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John just wanted to survive. He had thought this through. Even though his son had died, he could always give birth to another one. Even if Olivia couldn't bear another child, he could find another woman who would do so. Moreover, it wouldn't be a problem for him to get another seven or eight sons.

'I'm rich, what problem is there?'

He immediately said, "It's a secret about your father's identity. Do you want to know that? Your father may be dead, but wouldn't you want to know anything about your bloodline? Your ancestors? Do you not want to find your actual grandparents?"

Both Alex and Brittany really wanted to.

"Speak."

John shook his head. "Brittany, I've thought this through. If you let me go this time, I won't cause you any trouble from now on. Who cares if Spark died? He asked for it. But you have to let me live after I tell you William's secret. No more grudges or anything like that, alright?"

Brittany looked towards Alex, letting him decide.

Alex nodded. "Sure, we'll let you live. As long as you tell us every single thing about my father that you know."

John said, "I need you to swear on your life."

Alex's gaze was cold. "Alright then. I, Alex Rockefeller, hereby swear that I will let John Rockefeller live as long as he tells me everything he knows about my father, William Rockefeller. I swear to not break any of his bones as well. If I were to go against my words, I would be damned to hell!"

"There, I did it, can you tell me now?"

Brittany was enraged. "John, if you keep wasting our time, I will kill you even if I won't ever get to know William's identity!"

'William is dead anyway.'

'He himself didn't even know who his actual parents were. So what if we find them? What can we do?'

Hence, she was upset that Alex decided to swear on his life. However, she had no idea how much Alex wanted to know his father's identity. This was because the Ultimate

Book of Medicine was a gift from his ancestor. Alex deeply believed that his ancestors would not be mistaken as to who their descendants were.

“Okay! Okay, I’ll tell you now.” John immediately said. He knew that Brittany would not joke about such a thing.

“My father wasn’t the one who adopted William from the streets. Someone had sent William to our house and asked my father to raise him.”

Alex narrowed his eyes. “Who was that?”

John shook his head. “I don’t know the details. But I heard from my father that that person had saved his life before! Back then, the person said they’d leave your father here and come back for him ten years later. They even left us a large amount of money along with a jade pendant. Yet decades passed and the person never showed up, as if they just vanished!”

Upon listening to this, Alex and Brittany looked towards each other.

‘Something like that actually happened?’

Brittany huffed. “Your father hid this so well for decades. But now both him and William had died, yet he didn’t tell us anything about this at all, bringing it with him to the grave! We probably wouldn’t get this out of you if you didn’t want to survive, huh?”

Alex asked, “Where’s that pendant?”

John replied, “In your father’s urn.”

“What?”

“That pendant didn’t look valuable, it was probably just some identification tool. Since your father died, it’s basically useless. That’s why we put it in his urn and buried it along with him.”

“And?”

“That’s it, I’ve told you everything. That’s all I know about your father, that’s the secret.” John turned to Alex, slightly confused as to why his hair was gray. Alex looked even older than he was, but that wasn’t important to John.

“Can I go now? You swore on your life.”

Alex didn't say anything.

Waltz stood forward. "You almost killed me, John Rockefeller. You even made my brother age thirty years in a day! He can spare you, but I won't."

"What?"

John froze, he was enraged. "Alex, she's your woman, so what's the difference if she were to kill me? Are you really going against your words? Do you really want to be damned to hell?"

Maya smiled. "Only little kids would believe such promises. Are you a little kid?"

Alex spoke up. "You're right, such a promise is no other than emotional manipulation. Although I think it's nothing, I'm willing to keep it. I'll let you live, and I won't break any of your bones."

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John was relieved. "Thank god you're willing to keep your promise."

However, Alex spoke up again. “But you hired assassins to capture my mom and to kill my family. What’s worse was that you had such disgusting fantasies towards my mother. Letting you live wouldn’t sit right with me.”

John panicked. “Wh-What do you mean?”

Alex said, “I’ll let you live and witness the destruction of Rockefeller Group! Back then, both you and your father treated us like idiots, tricking and using my father as a tool to help you earn money... We’ll just take your freedom away to atone for your sins.”

“Are... Are you going to imprison me and lock me up?”

“That’s right, but I’m not going to imprison you physically. I’m imprisoning your soul.”

“Huh? Soul?”

John wanted to laugh. ‘Are you kidding me?’

Just then, Alex reached his arm out with his fingers spread, each surrounded by lightning.

John was appalled upon seeing this.

'He can form lightning in his hands? Is he even human at this point?'

He turned around and tried escaping.

However, Alex released a ray of electric-based Chi that pierced into his body.

John felt his whole body go numb and fell with a thud, unable to move another muscle.

"Alex, what... What are you doing? No, no..."

Alex ignored his cries. His fingers moved swiftly and formed an odd talisman with the lightning, placing it between John's eyebrows. In an instant, his soul sounded like it had exploded.

It was done.

“From now on, you’ve lost your freedom to move around and speak. You can still see, hear, think and experience different emotions. You wouldn’t even be able to blink at your own will and you will no longer be able to express your thoughts. This is your punishment, to atone for your sins. I’ll give you a time limit. If you’re still alive after the next ten years, I’ll free your soul.”

John had heard Alex loud and clear, but he was unable to move, no different from a vegetative patient. If anything, he was in a worse state than vegetative patients.

If he was unconscious, it didn’t matter if he could move or not. But with his consciousness, he was just a paralyzed person. This was pure torture, time felt as if it had slow down significantly.

“Let’s go!” Alex said.

Brittany took a glance at John emotionlessly.

The group followed Alex out of the room. Azure and his men were already waiting for them outside.

After Alex and the others left, the Thousand Miles Conglomerate members immediately started cleaning up the scene and managed to cover up all of their tracks. Moreover, they had switched off all of the surveillance cameras that Cooper had mentioned a while ago, so they don’t pose a problem.

On the way home, Waltz hugged Alex's arm and whispered. "Alex, I remember hearing you say that I could sleep with you in this lifetime, and that I wouldn't have to wait for the next. Can we do that tonight?"

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"Can I sleep with you tonight?" Waltz's words made Alex shudder.

Just then, he remembered that his wife, Dorothy, was supposed to have just come out of the shower, waiting for him to move to the third base in their relationship. However, he had dashed out of the room and flaked her. He had no idea how she was taking this.

He initially wanted to rush back to Apollo Hotel, but then remembered how he looked like right now. He looked as if he had aged another thirty years. He could even act as Dorothy's father..

If she saw how he looked now, she probably wouldn't believe that he was Alex, let alone get back down to business.

He let out a deep sigh.

Waltz pouted. “Why are you sighing? Just say if you want to! Why are you such a chicken? I didn’t even intend to tell Dorothy. Are you going to go back on your words? How am I going to trust you anymore?”

Alex felt awkward. “Waltz, I can’t even if I wanted to!”

“What does that mean? Oh no, have you become infertile? Is that an after-effect of saving me?”

Waltz had accidentally raised her voice.

Holly, who was sitting next to him, asked, “Brother, what does that mean? What’s infertile?”

Alex’s expression darkened.

Brittany, who was driving, started to worry. “Son, don’t tell me you’ve actually become infertile? Oh, what do we do? Let’s go to the hospital and get a check up!”

She then turned the car around, intending to rush to the hospital.

It was normal for her to be concerned. If Alex were to become infertile, she wouldn't have any grandkids.

Alex said, "Who said I've become infertile? It's erecting just fi... Uhm, I mean, I'm just really drained of energy. I need a lot of rest or else there would definitely be after effects. If I were to actually become infertile later on, then I'd be done for."

Alex looked and felt really awkward.

'F*ck, this whole car is filled with women yet we're talking about this.

'I'm not that shameless, you know?'

Waltz leaned in and whispered into his ear. "I'll wait till you've regained your energy!"

Alex was speechless.

Alex immediately got his phone back and called Dorothy as soon as he got home.

When the call went through, Dorothy was furious. “Alex, what happened? How could you chicken out like that? I had taken the first step but you ran away at the last minute? Do you want to sleep with me or not? If you don’t, then just say it.”

Alex was put in a difficult position. He initially wanted to tell her that he needed to rush home because Waltz was badly injured.

However, Waltz seemed to be in a rush to sleep with him as well. He felt slightly guilty for this, hence he decided to change the topic. “Darling, I’ve been thinking, I’m a man of my word. I made a promise to your mother and if I were to go back on my words, your mom would definitely call me a useless piece of sh*t or something. I don’t want to endure such insults anymore. That’s why I’ve decided that I want to earn the right to sleep with you. Give me a year, darling, I’ll definitely make you the richest woman in California.”

Thinking back to her mother’s attitude, Dorothy knew it was hopeless too.

She sighed. “Hubby, I’m so sorry that my mother treats you this way! I wanted to make up to you and I wanted to become your real wife. I don’t want anyone to insult you and say that you’ve never slept with your wife! I feel upset whenever I hear that.”

Alex pondered. “Then why don’t we try another way?”

Dorothy asked, “What way?”

Alex whispered something under his breath.

Dorothy paused for a brief while and blushed. "Alex, how could you be so dirty? That's a little too much, isn't it? I'm still a virgin!"

Another short pause, she then lowered her voice and said, "Why don't we try it tomorrow?"

Alex felt excited and nervous at the same time. "I can't tomorrow. I have to go back with my mom to Michigan. We have to deal with some stuff involving the company, so I have to stay with her for a few days."

"What? Why didn't you tell me that Mom came back? I'll send you guys off tomorrow."

"No, you don't have to! My mom... Is still angry at you. If you see her now, you'd just be talking to a brick wall. I'll have you two meet up at a later point in time."

"Alright then!" Dorothy felt slightly frightened thinking of Brittany. She wouldn't want to see her if she could.

It was yet another fated night. Some families were joyous while others were sorrowful.

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Azure had brought along his men from Thousand Miles Conglomerate and cleaned up all the corpses in Rockefeller Manor.

An hour after their departure, Carol and the others regained consciousness. In just a few minutes, the whole family had gathered at the living room.

“What happened just now?”

“I don’t know!”

“The power suddenly went out. Then my head hurt and I lost consciousness. I don’t know what happened after that.”

“Me too! Me too!”

“Well that’s weird. Were we robbed?”

Just then, Natalie rushed out of her room as well. After waking up, she immediately turned on her laptop and started another stream. Her fans informed her that a masked person knocked her out and logged off from the stream.

With this, she was able to remember that she encountered a person wearing a devil mask with the figure of a woman.

She immediately shouted for her family as soon as she got to the living room. “A masked person came into my room and knocked me out!”

Mariah replied, “What? So it was a robbery?”

Noah went to check the surveillance camera footage. Sadly, it didn’t capture anything. All of the footage was completely blank after the power went out.

Just then, one of their maids rushed over. “Oh god, oh no! Madame, something’s wrong! Master John is lying on the ground, he’s not moving! He won’t even respond to any of us. He looks like he’s in a daze, has he gone insane?”

Olivia slapped the maid hard across the face. “You’re the one who’s insane! He must’ve been knocked out!” She then rushed off to check on her husband.

However, she froze as soon as she saw him. John really did look like he had gone insane. His eyes were half open, but he was most definitely awake. His pulse was normal as well, but he just wouldn't respond to anyone or anything.

Olivia even went as far as to slap him multiple times, but he just didn't respond at all.

Mariah said, "Olivia, please stop slapping him, let's send him to the hospital!"

She figured that this could potentially be a medical condition.

The whole family immediately sent him to the hospital. Noah, on the other hand, realized that John's personal bodyguard, Cooper, had disappeared. He knew that John had hired multiple skilled bodyguards to guard him from afar. Yet none of them could be seen, as if they had vanished into thin air.

'This is weird.' He thought.

In just a few moments, they reached the hospital. After the long process of body check-ups, the doctors were extremely puzzled.

This was the first time they had seen such a condition and couldn't seem to come up with a diagnosis at all. According to the report, his body was functioning just like any

normal person. In the end, the doctors said, "He'll have to stay in the hospital for further observation."

At that moment, tears trickled down John's cheeks as he cried silently. This was much worse than death.

The next day, Alex and Brittany decided to move William's grave. They wanted to take the pendant out of his urn as well.

Waltz had helped Alex dye his hair in the morning. His gray hair was just too eye catching if he were to go out. After a good night's rest and newly dyed hair, Alex didn't look like he aged as horribly as before.

At 10:30 in the morning, they rushed off to City South Cemetery and dug up William's urn. When they opened the urn, there was indeed a pendant lying inside. An odd-looking animal could be seen deeply carved on the surface of the jade. It looked like a bird, yet it looked like a fish as well.

Just then, Alex was shocked to see his father's ashes. After receiving the Ultimate Book of Medicine, he had newfound skills and knowledge. He could tell that these ashes were not that of his father's.

This was not even the ashes of a human.

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'Holy sh*t!'

Alex was so shocked that he felt as if his brain was about to explode and his scalp went numb. If he wasn't mistaken, this would be the ashes of a pig.

For the past six months, he had been crying in front of his father's grave when he had nowhere else to express his sadness.

He had been here at least six times.

'So I have been talking to a damn pig? What the hell? But the real question is, why was a pig's ashes placed into the urn?'

'Where did my father's ashes go? Were they swapped?'

'Could it be that... There weren't any ashes in the first place?'

Alex was surprised by his own assumptions.

'Is my father... Not dead?'

He then shook this thought off. Last October, he had seen his father's corpse when he rushed to the hospital from his wedding on the day of the car crash. He was the one who sent his body to the incinerator.

If he didn't die from that, he must surely be a god.

However, there was only one other possibility to this. When William was cremated, he didn't follow him in. The employees at the crematorium had helped with that instead.

That would mean someone must have swapped his ashes out during this process. Someone had taken his father's corpse.

'What the f*ck? Which bastard was it? How could they not let go of my father's corpse? What are they going to do with it? Could there be more secrets on his body?'

It was impossible if they wanted to destroy evidence. What other better method than cremation to destroy evidence completely?

He turned to look at his mother, Brittany. She seemed upset, her vision blurred from tears. How could one be happy if they were separated from their partner by death?

Pondering for a long while, Alex decided not to tell his mother the truth about the fake ashes.

It took a lot for her to accept the fact that her husband had died. He was worried that he would be giving her false hope, only to face greater disappointment in the end.

She might not be able to handle any more mental shocks. If she were to struggle with depression or break down, it would be unfortunate if she were to go insane from such strong emotions.

Looking at his mother crying uncontrollably in front of an urn of pig ashes, Alex couldn't help but feel heartbroken.

Checking the time, he immediately said, "Mom, let's just find... A better grave here and bury the ashes. There are good graves here too, so I don't think we need to look for another cemetery. Since the urn has been here for quite a while, it must be getting familiar with the environment."

He figured that they shouldn't put in too much effort for a mere pig. Being able to have its own gravestone is a glory to pigs.

Heading back, Brittany handed the black jade pendant to Alex. "Son, this is a pendant that your father used to own back when he was a young child. You should take it, but you really don't have to investigate that much into it. That person left your father at the

Rockefellers yet they didn't show any concern for him at all. That's why it doesn't matter if that person exists."

Alex nodded without commenting.

He was unable to find anything odd on the pendant as he observed it, it was just like any normal jadeite.

If this were to be sold on the Antique Market, no one would want to buy it as well.

'Who would want to wear a black jade pendant?'

Moreover, the carved image does not make it a lucky charm. This image was just a mere thing that looked like both a bird and a fish.

'Could this be some failed carving project?'

'So it was used as a mere identification tool later on? Could my dad be some rich man's love child? Was he then forgotten by them?'

Alex's mind was all over the place, it was impossible for him to stay calm. In the end, he just stuffed the pendant into his pocket.

Not long after they arrived back at Maple Villa, Keith and Michelle came by to pay them a visit with five big boxes.

Brittany and the others were slightly surprised as they wondered what was inside the box.

However, Alex could tell that it was filled with expensive and precious traditional herbs.

“Hello, Mr. Rockefeller! Hello, Madame!”

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Keith Yowell was humble when he met Alex Rockefeller and Brittany Rockefeller. He was smiling so hard that wrinkles appeared on his face when he walked up to greet them.

Brittany was flattered. “Mr. Yowell, why are you here? Come in, come in. Alex, please cut up the watermelon for Mr. Yowell. It's too hot in the middle of the day, it'll help him fight the heat! Mr. Yowell, you could've told me what you needed. Alex and I would've personally gone to visit you. How could we make you come to us?”

When Michelle Yowell heard this, she smiled.

Keith's legs felt weak and he nearly fell to his knees. Keith wouldn't dare let Grandmaster Rockefeller cut a watermelon open for him no matter how brave he was. He'd rather cut his own head open. "There's no need for that, there's no need at all... I'm not thirsty," Keith quickly said.

"Look at you. You're drenched in sweat. How could you not be thirsty? Alex, hurry up," Brittany said.

"Oh, okay," Alex glanced at Keith before he answered.

Alex didn't have a good feeling about Keith.

The old man was cunning and liked to sit on the fence until the stronger or beneficial side was obvious.

People like Keith were like fair-weather friends-one should never expect them to help during times of crisis. If it wasn't for Michelle, Alex wouldn't even care to respond to him.

Soon, Alex returned to the living room with a plate of cut watermelon. He passed a piece of it to Keith.

Keith panicked as his hand trembled, causing the piece of watermelon to fall to the ground.

Brittany frowned. "Oh, dear. Why are you so careless? Give Mr. Yowell another piece."

Keith was close to tears. When he sat on the couch earlier, he only sat with half his butt on it. "It's alright, it's alright. It was just a slip of my hand. It had nothing to do with Mr. Rockefeller," Keith said before quickly picking up the watermelon on the ground. He then started eating it.

"It's delicious. It really is," he added.

Brittany was dumbfounded.

This was the head of the Yowell family from California. He could easily cause an earthquake with a stomp of his foot in California. Brittany couldn't believe that he would actually pick up a piece of watermelon from the ground and eat it. Most importantly, somebody's hair had fallen to the ground earlier and it happened to be stuck to the watermelon. By then, Keith had already eaten half of the watermelon piece.

"Mr. Yowell, you..." Brittany pointed at Keith's mouth.

Keith quickly licked his mouth and ate the remaining half of the strand of hair. He even gulped several times after that.

“Mom, Mr. Yowell is here to deliver some herbs for me to make medicine. You guys can continue chatting. I’ll check the herbs and move them to the basement,” Alex finally said.

“Let me do the moving.” Keith quickly chimed in.

“You should sit down and chat with my mother,” Alex replied.

There were a total of five boxes of herbs. Each of them was about one cubic meter in size. After moving them down to the basement, Alex could smell a strong herbal scent as soon as he opened one of the boxes. In fact, he could even sense the waves of essence in the box.

“There are spiritual herbs!” Alex exclaimed excitedly and he immediately started searching for the source of the essence.

Spiritual herbs were more valuable than normal supplements. The centennial ginseng and centennial snow lotus Alex bought from an auction previously were not considered spiritual herbs. Instead, those were only considered supplements. Since those supplements had nutritional value and were more valuable for medicinal usage, they naturally cost a lot more in the market.

However, spiritual herbs were spiritual objects that absorbed worldly essence.

For example, the frosty octagon flowers in Alex's room were a kind of spiritual herb.

Alex finally discovered a bright red reishi in the box. His eyes lit up. "It's actually a flaming lotus reishi!"

"What is a flaming lotus reishi?" Michelle asked.

"It can help restore your martial arts cultivation," Alex said with a chuckle.

Over the next two days, Alex stayed in the Villa's basement to focus on creating the medicine.

The five herb boxes the Yowell family had brought were sufficient for him to create several types of medicine.

Meanwhile, at the Assex family's place. Madame Joanne finally got to see her good friend, a dark skinned, small eyed old lady who was only a meter and a half tall.

"Joanne Carlton, why did you ask me to come in such a hurry?" The small eyed old lady asked with a deep and raspy voice.

Joanne Carlton was Madame Joanne's name.

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Madame Joanne's gaze turned dark "I need you to help me infect a few people with some parasitic disease. I want them to fall asleep and never wake up," she said.

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"Fall asleep and never wake up?" The old, dark faced woman was slightly stunned. She rolled her eyes and started laughing with a cackle.

"Joanne, when did you become a murderer? This is a big deal."

“I didn’t say that I want to kill anyone. I just want them to get seriously ill and never recover, to spend the rest of their lives in bed.”

The old, dark-faced lady laughed more sinisterly. “After I, Granny Blackwood, infect them with my parasitic disease, they’ll suffer worse from being ill than if they were to die! Joanne, you’re old and widowed. Who could possibly make you hate them so much?”

When Madame Joanne heard this, her facial expression became even more cruel.

The faces of Dorothy Assex and Alex Rockefeller appeared in her mind.

When Madame Joanne thought about how despite being Dorothy’s grandmother she had been repeatedly harmed by that b*tch and was even previously forced to repay Dorothy and the others 110 million dollars, she felt even more hatred in her heart. It was even more painful than dying. Now, she wanted to make them feel what it was like to suffer and wish they were dead instead.

“Tell me. What kind of person are you dealing with?” Granny Blackwood asked.

“You know my rules, don’t you? I have always been fair in my dealings, and I won’t cheat you. A single victim for ten million dollars. Even if we’re good friends, I can’t break the rule. At the very most, I’ll give you a 20% discount! Apart from that, I must tell you in advance that I won’t take the job if my target is a government official,” she added.

Since ancient times, people like her had never fought with government officials. In fact, those who infected others with parasitic diseases had to avoid government officials at all cost. Otherwise, the consequences were endless.

“Don’t worry. They aren’t government officials. They are my third daughter-in-law, my granddaughter, and their family,” Madame Joanne said.

“What? Your granddaughter? Have you gone mad?” Granny Blackwood had never taken on a case like this before.

“Of course, I haven’t gone mad. My granddaughter behaved treacherously and wanted to destroy the Assex family. I have no choice but to do this.”

“Fine. As long as I get my money, I have no problem with it,” Granny Blackwood said.

Ten million dollars per victim with a discount of 20% would mean eight million dollars for each victim. Counting Dorothy’s family members, including her husband, Alex Rockefeller, would add up to a total of 32 million dollars.

Madame Joanne immediately called Benny Assex on the phone to ask for money.

Benny was troubled when he heard this. “Mom, why do you need so much money? I gave all the remaining liquid assets to Dorothy-Alex Constructions not too long ago. Where would I find all that money for you?”

“Are you confused? Once this thing is done, Dorothy’s Dorothy-Alex Constructions will belong to us. Their company and money will be in our control. Even if you must borrow from loan sharks, you need to get me this money. Moreover, you must do it quickly. I need it today! I’ve even been given a 20% discount off, you idiot,” Madame Joanne said.

Benny was helpless. He had no choice but to borrow money from everyone he knew. He finally managed to pool together over 30 million dollars.

“Alright. The money has been transferred. I’ll act right away. Wait for good news from me,” Granny Blackwood said after she had received the money.

“Do you need me to play along? I can make a trip to my darned granddaughter’s house. Will it be easier for you to do what you need to?” Madame Joanne asked.

Granny Blackwood snorted coldly. “Joanne, you can’t even begin to fathom my methods. Dealing with these fellows is like taking candy from a baby. All I need to do is walk past their front door and plant my parasitic disease there. Did you think I need to put poison in their tea or something?”

“Alright. I’ll be leaving. You’ll find out the results by tomorrow night at the latest. Don’t look for me in the future unless it’s absolutely necessary,” Granny Blackwood said.

As she watched Granny Blackwood leave, Madame Joanne became very excited.

She thought about how Dorothy, Claire Assex and Alex Rockefeller could only lie in bed and wail in pain as parasitic worms drilled around in their bodies. The thought alone made her feel incredibly relieved.

“Tomorrow night. Very well. I’ll let you people have another day of peace for now. Have your final supper!” Madame Joanne exclaimed.

When dusk came that day, Granny appeared in Senna Port’s villa community. She had found out where Dorothy lived.

Coincidentally, the family of three were swimming in the pool. In fact, the fence around the pool was less than two meters away from the pool.

“This really isn’t difficult at all. It’s like I’m getting 30 million dollars for free,” Granny Blackwood said.

Granny Blackwood slowly walked closer. When she passed by the fence, she gently flicked her black nails from the outside.

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Granny Blackwood flicked some barely noticeable parasitic worms into the swimming pool.

Her odd behavior made Claire Assex unhappy.

Claire saw how ugly Granny Blackwood appeared. In fact, Claire found her disgusting and her expression annoying. “Hey, who are you? Why are you standing here? Get out right now. What are you looking at?”

Claire pointed at Granny Blackwood and yelled.

Granny Blackwood chuckled and bared her yellowing teeth. “You’ve got a sharp tongue. Indeed, you are very annoying. Enjoy your final moments of happiness. You will soon never be able to swim again.”

“What nonsense are you saying, old hag? How dare you curse me?” I’ll get someone to knock your teeth out. You’re so old that you might as well be dead. Why are you saying such nonsense here? Are you actually a mad person?” Claire yelled angrily as she jumped up and down.

Granny Blackwood was immediately infuriated. She wanted to teach this b*tch a lesson. Hence, she grabbed another parasitic worm and flicked it into Claire's blabbering mouth.

"Ahh... Mmph..."

"What was that? Was it a bug?"

Claire could feel something, but she thought it was just a tiny insect and didn't care about it.

Granny Blackwood laughed eerily before turning around and leaving. Unfortunately, she didn't manage to find Alex Rockefeller. She would have to make another attempt. That night, Claire couldn't sleep well at all. She kept feeling itchy all over her body and couldn't resist scratching the itchy spots. Her belly felt especially itchy. It was almost as if a bug was biting at her from the inside. She scratched it repeatedly. In the end, she woke up to find a lot of bloody scratch marks on her fair belly, giving her a huge fright.

In comparison, Dorothy Assex and Beatrice Assex seemed fine.

The next day, Dorothy went to work.

“Mom, school is starting in a few days, but I haven’t bought any new clothes for a long time. I want to buy some clothes. Will you buy me some, please?” Beatrice asked Claire.

“Can’t you wear the clothes you bought during the first half of the year?” Claire asked.

“I told you. You ruined the clothes. Even the white ones have turned black. How am I supposed to wear those? People will think that we’re so poor that we have to scavenge on the streets!” Beatrice exclaimed.

Claire nodded. “You’re not wrong, but I don’t have any money. I’ve already spent all of the 100,000 dollars your sister gave me last time.”

“What? What did you spend it on?”

“I’m your mother. Why are you questioning what I do with my money?”

“What will I do?”

Claire rolled her eyes when she recalled that she still had a son-in-law. “Isn’t there a simple solution to this? Go look for Alex, that useless man. His mother is running some

company called Lush Cosmetics. She must have some money with her. I doubt she'd cut him off."

Claire immediately called Alex on the phone. "Alex, accompany Beatrice and I to the shopping mall."

Alex was lying down while putting on a medicated face mask. "What? You want me to go with you to the shopping mall? But why?"

Alex wondered if the sun had risen in the west. His mother-in-law would never do such a thing otherwise.

"Why are you asking so many questions? Hurry up, come pick us up. You're my son-in-law. Also, Beatrice and I are naturally beautiful. What if bad men follow and hurt us when we're out on our own?" Claire asked.

Claire was good with her words and she had a way of convincing Alex. Left without a choice, Alex abided. Soon, the three of them arrived at California Plaza.

It was considered the top-rated shopping mall in California.

Claire directly led Beatrice into a Chanel store.

To her surprise, there was another young lady buying clothes there too. When the young lady saw Beatrice, she laughed coldly. “Aren’t you the pretty but poor girl from school, Beatrice Assex? How dare you step into a Chanel store? Can you even afford stuff here? And isn’t your mother a widow? Did she find you a rich stepfather? That can’t be. Your stepfather is wearing cheap clothes. Why is your mother still so terrible with her choices of men?”

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That lady actually thought Alex Rockefeller was Claire Assex’s man.

Alex was speechless.

These days, he had been taking beauty and skin care very seriously. He created quite a lot of Blood Energy Pills and he’d eat over ten of these every day. He even prepared a pot of medicine that was good for his skin. In fact, he was using Lush Cosmetics’ cream-based face mask.

His face had already recovered by around seventy to eighty percent. If one didn’t pay close attention, the imperfections on his face were barely even noticeable. Claire and Beatrice Assex were the only people who couldn’t tell the difference.

Alex carefully looked at the woman who spoke.

She had short hair and an oval-shaped face. She was also wearing a creamy yellow dress with her shoulders bared. The white bra straps on both sides of her shoulders made one think about inappropriate things.

Alex would probably rate her seven out of ten for her facial features. However, one of those seven points was given due to her makeup. In other words, she barely passed.

There was no way this girl could compare to Beatrice's natural beauty.

Indeed, what Claire said on the phone to Alex wasn't exactly an over-exaggeration. At the very most, she was bragging.

However, Claire immediately became angry when she heard what this girl said. "You little b*tch. Don't you have manners? Who did you call a widow, and who's her stepfather? Does he even look like my man? You must not have parents who teach you how to behave. Would you like me to teach you a lesson on how to behave instead?"

Claire's abilities in arguing were second to none.

This was something Alex had experienced and knew very well.

“What did you say? How dare you yell at me?” The girl was enraged. “Beatrice, why don’t you tell your b*tch of a mother who I am?”

“Who is she?” Claire frowned as she turned to Beatrice and asked.

By now, Beatrice’s face had already gone pale, looking terrified.

“Morn, her name is Vanya Tyler. She was my classmate in high school,” Beatrice said softly.

Claire snorted coldly. “She’s only your high school classmate, but why is she so arrogant? Has there been bad blood between the two of you?”

Vanya Tyler sneered. With a look of disdain, Vanya crossed her arms and nodded at Beatrice. “Go on.”

“I think her mother is an executive in California Plaza,” Beatrice said after hesitating a little.

Huh? Claire was shocked.

Being an executive in California Plaza sounded like a big deal.

California Plaza was the top-rated shopping mall in California. There were even rumors that California Plaza was owned by Thousand Miles Conglomerate. Regardless of wealth or power, the executives here were all in the uppermost circle of society. Normal people couldn't afford to mess with them.

When Vanya saw the shocked expression on Claire's face and how afraid Beatrice seemed, she seemed even more pleased.

"Beatrice, you've made a mistake. My mother isn't an executive in California plaza," Vanya said.

Claire immediately felt relieved. It turned out that wasn't true after all. Vanya should have spoken earlier! She really did give Claire a fright.

But the next moment, Vanya started laughing coldly again. "My mother is now California Plaza's CEO."

"California Plaza's CEO?" Claire's lips trembled as she cried out loudly.

Beatrice seemed equally terrified and she had no idea what to do next.

During high school, Beatrice was often bullied by Vanya. In fact, there was once when Vanya and her friends locked Beatrice in the toilet for three hours. They had even slapped her more than ten times. These incidents had left an emotional scar on Beatrice, often giving her nightmares. With much effort, Beatrice managed to enter the University of California. Meanwhile, Vanya seemed to have left the country after high school, so Beatrice didn't expect to bump into her today in this place.

Vanya snorted. "That's right. Are you afraid now? Beatrice, it looks like I haven't been harsh enough with you in high school. I didn't make you lick sh*t in the toilet. That's why you've forgotten about how powerful I am, and that's why your b*tchy mother dared to say crazy things like me not having parents to teach me. Tell me. How should I teach you people a lesson?"

Claire broke out in a cold sweat.

Vanya's mother was so powerful that it was almost as if the entire California Plaza belonged to them. If Vanya's mother heard what Claire said, Claire really would not be able to leave California Plaza today.

Claire quickly started to speak. "Vanya, it's a misunderstanding. This was all a misunderstanding. Since you were high school classmates, that means you're also friends, right? It's just a misunderstanding. Let's make things clear. I'll apologize to you. I'm sorry. Alright?"

Vanya sneered. "Would apologizing be enough?"

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Right then, two of Chanel staff saw the conflict that occurred and quickly ran over.

The two of them immediately recognized Vanya Tyler and approached her. “Ms. Tyler, what happened? Why are you fighting?”

To the staff members, Vanya was their employer’s daughter. Obviously, they had to help her.

“Nothing much. This b*tchy woman yelled at me and said my mother died. How do you think I should deal with them?” Vanya said.

“What? That’s outrageous!” A woman ran over.

She was wearing a decent office outfit and seemed to be in her early thirties. Moreover, she looked quite pretty. It turned out that she was the store manager of this Chanel outlet. “Do you have a death wish? How dare you say that Ms. Fernandez is dead? You have no idea what you’ve gotten yourself into. Do you know who Ms. Fernandez is? Not only is she California Plaza’s CEO, but she’s also a high level executive in Thousand Miles Conglomerate. She works for Lord Lex Gunther. You’d better get on your knees and apologize to Ms. Tyler right now.”

Even Lord Lex Gunther from Thousand Miles Conglomerate had been brought up.

Claire and Beatrice Assex immediately felt their legs going weak, and their lips trembled.

In fact, Claire really did want to go down on her knees. However, Vanya started speaking again. “Do you think kneeling down and apologizing is enough? B*tch! Do you think I am friends with your daughter? You’ve thought too far. Why would I, Vanya Tyler, be friends with a b*tch like your daughter? You probably have no idea, but there was once I locked her in the male toilet. She couldn’t leave for three hours. While we were inside, I slapped her more than ten times. She nearly had to crawl on the ground and eat sh*t. I bet she didn’t tell you, did she? That’s because she wouldn’t have dared. If she did tell anyone, I’d have stripped her naked and paraded her around the school.”

“What?” Claire was shocked. Her face turned green. “Beatrice, is this true?”

By then, Beatrice was already weeping. Obviously, it was true!

“Why did you do that?” Alex Rockefeller finally stepped forward and asked calmly.

Whoever knew him well could tell from the look in his eyes that he was angry.

At first, he was just treating this like a show.

Since he didn't like Claire and Beatrice much, he was secretly happy to witness them being taught a lesson. However, the things Vanya said were making him increasingly angrier. This woman was ten times meaner than Claire. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore.

"Do you want to know? Who the heck are you? Are you this old woman's gigolo, or are you Beatrice's boyfriend?" Vanya snickered.

"Neither," Alex said.

"Neither? In that case, I'd advise you to stay away from these two b*tches. I think you look quite masculine. Why don't you come to my place and work as my male nanny? I'll pay you 20,000 dollars a month. What do you think?" Vanya's expression made her look like a female wolf.

Alex was a good looking man. Meanwhile, Vanya had a very messy personal life. Right now, she actually wanted to have Alex to herself.

Alex shook his head. "I'm not interested. All I want to know is what you plan to do with the two of them."

“Alex, whose side are you on? Are you even a man?” Claire said angrily.

Alex ignored her.

Vanya chuckled. “That’s very easy. I want them to get on their knees and bow to me a hundred times. After that, I want them to go to the toilet and lick the toilet bowls. Then I’ll forget what happened today! See, aren’t I kind?”

Vanya even winked at Alex when she spoke.

Several Chanel employees snickered. They were waiting for a good show.

Alex nodded. “I understand. Fine, let’s do as you say!”

Claire and Beatrice had their eyes wide open as they looked at Alex in disbelief. Claire opened her mouth and was about to yell at him.

However, right then, Alex suddenly slapped Vanya forcefully against her face.

Wham!

Suddenly, there was dead silence.