

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0101 - 0110

Alex folded his arms behind his back and cocked his head as he stared at his cousin. He couldn't help but sigh deeply.

Back then, these people were exceptionally respectful to him. They even called him their big brother. However, with the recent events, this clingy cousin was now absolutely disgusted by and insulting him. It was as if she wanted to crush him under her feet.

'Oh well, since you treat me like trash, why would I hold on to our past relationships?'

He calmly said, "That old man is now paralyzed? Well, that was quick. I guess that's what we call karma!"

Carol was infuriated. "What did you say? How dare you speak of Grandpa like that? Are you human or just a pest? Since your dad is a pest, then I guess you are one too!"

Alex suddenly raised an arm and slapped Carol across her face. It started swelling up from the impact.

Alex's expression was cold and his eyes were as sharp as a dagger. "When you were nine, your house was set on fire. The fire became so strong, even your parents abandoned you there. Tell me, who risked their lives to save you? The pest that you just mentioned! It doesn't even matter if my father wasn't framed. You have no right to insult him like that!"

Carol's expression switched up again. She was filled with shame and hatred.

Alex knew it would be a waste of time to talk to such people.

"Remember this, all of you! I will not allow anyone to insult my father, William Rockefeller! Don't blame me for being too harsh if you do!"

He turned around and decided not to look at them any longer as he walked into the Rockefeller manor.

But two security guards stopped him.

"The head of the family said that you do not have permission for entry! Get lost!" A man said.

Alex recognized him.

This person was Fred. He used to work for Alex's father. Back then, he was extremely respectful to Alex and would refer to him as his master. It was as if he was nothing more than William's lapdog.

However, this lapdog dared to tell him to get lost.

"You're telling me to get lost?" Alex stared straight into Fred's eyes.

Carol and the others rushed up to them. She seemed to be holding a grudge against Alex for the slap she received earlier. She just couldn't hold in her frustration. Now that the security guards were here to help, she feared nothing. "Yeah, so what if we're telling you to get lost? Who do you think you are? Do you think you're still the young lord of the Rockefellers? You're just a mere street rat; a loser; someone who survives by relying solely on your wife! You can't even get in. How dare you slap me?"

"Fred, pin him down! I want him kneeling before me and licking my shoes clean!"

Fred seemed to be quite excited and smug. "Yes, Lady Carol."

He signalled his partner next to him and the two charged at Alex.

With his arms still folded behind his back, Alex lifted his leg and kicked the guards hard in the guts.

The two flew back as if they were bombs.

One of the guards fell into the pond nearby while the other hit a tree. They couldn't even get back up on their knees.

Carol and the rest were shocked and took a few steps back when she witnessed such a violent side of Alex.

Natalie and Elijah were still fairly young—one was in senior high while the other was in junior high. Hence, Alex would never lay a finger on them.

“John wanted to see me.” He said as he walked into the manor. No one dared to stand in his way this time.

The Rockefeller manor was quite large, occupying acres and acres of land. The interior was picturesquely decorated. There was even a small bridge going over a small pond. It used to be the home of a famous minister in history books after all.

Alex could still vaguely remember that they had bought this property when he was only eight years-old. His father, William, walked through the manor while holding his hand. He smiled and asked, "Do you like this place?"

Back then, Alex pointed towards the pond and asked, "Can we keep gold fishes here?"

William nodded and Alex expressed how much he liked the manor.

And that was how this property became the Rockefeller manor.

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His father's bright smile was engraved into his brain, as if he was right there with him. Remembering his smile broke Alex's heart.

"Dad, you were the one who chose and bought this place. You lived here!"

"Your son will get it back for you," Alex murmured to himself.

He closed his eyes, engulfed by his thoughts.

It was five in the evening by the time John rushed back to the manor from the hospital, feeling bloodthirsty. He blamed Alex and Brittany for the states his son and father were in. He wanted to let out his anger on and torture the two b*tches.

But when he got to the entrance, he saw the guards.

As Fred opened his mouth, John pushed him aside and asked coldly, "Is that pest Alex here?"

Fred didn't dare disobey him and said, "He's here."

"Very good," John said as he rushed into the manor. He had already thought of multiple ways to torture both the mother and son.

However, there was no one around, not even Brock, when he walked into the manor. There was only Alex resting on the grand master's chair, drinking tea.

That was where Bill, the head of the family, normally sat.

John became more furious. "Who gave you permission to sit there? Who served you tea? Get up this instance!"

Alex shot him a dirty glare and drank the tea that he had prepared. He then said calmly, "I heard that you're looking for me?"

Alex's calmness made John want to beat him up right there and then. However, he knew that something was up.

He yelled, "Brock, Brock! Come out! Where are you?"

Since Brock had already died, it was impossible to have him present in the room. However, his loud yells caught the attention of the others in the manor. The guards, maids, Carol, Natalie and the others were all in the living room by now, followed by Noah and Paige.

Familiar faces surrounded Alex. A fairly beautiful woman in a uniform was present as well. She had a curvy figure with quite long legs. Alex knew this person. She used to be William's secretary, Pepper Kimmich.

Now that William had passed, she became John's secretary instead.

Back then, Alex called her Sister Pepper. As he looked at her, Alex realized something strange—this woman was a fighter with great internal strength.

Somehow, Alex just knew that his parent's accident was much more than just a mere accident. There must be some dark secret behind it.

Carol was Noah's daughter. With her parents here, she started complaining about Alex and making false accusations. Carol's mother, Mariah Hamilton became extremely angry. She started pointing at and insulting Alex harshly and humiliatingly.

She even started cursing about William and Brittany.

Suddenly, Alex stood up and grabbed Mariah by her hair and slapped her multiple times. Her face became as swollen as an obese pig. She was horrified and couldn't even say another word.

She would have become angrier if she was only slapped once. But with six slaps, she chickened out.

"You deserve to be slapped for insulting my parents!"

"If you dare to run your mouth again, I'll break your limbs!"

Alex flung Mariah to the side and stood up straight with his hands behind his back. His eyes were as deathly cold, sending chills down everyone's spine.

Carol was terrified yet infuriated. “You... you would dare?”

“Why wouldn’t I dare to?”

Alex responded coldly and sharply. “You Rockefellers dared to barge into my house and knock down my mom and kidnap us. So tell me, why shouldn’t I dare to go up against you?”

“John Rockefeller, tell me. Were you the one behind my parent’s accident?”

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“What?”

“Behind their accident?”

Alex stirred chaos among the Rockefellers with that one question.

Everyone turned to John, waiting for an answer. Even Noah looked over in his direction.

John snapped out of his daze and became more infuriated. “Bullsh*t! Why would I be behind that accident? Do you suspect that I killed your dad? Do you think I’d kill my own brother? Who do you take me for?”

“Your father, William, betrayed our country and tried to make a run for it! He was the one who didn’t pay attention to the road and panicked! He collided with some driver and got into that accident. He caused his own death. What does that have to do with me?”

“Besides, his actions have caused us Rockefellers to endure shame and humiliation. We’re now a laughing stock because of him. We can’t even go by our lives in peace in California all because your father and mother Brittany just had to succumb to their greed!”

Upon hearing John’s words, the Rockefellers started blaming and accusing them as well.

“That’s right! Your father is the disappointment of the family!”

“I was made fun of at school for having a relative who betrayed our country! They say that our wealth came from selling information about our country! I was so embarrassed!”

“How dare you accuse Uncle John for their shameful actions! You are the worst.”

Everyone shifted their anger towards and placed the blame on Alex completely.

Alex smiled to himself. If it weren't for his parents, how would the Rockefellers be where they were this day? How would Rockefeller Group be as successful as they were now? How would they be able to live in such a big manor? If it weren't for his parents, these people would still be farming in the countryside, trying to reap benefits in every way like the greedy bastards they were.

But Alex wasn't in the mood to argue. He stared at John and said, "You know who betrayed our country. You'd better be speaking truthfully if you claimed that the car crash was just a mere accident. If I were to find out that you were the one behind it, then..."

Alex raised his hand and slammed onto the table.

The sturdy rosewood table was smashed into pieces.

Everyone froze. No one dared to speak a word.

Alex said in a calm tone, "You would end up like this table."

John's eyes widened as goosebumps formed on his arm. Although it was still summer around this time of year, his body suddenly felt cold.

The color drained from Carol's face and her legs went weak. She had wanted to call up some friends and outnumber Alex just to beat him up. However, after witnessing this, she was frightened to her core. If she were to call up those friends, they would just end up as minced meat.

Pepper's eyes were glistening. It was hard to tell what she was thinking.

Alex didn't care how the Rockefellers reacted and walked towards the exit. Just as they heaved a sigh of relief, Alex turned around and they tensed up again. "My dad bought this manor for me. Rockefeller Group is mostly mine as well. John Rockefeller, I'll give you two months' time to return what you stole, every single penny of it.

"Your deadline is the 5th of October, on my dad's anniversary. I won't let you off easy if you fail to deliver." Alex then turned around with his arms folded behind his back again and walked out of the manor.

There was suddenly an uproar among the Rockefellers.

"Who does he think he is? Just who does he think he is?"

“How dare he talk to me in such a tone?”

John was furious, he started smashing anything he could get ahold of. He even smashed some expensive antiques into pieces. The other Rockefellers were angry as well. After William died, Rockefeller Group had been divided among the direct descendants of the Rockefeller family. Everyone had an equal share of the benefits and losses of the company.

If they were to obey Alex’s orders and return Rockefeller Group to him, they would suffer a huge loss. Who would be willing to do so?

“Uncle, what do we do now?”

“He wants Rockefeller Group and the manor back, I will never agree to this!”

All the Rockefellers started giving their opinions on this matter.

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John snorted. “Don’t worry. Rockefeller Group and this manor are owned by our Rockefeller family. Since William is dead, there is no way Alex could take everything back. He can keep on dreaming. I will give him nothing, not even a single penny!”

“But, he seems to have become more powerful. Did he actually train himself during the time he went missing? Look at the table... it is said that only fighters could do that,” replied Carol.

As part of California’s high society, it was reasonable for Carol to know of the existence of such people—fighters.

“So what if he is one? What decade is he living in? No matter how powerful he is at fighting, he’s still vulnerable and there’s no way he could dodge an actual bullet,” John snorted.

He glared at Pepper Kimmich and thought, ‘Two months? Hmph, within these two months I’ll send both you and your cheap mom down to the depths of hell.’

Instantly, he felt much better as his mind became clearer. However, he suddenly thought about Brock, who he had sent out, was yet to be seen.

John immediately made a call to Brock, but it was not picked up.

Looking at the shattered table, John had a bad feeling about it.

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Driving, on his way to Maple Villa, Alex's cell phone rang. It was a call from Dorothy.

"Where are you now?"

Dorothy wanted answers to the many questions she had in her head as she realized that she could not thoroughly understand Alex anymore.

Alex said casually, "Nowhere, I'm at home."

Dorothy said, "Let's have dinner tonight then, it is on me."

"Well..." Alex thought for a while and said, "Sure. I will be late though as I need to prepare Mom's medicine."

They agreed to meet in an Italian restaurant at seven o'clock.

Alex hurried home.

At a glance, Brock's corpse had been cleared away and the bloodstains on the ground had been cleaned up. Charles Carter and his family were there as well, alongside Brittany and Waltz Fleur. The little girl Zoey was showing off her dancing moves, which were taught by her kindergarten teacher, in front of them.

Seeing Alex, she ran over and hugged his leg and softly said, "Uncle, you are finally here. Look what I got you? A chicken wing from KFC! It's really delicious but Mom is stingy and doesn't let me eat anymore. She said I can only have two every week. So, I ate one and saved the other for Uncle."

Alex lifted her up, his heart was full of warmth.

Saving half of her favorite fried chicken wings for him was a big thing to the little girl.

"Thank you Zoey, but Uncle has already eaten a few fried chicken wings today. Why don't you have this yourself instead?"

"Are you sure?" asked Zoey.

"Of course!" Alex replied.

"Well...well, I'll really eat it and there will be no more left!"

The adults could not help laughing at Zoey's serious demeanor.

Alex and Waltz's gazes met, and she silently gave him a look of relief, hinting that Brock's corpse had been taken care of without anyone from the Carter family noticing."

At this moment, Hailey Lawson said as she smiled, "Alex, I was just talking to your mom about the freckle cream manufacturing factory that you're planning to open... I happen to have a skincare products manufacturing plant, which is not in use now. You can just take it over first!"

Alex was a little surprised. "Hailey, what business do you actually run?"

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Charles Carter answered the question instead with a smile, "Hailey owns a beauty salon chain. Years ago, she wanted to develop her own products so she bought a small manufacturing plant with an R&D center to realize her ambitions. That being said, till now nothing ever comes of it, so it has been dormant for a while."

In fact, Hailey had actually discussed the matter with Brittany earlier.

Otherwise, Hailey would not have mentioned it now.

Brittany was also a capable businesswoman years ago so she could understand business operations very well.

She said with a smile, “Alex, after talking to Hailey, I think we can work together closely. Her beauty salon chain needs a flagship product currently and I am confident we can just develop the right ultra-popular product for her.”

What was the ultra-popular product? Something that would surpass the sales of the also-popular freckle cream produced by Rockefeller Group.

That being said, Brittany did not reveal much about their plans. After all, only both her son and herself could intuitively understand some matters, and it was too early to make them public.

“Hailey’s production facility is located in Michigan though.”

Soon after, the Carters went on their ways, leaving Alex and Brittany in a private discussion.

Brittany’s gaze flitted momentarily at the door as she spoke in a low voice, “So, who is that woman out there? Someone you had fun with while you were out drinking?”

Earlier, she was knocked out by Brock, only to be moved into a room by Alex.

She then woke up to find an unfamiliar beauty next to her, who said she was Alex's own bed-warming servant. It was quite the fright for Brittany nonetheless as she thought, "Bed-warming servant? What decade is she living in? Most importantly, what is she here for? Think carefully, isn't she just a lover?"

Alex was a married man and his wife was here before.

It would not end well if she found out what went down here.

Alex hurriedly explained, "Mom, you have got it wrong. She's just my... junior in martial arts. Yeah, she can be quite mischievous at times."

Alex had thought about the matter before.

Lord Lex Gunther's identity was a little complicated, and he was commonly assumed to be a bad guy or a leader of an underground gang. Brittany would not want her son to get involved in any way whatsoever.

Plus, Alex needed a suitable excuse to explain the derivation of his powers, which appeared all of a sudden.

“Junior? When did you start learning martial arts?”

“Back when you were still in a coma. As for my master, he doesn’t want his identity to be revealed, but I can say he is an extremely powerful character!”

With that excuse, at last, Alex was no longer pursued on the topic.

Then, Alex mentioned again the matter about Brock. Since John dared to order his men to kidnap both Brittany and Alex, he might actually do it again. Knowing his personality, he certainly would not let go of the fortunes in his hand easily... Two months were given by Alex in order to apply psychological stress on John.

When the time came, it would eventually turn into a mental torment.

“Rather than in California, I think it will be great for us to move our research and development efforts to Michigan, with Hailey’s production facility over there. The Rockefellers have great influences and a network of contacts here in California, it will not be long until they find out what we are doing. We will make a comeback when our product is launched.”

After hearing his words, Brittany nodded as she felt the same.

With that, Alex colluded with Waltz Fleur to make sure they were on the same page.

“I am your junior, huh?” Waltz was amused. “Then, is it a bed-warming servant or junior?”

“You can be both a junior and bed-warming servant at the same time.”

“Then... Can you teach me some of your moves then, senior?”

Crap, Alex did not even know martial arts himself!

All he had was the Force as his basics, while the rest were of medical arts. In terms of martial arts, he was no match for Waltz.

Seeing Alex’s inaction, Waltz gritted her teeth. After raising her legs and straddling on his lap, she said as she gently rocked her body, “Senior, senior, can you teach me?”

Alex was horrified by her actions.

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He looked straight ahead, but his gaze fell under Waltz's neck, and in that instant he felt as though he was greeted by an awe-inspiring view from a very high place.

Even though his mind said no the entire time, his body was far more honest. Suddenly, his hands were placed on her waist.

“Not that I refuse to teach you, it's just that your basics are too horrible.” Alex was flustered with rapid breathing and could not think straight.

“Oh, really? What should I do then? Senior, about the chakra pill you mentioned previously, what is it?” She rocked her body once again and spoke in a flirtatious voice.

“Well, the chakra pill is...”

Before he could finish speaking, he heard a cough coming from the stairs.

It was Brittany, who had been standing by the staircase for some time, who looked at them with a surprised and awkward expression as she secretly thought, “Brat, she's your junior in martial arts? Isn't she just a bed-warming junior?”

Alex hurriedly pushed Waltz away in shock and said, “Mom, that.... I’ve made a dinner appointment with Dorothy. Got to go now!”

“Well, I just bought some takeaways on the way back. You both can have them for dinner tonight.”

With that, he quickly escaped the villa.

After coming out of the villa, only then did he realize that he did not drive his car... Reluctant to return, fearing that he might be nagged by his mother, so Alex took a taxi instead.

Meanwhile, he was quite upset at his weak resolve. “Am I a jerk who does not know how to refuse someone else’s advances? But, wasn’t Waltz a little too aggressive?”

However, never did he ever think about the moment that he had helped Waltz to achieve an instant improvement in her powers, she made up her mind to become his bed-warming servant. After all, his capabilities were astounding and tempting to fighters, and they would definitely cause a huge stir if those cultivations were to be introduced to the realm of martial arts. When the time came, not only would beautiful ladies come throwing themselves in his arms, but they would even willingly bear his children.

Alex and Dorothy met at the entrance of the restaurant.

Before they could enter the restaurant, Dorothy received an emergency call from Claire.

“Dorothy, is the Rockefeller currently with you?”

Upset with her tone of voice, Dorothy retorted, “Mom, what’s with you? Alex is your son-in-law, don’t simply call him ‘the Rockefeller’.”

“Son-in-law? I do not have such a son-in-law! Would my son-in-law hit my daughter? Ain’t I tired of living for having such a son-in-law? You two need to get yourselves home now so that I can punish him! Otherwise, don’t you ever call me Mom!”

Claire was furious because she obviously knew that Beatrice was hit by Alex.

Furthermore, knowing Beatrice, she would have exaggerated the entire incident.

As Dorothy ended the call, she felt a throbbing headache.

Alex heard all the conversations earlier, so he said, “It is fine, let us go.”

Dorothy looked at him apologetically. “You just helped me take over the subsidiary company in City South. I thought Mom would treat you better, yet...”

“Your sister must have said something. It is fine, what else can they do?”

Alex made up his mind that Beatrice needed to learn her lesson, otherwise, she would take advantage of them, leaving them restless in the future. If he ever found that she fabricated nonsense this time, he would have to think of a way to restrain her.

They entered the BMW M8, and Dorothy drove the car that was given by Alex.

However, after entering the car, she drew closer and sniffed his clothes. She asked as her expression suddenly turned gloomy, “I smell the perfume on your body, were you with Dr. Coney?”

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The smell of perfume?

Alex's mind buzzed for a while, and almost let the cat out of the bag.

He could not possibly tell Dorothy that Waltz just sat on his lap and rocked her body on and on, infusing him with the scent of her perfume.

He could still think straight, so he hurriedly explained, "Of course not, I have not seen Dr. Coney at all today. As for the perfume... I remember it now. It was Hailey's, I just hugged..."

Before he could finish speaking, Beatrice exclaimed, "You hugged Hailey?"

Alex immediately corrected his words. "Let me finish speaking. I hugged Hailey's daughter, Zoey. She had her mother's perfume scent on her too."

"Is it so?"

"Of course, why don't you ask her yourself?"

“Nah, I trust you.”

Alex quickly grabbed her delicate hands and said, “Dorothy, I am so happy that you are so concerned for me, do you know that? During this period of time, I thought you didn’t love me anymore, and I almost wanted to die.”

Dorothy did not refuse his advances but looked at him affectionately instead. “We are husband and wife and I will never fall for anyone else. Unless, you fall in love with someone else.”

Slowly, Alex moved his lips closer to hers, and kissed her.

Of course, it was not their first kiss as their first kiss had already long gone. However, the moment their lips touched, a surge of ecstatic shock, in which a long time since felt, welled up in both of them.

Just as Alex planned to move his hands upward, Dorothy’s phone suddenly rang non-stop, as if urging her to answer.

Both of them could not help but move apart.

At a glance, it was a call from Claire, demanding them to return home as soon as possible.

Reluctantly, Alex started the car and headed for Assex Villa. However, even if Claire were to verbally abuse him later, it had become the least of his worries as he reminisced the passionate kiss, after ten months, mere moments ago.

He just needed to see her as a person who had gone mad.

Smack!

Never did Alex ever expect that Claire charged at him and slapped him on the face as he was about to remove Dorothy's heels, unguarded, after entering the house. She chided furiously, "Trash! Ungrateful brat! You dared hit my daughter, I'm going to kill you now!"

Dorothy yelled, "Mom, why did you hit him?"

Claire shouted, "What about it, huh? I want to kill this trash too! This trash, who is he? How can he hit Beatrice again and again? If he's really that capable, go hit someone else or Lord Lex Gunther. What's so good about hitting women? Only trash would do that. Beatrice is only a student and your sister too! Only a brute like him would do such a thing!"

Alex's eyes glistened and he was about to send his hand flying at Claire but he held back with tremendous willpower. After all, that was his mother-in-law.

Dorothy was infuriated when she saw Beatrice, who was sitting on the couch and eating grapes, seemingly rejoicing in their misfortune. She immediately chided, "Do you know what Beatrice did, Mom? She deserved it! I would have slapped her if Alex did not do it. She dared to instigate Felix Shepherd to propose to me at my company. I am a married woman, did she ever think about my feelings? Is she even a part of this family?"

However, Claire said, "I knew it, what about it then? I was the one with the idea! Are you going to hit me too? I don't understand what's so good about this trash! There's no future for both of you, you are only wasting your youth and life. He's not good for you at all. Felix is much better in many ways, plus, he is the young director of Pegasus International, with billions' worth of fortunes. You can have anything you want in the future, and you still have the opportunity to change your mind since you have not slept with this trash!"

"Enough!"

Dorothy was truly livid. "Mom, what do you see me as? Objects waiting to be sold? Don't you forget, only with Alex's help, I can only secure the subsidiary company in City South, along with all its shares. Without him, we are living on nothing but air now!"

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Claire coldly snorted and threw a nasty glance at Alex. "So what? It was just a one-time favor. Furthermore, I suspect that Charles Carter of Waylon Realty signed the contract only because he was attracted to your beauty. Then, you wanted to give him the credit so that I'll change my attitude toward him, am I right?"

"Oh my god!"

Dorothy was bereft of speech. Realizing that she could no longer communicate with Claire, she tugged at Alex's hand and said, "Go to my room, now."

"Stop! What qualification does he even have to enter your room?" yelled Claire.

"Because he is my legally-wedded husband."

"No, I won't allow it. Only one person can ever step foot in your room, that is Felix Shepherd of Pegasus International. Now, I only recognize him as my son-in-law."

"Haha," Alex laughed with an indifferent expression while looking at Claire calmly.

He thought she would change her attitude a bit after all he had done for the Assex family. Yet, her arrogant countenance and those insults that she just threw were even worse... as if she was showing her true colors with a showdown! As he thought about it,

she would never accept him no matter how hard he tried or awed her with accomplishments.

Then, why should he put in the effort to win her approval?

After hearing her words, Dorothy's face turned pale as rage welled up inside her.

How could a mother utter such a word? How could she face her husband in the future?

"Fine!" She held Alex's hand tightly. "I'm not going back to my room, okay? From now on, I'll be moving out and I'll be sleeping with Alex tonight, on the same bed, in the same room, and do the things we should have done ten months ago!"

Dorothy was a woman with dogged determination as well. Otherwise, she would not have stabbed her chest with a knife on that wedding day.

"You... How dare you?!"

"Why won't I?"

At that moment, a car stopped right in front of the manor's entrance.

A young, well-dressed gentleman came out of the car—he was Felix, the young director of Pegasus International.

As she saw Felix, she rushed out barefoot to welcome him, as if she just saw her dear lover. Earlier her face was full of rage, she immediately donned a gentle and warm-hearted expression and said, “Oh my, it is you, Mr. Shepherd! What brings you here? I know it has been only a few days but Dorothy missed you a lot, and she kept talking in my ear about you!”

Dorothy's expression darkened as she heard her mother's statement.

Beatrice, on the other hand, came out leaping as she heard voices from outside. “Look who it is, my beloved brother-in-law! I kept calling you, why didn't you pick up my call? I thought something had happened to you. Come in, come in! I'll brew tea for you.”

Alex looked at Felix, who was coming over, with an apathetic expression.

Never did he expect that Felix, after what had transpired, would dare come and pester his wife.

Did he really not fear death?

However, he felt strange as he did not understand why Felix had a sprig on his back.

Claire asked, “Mr. Shepherd, why do you have a sprig on your back? Hurry, let me get it off. It’s so dirty.”

Felix sidestepped Claire and scurried toward Alex instead. He kneeled on the ground with a thud and said, “Rock... Mr. Rockefeller, I came to offer my sincerest apologies!”

“What?!” Claire covered her mouth in bewilderment, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

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Smack! Smack!

Alex did not go easy on Felix, and landed three heavy lashes on his back.

Three lash wounds immediately surfaced on Felix's back, and blood began seeping out from some of the wounds.

Then, Alex threw the sprig away and said, "Get up, remember what you said today."

Words of gratitude came out of Felix's mouth as he got up on his feet. He even took out a little gift box and handed it to Alex. "Mr. Rockefeller, thank you so much for the three lashes. I will always remember your teachings. Here's a little gift for you as a token of appreciation! Mr. Rockefeller, sorry for the bother and I'll be leaving! May you both live a long and happy life together."

After handing over the gift box to Alex, he turned around and left.

Looking at Felix's disappearing silhouette, Alex secretly thought, "He is a smart guy after all! Well, good for him, I will leave the Shepherds alone for now."

Felix was nowhere to be seen but Claire and Beatrice were still in a state of confusion. Even Dorothy could not help but ask, "What's with that guy, Alex? I do not understand."

Alex said with a smile, "What do you not understand? Well, I had a little chat with him the other day and lectured him on life's philosophy, morals, and ethics. After all, he is a rough diamond that needs refinement. Immediately, after listening to my lectures, he realized his mistakes and came to apologize."

Beatrice rolled her eyes; as if she would believe him!

Beatrice pointed at Alex and exclaimed, "It is him! He must have used some dirty tricks to force bro..."

She did not finish her sentence as Alex gave her a vicious glare.

"Beatrice Assex, is your face feeling better?" asked Alex in a frigid voice.

In that instant, Beatrice was reminded of the slap previously. Realizing that the situation did not look good for her, as though her mother was powerless to protect her, she hurriedly ran into her room and locked herself in.

Meanwhile, Claire, who seemed to be greatly agitated, sat on the floor and wailed, "Henry, what did I do to deserve this life? Why do I have to suffer such torment? Was I wrong? I only wanted a better life for our family and our daughter! Oh great, we have a useless son-in-law who has contributed not a single penny to our family but just living off the family. Finally, there's a rich son-in-law from the Shepherds but this trash just screwed up everything! I hate this trash!"

Alex was infuriated listening to her rants.

Even Dorothy was at a loss for words as her mother spoke of her late father like that.

Enraged, Alex took out the check given to him by Edgar and slammed it on the table. “You want money, right? Here are twenty million dollars for you! Furthermore, I will prove to you that your daughter chose the right guy. I will make her the richest woman in California in a year’s time!

“I am leaving now. Dorothy, get some rest.”

Claire finally returned to her senses long after Alex’s departure. She looked at the check with glistening eyes and said, “Twenty million dollars, is it real or fake? It must be... fake, right? How can that trash have so much money?”

Dorothy inspected the check carefully and immediately frowned as the check was written by Pegasus International. Something came into her mind as she said, “Mom, we cannot take this money.”

Claire snatched the check away and held it closely. “Who says so? I don’t care where the money comes from. Since he gave it to me, now it is mine! I have never seen so much money before! If it’s real, I’m going to be rich! I’m going to the bank now.”

“Now it’s night time and the bank is already closed.”

“I hope the dawn will come sooner...”

Alex did not regret giving the check away. After all, the money was not his, to begin with. As long as it would shut Claire up and make her treat him better in the future, that was all that mattered.

Plus, his promise to make Dorothy the richest woman in California was not just an empty promise. With The Ultimate Book of Medicine’s help, even if he could not use Thousand Miles Conglomerate’s fortune, he had the confidence to achieve it.

It was late when he arrived home, after having his dinner somewhere else.

His mother was asleep.

He went back to his room. However, after switching on the lights to his room, he was almost shocked to death as a stunning beauty was lying on his bed.