

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 801 - 810

To Tristan Coleman, was there anything significant about killing a servant from the Stoermer family?

Not even the slightest psychological burden could be felt at all. Being at the rank of Earth Expert, he instantly shattered the helpless unlucky guy with his palm, and he died on the spot. Tristan didn't even talk about wanting to hide the body, kicking it into the pond without much care.

Immediately after that, he started to throw up again. He puked until his stomach was empty, and all that came out was yellow spit, but he could still feel like there was a stench of soil coming from his stomach.

There was a room for storing tools for watering flowers not far away, and he immediately rushed in to take big gulps of water.

It was only after ten minutes that he finally cleaned himself up. But for the life of him, he couldn't remember why he would crawl on the ground and eat dirt in the first place?

'God damn it, could it be an evil spirit?'

Almost instantly, he gave a call to Shiromi.

“Young Master, what orders do you have for me?” asked Shiromi the moment she picked up.

“Shiromi, when you left just now, did you find anything strange?”

Shiromi was puzzled. “No. I left the Stoermer family directly, and none of them dared to stop me. There were a few disciples that ran up to me and asked for my Whatsapp. Is that considered strange?”

“Young Master, did something happen?” he then asked.

“Nothing, I’m just asking. Go and find out the whereabouts of Suzaku. Be careful.”

Tristan felt that there was no need to talk about the disgusting matter of him eating soil, after all. Once he hung up the call, he cast aside the doubts in his heart and went to look for the Patriarch of the Stoermer family and his father.

At the same time, elsewhere, Alex had also quietly left the Stoermer family.

He found that he had consumed quite a bit of his mental power, and his temples throbbed in pain. Also, the weird bead inside his energy core with the golden amulet inside it seemed to have dimmed slightly.

'The mental power consumed for the hypnosis is really a lot, especially if it's used continuously.'

Alex hit the nail on the head in this matter, almost instantly knowing the reason it consumed so much power.

Tristan was also an Earth Expert level warrior, where his physical body was strong to a certain extent, and so were his mental powers. The spirit, Chi, and mental powers were all one, and if one were strong, so would the others...

Of course, this was an exception to men who drove around every night, would be unhappy if he didn't consume meat, and one who wouldn't teach anything to others.

'I'm not Zendaya, and my mental power is no more extraordinary than a normal person. I should do less of this in the future.'

However, it wasn't like he hadn't gained anything from it. The bead in his energy core wasn't a one-time use, and it could be used anytime to save lives.

After he left the Stoermer family, he turned and gave the palace one more look.

'Zendaya, wait for me!'

He rushed towards California without stopping. He had to prepare for the pretense he put up the day after tomorrow, after all.

Tristan stepped into the Stoermer family main hall. Inside, apart from the Patriarch from the Stoermer family in Michigan, Zayn, Zendaya's mother, Carey, and his own father, Abel Coleman, and an uncle from the Coleman family from Missouri, was also present.

The Patriarch from the Coleman family wasn't present, but he had sent an uncle to represent him, as that was enough face given to the Stoermer family. This was because Michigan's Stoermer family was just a branch of the Stoermer family. And as for the Coleman family, they were the real top notch royals.

Zayn was pleased to see Tristan and said with a smile, "Tristan, as expected, you're really handsome and powerful. There will be no limit in your future concerning your potential! For our Zendaya to marry Tristan, I, as her grandfather, can put my mind at

ease.”

Chapter 0802

Tristan had an arrogant expression on his face, but he still gave what was considered a smile when he heard that. “Thank you for your praise, Patriarch Stoermer. Rest assured, I will treat Zendaya well.”

“Yes, yes, yes. Our Tristan fell in love with Zendaya at first sight. In the future, our Coleman family will definitely be taken seriously, and no one will dare to bully her!” Abel said. “In time, she will become the mistress of our Coleman family in Missouri.”

Father and son looked at each other, a mutual and tactical understanding in their eyes.

Once Zendaya married Tristan and they had their wedding night, her value would be greatly reduced. However, the energy and cultivation level of Zendaya was good.

They had observed her using secret methods before, and she had an abundance of energy in her body. Tristan wouldn't be able to fully absorb the amount of energy in just one night, and it would probably take three months before he could. However, after three months, when the potential within Zendaya was completely exhausted, her body would go from bad to worse, and she would start aging rapidly. By that time, Tristan would have already been done using her as a stepping stone to ascend to the next level.

By then, there would no longer be a need to care if she lived or died. As for being a mistress or whatever, that was obviously

just a joke.

Zayn didn't know this, and he felt elated when he heard those words, nodding his head rapidly in agreement.

“Our Zendaya... though she doesn't practice martial arts, she's still a woman who's hard to come by. She has superb accomplishments in music, or she wouldn't have achieved so many great things in the entertainment industry. To be honest, the Meier family from the Imperial Capital had once approached me for Zendaya's hand in marriage. I didn't accept it, though.”

The Meier family from the Imperial Capital was also one of the royal families. The eight families of the Golden Era were the Stoermers, the Colemans, the Sinclairs, the Meiers, and there were also the Zimmers, the Sniders, the Seays, and the Rockefellers.

As mentioned previously, the so called royal families were not related to the emperor. They were the royal family's guardians who had made great contributions to the Golden Era. It was a glorious title passed down through the generations, and they were the ones who were to safeguard the royal family to ensure they would not fall.

Of course, the world had continued to change, and nothing would be set in stone forever.

He immediately laughed and said, "Tristan is right! Compared to yourself, there isn't a comparison at all in the first place."

After a pause, he said to Carey, "That's strange. Why isn't Kazim here yet? Carey, go call Kazim over and have Zendaya come as well!"

Tristan stood at this moment and said, "Master, speaking of which, I have yet to meet Zendaya officially. How about we go over there directly, so we can introduce ourselves?"

"Yes, that's right. Young people should hang out more and spend some time among themselves." Abel said. "I heard that the flowers in Michigan bloom beautifully, and the place is very lively. Why don't we have Zendaya bring Tristan outside later for some sightseeing? We could build a better relationship between them too." Tristan glanced at his father.

When father and son were like minded, they could easily accomplish many things that would benefit them easily.

Tristan would claim Zendaya, at night, at the right time.

Zayn nodded. "That sounds good. Let's go ahead and do the introductions; then you two youngsters can head out to play."

The group stood up and started to head toward Zendaya.

A great many years had passed, and the world had entered modernization at a face pace. The influence of the guardian of the royal family was long different from what it used to be. They would have to depend on their own strength and capabilities to survive in the world in the future.

The Lynch family, for instance, was once one of the eight royal families that now only existed in name. None of their descendants had been found recently. As for the Meier family, they fell short of the best, but they were still better than the worst.

Tristan snorted coldly. “You’re talking about Joseph Meier? That trash, he can’t even stand up to one of my arms. The moment he saw me, he knelt on the ground and cried for his daddy. How can a useless thing like him be worthy of Zendaya?”

As soon as he said that, everyone present had a strange expression on their faces.

Zayn had wanted to emphasize a little on the weight of his granddaughter’s value, but he didn’t expect that he would end up shooting himself in the foot instead. Inadvertently, he had also lowered her value by a little.

However, when they were halfway there, the energetic Tristan suddenly changed expressions when they passed by the garden corridor, his eyes shifting instantly.

He sniffed the air several times, picking up the scent of the strong earthy smell.

It smelt like the most heavenly delicious smell on earth. He then threw himself onto the flower bed, his hand reaching out to grab a handful of mud before stuffing it into his mouth and gobbling it up greedily.

The one hour interval of Alex's hypnotic effect was due.

Chapter 0803

Chomp... chomp... gnaw!

Tristan knelt in the flower bed, stuffing mud in his mouth and eating it with gusto. He even raised his head in the middle of it and gave everyone a satisfied smile, as though he was eating the most delicious meal in the world right now.

Everyone present was stunned, speechless, looking as though they had just seen the devil.

It was too shocking...! Absolutely too shocking!

Everyone looked on in a stupor, and even Abel, Tristan's father, was stunned.

When he finally snapped out of his daze and rushed forward to stop his son, Tristan had already ingested a large amount of mud.

"Tristan! Tristan!"

Abel slapped the mud away from Tristan's hands. He could even smell dung since it just so happened that the Stoermer family's gardener had just fertilized the soil that afternoon, and he had used something he had taken from the septic tank.

And the mud that Tristan had ingested was one that had the extra ingredients.

"Mo*herfucker!" Abel was disgusted.

He didn't know what kind of madness had hit his son. How could he suddenly do such an insane thing? The people from the Stoermer family all stared at him, surprise filling their eyes.

Tristan, however, refused to give up.

Because Alex's instructions had been to eat half a pound every hour, he had only eaten 0.2 pounds at most, thus, he needed to continue eating.

Presently, he was clearly not in his right mind.

He only had eyes for the delicious soil that exuded the extremely alluring smell, and he ate like a beggar that had been offered meat after a week of hunger. Abel's obstruction made him very dissatisfied.

Bish!

He punched his father in the face.

Abel's nose bled from the blow he received, and one of his front teeth had been knocked out. The intense pain he was in caused tears to fall from his eyes. He never expected that his son would hit him.

And not only that, Tristan had started to eat the mud once again.

Abel clutched his nose. But, this was his own son, the existence that made the entire Coleman family in Missouri proud. How could he do such a thing that would damage their reputation here?

He hurriedly tried to stop him again.

However, Tristan had once again gone mad.

Though his mind was not clear, his martial arts skills were still present in his muscle memory. Not the slightest mercy was shown when he beat his father, using all the skills as an Earth Expert to the point his father didn't dare approach him anymore.

“Tristan, have you gone mad?!”

Then, Tristan's uncle made a move.

He was an expert at the level of advanced Earth Expert. He was higher than Tristan by two levels.

As soon as he made his move, even when Tristan was still forced down, restrained, even though he had used all his abilities and strength. However, his mind was still unclear.

How could Alex's hypnosis from the beads be so easily relieved?

Tristan started yelling out loud, "Let me go, let me go! I want to eat. I want to eat!"

"I'll kill whoever dares to stop me! Let me go. I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

He threw out threats like a crazy lunatic!

Zayn was stunned in shock.

Carey was also stunned.

And everyone else was also stunned.

Carey furrowed her brows. Her heart started to beat faster in her chest. At first, she had been very satisfied when she thought about how Tristan was going to be her son-in-law. But now she got the chance to see the other side of the young man she hadn't been aware of... The side where he would eat mud! And it was even mud that had been fertilized, who could stand it?! It seemed Tristan had an intermittent mental disorder, and this was dangerous.

Wasn't there a lot of news about how psychopaths would go on a killing spree?

Her daughter was still her precious baby, after all. No matter what happened, you wouldn't marry your precious daughter off to a psycho!

Chapter 0804

She glanced at Zayn and touched his hand lightly, her eyes looking as though they could speak. Zayn's face

was solemn, and he glanced at her and blinked a few times, signaling that they would wait and see before talking about this.

In the meantime, Xyla had heard the commotion and ran over.

Seeing the scene that she had walked into, there was a dumbfounded look on her face. She walked towards Carey and asked in a low voice, "Third Aunt, what's going on?"

As soon as she said that, she saw Tristan roaring loudly, "Ahhh, I'm so hungry! Ahhh, hungry, so hungry! Let me eat, get lost..!"

However, Tristan was unable to break free from his uncle's hold.

In the next moment, he started mutilating himself, beating himself up to the point the cracking of the bones from the blows he gave himself could be heard. Everyone else on the scene was dumbfounded, their jaws dropping one after another.

Abel couldn't bear to watch anymore. This was his son, after all. If he allowed this to continue, Tristan would end up beating himself to death.

He said to the older man, "Fifth Uncle, how about we let Tristan go for now. He isn't in his right mind right now, and when he wakes up later, we can ask him what happened."

The older man also felt that this couldn't go on like this, and he nodded, letting go of Tristan as he did.

The moment Tristan got free, he immediately pounced on the mud again. He wasn't even bothered to use his hands anymore, thrusting his face into the soil and eating.

Xyla's eyeballs almost fell out of their sockets when she saw this.

That was fertilized mud. What did he think it was?!

Pizza?!

Zayn finally opened his mouth and said, “Mr. Coleman, Tristan... What in the world is going on? It’s... Does he have some strange disease?”

Abel was in a state of desperation and discomfort now, to the point his tears were about to fall. He roared loudly, “You ask me? Who am I supposed to ask? My son doesn’t have strange diseases! He was fine before this and had never had this problem before. Only after meeting your Stoermer family that this sort of problem cropped up. I’m the one who should be asking what have you done anything to my son?!”

Zayn was shocked. “Of course not! Tristan will become my grandson-in-law, and everyone in my family, from the lowest to the highest, is in agreement with this marriage. How could we harm Tristan? Besides, such a strange situation, it’s the first time I’ve heard of it.”

“Has your son been hiding anything from you that it’s possible even you as his father doesn’t know?” Carey said.

Abel retorted in anger, “Bulls*it! You’re the one who’s hiding something. Your entire family is!”

“ ... ”

Carey’s amenable face crumbled immediately on the spot, and she almost started cussing in rage. With this sort of attitude, would she still want to have her daughter marry his son?

At this moment, Tristan had finally finished eating half a pound of mud, so the state of his hypnosis had been lifted, and he came to his senses.

However, he was dumbfounded the moment he woke up.

He looked at himself, then at the people around him... An extremely putrid stench wafted through his nose. There was the same feeling in his mouth, and his stomach felt heavy and uncomfortable once again.

“Blargh...”

He started to throw up. He saw himself throwing up the black soil which had a foul smell. Now, he really was going out of his mind.

‘Why is this happening?! What’s happening to me?!’

Tristan cried. He really started to cry.

One reason for that was because of how hard he was throwing up, and the other was that he was unable to accept the situation.

Abel shouted quickly, "Hurry, get some water! Get some water!"

Zayn hurriedly ordered someone to get water.

Abel pulled on Tristan urgently, his voice anxious as he asked, "Tristan, have you woken up? Tell me, son, what in the world happened? Why... Why have you suddenly began to eat mud? Have you been possessed by something evil? Take a look... Look around you... Is there someone around that intends to hurt you?"

Tristan shook his head in pain. "I don't know. I really don't know. This is the second time... Cough! Blargh! Dad, one hour ago, I... The same thing happened to me. But I can't remember what happened. I was talking to Byakko before that, and I was completely fine. And then..."

Abel hurriedly asked, "And Byakko? Where is she now?"

"I had her run some errands for me," Tristan replied.

"When did this first happen?"

"On the edge of the lotus pond."

“Hurry. We must take a look at the place! ”

Chapter 0805

At the lotus pond, everyone saw a corpse. It was one of the Stoermer family’s people that had come to call Tristan over just now.

However...

“Huh? Isn’t that Caleb?” Carey cried out and almost fainted.

That was her nephew. Because he had no special abilities, his body was sickly and frail since young, his bones were also weak, and he often fell sick due to his condition. Carey had been the one who arranged for him to be given easy tasks in the Stoermer family.

The salary he earned running errands within the Stoermer family was still way more than the money he would earn in the outside world.

Who would have expected him to die inside this lotus pond?

The people from the Stoermer family quickly fished him out of the water.

Zayn took a closer look, his face cold as he said, "He has been hit on the forehead by a palm, and his skull shattered, and he died on the spot! Who was it? Could it be the same person who harmed Tristan?"

Tristan's lips curled. "It's not that person. I'm the one who killed him."

"What?"

"You? You killed Caleb! You murderer!" Carey glared at him and screamed, her body trembling.

Caleb was her one and only nephew and the only son of her elder brother. Now that he had been killed in the Stoermer family, how was she supposed to face her brother?

"Why did you kill my nephew? Why?!" Carey cried and sobbed. "I want you to pay for this!"

Slap!

Abel gave Carey a slap to her face, leaving a bright, red handprint where the blow had landed. He snorted coldly and said, "So noisy! It's only a nephew of yours. It's not like he killed your man. Why are you so dramatic?"

Although Carey was Zendaya's mother, Abel didn't bother giving her any face and did as he pleased. If he wanted to beat her, he would. This was the confidence and arrogance of the Coleman family from Missouri. More importantly, the anger that he felt inside himself had nowhere to go.

Carey held her face, stunned.

"You dare to hit me? Your son killed my nephew, and you think it's justified? You want to marry my daughter with this attitude? Dream on!" screamed Carey, furious.

Abel grabbed Carey by her collar and pulled her towards him, hard.

His eyes were frigid as he stared at her. "Woman, don't misunderstand. My son is fond of your daughter, and this is the blessing she received for the karma she's accumulated in her past life. Even if she doesn't want to marry, she will be. As her mother, if you still want to continue making so much noise, I don't mind just killing you off right now."

Having said that, he threw Carey away.

If it weren't for Zayn's support, she would have fallen to the ground. Zayn was also furious to death, having never met such a brutal, arrogant person before.

Does anyone want to become family with these sorts of people?!

However, if Zendaya would be married into the Coleman family in Missouri, she wouldn't have any status at all, and would probably be bullied to death.

Fortunately, Zendaya had followed Alex.

"You have crossed the line!" Xyla barked, then turned to Zayn. "Dad, the Coleman family is not sincere in the slightest. Zendaya has yet to officially marry into their family, and yet they display this sort of attitude already. How will Zendaya live in the coming days like this?"

Zayn's brows were also deeply furrowed.

There was a raging fire in his heart.

He looked at Abel and said, "Mr. Coleman, our Stoermer family will not be bullied like this. Since the two parties are unable to come to an agreement, I think it's best if the marriage is called off."

Abel was furious. “Old man, what did you say?! Do you dare repeat it?! So, you aren’t afraid that our Colemans from Missouri will just trample over your little Michigan Stoermer family? You have to be aware of your position, that you’re just a minute offshoot of the Stoermer family. Even your ancestors, the Stoermer family in Alaska, has to give us a face, the lapdogs of our family!”

Zayn was seething. He could almost feel his heart exploding.

At this moment, the uncle from the Coleman family finally opened his mouth, “Abel, shut your mouth! If you continue blabbering on like this, I will send you to the hall as punishment!”

After that, he turned to Zayn. “Patriarch Stoermer, I apologize sincerely. Abel is too concerned about Tristan’s situation, so he’s spouting nonsense. The marriage between our two families has been spread throughout America. It’s a big matter, these royal nuptials. How can it be a trivial matter? Alright, it’s just a misunderstanding. Let’s put it behind us, alright?”

He glanced at Zayn, releasing a small amount of intimidating aura from around his body.

Chapter 0806

The overbearing pressure almost caused Zayn to kneel on the ground.

Zayn was well aware that if the Coleman family from Missouri wanted to go against the Stoermer family in Michigan, it would be useless for him to ask for help from the Stoermer family in Alaska. They weren't about to go against the Coleman family for the sake of Zendaya.

After weighing the pros and cons, Zayn could only nod his head in humiliation.

Seeing her father-in-law nodding his head, Carey suddenly felt depressed, and tears burst out from her eyes.

Xyla said coldly to Tristan, "Then, why did you kill Caleb?"

There was an impatient look on his face as he replied, "He saw what happened, so I killed him."

"..."

Xyla's eyes twitched wildly.

"This is the place where it first happened? Did you meet anyone else?" Abel asked.

“No, I can’t remember anything at all,” Tristan replied.

The uncle from the Coleman family looked at the lotus pond, then turned to Zayn and asked, “Patriarch Stoermer, has anything strange happened before in this lotus pond?”

Zayn shook his head. “No, are you suspecting...”

The old man said, “I’m suspecting that an evil spirit has possessed Tristan, and I fear that it’s because your Stoermer family hasn’t been very clean!”

The old man was of rather advanced age, and he had a lot of insight. He knew that there were some things in this world that just couldn’t be explained by science.

Abel snorted, his cold eyes sweeping over the people in the Stoermer family who were present. “If anything happens to my son, I want your entire family to be buried six feet under! Also, nobody is to speak about what has happened to my son! Old man Stoermer, if any news of this leaks out, you will be the only one I will come for first.”

The group of people stood in a stalemate beside the lotus pond for a long time.

However, the Stoermer family residence was a private one, and there was no such thing as surveillance cameras. There was not a single trail that would point to the fact that Alex had been here.

The only other explanation would be the evil spirit that the uncle from the Coleman family had mentioned or that Tristan was insane!

“I hope that what happened just now won’t happen again a third time.”

The moment he said that, Tristan’s expression changed, a strange smile appeared on his face, and he slammed down into the dirt next to him.

An hour had once again reached.

“Ahhhhh!!”

“Hurry, send him to the hospital.”

Tristan was taken to the hospital.

Even if it wasn't because of the mental disorder he seemed to have. He seemed to have eaten a lot of mud, so he would need to go through gastric lavage.

As for Caleb's body, the corpse was handled by the Stoermer's people.

Carey stormed angrily into Zendaya's room. At this time, Kazim had woken up and was reprimanding Zendaya fiercely. He was in deep shame because Alex had managed to knock him out.

"That Alex, what's so good about him?"

"Compared to Tristan, he's like trash on the ground. Until now, you still don't know how to repent? Do you think I won't dare beat you to death?"

Then, Carey rushed in, directly slapping Kazim's face, and said in a furious tone, "Kazim Stoermer, you want to beat your daughter to death, right? Then, you have to kill me together with her too! I have seen your Stoermer family's true face now. All of them are easily stepped on and can be bullied. All of them are cowards and useless scoundrels!"

Kazim's head was spinning from the blow he received, but he was also a man who was afraid of his wife, so he didn't dare to retaliate.

Then, he saw the red handprint on her face, as well as the streams of dried tears, and he was taken aback. “My wife, what happened to your face? What’s the matter? who dared to touch you? I’m going to kill them.”

“Sure, fine. Go ahead. Go and kill that bastard, Abel Coleman, and that beast, Tristan Coleman. Then, I will admit that you’re a man,” Carey said.

“What did you say? It’s... It was the Coleman family who beat you?”

Chapter 0807

Kazim was stunned.

He couldn’t believe it at all! Weren’t they going to be in-laws?

The two families were going to be in-laws soon. How could they beat up his wife?

“Is... Was there a misunderstanding? The Coleman family couldn’t have suddenly beat you for no reason? Was it... Did you say something wrong?”

“Did I say something wrong?” Carey looked at her husband with her red rimmed eyes and completely broke down, punching and kicking him. “That’s right, and I said something wrong. My elder brother’s son has been killed by that bastard Tristan. I shouldn’t have scolded him. I should have given him my neck and let him kill me, and let him kill everyone in my own family, and happily let my daughter be married into their family!”

Kazim didn’t dare to retaliate against the cries and rants of his sweet wife.

Then, he was stunned again.

“Caleb has been killed?”

Zendaya was equally surprised. She glanced at Xyla, who had entered the room with her mother, and asked, “Aunt, what in the world happened?”

Xyla had a weird expression on her face, and she quickly told them about how Tristan was sitting on the ground in the garden eating mud, the development of the situation after that. Everything she had seen with her own eyes, she told them all about it.

Zendaya was angry and shocked, and she said to her father, “Dad, Tristan is a psycho. He even ate mud that has been fertilized. A disgusting man like him... How could I marry him? I won’t! Might as well kill me now!”

On the inside, she felt it was strange.

Why did the sickness they described sound so similar to the mental hypnotism that she had done to Sven Coleman back in Willow Lake?

At this time, the Patriarch of the Michigan Stoermer family, Zayn, came in with a few others. His eldest son, Conor Stoermer, and his wife, Joyce Meier, were also present in addition to himself.

When Kazim saw the group of people, he immediately asked, “Father, is it true? That Tristan is a madman, and he eats fertilized soil every hour? And he’s also killed my wife’s nephew?”

A sad, grave expression was on Zayn’s face as he nodded.

Boom!

Kazim was furious, and he slammed his fist down on the table, smashing it.

“How dare they? The Missouri Coleman family is just too arrogant! What do they take the Stoermer residence for? I want revenge! I will go and kill that bastard...”

Slap!

Before he could finish, Conor, who was at the side, gave him a big slap on his face. He growled coldly, “Enough, can you calm down? Can you even kill him? Even if you did, what then? Our entire Stoermer family of Michigan will just wait to be executed by the Missouri Colemans? All three hundred and thirteen members of our Stoermer family will have to head to their graves because of you?”

The slap had woken Kazim up. And it also beat fear into him.

He thought about the gap between the Missouri Coleman family and the Michigan Stoermer family and knew they really weren't on the same level.

If it came to it, the one who would be destroyed would be their Stoermer family in Michigan.

However, when he thought of Caleb, who had been killed, as well as his wife, who had been beaten, he felt aggrieved. How could he express these feelings to his brother?

Seeing that Kazim had calmed down, Conor said, “I know that you all feel extremely wronged from what has transpired today. Every single member of our family feels the same. But, there is nothing we can do in this situation! Brother, sister. Please consider the overall picture seriously. I am distressed over Caleb's death as well. There is no way to bring back a dead person, and the Stoermer family will make amends.”

Having said that, he glanced at Zendaya with barely any emotion and proclaimed, “The day after tomorrow, the engagement will go through as planned.”

Zendaya exclaimed loudly, “No, I don’t agree to this. He’s already like this, and he killed my cousin, and now you still want me to marry...”

Conor interrupted her without any mercy and said, “You don’t have the right to choose. This is your destiny, and you will marry.”

Carey angrily retorted, “Conor Stoermer, she is my daughter. What right do you have to force her into a marriage? You talk so easily because Zendaya is my daughter. Why don’t you have your own daughter marry that bastard?”

Conor snorted coldly. “My daughter is already married! If Tristan really did pick my daughter, I would immediately have her marry him without any problems. It is already a blessing to be able to marry into the Missouri Coleman family.”

“I see that you’ve just become a lapdog of the Missouri Colemans. To put it bluntly, you’re only interested in saving your own neck and your own interests. You’re a coward.”

Chapter 0808

Joyce snapped back angrily, “Carey Stoermer, it’s not your place to berate my man!”

“Enough!”

Zayn had finally spoken. He looked towards Kazim and Carey and said, “I know you’re unwilling to do this from the bottom of your hearts, but everything is for the sake of the bigger picture! Just now, the uncle of Tristan spoke of this with me. Zendaya will need to marry Tristan, or the Missouri Colemans will flatten the Michigan Stoermers and take her by force... Zendaya, for the sake of the family, I have wronged you!”

Then, he sighed and said to Xyla, “Xyla, please persuade Zendaya.”

Having said that, he turned and left. There was no light on his face, only a dull look.

As for Joyce, she smiled and said, “Third sister, don’t feel too bitter about it. Isn’t it just a nephew? One that wasn’t anything special in the first place. Tristan is a proud son of the heavens. Even if he eats dung every hour, that isn’t anything to be bothered about. He’s still a son to be proud of! On the other hand, your Zendaya is useless and stays at home doing nothing. You might as well just think of it as recycling her.”

The two women obviously did not have a good relationship.

The words that Joyce said made Carey explode on the inside, the rage pouring from her heart. She rushed over immediately, giving Joyce a big slap on her face.

Joyce was furious.

However, Carey said, "If you dare to fight back, I won't let my daughter marry anyone even if I die. Then, let's see how your Stoermer family ends up then."

Finally, it was Conor who dragged his wife away before leaving.

In the room, Xyla and Zendaya were sitting opposite each other. The expression on Zendaya's face was distorted.

Even though she had not seen Tristan eat dung with her own eyes, she felt sick just at the thought of it. It would be better to die than marry such a person!

As for Xyla, she lowered her voice and said, "Zendaya, for Tristan to suddenly go out of his mind like this... I don't think it's a coincidence. I also don't believe that it's a possession or anything like that. I think someone must've done it deliberately."

“Huh? Who?”

Xyla glanced at the door, then reached out a slender finger to dip it into the teacup and wrote ‘Alex’ on the table.

Zendaya’s beautiful eyes widened. She couldn’t believe it. “How is that possible? Is he that powerful?”

In Zendaya’s thoughts, Alex’s martial arts level should be at Mystic rank, and he wouldn’t be able to beat Tristan with that level of strength. Tristan Coleman’s prestige was far reaching, and he was also the youngest Earth Expert in America. Her ears had almost fallen off with all the things her parents had been praising about Tristan over the past few days and how it would be in the future.

As for Alex, they had devalued him into nothing.

She didn’t practice martial arts, so she didn’t fully understand everything about the ranks and levels. However, even she felt that Alex’s wasn’t at Tristan’s level!

It was because his main profession was a doctor and not a warrior.

Xyla shook her head. “Looks like you don’t really know enough about Alex.”

She wrote again using her fingers, 'Alex left in the direction of the lotus pond, which coincided with the time it happened.'

“So, you can rest assured that you will not marry Tristan. He wouldn't allow it!”

At the same time, elsewhere, Tristan had arrived at the hospital.

Since he didn't have half a pound of the mud in his stomach, his madness could not be resolved. Abel and the uncle, whose name was Jerome Coleman, could only tie him up and place a ball of cotton in his mouth. The doctor, however, couldn't examine him at all in this condition.

Finally, Jerome said, “How about we let him eat it once more?”

Chapter 0809

Winston Zeller was the head doctor in Michigan Premier Hospital and was also an honorary professor at Michigan Medical University.

In all of his forty years of being a doctor, he had seen all sorts of patients, but he had never seen one as strange as the patient in front of him now. He watched as the man gulped down mouthfuls of soil that Abel had dug from downstairs.

The young man ate the soil with gusto as though it was a luxury meal.

“Does he have a mental disorder?”

“Or does he have pica?”

Abel’s face twisted ugly, and he looked at Winston and asked, “What do you think of my son’s condition?”

Winston shook his head apologetically and said, “This is the first time I’ve seen a case like this. How long has this condition been going on?”

Abel explained the entire matter, but of course, leaving out information related to everyone’s identity. In order to conceal that they were Missouri’s Coleman family, he and Jerome had worn masks to hide their faces. As for Tristan, he was covered with filth all over his face and hair. He was filthy, and he smelled terrible. With him in this state, probably even his mother wouldn’t have recognized him.

By the time Abel was done with his explanation, Tristan had finished eating the soil. When he was aware again, he immediately started to vomit.

Winston took note that when Tristan was awake and aware of himself, he had a deep hatred for the fact that he had eaten mud and was greatly suffering from it.

After thinking for a long time, he shook his head and said, "The situation of this patient is very rare, everyone. I suggest doing a CT scan of his brain to see if we can find anything."

The one thing the Colemans did not lack was money. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were forked out, and the hospital staff immediately placed them on priority and took special care of them.

Not even twenty minutes later, the results were out. There was nothing wrong with his brain, and he was in good physical condition too... Since Tristan was an Earth Expert level warrior, his physical fitness was much better than an average person. There was only one problem, and that was that his stomach was filled with mud and it needed to be flushed out.

No one would have imagined that halfway through the gastric lavage...

Ding!

An hour had reached.

Tristan started howling loudly, thrashing, and pushing the doctors and nurses away violently. He crashed through the glass window, jumping down from the third floor, and coincidentally landed right in a flowerbed.

The people who were walking around the area were shocked, thinking that someone had fallen from the building. Then, they saw a young man, his back arched as he kneeled forward in the soil, feasting on it like a wild beast.

Everyone was stunned.

Roar!

“Whoever it was that had the audacity to harm my son, I want his body torn to pieces!”

Boom!

Abel slammed his fist through the wall beside him, blasting a hole through it. The entire hospital was rocked from the impact.

Elsewhere, Alex had rushed back to California.

However, he had also received a call from Xyla, her voice gentle and kind as usual, with a soft accent as she spoke, “Alex, I really have fallen for you, you know? Did you know that my third brother scolded me? You’ve dug a real deep pit for me, saying that Zendaya stole your things, and I really believed you. In the end, it was you who had stolen her heart, as well as her body. Tell me, aren’t you a big liar?”

It was obviously a question, but coming from Xyla, it sounded more like she was coquettish with him.

“Aunt, you’ve misunderstood. I didn’t steal her body,” Alex replied.

“I’m not blind, and I saw everything.” Recalling the scene and thinking about how she had thought she would go blind from it, her heart had panicked, and so did her body.

“Aunt, that’s really not right. You should forget about it, or you won’t be able to find a boyfriend in the future.”

“Why?”

“You’ll think that the others are too small.”

“...”

Xyla was stunned for a long while before finally understanding what Alex meant by ‘small’.

“Bah! You’re a rascal!” she hissed.

The scene that she had stumbled upon flashed through her mind unwittingly again, and she couldn’t help but be surprised, secretly thinking that it was impossible, right? But then she quickly realized that she had been dragged down again, and she hurriedly changed the topic. “Tristan Coleman suddenly has a strange disorder, that he has to eat mud every now and then. You... Do you know anything about this?”

“Eat mud? What the heck? I don’t know! ” Alex didn’t intend to admit it, and his feelings about the entire matter were too turbulent after all. If he were to admit it, he probably wouldn’t have any more friends. “But, I heard something else. Tristan is going to marry Zendaya because of her Yin energy through her Red Pill, and she’s an excellent furnace.”

Chapter 0810

“What do you mean she’s a ‘natural furnace’?”

“You can look at it as her being a supplement. Tristan’s motive is to eat her.”

Xyla felt a little sullen inside. “Haven’t you eaten Zendaya then? You’re still not admitting it?”

Alex shook his head. “It’s not like that. It’s the other way around! I’m the one who got eaten! Previously, Zendaya was the one who drugged my wine and took the opportunity to eat me.”

“Huh?”

“You can even ask Zendaya.”

Alex felt that since Xyla was Zendaya’s aunt and had seen the entire process, there wasn’t a need to hide it. He also needed to brush up his image, after all.

Let's face it. Being taken against his will after being drugged was already a miserable thing. There wasn't any reason he should be taking the blame for being the culprit instead.

Xyla's shock could be described as Mars coming to hit Earth. This information completely toppled her. Zendaya had done something like this?

However, this wasn't a suitable topic, and she changed tones. "Alex, the Coleman family, refuses to give up, and they're determined to marry Zendaya. If they are holding such an unspeakable secret, then they will definitely be prepared for the day after tomorrow! That's right, someone had come today, and he was an Advanced Earth Expert. When the time comes, are you sure you're confident enough to pull it off?"

"No," Alex replied.

When Alex said that, it really was the truth.

However, a real man should dare to face life despite the dangers and dare to face fresh blood head on. They shouldn't be someone who had been cuckolded but instead cuckold someone else.

Once he was done with the call with Xyla, he plunged into the villa's basement. He hadn't informed anyone about him rushing back to California this time.

Even Waltz wasn't aware. So, Waltz had not come over tonight, staying at her own home instead.

What he needed to prepare was, first, a pill. Second, a mystical tool!

The moment he started getting busy, the passage of time passed in a blink of an eye, and before he knew it, it was already the next day evening.

"Phew..."

Alex let out a deep breath. He raised his hand and, with a handful of Chi, and swallowed the Blood Pill into his abdomen. In his left hand, he held the Stake of Exorcism.

It didn't seem any different from the outside, but on the inside, there had been a big change.

He squeezed the engravings and blasted them with some spiritual power. In the next moment, a ghost came out from the tail of the stake.

It was the Japanese woman that he had killed before this, Chiba Maiko.

Compared to when she was still alive, Chiba's current form was vivid and lifelike. There was a faint crackling of electricity above her semi-transparent body, and the sound of wind and thunder could be faintly heard.

"Have you managed to swallow all the fragments of the resentful spirits in the Stake of Exorcism?" Alex looked at Chiba curiously and asked.

"Yes, Master," Chiba replied respectfully.

"Not bad, not bad at all. Looks like we can deceive the people like this. Come, let's try a flash of thunder."

The next moment...

Boom!

The entire basement was covered by lightning that seemed to run wild, making it look like the end of the world was near.

However, Alex didn't feel anything at all.

Illusion!

Alex watched it for a while before nodding his head in satisfaction.

With a wave, Chiba automatically plunged back into the stake, and it was put away.

Having been busy for a day and night, Alex took a shower before walking out the door to get some air. He didn't expect Hailey to run over. "Brother, you're at home! Why didn't you say anything? I wanted to invite you to eat!" she said.

Alex rubbed his stomach. He was indeed hungry, but he was too lazy to head out to grab a bite.

"It so happened that I just came back from grocery shopping. Come on, let's go to my place and cook," Hailey said.

Not waiting for Alex's response, Hailey dragged Alex over to her villa.