

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 721 - 730

These past few days, Alex had constantly been on Zendaya's mind, and she missed him a lot.

She really wanted to call him, to hear his voice. However, she was also afraid of the consequences of doing something she or Alex couldn't shoulder... No matter if it was Michigan's Stoermer family or Missouri's Coleman family, they were both parts of the golden era's hereditary royal families. Both families were not entities an ordinary person could go up against.

Although Alex was good at martial arts, his foundations weren't solid enough.

She was afraid that once the affair between herself and Alex was leaked, he wouldn't live to see the next sunrise. Therefore, although she yearned for him, she didn't dare to contact him.

Right now, hearing Alex's name from Xyla's lips caused her to almost forget to breathe.

"Aunt, I'm very curious about this person you call your hero!" She picked up the comb and continued to comb Xyla's hair, quietly asking.

Xyla looked out the window at the sky that was beginning to get brighter and said, "He... He's probably in his twenties, about 6 feet tall with thick, well shaped eyebrows like a sword. His eyes are very bright, and most importantly, he has a unique temperament. I consider myself to have been in many relationships with many men and women, but for a wonderful man like Benefactor Alex, this is the first time I've seen someone like him. Even if the sky were to fall, he wouldn't frown. He's someone who doesn't give up in the face of impossible, and someone who can see far into the future."

Zendaya continued to ask, "Then, who in the world is he?"

Xyla replied, "I don't know either. But he seemed to have come from California... Oh, that's right, his family seems to be running a business called Lush Cosmetics or something."

Kept locked in Sanctuary Shrine for more than a month. She wasn't aware that there was now a new cosmetic company in the market.

She also wasn't aware that Zendaya had endorsed it.

As for Zendaya, her heart was beating so fiercely it nearly popped out of her rib cage. She felt her heart aching.

It was him!

The one she had been thinking of and missing so dearly!

She never imagined that he would come to Michigan, and even save her aunt.

'So, based on this relationship with Aunt, will it allow Grandpa to change his mind, and cancel the engagement between myself and Tristan?'

She couldn't help but have this idea. But she soon shook her head.

It was impossible.

The marriage between their family and the Coleman family in Missouri was the one ending everyone in the Stoermer family wanted to see. From the moment Tristan walked into the Stoermer family, to the moment he registered for their marriage, she had been labeled as Tristan's.

Among the eight great families of the golden era, the Stoermer family was at the very bottom.

The appearance of Tristan gave the Stoermer family a chance to climb up the rungs. And one day, when Tristan, the son-in-law of the Stoermer family, became the golden

era's youngest Grandmaster, the Stoermer family would be able to climb up higher with his reputation. This was also the intention of the Stoermer family in Alaska.

The Stoermer family in Alaska was the real royal family, the true Stoermers.

As for Michigan's Stoermer family, they were just a branch of Alaska's Stoermer family.

Zendaya's heart was bitter as she glanced at Xyla. "Do you like him?" she asked.

Xyla laughed. "Look at me now, do I look like I have the right to like him? What's more, there was already a charming junior girl around him that looked a thousand times better than me. She's also a much better martial artist than me..."

Zendaya understood that the person she was talking about was Waltz. That woman was indeed extremely beautiful.

She sighed softly, her heart in a confused mess.

Very quickly, a message spread like wildfire across the entire Michigan.

“Hydra Group closed its doors overnight. The huge business empire’s plaza has collapsed!”

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When the news came out, the entire Michigan was shocked.

Even the senior officials of Michigan were sent out to investigate.

However, the elder of the Stoermer family, Zayn, released information that the Hydra Group had been oppressive and acted in a tyrannical manner, committing many evil deeds. Not only did they formulate an overlord pact, but they also used illegal means to take over other companies, creating an industry monopoly that seriously undermined the rules of the business circle in Michigan. Recently, they even wanted to acquire the Stoermer family business maliciously. Hence, to make an example out of him, the Stoermer family trampled on him overnight.

Suddenly, all the inquiries made by the officials died down one after another as they ceased asking.

Nobody dared to offend the big giant of Michigan that was the Stoermer family.

Even the countless industries of Hydra Group who had lost their backbone overnight fell into chaos. But no one dared to fight for control over the entire thing, afraid they would be blamed for the whole thing. They'd end up trying to gain an advantage, only to end up worse.

That would also mean they were inviting trouble to themselves and might very well end up being annihilated.

This was especially the case when rumor on the street was that the internationally renowned superstar, Zendaya, was actually the youngest granddaughter of the Patriarch of the Stoermer family in Michigan and would soon be engaged to the prince of Missouri's Coleman family.

Suddenly, the internet was in an uproar again.

Zendaya, who had yet to be removed from the hot search, was once again ranked first on the hot topic section.

Countless people sent their blessings on Zendaya's Twitter.

Even wealthy young heirs who had been yearning nonstop for her, still following her in private, hoping they would find her and take her for themselves in one swoop, banished those thoughts immediately, never to mention her name again.

Regardless of whether it was the Stoermer or Coleman family, who would dare to tread on their toes?

And finally, Michigan's officials came forward to have a discussion with Zayn. The Stoermer family needed to annex the Hydra Group that was under their umbrella. Otherwise, all the projects and enterprises under that group would be incomplete, and many of the people under those companies would be left without a job.

To the senior officials in Michigan, this was something they didn't want happening since it would affect their higher-ups.

On the same day, news of Lord Lex's unfortunate death, owner Thousand Miles Conglomerate, spread all over California.

Everyone was shocked.

On the streets of California, some clapped their hands, and there were also those who were indifferent. Visitors poured into California from thousands of miles away to see Lord Lex for the last time.

“Lex Gunther, this asshole. He’s finally dead!”

“Good riddance! Such old bastards only bring disaster to the world, just by their existence alone. I’m going to buy some fireworks to celebrate!”

The ones said all these were Vanya’s family, ordered to lick the toilets by Lord Lex.

Now that they could no longer live in California in peace, they had run to the city next door. However, their living standards had dropped drastically compared to what they were. That was especially the case for Vanya, one who had never endured suffering, accustomed to the life of the rich, and never once had to be concerned about food and clothes, she felt extremely uncomfortable.

It was only natural that she harbored extreme hate towards Lord Lex.

Penelope said, “Lord Lex is dead, and there’s no one to sit at the top of Thousand Miles Conglomerate. Hubby, at this rate, do you think they can still keep their position in California?”

Her husband, Adrian Tyler, said, “Lex Gunther was an orphan. He didn’t marry and had no children his entire life. He did adopt three children, however Azure, Clay, and Waltz. Hmph. The Thousand Miles Conglomerate has trillions worth in assets, so the upcoming question would be how these would be divided. It will soon become a massive show, a brawl among the three great Chieftains of California’s underworld for property and assets—a show of them fighting to kill each other!”

Penelope asked, “Would it be possible for us to get a piece of it?”

“The three great Chieftains under Lex Gunther are just martial artists. How would they manage businesses and companies? If that were to happen, it’d be a royal mess, and that would be our chance,” Adrian said. “It just so happens that I have a friend who deals in stocks. I’ll get him to attack Thousand Miles’ stocks, then buy it at a low price and take control of the group... At least, I’ll get California Plaza back and give it to you!”

Penelope and Vanya immediately became excited after hearing his words.

Meanwhile, at Hell’s Angels, Waltz, Azure, and Alex were gathered together.

“Little Waltz, with father’s death, those idiots at senior management have started to move. They are all vying for the top position, and we can’t have the place without a leader. Take the president’s position, okay, Waltz?”

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“Me?”

Waltz was stunned for a long while before she finally shook her head. “I can’t. Just handling a single shipping company is enough to keep me drowned in work. I don’t have the capability to manage the entire Thousand Miles Conglomerate.”

“Well, you can’t expect me to do it, right? I’ve only practiced martial arts to kill enemies. I’ve never learned anything related to business. If I were to take charge of Thousand Miles Conglomerate, its doors would surely have to close within three months.”

Waltz choked. “And as a result, you have yet to break through into Mystic Rank, while I’m already close to being an Earth Expert.”

The moment Azure heard that, he nearly wanted to throw up blood.

He glanced at Alex resentfully and secretly thought, ‘You’ve really found a good husband. I want a husband like that too... Ah, I mean, wife... So that I can reach Earth Expert too.’

Alex sighed silently.

Thousand Miles Conglomerate had been founded by his father and managed by Lord Lex. This was his own family’s industry!

Unfortunately, Lord Lex was the only one who knew this.

Now that he had passed away and the secret taken to his grave, no one else would recognize him as a young master.

That said, it wasn't like he lusted for Thousand Miles Conglomerate. As long as he lived, he could always build another empire.

He opened his mouth to speak. "Managing a group of companies doesn't require you to do everything personally. You just need to have a group of knowledgeable people. There's a saying you can have a secretary to deal with the work, and you can always find more secretaries. Isn't that enough?"

Waltz looked at him. "The secretary can deal with the work? So, if there's no work, we'll deal with the secretaries?"

Azure didn't interrupt.

"You can do what you want. You're not my secretary, anyway," Alex replied.

Waltz thought to herself, 'Am I not your secretary? And also your maid, right?'

However, standing beside her foster father's coffin at the moment, she really didn't have the mood to say such things.

Azure spoke up. "A few senior members in the management who have initially taken shares in the business are making lots of noise. The ones who are being especially loud are Jerry Johnson and Fabio Dobbs... These two old men. They say that since we're only adopted, we don't have a right to the inheritance after our foster father is dead. His equity will be divided equally among the directors."

"Nonsense!" Alex snapped, furious. "Waltz, it has been decided that you'll be the one taking the CEO position of Thousand Miles Conglomerate," he said. "I want to see if anyone dares to come out to dig their own grave. I'll make sure they empty every single thing from their pockets. Every! Single! Thing!"

Waltz was a little nervous and afraid to respond to that.

Alex said, "Don't worry, isn't it just managing a company? I'll get my mother to check in on you then. Now, the most important thing is to stabilize the situation. I still have to rely on you to help me take over the Sky Tower project, that's my main motive... Don't forget. I'm still the president of the Southern California Business Association. Thousand Miles Conglomerate is just a small thing. What are you so worried about? It's decided then! Azure, get the senior executives from Thousand Miles Conglomerate to convene for a meeting immediately. Tell them it is to decide who will be the CEO."

Azure nodded. "Okay!"

At the same time, in a luxurious clubhouse, Jerry and Fabio were lying shirtless on the massage table, the both of them being massaged by two extremely good looking women. The essential oils poured on their backs glimmered on their skin.

These two old men, even at such an age, were behaving dishonestly. Those hands of theirs were roaming around the girls' legs and bodies.

Jerry had his eyes closed while saying, "Old Fab, with Old Lex gone, there's no head on this dragon anymore. Azure and Waltz are still young, and they don't have the capability at all. What's the use of only knowing how to fight and kill? There are so many others in this world that know martial arts, after all. This time, you helped me get the president's seat. We're brothers in arms, so I'll give you 30% of Thousand Miles' businesses from now."

Fabio said, "Old Jerry, are you sure you've thought this through? Azure and Waltz are part of the underworld's Three Chieftains, and they're used to killing. Aren't you worried that they will come in the night and take your head?"

"Bah, what do I have to be afraid of?" Jerry pointed to the door. "Look those two bodyguards of mine can easily kill them. It'll be good if they're obedient this time. Otherwise, don't blame an old man like me for being merciless. Two illegitimate seeds... They're not worth anything at all!"

Fabio laughed. “Turns out that you’re prepared, big brother. Alright then, I’ll definitely help you. However, among the Three Chieftains, Clay, the most mysterious of the lot, has not been seen for a long time. If there really will be a conflict later, handling the aftermath won’t be easy.”

Jerry laughed loudly and said, “You can be rest assured on this matter. From what I’ve found out, Clay has gone to a place where there’s absolutely no life around him to train. I’m afraid that the grass on the grave will be three feet high before he even comes back?”

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Once he said that, he swung his arm around the sexy massage lady and said, “Come, accompany this old man to have a good time. After I’m satisfied, I’ll give you a BMW!”

The massage lady was obviously elated, and she followed him willingly.

Concurrently, his phone rang. He pulled it out, and when he saw who was calling, he said to Fabio, “Talk about those bastards, and they come, true enough. It’s Azure.”

Having said that, he picked up the call. “Nephew Azure... Calling me at this time. What can I do for you?”

Azure went straight to the point. "Come to Hell's Angels for a meeting."

Jerry snorted. "Nephew Azure, do you think that you've become Thousand Miles' boss after the death of your foster father? Come to think of it, do you even know how to manage a business? If Thousand Miles were in your hands, everyone would be out of a job, going cold and hungry by the end of the month."

Azure was indifferent. "I'm not the boss. Come for the meeting, it is to decide who will be. The meeting will be in half an hour. If you don't attend, we'll take it that you've let go on your own."

Having said what he needed to, Azure hung up the phone.

"God d*mn it!" Jerry cursed, then quickly discarded the massage lady and hurriedly said to Fabio, "Old Fab, we're going to Hell's Angels for a meeting to decide on the next CEO."

For an event of such importance, it was apparent the two of them would have to participate. They got dressed in a hurry and left immediately.

The massage lady that was thrown aside was unwilling to give up like that, and she took hold of Jerry, cooing flirtatiously, "Master Jerry, it won't be too late to leave if you just get a little comfortable first!"

She was reluctant to give up on the BMW he had promised her.

Jerry wasn't in the best of moods, and he replied to her with a direct slap on the face. "Comfortable? Your head! Don't you have a brain? Can't you see that I have something urgent to attend to?"

The massage lady clutched her face in her hands. Shock, fear, and disappointment replaced her happy looks. On the sidelines, the other three massage ladies were gloating about her misfortune.

Half an hour later, Jerry, Fabio, and Jerry's bodyguards rushed over, reaching just in time at Hell's Angels.

The moment they entered, they saw that there weren't many people there.

"Azure, didn't you say that there would be a meeting to decide on the next CEO? Where is everyone from management? Why are you the only one here?" Jerry asked.

Azure replied calmly. "What's the hurry? We still have an hour before it starts!"

"What? Didn't you say it would start in half an hour when you called?"

“You must have misheard me. I said one and a half hours. California’s roads are packed. How could you expect anyone to arrive in half an hour? If that’s the case, weren’t you just intending to embarrass the others?” asked Azure. “Uncle Jerry, Uncle Fabio. Since you’re here, you can accompany our foster father!”

Jerry was cursing up a storm in his heart.

That motherf*cker, Lord Lex, had been dead for a while. Asking him to accompany the others... Was Azure treating him like a dead person?

Azure continued, “While father was still alive, he treated you both like brothers. Now that he’s gone, are you unwilling to see him off? Looks like foster father and you both weren’t as close as you looked. If that’s the case, then you have nothing to do with his share of the company.”

“Who said that?”

Jerry jumped up immediately. “Your foster father and I were sworn brothers! We were even closer than blood brothers. Of course, I want to see him off for the last time!”

Upon that, he immediately ran into the room where the coffin was in.

Gritting his teeth, he forced himself to kneel stiffly and started crying loudly. “Big Bro, why did you have to go?! You should have waited for your little brother!!!”

Fabio was stunned!

As a result, he, too, could only kneel and pretend to cry his eyes out.

Azure watched the entire scene with his own eyes, a disgusted look in them.

Nearby, Alex glanced at Jerry’s bodyguards and clearly understood the reason they were here. He turned to Waltz and said, “Looks like you’ll have to display your powers later.”

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Very soon, many Thousand Miles Conglomerate senior executives gathered up at Hell’s Angels.

Everyone had come in only to see the big boss, Jerry Jackson, weeping bitterly at the coffin. He looked as though he wanted to chase after Lord Lex in his death.

What should they do?

Giving each other a look, these people kneeled too. Regardless of whether the tears were real or not, some pretense still had to be put up.

As for these people, none came with any assistant, secretary, or bodyguard. When they saw their own boss kneeling, how could they not follow suit?

The venue was huge, and not even thirty minutes later, people in black had already filled the large place, all kneeling.

After a full hour, Azure finally broke the silence. "Alright. All the directors and everyone else has arrived. Let's head into the inner hall for the meeting! Thousand Miles Conglomerate is fiercely competitive, and it has many opponents. The position of CEO must not be left empty for long, lest the hearts of the people will be shaken."

Jerry was the first to stand.

But as soon as he stood up straight, he fell to his knees again with a loud thump.

D*mn it! His legs had fallen asleep from an hour of kneeling, not to mention how they now throbbed painfully from the fall.

His bodyguards quickly came over to help him up.

Ten minutes later, in the inner hall, all the directors, Azure and Waltz included, were seated around the table. The others could only stand behind and listen.

The same went for Alex, who could only stand and listen.

The meeting began, and before Azure could even open his mouth to speak, Jerry took the lead. He squeezed a tear out and sobbed, “Everyone, Brother Lex’s passing was sudden, and it saddens me very deeply. It has made me so sad that I wish to follow after him! Brother Lex and I were really sworn brothers!”

All the directors present said nothing in response.

Everyone was well aware that whatever ‘sworn brother’ nonsense he was spouting was just pure bullsh*t.

Jerry continued, “However, the Thousand Miles Conglomerate empire that Brother Lex had worked so hard to build can’t be allowed to fall just like that. These are all his blood and tears! We need to protect it and carry on his legacy. Therefore, even though I really want to follow Brother Lex into the afterworld, I must first make sure that Thousand Miles is safe! The snake mustn’t be allowed to be headless, lest our people’s hearts would be shaken! I’ve been in Thousand Miles for 12 years, and it’s my duty to shoulder this responsibility! From now onwards, I will take up this difficult post temporarily, the position of CEO. Do any of you have any comments?”

A dozen directors who were seated at the table all glanced at each other.

None of them thought that Jerry would be so bold and brazen. He didn't even speak about electing anyone, only that he would temporarily take the CEO position. However, the moment he was installed, would he leave when the time came?

Fabio then raised his hand to vote. "I agree that Director Jerry should be the CEO. In times like these, only a veteran and experienced person like Director Jerry can withstand the position's pressure and hold the fort for Thousand Miles. The younger generation will also be deterred from acting up."

Then, another director raised his hand in favor. However, these two were the only directors to vote in favor of Jerry.

The entire room was suddenly shrouded in an awkward atmosphere.

Azure sneered coldly and said, "Looks like your call to arms isn't good enough, Director Jerry. You're not worthy of taking the position of CEO."

Bang!

Jerry flipped over the transparent ashtray in front of him, and it slammed heavily against the table. The loud noise startled everyone present.

Jerry stood up, his eyes cold and arrogant as he said, “Who said so? Azure, have you gone blind or deaf? With so many directors present, do you see anyone giving an opinion? No! What does that mean? It means that everyone present agrees that I should be president, isn’t that right? It’s been unanimously approved! Henceforth, I am the CEO of Thousand Miles Conglomerate.”

Clap, clap, clap!

Fabio was the first to stand up and start applauding. “Thank you, Director Jerry, for standing up, for leading us on the path of glory! Everyone, give him a round of applause!”

One of the directors going by the surname of Zeigler frowned. “Old Jerry, what are you doing? Can you be serious? How can you be the CEO of Thousand Miles? There are so many businesses under Thousand Miles, and I’m afraid you’re not knowledgeable enough about them, especially not by just getting dividends from them all every year. The CEO should be someone with the ability to do so. I think Little Waltz is the most suitable. Let her be the CEO.”

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Bang!

Unexpectedly, Jerry picked up his own chair and threw it with all his might at the director who had just spoken. Who would have ever thought someone like Jerry would do this?

No one!

Even Alex raised his eyebrows in slight surprise.

The director who had been hit in the head by the chair immediately bled and bruised. He roared, "Jerry Johnson, have you gone mad?! How dare you use a chair to smash my head? Dillan, avenge me! As long as he doesn't die, do whatever you wish."

Dillan was this director's bodyguard.

Hearing this, Dillan immediately rushed towards Jerry. However, he, who was rushing halfway, was intercepted quickly by Jerry's bodyguard.

Crack!

Dillan's shoulder was twisted. With a sound of crisp crack, his arm was broken on the spot.

It was bent at a strange angle.

Dillan fell to the ground, sweating profusely while writhing in pain, but he didn't make any sound.

Jerry laughed loudly. "Zane Zeigler, do you think you're so special? How dare you order your bodyguard to make a move against me? Do you have a death wish? Your daughter is still a guest at my house right now, do you intend to never see her again?"

Zane was stunned.

He quickly gave his daughter a call. Upon asking, she really was at the Johnson residence. Furthermore, she was playing with a lot of people there. She said that they were having an indoor pool party.

Zane asked her who else was there. He was stunned when she told him the names.

Almost all the children of the directors present in the room had been "invited" to Johnson's villa.

As soon as this information came out, every director was dumbfounded, and started cursing.

Jerry laughed again. “Why are you all so anxious? Today is my wife’s birthday, and I invited all your children over to have fun and have a good time. I’m the CEO of Thousand Miles Conglomerate, do you think I would do something like kidnapping?”

Everyone was frightened yet angry. However, they didn’t dare act recklessly nor resist.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Waltz started clapping her hands and slowly stood up as she said, “What a wonderful show, Jerry Johnson. To my surprise, how could you be this smart? My foster father just passed away yesterday, and today you’ve already rounded up the families of all the directors here to threaten them into electing you as the CEO! However, are you going senile? Even if you were to get the equity of all the directors, you still won’t be able to compare to my foster father. Is there a point in doing that, then?”

Jerry chuckled. “Waltz, I only allowed you to sit here for the sake of Brother Lex, but in fact... Who do you think you are? Do you have shares of Thousand Miles in your hands? You and Azure are just abandoned children that Brother Lex picked up from the streets. None of you are related to him by blood at all, so you don’t have the rights to sit here! Denis, Erik, throw them all out! None of you are people of Thousand Miles from now on.”

Bruce and Willis were his bodyguards.

“Hmph! ” Waltz snorted coldly. Her energy core exploded, she was ready to make a move.

At this moment, the door of the conference room was unexpectedly kicked open by force, and someone was thrown hard onto the table where everyone was sitting, coughing up blood.

It was a young fighter.

Everyone recognized him: he was one of the gatekeepers at Hell’s Angels, Fraser Crowley.

“Fraser! What happened to you?” Waltz asked in surprise.

“Princess Fleur... It’s... The Valtameri, Valtameri...”

Before he could finish speaking, he breathed his last.

Everyone immediately looked towards the outside of the door.

A group of people entered the room in a file. The one who walked in front turned out to be the CEO of Valtameri Co., Frank Accardo, the one who had been poisoned by Alex with a parasite.

After he walked in, his gaze swept across the room, staying on Alex for about three seconds before he smiled lightly and said, “Everyone, I’m here to take over Thousand Miles Conglomerate. From now on, I’m the boss of Thousand Miles. Do you have anything to say about it?”

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Alex glanced at Frank twice, and immediately knew why this guy dared to blatantly rush over to Hell’s Angels to cause a fuss.

It was because the parasitic disease planted in his body had gone.

‘Did something happen to the parasite, or has it been taken out by someone?’ He felt a bit strange.

However, he didn’t bother to think too much about it. Oh the contrary, he felt that Frank coming here to cause a fuss was good timing, as he could take advantage of his strength to fight against the others.

After that, he saw a pudgy man in his fifties with a height of less than 5.3 feet walked in behind Frank. His eyes shifted a little as he felt an approaching danger.

At the same time, the old man seemed to notice his gaze. He raised an eyebrow and looked at Alex's direction. When their eyes met, as though there was some electricity intertwined in the air between them.

'A Cultivation Guru!' Alex confirmed the old man's identity immediately and thought, 'No wonder Frank is being so bold and there were no signs of nervousness or fear when he saw me. So, it turned out that he has found a good patron.'

At this time, Jerry curved his mouth as he pointed at Frank and yelled, "Who the hell are you? How dare you come to Hell's Angels and cause trouble? And you even want to be the CEO of Thousand Miles Conglomerate? You think we're going to just give you a face like that? Do you know how to write the word 'death'?"

The other directors all looked at Jerry in surprise.

"What? Why are all of you looking at me so strangely? Could it be that you people know this guy? Where did he come from?" Jerry asked.

It turned out that Jerry really didn't know who Frank Accardo was.

It was because he didn't really have a sense of existence in Thousand Miles Conglomerate in the beginning, and he only held some shares in hand. It was even more impossible for him to personally participate in the fights of the underworld.

He had heard Frank Accardo's name before, but he had never met the man in person.

Frank looked at Jerry. "I really don't know how to write those words, how about you teach me?"

Pooh!

Jerry spat out a thick wad of phlegm, and it just happened to landed on Frank's shoes.

"Motherf*cker, then let me teach you those words. Denis, kill this idiot." Jerry instructed.

In the next second, Denis immediately rushed towards Frank and landed a punch on him.

Facing Denis's large fist, Frank didn't even move nor blink. In other's eyes, he seemed to have been rooted to the spot in fear of the oncoming attack, and had forgotten to hide.

However, the pudgy man suddenly made a step sideways.

A black light flashed!

Denis's fist had been severed from his arm, falling to the ground. Even the bones had been cut clean.

"Ahhh!" Denis couldn't believe it as he cried out in pain. Blood poured out of his wound like a river.

Meanwhile, the pudgy man had already kept his weapon away, it was a small knife that was less than four inches long, with a unique shape. It disappeared into his sleeves.

"Big Bro, Big Bro, are you alright?" Erik shouted as he rushed towards the pudgy man desperately.

However, Denis held onto the other man firmly and tightly.

Perhaps the others couldn't see what had happened just now, but as the person who had been attacked, Denis was clearly aware of the capability of the pudgy old man. He was definitely a steel plate. If one were to hit him, he would only hurt himself.

“Don’t be reckless!”

“Big Bro, but he sliced off your hand! I’m going to kill him! I’m going to kill him!”

The two of them were brothers who had been dependent on each other since they were young, and they had a very good relationship. Seeing the hand of his own brother being sliced off, how couldn’t he be angry?

“Listen to me! Don’t go looking for death!” Denis roared. His forehead was already full of sweats. It was painful, but he couldn’t care less about it right now. He picked up his severed hand from the ground, then turned to Jerry and said, “Mr. Johnson, we, the brothers are powerless to do anything in regards to your matters. Goodbye!”

Having said that, Denis took Erik and turned to leave. Jerry was shocked and hurriedly shouted, “Denis, Erik! You can’t leave! Damn it! I have paid so much money, how dare you scam me?!”

Denis was also angry and shouted, “You didn’t tell me that there would be side issues like this arising. This has nothing to do with us anymore. Goodbye.”

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The two were about to leave, but Frank blurted out, "Who said you could leave? Have you asked me?"

He was aggrieved before this.

In Valtameri Tower, he had watched Alex go on a killing spree and ruined the martial arts of all his people, and even made him swallow the parasite alive... He needed to vent out the same amount of anger for the amount of hate and resentment that he had felt back then.

"Sir, we only took money to carry out the work, you don't have to be like this, right?" Denis said.

Frank sneered, "If I didn't have a trump card, then I probably would have been killed by the both of you. It doesn't concern me anymore that you're just hired thugs. You deserve to die for making a move against me."

Having said that, the pudgy old man moved again. Another black light flashed.

There was an afterimage of something turning in the air.

The uniquely shaped knife passed through Denis's neck and drew an arc, then pierced through Erik's neck. It left identical, bloodied holes in the center of both their necks.

Thud! Thud!

Two soft sounds echoed out. Denis and Erik fell to the ground dead, with their eyes wide open.

Everyone present let out exclams due to shock. The pudgy old man was just so strong.

The knife that he used this time wasn't in his hand at all, but it shot in the air while freely changing its direction in air, and its travelling speed was extremely fast.

Alex's pupils constricted. 'Airborne Blades! Spirit Transcendence?!'

He could feel the spiritual powers emanating from the old man, which meant that the old man was the same as him. He had broken out of the category of martial arts and had entered the ranks of cultivation.

The man was at the minimum in the Spirit Transcendence stage, and possibly higher.

Now, it looked like things could get a bit troublesome. Frank glanced at Alex again, his face was full of mockery and ridicule.

That's right, the mentality that he had right now was like a cat toying around with a mouse. Among the people present at the scene right now, naturally Alex was the one that he hated the most.

However, he wasn't in a hurry to attack Alex. He wanted Alex to watch at the side while letting him feel the horror and despair creeping up slowly. Then, he wanted him to have a slow death in despair. Only then, he could relieve the hatred in his heart.

Frank walked in front of Jerry and chuckled softly. "How about now? Do you approve of me being the CEO of your Thousand Miles Conglomerate?"

Jerry glanced at Denis and Erik, whom he regarded as his patrons. They were both dead now.

How could he possibly still have any confidence to be emboldened?

He fell down to his knees with a thud in the next second, and slapped himself in the face. "Big Brother, no, dear CEO. You're the CEO of our Thousand Miles Conglomerate. I was blind and a fool just now, please don't be offended."

“Hahaha! Very good!” Frank was quite satisfied. “You’re a director of Thousand Miles Conglomerate? How many shares do you hold?”

In order to preserve his own life and safety, Jerry didn’t dare to lie and immediately replied, “7%.”

Frank smiled and snapped his fingers.

The pretty secretary with glasses that had followed him took out a contract from the bag and threw it in front of Jerry. “Sign it!”

Jerry took up the papers to read it, and was instantly taken aback. It was actually an equity transfer contract.

On it, it was written that Frank would buy the equity shares of Party B at the price of one dollar. As to the amount of equity, it was a blank line.

Meanwhile, the secretary with glasses had written “7%” on it.

Jerry was stunned. “N-No, that’s impossible. I won’t sell it!”

The 7% shares that he held could allow him to get hundreds of millions dividends every year without lifting a finger to work. How could he bear to sell it off for one dollar?

He would be crazy to sign it.

However, a black knife floating in the air was placed on Jerry's neck the next moment.

Frank said, "Sign, or die. What will you choose?"

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0729

"I... I..." Jerry's lips trembled so much that he couldn't speak.

Before coming to Hell's Angels, he was full of confidence and felt that everything was in the palm of his hands. A giant flagship like Thousand Miles Conglomerate would be in his own hands. Everything in the beginning had gone according to his plans, and he would be able to sit on the throne of CEO easily. However, never did he expect that the ending would be like this, leaving him in a dilemma.

If he signed it, his equity would be handed over to others, and there would never be another chance for him to even think of being the CEO in the future. That would be worse than being killed.

However...

The life threatening knife in the air was strange like a prop in the hands of a magician, but it could really kill people. At this moment, the pitch black knife was inching forward slowly, with its tip already piercing the skin of his neck, causing a sharp pain. Drops of blood had also fallen.

Everyone present was stunned by the scene, with their mouth agape.

No one was holding the knife, but it could float in the air, and it was also slowly killing someone. What kind of mysterious means was this?!

Even if one were a Telekinetic Grandmaster, was there such a skill that existed?

It was just like Magneto from the Marvel Heroes!

Azure clenched his fist. He also didn't dare to say anything.

Facing an opponent of this level, he questioned himself as to whether he had the capabilities to fight against him.

Waltz's eyes were trembling, and she turned to look at Alex.

She was also anxious and worried, as she had never met an opponent like this before.

“Ahh!”

Jerry let out a loud shout at this moment.

Everyone's heart leaped up to their throat, thinking that he had been killed by the knife with a single slice! In the end, he just clutched his neck in fear, yelling, “I'll sign it, I'll sign it! Don't kill me!”

The shareholder sitting next to Jerry smelt the smell of urine at this time. He looked down, only to see that Jerry's pants were getting soaked quickly, and a stream of liquid was flowing down his legs... This guy had actually peed his pants in fright.

However, no one laughed at him at this moment.

There was only a pitiful sorrow that they felt for him. The two bodies of Denis and Erik were still lying on the ground in front of them, who would dare to retaliate?

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

Jerry quickly signed his name.

After that, the pitch black knife was gently moved away from his neck. In that instant, it seemed that Jerry had narrowly avoided the death's door. He was sweating profusely, and his legs gave away as he fell to the ground with a thud.

In the next second, the black knife went to Fabio's neck.

Frank's secretary simply took out a stack of contracts. Every copy was exactly the same as the one that Jerry had signed.

Under the pressure and threat of the pudgy old man's magically floating knife, every shareholder was forced to sign the contract to transfer their shares for a dollar.

Frank accepted the contracts with a very satisfied look on his face.

He even took a handful of dollar coins from his secretary, putting a single coin in front of each shareholder.

The coins were brand new, sparkling under the light but it was extremely ironic.

At this moment, Frank finally turned to look at Waltz and Azure, as well as Alex, who was standing in the crowd.

“Princess Fleur, you’re still in good health!”

“How many shares do you hold?”

Waltz slammed her hand on the table violently at his words.

Broken fragments of the extremely hard oak table immediately flew up as it was smashed, with countless wooden thorns shooting towards Frank.

Everyone was frightened beyond words at Waltz’s firm, unwavering decisiveness.

In such a situation and under the pressure and threat of that weird black knife, she still dared to boldly take a shot?

Frank's pupils constricted, and he retreated quickly. He had severely underestimated Waltz's strength.

At the same time, the pudgy old man gave a cold snort. That black knife filled with killing intent shot right at Waltz's neck instantly, before another black lightning suddenly intercepted the knife, crashing right into it.

Clang!

The sound was soft, but the impact of the two caused a huge spiritual explosion.

The few dozen people around the table were turned upside down due to the impact, and even the luxurious chandelier on the ceiling above them spun and crashed down. With a loud crash, it hit the wooden oak table.

It was Alex who made that move.

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0730

He had used the Stake of Exorcism to shoot down the black knife.

'What? A mystical tool?!' The pudgy man felt the spiritual power coming from the stake, as well as the fact that his own mystical tool had been broken from the collision. He was instantly shocked as his widened eyes tried to find the person who had made that move.

However, he suddenly felt a piercing pain in his brain at this moment.

'Not good! Mental powers!' He immediately gathered his mental powers to resist the attack, but he quickly realized that his own mental powers were like an ant against an elephant in the opponent's eyes. He couldn't even defend himself for a moment. By the time the pain subsided and when he could think properly, a tremendous force exploded in his own energy core.

Bang!

He could feel the energy core that he had worked so hard throughout his life was completely shattered like a watermelon that had been kicked. Not only that, there was also a thunderous might that was spreading through his meridians in the body, heading towards the upper and middle energy core.

Bang! Bang!

All three parts of his energy core in his body had been completely shattered.

His cultivation had been completely ruined.

It was not until this moment that he could clearly see a standing young man in front of him.

It was Alex Rockefeller!

As for Alex, he breathed a sigh of relief. Although his movement was fluid and it seemed like he had blasted the pudgy old man's energy cores to smithereens in almost a second, he had come out with all means and taken a lot of calculations, including some unintentionally ones.

It was also due to the fact that the old man didn't know that Alex was also in the Spirit Transcendence stage, so he had dropped his guard and taken the matter lightly. He thought that he could run amok with just his black knife.

As a result, he was caught completely unprepared.

If Alex had given him a chance of another second, Waltz would have been in grave danger.

On the other hand, Frank still didn't notice that the pudgy old man was done for.

He stepped back quickly but he was slower than the flying wooden needles shaken up by Waltz.

Even though he tried his best to cover his face with his arms, countless pieces of the splintered wood pierced deep into his body.

“Ahhh!”

“Master Miyagi! Kill her! Kill this bi’tch!”

Frank was going out of his mind due to the immense pain that came from the wooden pieces embedded in his body. He no longer had the mood to play cat and mouse, and he just wanted them dead to relieve the resentment.

However, the small black knife didn’t appear. Instead, a heavy body landed at his feet.

“You talking about that guy?” Waltz said to Frank, pointing to the pudgy old man on the ground.

Frank looked down, and his jaw dropped in shock. ‘This... How was this possible?!’

The god-like Master Miyagi was lying by his feet like a dead beast, his mouth filled with blood. He was the biggest support that Frank had, now what was he going to do?

“Master Miyagi, get up! Get up and kill the enemies! How can you lie on the ground? Aren’t you a great cultivator?!” Frank yelled frantically.

Waltz grabbed his neck in that moment and slammed his head heavily on the table.

Boom!

A hole was punched out through the table, and Frank’s head was covered in blood.

The remaining few bodyguards that had come with Frank were just about to take action, but Waltz opened her beautiful silk fan, with red aura fluttering around it and dancing in a dazzling flow. Then, three heads went flying through the air.

The fresh, red blood splattered across the ceiling.

Powerful!

For a moment, everyone looked at Waltz but they dared not look at her directly, as if they were looking at a female Asura.

Azure had his hand stretched out in the air, and then he stiffened a little, retracting it awkwardly. In the previous moment, he too had wanted to make a move.

The distance between him and the opponents was clearly closer, but Waltz had moved first and killed the three men with a single blow.

This difference in their strength was enough to make a grown man cry inexplicably.

“Frank Accardo, where did you get the balls to come and be the CEO of my Thousand Miles? And where did you find this short old man?” Waltz stepped on Frank’s back as she leant over to speak.