don’t know a lot of things!” Dorothy scrunched up her nose cheekily. With her tight jeans on, she sat on Alex’s lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Amanda doesn’t come from a rich family. I heard her husband is some manager in a company, so I’m really happy for her. I prepared my end, but I think it’s best if we separate our gifts. You’re her schoolmate too, you know? It wouldn’t look good if we gave just one.”

Alex nodded.

He originally wanted to just prepare two thousand. However, he felt the need to increase the amount after listening to what his wife said.

At 4:30 P.M., Alex drove his Aston Martin with Dorothy in the passenger's seat to the wedding venue, Apollo Hotel.

Many cars were parked at the hotel entrance. Alex handed the valet his car keys and gave him a tip of 200 dollars.

Dorothy was holding his waist with one arm. "Are you getting a little egoistic just because you have a little more money than usual? You gave a tip of 200 dollars, which is about my daily salary back then!"

Alex replied, "Well I just wanted him to park it with more care. We would lose even more if the car were to be scratched or dented, wouldn't we? Come on, let's go in. You're a CEO now, why are you clinging on to 200 dollars?"

As they walked in, they realized that the wedding was quite grand. There were many decorations and they even laid out a red carpet with scattered flowers around it.

Alex couldn't help but sigh.

His wedding ceremony with Dorothy was much more grand than this, but it wasn't as special as he wanted it to be due to the incident.

The two walked to the hall entrance and placed their gifts at the reception.

Dorothy handed them a red envelope. She had also prepared a gift that she wanted to give Amanda in person.

Alex, on the other hand, threw them a plain box. It was sealed with clear tape, so no one could see what was inside. The receptionists took a few glances at the box and shot Alex a dirty glare.

After the couple walked into the hall, the receptionist huffed, visibly annoyed. "What the f*ck, how dare he come to the wedding without even preparing a red envelope? What is this anyway? It's just a rusty box!"

They then wrote 'rusty box' onto the name list. "Dorothy! Dorothy! Over here!" Just then, someone called out to Dorothy. They were her schoolmates from university.

"Wow Assex, you still look as beautiful as ever. What a goddess."

"You don't look like you've aged at all. You're even prettier than before now!"

A few male schoolmates stood up and welcomed her warmly.

One of them was wearing an Armani suit and a Vacheron Constantin watch. He rushed up and grabbed Dorothy's hand. "Dorothy, it's been so long! Come here, you can sit next to me."

Alex frowned and grabbed the man's hands to stop them from touching his wife.

He smiled. "Hey Carebear, why are you so excited to see my wife? I see that you're wearing a designer suit and a branded watch. Did you make a fortune or something?"

The man was enraged. "Hey, who the f*ck are you? Who do you think you are for calling me Carebear? Oh, Alex, it's you. You actually came to the wedding?"

"Hah, everyone knows you're a loser now. So Dorothy is your wife?"

"Tell me, what kind of man hasn't had sex with his own wife? Aren't you just her lapdog then? That's all you'll ever be. So, how dare you grab my hand?"

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Alex stared at his old schoolmate coldly, as a storm brewed in his eyes. He knew that he could crush this man's hand if he

wanted to. If he did, the man would never be able to heal from the wound, nor would Alex need to take responsibility for harming him. He had killed twenty people last night, so he was still quite blood-thirsty.

Carebear suddenly felt a shiver down his spine as Alex kept glaring at him. It was as if he had been preyed on by an ancient beast. His heart was pounding out of his chest.

This man was Barry Carlson and used to be one of Alex's minions back in university.

He came from an average household where his parents operated a boutique. It was enough to provide them a blissful life, but not enough to be considered wealthy. However, looking at him now, it would seem that he had made a slight fortune.

Barry was nervous. "What do you think you're doing? Are you going to fight me here?"

Alex let him go, not saying a word.

'Today is a schoolmate's wedding, it wouldn't be nice to spill blood on such an important day.'

The others thought that Alex had chickened out, unable to stand up for himself despite Barry's insults.

One of them shook their heads lightly and whispered. "Hey, Alex used to be great, everyone treated him like a king. Barry used to be his underling too, but now he could insult him like that! I guess everything does change with time."

"He used to be great because of his father. Now that his father died, he doesn't have anything. What can he do? He's lucky enough to slave away in the Assex family."

Alex paid no attention to his schoolmates' gossip. All of them were insignificant, no more than pests. 'Why would I argue with mere pests?'

Dorothy, on the other hand, was upset that Alex had been insulted. She would rather others insult her. It wouldn't annoy her as much as it did now.

She hugged Alex out of nowhere and planted a big kiss on his lips. Turning to Barry, she said, "Your jealousy is showing, Barry. I remember you even wrote me a love letter back then, but I didn't understand a thing, your writing sucks."

Their schoolmates started to laugh.

Dorothy continued. "All of you are adults, so don't believe in rumors so easily! Others may not know this, but you guys should know, right? I've been dating Alex since university, we've been to hotels multiple times too! He would be an idiot if he didn't take the chance back then."

Alex looked at her, touched. He didn't expect her to defend him, despite knowing that this would ruin her reputation.

Everyone seemed to agree with her.

'Young love is known to be very passionate, who wouldn't go downtown if given the chance?'

Realizing that Alex already had sexual intercourse with Dorothy, Barry instantly felt frustrated. He also figured that he just had the wrong impression from Alex's glare and spoke up. "Assex, you can't survive on love, everything costs money now. Alex is no longer the Master Alex he used to be. You won't be happy with him! Look at you, this is a wedding yet you're wearing the kind of casual clothes that we used to wear to school! If he can't even buy you proper clothes, is he even a good husband? Alex, if you really do love Dorothy, you should leave her. She deserves so much better."

Alex chuckled. "Better? Are you referring to yourself?"

Barry stuck his nose up into the air. “At least I’m better than you. Look, I’m wearing an Armani suit and a Vacheron Constantin watch. Oh, I own a Mercedes Benz too. What about you? Did you come by motorcycle?”

Barry then took out his car keys and placed it on the table.

Their schoolmates stared in awe.

‘For someone our age to own a Benz is really something.’

Just then, the valet from earlier walked into the hall and noticed Alex. He rushed over and greeted him politely. “Mr. Rockefeller, your car has been parked on the left side, next to the entrance.”

The valet then handed Alex back the keys to his Aston Martin.

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One of their schoolmates was sharp and immediately exclaimed. “Holy sh*t! Aston Martin? That’s a luxury brand! Any one of their cars would cost millions at the very least!”

Barry was shocked and rushed over to take a look as well.

It was indeed the keys to an Aston Martin!

Barry looked back at the couple's clothes. He was sure that their clothes didn't cost more than a thousand and mocked Alex once more. "You're a funny guy, Alex. Do you think it's fun to bribe a valet to bluff in front of us? This is probably the keys to a motorcycle, but you had someone alter it to look like Aston Martin's car keys, right? I remember seeing such services on Amazon, you can easily imitate any brand!"

The valet was enraged. "Bullsh*t! Do you think I'm that easy to bribe? Mr. Rockefeller's Aston Martin is downstairs! Open your eyes wide and look out the window!"

One of their female schoolmates was already at the window and pressed a button from Alex's Aston Martin keys.

After hearing the beep, she came back to them and said, "It's true, that is his car. He wasn't bluffing."

She turned to Alex, shocked. "Weren't you kicked out by the Rockefellers? We heard that you've gone bankrupt. Was Chloe trying to ruin your reputation by spreading these rumours?"

The schoolmates that attended the wedding actually lived overseas. They left California as soon as they graduated, so they didn't know what had happened to Alex in recent years.

Alex shook his head. "Those weren't rumours."

Barry bursted out in laughter. "So it's true! What are you bluffing about then? You probably rented this car, right? Who are you trying to trick here, huh?"

Alex took a glance at him, he didn't want to waste any more energy explaining to him. He took Dorothy's hand and whispered into her ear.

Barry started to get annoyed.

'You're nothing but a f*cking loser who was kicked out by your own family. How could such a beauty fall for you?'

'I'm a goddamn boss but I'm still single!'

Another idea popped into his head. "I heard Amanda's husband is a manager in Yowell Group and pretty wealthy. But I heard that his family looked down on the poor, so they weren't all that fond of Amanda's family. That's why I gave them a large gift, so we won't

be looked down upon by her husband's family. Otherwise, they'd say we're just here to get free food."

"Hey Alex, since you're driving an Aston Martin, you must be some big shot. How much did you give? You didn't come here empty handed, right? Assex gave a gift too, or are you really just here for the food?"

His words were extremely insulting.

Dorothy felt as if the frustration that bubbled with in her was enough to kill her hunger. "Barry Carlson! Stop saying such nonsense! So what if you have some cash? My husband brought a gift too, you know? How much did you give anyway?"

Barry was arrogant. "Eight thousand dollars! What about your husband? Does he even have eight hundred dollars in his pockets?"

Dorothy had no idea how much Alex provided, hence she didn't know how to answer.

Barry started getting more cocky. "I see that you've fallen silent. There's an easy way to find out."

He stood up and walked up to the reception. He took a picture of the name list and rushed back to the table, laughing hysterically. “Look, it’s all here! Let me find your name... Alex Rockefeller, I found it. Hah! Oh my god, did you really give them a rusty box?”

Everyone leaned in to take a look, the words ‘rusty box’ were indeed written next to Alex’s name.

A woman with dimples smiled. “Alex, how could you give them a rusty box? Is there something inside? Is it money?”

Alex nodded.

Barry cackled again. “Is that your piggy bank? How much cash do you have in there?”

Alex took a sip of his tea, paying no attention to Barry and closed his eyes gently.

Barry chuckled coldly. “I’ll go look for it.”

In just a few moments, he found the box. The receptionists were slightly annoyed as soon as they saw the box as well. “Why are you looking for a rusty box? I wanted to throw it away just now. Wait, is that your friend? How poor is he?”

Barry pried the box open.

Just then, everyone at the reception gasped loudly.

The box was filled with bundles and bundles of hundred dollar bills.

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“Oh sh*t! Holy sh*t!” The receptionists gawked.

The money was placed in the box neatly. Each bundle was ten thousand dollars, so the twenty bundles summed up to two hundred thousand dollars.

It would be normal for a mother-in-law to give two hundred thousand dollars to her daughter-in-law for her wedding. However, as a schoolmate, a two hundred thousand dollar gift was too shocking.

The receptionists immediately struck off the words 'rusty box' and changed it to two hundred thousand dollars.

Barry slowly walked over to their table, his face burning up as if he had just been slapped multiple times across the face.

Their schoolmates couldn't help but ask, "Barry, did you find the box? How much was in it?"

Barry couldn't seem to get any words out of his mouth, stuttering profusely.

In the end, the woman with dimples went to the reception to take a look. She yelled out to the table as soon as she rushed back. "Oh my god, Alex! You gave two hundred thousand dollars? I guess Master Alex will always be Master Alex! You always manage to surprise everyone!"

Dorothy was surprised too.

Her eyes were widened, whispering into his ears. "Why did you give so much money?"

Dorothy wasn't exactly wealthy back then. She would need to work for months to earn two hundred thousand dollars, so she slightly felt that it was a shame that they gave so

much as a wedding gift. Both of her gifts were already nearly a hundred thousand dollars in total. They spent three hundred thousand dollars for a mere wedding.

Alex smiled. "Didn't Barry just say we have to help Amanda out? Since Amanda is one of your besties, of course I'm going to help boost her self esteem."

At this moment, everyone stared at Alex in extreme shock and admiration.

Barry, on the other hand, had become a big joke...

'You kept boasting but all you gave was eight thousand dollars. Alex didn't say anything and gave two hundred thousand. Now this is what we call generosity and humility.'

Suddenly, Amanda came rushing over in her gown.

She was around five foot two and had fair skin. She was literally the embodiment of the word 'petite', her eyes were the only feature that was big about her.

She was overjoyed to see her old friends after so many years.

“Amanda! Congratulations! You’re getting married!” Dorothy gave Amanda a big hug and wished her happily. She then handed Amanda the gift she prepared.

“Thank you so much!”

Just then, the woman with dimples, Lauren Kassitna, pointed towards Alex. “Amanda, did you know how much Master Alex gave? Two hundred thousand dollars! You’re rich! You have to give him a toast later.”

Alex turned to look at Lauren. Shaking his head, he knew that money was a great way to win people’s hearts. Just a while ago, she laughed at Alex, saying that he was lucky to be able to slave away for the Assexes. However, after knowing about his Aston Martin and two hundred thousand dollar gift, she had reverted to referring to him as Master Alex.

‘If I showed her that I had a million, would she kneel down before me and call me daddy?’

Amanda was shocked. “Alex, you... Why did you give me so much?”

Dorothy smiled. “You’re my bestie, and he’s my husband. If he gave any less, why would I let him have sex with me?”

The corner of Alex's mouth twitched. 'Dang, is sex your new catch phrase?'

Suddenly, a woman who was dressed up as a rich lady walked over and dragged Amanda by the arm. "Amanda, what are you doing here? How could you come out here before the ceremony starts? Can you take the responsibility if you were to ruin the moment? You poor people really don't know any etiquette. Get back in there!"

Amanda's face went pale, she was terrified. "Mom, they're my schoolmates. They came all the way here just for me..."

The old lady scanned the group and huffed. "Schoolmates? Just let them sit here. Come with me, someone powerful from the Yowell Group is on their way, you have to meet them. Now that you're married into the McKellen family, you have to socialize with people of a higher class. It's best if you distance yourself from your poor friends. Poverty is contagious, so remember that!"

Amanda was dragged away by the old lady. She turned her head back with apologetic eyes.

Barry was fuming. "Who does that old hag think she is? Who is she calling poor? And did she just say it's contagious? Does she think she's all that high and mighty? What the f*ck?"

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Alex's eyebrows were furrowed as well. He turned to Dorothy. "I don't think Amanda would be happy marrying into such a family."

Dorothy sighed. "It's okay, let's just endure this! Isn't society itself cynical? Amanda's family needs all the help they can get since many of her siblings require money to study. Having such a wealthy husband would at least take this burden off her shoulders."

At the same time, just as Amanda was being dragged into a hotel room, her father-in-law barged in. "Honey, a bunch of our elder relatives have arrived from our hometown. We didn't include them in the list and there are tens of them! All the tables are full and I don't think there is any more space left in the hall for another table. What do we do?"

Her mother-in-law pondered and said, "Amanda's schoolmates are sitting at one of the tables. We can just make them give up their table for our relatives."

Amanda protested. "Mom, how could you? Those are my friends who came all this way just to attend my wedding!"

Her mother-in-law huffed. "Your poor friends are just here for the free food, so what's the big deal? It's not like I'm throwing them out! How about this? Isn't there some space near the hall's entrance? Let's just set another table there and have the hotel cook something simple up for them."

Amanda refused to oblige, which earned her a slap from her mother-in-law.

“You’re not even officially married yet and you’re talking back to me? How dare you?”

Amanda covered her face, not daring to say another word as tears welled up in her eyes.

The old man said, “Honey, calm down. This is a wedding. If you were to hurt her and leave a mark, wouldn’t the others make fun of us? You can punish her after the wedding, alright?”

When she heard this, Amanda became more terrified as she felt her blood run cold.

The old lady scolded Amanda for a brief while before walking out of the room with the old man.

Amanda’s mother-in-law approached Alex’s table with the old man and said with sheer annoyance, “All of you will be moved to some place else. We have to let someone else sit here. You can eat outside.”

“What?” Everyone at the table was appalled. They had never seen anyone treat their guests like this at a wedding ceremony.

Barry scrunched up his nose. "Outside? Where?"

The old man realized that many of their guests were looking at them, so he put up a smile. "Please just help us out, youngsters. It's just right out here in the hall. We've set up another table there. It's just too crowded in here."

The old lady's spoke coldly. "Why be so polite to them? They're just a bunch of poor schoolmates who came for the free food. Since I'm in a good mood, I'm willing to set up another table so you get to eat. If you won't listen to us, we'll throw you out. Us McKellers don't need you here!"

Barry was infuriated. "You damn old hag! Who do you think you are? Are you looking down on us? I can easily ask my men to come here and ruin this wedding in just a second."

He spoke so loudly that many others started turning to take a look and formed a crowd.

The old lady's expression darkened. She wanted to throw them out immediately. However, the old man stopped her, hoping to maintain their dignity.

Dorothy felt extremely angry as well, but she knew that Amanda would be the one to suffer if they were to cause a scene here. This old lady would definitely yell at her later on, so she decided to persuade the group. "Hey, guys, it's okay, let's just do this for Amanda. Let's sit outside."

Alex shot the old lady a dirty look. He was enraged, but he decided not to explode and suppress this anger in his chest.

The group sat outside of the hall, though they felt indignant for being treated like this.

'How could they chase us out of the hall and leave us in this corner?'

They were only willing to stay since Dorothy and Alex convinced them.

Just then, the groom, Jaxon McKellen, rushed to the hall's entrance and said, "Mom, Dad, Amanda, the directors of Yowell Group are here! Let's welcome them!"

The old lady smiled brightly. "Alright, alright! The directors of Yowell Group are powerful figures, we definitely have to welcome them. Amanda, mind your attitude, alright? We have to be warm and welcoming! If you were to ruin this, you won't hear the end of it!"

The four rushed off to the hall's entrance. In just a few moments, people from the Yowell Group had arrived with Michelle in the lead.

The McKellers put on their warmest smiles and said, "It's an honor to have you here, directors. What an honor!"

Alex decided to call out to Michelle from the corner he was sitting in.

Michelle turned around and was overjoyed to see him. She pushed the old lady aside and rushed over.

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“Alex, what are you doing here?” Michelle said as she rushed over, surprised. Her eyes were fixated on Alex, as if she couldn’t see anyone else around them, including Dorothy.

To her, Dorothy did not deserve Alex one bit. Since they were people of two worlds, she figured they were bound to break up at some point in time.

“I’m here to attend the wedding.” Alex replied calmly as he took a glance at the McKellers.

Alex had overheard the old lady mention earlier that the directors of Yowell Group were on their way. That was the only reason he was patient enough to sit outside the entrance. Otherwise he would’ve left ages ago. No one in their right mind would be willing to endure such humiliation after all.

“You’re here for the wedding too? Do you know the groom?”

Michelle dragged Alex's male schoolmate out of his seat and was about to take a seat next to Alex. However, she realized something was odd. "Wait, this isn't right, why is the table set in the corner?"

When she was pushed by Michelle earlier, the old lady almost fell to the ground.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing. The beauty in Yowell Group had rushed over to the table with Amanda's friends to join them. She seemed to be quite close with them too.

The color drained from the old lady's face. She felt that something had was about to befall on their family.

Jaxon was appalled as well, he turned to Amanda and asked, "Amanda, who is that guy?"

Amanda had been living in California, so she more or less knew what had happened to Alex in recent years. This was exactly why she was just as surprised.

'Why would the director of my husband's company rush up to Alex?'

She replied softly, "That's my schoolmate from university."

At the same time, Alex's schoolmates finally realized what just happened after being in a brief state of shock. Barry, especially, was shocked to see Michelle. So much so that he wanted to hide under the table. Due to several reasons, he knew exactly who Michelle was. Her title as a little devil exceeds her.

Alex replied, "I don't know who the groom is, but I do know the bride. All of us are the bride's friends from university. But I don't think we're welcomed here."

Lauren immediately took the chance and explained everything to Michelle, exaggerating every single detail as she went.

Smack!

Michelle slammed her hand onto the table. "How dare these McKellers look down on the poor? How dare they? Get your *ss over here, Jaxon!"

Jaxon had overheard everything that Lauren said. His face turned extremely pale as he rushed over. "Ms. Yowell, this... This must be a misunderstanding."

The old lady rushed over as well. "Yes, yes, it's just a misunderstanding, it really is."

Dorothy spoke up. "I don't think it is. You just think that Amanda's family is poor, which is why she has to consider herself lucky to be able to marry into your family, right? You even look down on her friends, us! You refused to let us into the hall and chased us out. Didn't you also say something along the lines of 'since you were in a good mood, you're willing to set up another table so we get to eat'? You said that yourself, didn't you?"

Michelle stood up slowly, expressionless. "Looks like you McKellers are rather far up your *sses! Jaxon, I thought you were a gentleman, but turns out you were just a great actor. Well, us Yowells can't hire such a talented actor like you. You're fired!"

Jaxon couldn't think straight anymore and his mind went completely blank.

It had taken him a lot of effort and time to become the manager of Yowell Group and be able to succeed in life. He was able to feel what it's like to be at the top. However, Michelle was able to strip them all off with just two words.

Jaxon felt as if he was about to black out.

The old lady felt the same as well. Previously, the McKeller family was just like any other normal family back then. The only reason they were able to rise up was because her son had become the manager of Yowell Group.

Due to his high status, their neighbours envied them. They were able to become the head family within their extended families as well, gaining their respect and the power to

make final decisions, all because of their son's position. If he were to be fired, all of this would be ripped out of their hands.

She couldn't accept that at all.

Thud!

The old lady knelt to the ground and cried. "Ms. Yowell, please, I beg you, please take back your words. Please don't fire my son! I'm the one at fault, it's all my fault! I was the one who looked down on them, I was too biased, I was wrong..."

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The old lady slapped herself multiple times across the face.

Michelle continued to stare at her, but did not change her mind.

The commotion at the entrance had caught the attention of many guests in the hall. Relatives, friends and even the youngsters were shocked to see the bossy and arrogant old lady slap herself in front of a young girl.

The old lady usually acted as if she was an empress, so this was quite a shock to many. Though some of them did feel slightly satisfied, especially the bride's family. They knew how prejudiced the groom's family was towards them, always looking down on and insulting them harshly. Yet, they had to control themselves from clapping and cheering.

The old lady was a harsh person in general. She was harsh towards Amanda, but she was harsh towards herself as well.

Michelle was still staring at her coldly. Everyone from Yowell Group was watching her as if they were enjoying the show. The old lady immediately started grovelling and kowtowing to Michelle.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Loud thuds echoed through the hall as the old lady had no intention of stopping despite her forehead bleeding. The old man was more rational. He grabbed Amanda by the arm and said, "Oh Amanda, I know we've been unfair to you. I know you're mad at us, but please speak up. He's your friend, isn't he? If you help us, I promise we will treat you like you're our biological daughter."

Amanda nodded gently and turned to Alex. "Alex, can... Can you..."

Alex replied, "Amanda, don't be afraid, we're on your side. Since this old lady isn't treating you well, I'll stand up for you."

In the end, Dorothy had to lean in and whisper softly. "I think that's enough, it's Amanda's wedding after all. Do you want her to not get married?"

Alex nodded and whispered into Michelle's ear. Michelle gestured to the old lady dismissively. "Alright, that's enough, get up."

The old lady was dizzy from all the kowtows, but she still had her priorities straight. "Ms. Yowell, does that mean... My son won't be fired?"

Michelle shot a dirty glare at her. "When did I say that?"

Michelle huffed coldly and turned to Jaxon. "From now on, you will be demoted to a position three ranks lower."

Jaxon exclaimed sorrowfully.

Three ranks lower would mean that he was just a normal employee.

However, Michelle was not done with her announcement yet. "I'll hire your wife to fill in your original position. Amanda Halls, you're Alex's schoolmate, so you're my friend as well. Come work at Yowell Group in a week! From now on, you're one of us. If this

family were to bully you at any point, just let me know and I won't let them hear the end of it."

Amanda was shocked. "I... But I... Don't know how to do anything."

Michelle replied. "Someone will teach you everything you need to know. Alright, let's get on with the wedding! Get us another table, we'll sit here."

The McKellers were still in a state of shock, but they still thanked Michelle greatly.

Michelle leaned forward and whispered into Alex's ear.

"How did I do?"

Alex nodded. "Amazing."

After the ill treatment from the McKellens, Amanda was definitely going to be living a much more blissful life with such a trump card in hand. Her in-laws would have to suck up to her as well.

Michelle took a glance at Dorothy and turned to Alex. “So how are you going to thank me for this?”

Alex smiled. “What do you want?”

Michelle boldly pointed towards her cheek and asked in front of everyone, “Why don’ t you give me a kiss?”

Dorothy’s expression immediately turned ice cold.