

# The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0111 - 0120

The stunning beauty in question was Waltz Fleur.

At the moment, while lying in bed with a massive duvet wrapped around her body leaving only her head exposed and silky hair scattered, Waltz winked at Alex, who was walking in, with a sweet smile.

Alex made sure that his mother was asleep before hurriedly shutting the door and said, in a lowered voice, “Why are you here?”

“I am working!” Waltz replied with a faint smile.

“Work?” Alex was confused.

“Warming your bed! I’m your bed-warming servant, isn’t it?”

“ ... ”

Alex's heart fluttered immediately, but he soon felt a headache due to the obstinate situation.

Before he left the house previously, he was caught red-handed by Brittany and he had yet to make any explanation. If she saw them now, he would be in deep trouble and would not be able to convince her of his innocence!

“Warm your own bed! Get out of my room.”

Alex grabbed the duvet and was just about to flip it open.

However, Waltz held onto it tightly and said coyly, “Don't do it, I am not wearing anything.”

“What did you say?!”

Alex's eyes were wide-opened, staring at the duvet, as if he could see through the incredible view beneath it.

Hyperventilating, a wild thought appeared in his mind. “Just flip it open and pounce on her. She's already taken the initiative to invite you, what are you waiting for? Are you a eunuch?”

Meanwhile, Waltz gently winked, as if enticing him to hurry and jump into the bed.

Through tremendous perseverance, Alex smacked his lips and willed himself to hurriedly take a few steps back. “Get out, otherwise, I’ll get mad. Who needs a bed-warming servant in such hot weather?”

“Okay!” Waltz responded and abruptly flipped the duvet open.

“Crap!” Alex yelled, instinctively wanting to turn his face away, but his gaze, like a magnet, was fixated on Waltz. She did say that she did not wear anything underneath.

Yet, he was greeted with immense disappointment.

Liar! Was she not wearing clothes? Furthermore, she was bundled up in neat clothes.

“Didn’t you just say that you are not wearing anything?”

“Oh senior, you look very disappointed! Come on, I was just testing you, but I didn’t know you are such a pervert! Hmph!” teased Waltz.

“I...”

She continued, “Senior, you have yet to tell me all about the chakra pills! If you let me in on the secret, I will let you have a peek!”

Smack!

Alex sent his palm on Waltz’s way.

“If you make such a joke again, I’ll send you back,” Alex said irritatedly, not knowing if he was annoyed at Waltz’s teasing or her being all dressed up. “Chakra pills are elixirs that can enhance a fighter’s chakra.”

“Elixirs, eh?” Waltz dejectedly sighed. “Elixirs are rarely to be found nowadays. I heard that only those great families in martial arts and some renowned sect leaders could find them. Furthermore, only alchemists can refine those elixirs, it’s not something you can possess even with a bucket load of money!”

Alex could only nod and say, “Indeed. It’s relatively easy to produce chakra pills but the hardest part is the sourcing of ingredients, very rare ones to be exact.”

“You know how to make them? Are you an alchemist?”

“Umm... I happen to know how to make the pills.”

“Awesome. Just tell me the ingredients, I’ll go and collect them immediately.”

Waltz was thrilled at the idea of enhancing her cultivation base.

Waltz danced in joy. Then, she leaped onto Alex and wrapped her arms around his neck, with her body sticking close to his as if she was a girlfriend with tender loving care.

“Hey, try not to get that close to me.” Once again, the flames of lust, which was just suppressed, had immediately ignited in Alex’s body.

“Tell me, and I will leave you alone.”

“Wild ginseng of above fifty years old, Ganoderma mushrooms of above twenty years old, Aleuritopteris grass, seven-leaves lotuses, and musks. If possible, for the first two ingredients, the older, the better. That’s all you need, so can you get off my back now?”

Waltz turned her eyes as if she was trying to remember the ingredients’ names. Then, she copped a feel of Alex’s nether region as she chuckled before releasing her grasp on

him. “Senior, I heard that you are still a virgin even after marrying Dorothy Assex. I was skeptical at first, but not anymore! It’s so incredible!”

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Before Alex could get mad, Waltz opened the door. “I will be leaving now. I’ll come tomorrow after gathering the ingredients.”

Alex breathed a sigh of relief after Waltz’s departure.

He seemed relaxed, but also a little rueful.

“That... witch!” After getting teased by Waltz multiple times, Alex was at his limit. He quickly ran into the bathroom and took a cold shower.

Waltz was actually a few years older than Alex. Being a carefree mature belle, a fighter and coupled with the fact that she was a powerful chieftain in the underworld, it was no surprise to see her to be a little more touchy-feely with others.

Away from Alex’s residence, Waltz felt slightly flustered as she touched her face.

It was her first time teasing a man like that.

However, when she recalled Alex's reaction when she flipped open the duvet, she could not help feeling amused and muttered, "I should have stripped then."

Back at Hell's Angels, Waltz, who was unable to suppress her excitement at the transcendence of her cultivation base, went straight for the training ground.

At this time, many people were sparring and training in the training ground.

One of them was Azure Storm.

He stood in a raised arena, facing three opponents.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

Three of the men from Thousand Miles Conglomerate lasted only a short while before being overwhelmed by Azure, and they could no longer get up.

“Master Azure is so mighty!”

“Master Azure, we are no match for you. Please, can we stop sparring?”

The few men cowered timidly, reluctant to spar with Azure as that would only be a one-sided slaughter.

Azure said with a cold expression, “No. don’t you all dare to slack. I will fight five now!”

A burst of bitterness was felt in the crowd.

At the moment, Waltz gently leaped onto the arena. “Brother Azure, what good is it to bully them? Let me fight you instead.”.

“Waltz, you are back?!”

Why was Azure training in the training ground in the middle of the night? It was all because he was disturbed by the fact that Waltz went to Alex’s and even wanted to stay overnight, so he, who felt dejected, needed an outlet to vent his frustration.



As soon as he saw her, he said in joy, "Great, I will give you an advantage by using only a single hand myself."

Waltz answered, "No need."

As she finished speaking, she charged straight at Azure.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

Azure was initially arrogant and confident that he could beat her with just a single hand, without going all out, but never did he expect that he was almost sent flying out of the arena immediately by Waltz, to the delight of the spectators.

Startled, Azure exclaimed, "Waltz, you... are already at Advanced Royal rank?"

"It's incredible, isn't it? So, you are still going to use one hand now?"

"Bring it on!"

Both of them exchanged blows, and the battle ended in a draw.

Even so, Azure was very surprised.

Even Lord Lex was alerted and quickly came to the training ground. Azure was an Advanced Royal fighter, and because of his very presence, Thousand Miles Conglomerate was able to secure their dominance in California's underworld. Now that Waltz had reached Advanced Royal as well, their might would be redoubled.

"Alex helped me in the leveling of the cultivation base. Plus, he treated my wounds."

"I came back to gather ingredients. According to Alex, he can make something called the chakra pill, it can further improve my powers after consuming it."

"Wha—"

Lord Lex and Azure's jaws dropped after listening to Waltz's reply.

"Mr. Rockefeller, you're a man of miracles!" muttered Lord Lex.

“Shouldn’t there be a huge favor to pay for the things he did for you?” Azure’s eyes glistened.

Waltz blushed. “Now, I am his... bed-warming servant.”

Azure clenched his fists with intense anger, while Lord Lex exclaimed in approval, “Good! Good! Good!”

## **The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0113**

After taking a bath, Alex sat on his bed.

In his hands was a gift box of unknown content, given by Felix Shepherd, which he did not open just yet.

“Could it be a watch?” Alex muttered to himself. He was not interested in watches at all as he found them cumbersome to be worn.

As he opened the box, a green flash greeted his eyes.

It was not a watch but a piece of lush green emerald.

Born into a wealthy family, he was no stranger to luxurious gemstones. At a glance, the particular piece, sculptured into the form of a unicorn, looked extremely expensive and was as big as a child's fist.

Holding the emerald sculpture in his hand, he felt a comfortable sensation.

In the next second, he was startled as he felt a stream of energy radiating from within the emerald.

“What is this? Could it be... the essence?”

The Ultimate Book of Medicine was an all-encompassing approach to the cultivation of medical martial arts. It also described that the Force could be enhanced by absorbing the essence from heaven and earth and various forms of spiritual energy present in the human world, resulting in the enhancement of the cultivation base in one's self.

He did not require the additional essence of heaven and earth to speed up his cultivation as he received the breath of the gods from his ancestors earlier. However, with the aid of the essence, he would have achieved greater results in his cultivation with minimal effort.

Alex was shocked. Caressing the unicorn sculpture, he sucked the essence into his body using the Force. In that instant, the Chi inside his body fluctuated rapidly, as if a stream of pure, serene energy flowed throughout his body. It was really comfortable.

“Amazing! It is indeed the essence! Again!”

Alex sat on the bed and continuously absorbed the essence from the emerald; it took him a little over half an hour to finish absorbing all its essence.

It was also at this moment a vibrating sound could be heard as the Force in his body had evolved, entering third base.

“The essence is wonderful, I need to get myself more of these!”

The emerald unicorn sculpture, which looked lively in lustrous green earlier, now looked dull and subdued after having all of its energy siphoned away.

The next day in Assex Villa.

Dorothy left early for work and Beatrice went to school for classes, leaving only Claire in the villa, sleeping through all the way to ten in the morning.

Why?

That was because the twenty-million-dollar check kept her excitedly awake last night. Even though the mother-daughter trio lived in a villa, they survived solely on Dorothy's paycheck. Dorothy was previously the general manager of the subsidiary company in City South, but most of the earned money was given to the Assex family, so they had not much money on hand.

She would be content with just a few hundred thousand dollars.

Of course, she was thrilled to see the twenty-million-dollar check. So, she stayed up until four in the morning, and fell asleep after she could no longer keep herself awake. Furthermore, the check was placed firmly under her pillow, fearing Dorothy would snatch and return it to Alex.

The first thing that she did after waking up, was looking for the check.

Fortunately, it was still there.

However, there were a few creases on it. Claire thought that was because she accidentally caused them during her sleep.

Claire did not put much thought into it. Skipping breakfast, she excitedly went straight to the bank wanting to cash out the check.

And coincidentally met Madam White, her neighbor, at the bank.

Madam White's daughter recently got married to a general manager of a company. Every time she saw Claire, she would brag about her successful son-in-law while mocking Claire's son-in-law, Alex, with a disdainful look.

It angered Claire every time, so much so that she would then vent her anger in Alex when she got home.

As usual today, Madam White began bragging about her son-in-law giving her two hundred thousand dollars of pocket money for shopping and beauty care.

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Lastly, she said with a smug face, "My daughter is really fortunate for having such an amazing and capable husband. She's just destined to live a rich life, unlike your Dorothy, she's pretty but she found a useless trash who only lives off her. What is the point of it? You can only blame her for having poor taste in marrying such a man and living a hard and impoverished life. So, make sure your Dorothy has better taste in men in the future."

Claire was bridled with anger and wanted to hit her really hard.

Even though she hated Alex, to the extent that she hoped that he would divorce Dorothy as soon as possible, her dignity was at stake now.

Taking out immediately the twenty-million-dollar check from her purse, she said, "Who lives an impoverished life? What's so good about two hundred thousand dollars? Gah! Look at what my son-in-law got me, a twenty-million-dollar check! Have you ever seen twenty million dollars? Two hundred thousand is all that's needed to get you high and mighty? I'm living a super-rich life then? Haha!"

Madam White drooled with envy seeing the check.

Claire was immensely pleased in joy, for the first time, she thought that Alex was not that despicable.

However, when it was her turn at the bank counter, the bank teller looked at the creases on the check and shook her head. "Madame, look at that crease here and the stamp has been defaced, we cannot process your check."

"What do you mean I cannot cash it out?"



Claire was shocked and felt helpless. “Why can’t it be cashed out? Isn’t it just a slight crease? It’s not a big deal, or are you intentionally trying to give me trouble, huh? Cash it now, or else I’ll file a complaint to your manager.”

The bank teller shook her head again. “I am sorry but there is really no way we can process it.”

Madam White, who was standing aside, heartily laughed as she heard those words, “So that’s the twenty-million-dollar check that your son-in-law gave you, oh great! Super-rich life! But, it’s too bad that you can’t even cash out the check. It must be fake then! Hahaha! Just admit that you have a useless son-in-law, how dare you put up an ostentatious act in front of me?”

Claire was livid as she asked the bank teller, “Then... Tell me, is this check legitimate?”

She also began to doubt its authenticity.

However, the bank teller said, “I’m sorry, madame. I cannot verify it since the stamp on the check has been defaced. So, I don’t know if it’s a legitimate check.”

Surrounded by Madam White’s mockery and taunt, Claire left the bank dejectedly.

And immediately, intense hatred for Alex roared within herself.

“I knew it, it’s fake! How dare this trash give me a fake check and make me happy for nothing while suffering such a great shame. Oh, you are in deep trouble, Alex!”

Infuriated, Claire got in her car and prepared to head home.

However, a car came out of nowhere and stopped at the junction, resulting in driving difficulty as the broad road had been narrowed by it.

Claire was maneuvering the steering wheel as she continuously cursed Alex. However, with a slip of the hand, she hit the other car with a bang and shattered its headlamps.

“Damn it, do you even know how to drive?” a tall, man chided. “This is a Rolls-Royce that’s worth twenty million dollars!”

Claire was already in a bad mood as she immediately retorted, “Why do you have to care about how I drive? Rather, why do you stop your car here? Who lets you park at such a place? Serves you right! Now, move your car elsewhere or I am going to hit you again!”

However, the man was incensed.

After rushing forward and dragging her out of her car, he gave her four hard slaps on the cheek.

“How dare you hit me?” Claire was dumbfounded.

“I should say that to you! Damn, how dare you crash into the Yowell family’s car and still be so smug afterward? Pay up two million dollars for the damages, or I will break your leg!”

With that, he smacked Claire on the face again.

Claire’s flesh was tender, so there was no way that she could endure those hard slaps. She was, at the moment, battered and bruised, with blood streaming down her face.

Claire trembled with anger, but more so of fear.

The onlookers began crowding around her and started discussing among themselves.

“Oh my, that is a Rolls-Royce Phantom! I heard it is sold in the market for twenty million dollars. A single ram into the car could cost the price of a house!”

“Isn’t this car owned by the Yowell family? This lady is really unfortunate for ramming into the car of the Yowell family, she’s in deep trouble now.”

The man looked at Claire apathetically. “I’m giving you a huge favor with just compensation of two million dollars. Hurry and pay up.”

Claire was stupefied after hearing the comments made by the onlookers.

The Yowell family was ranked second among the four prominent families of California, which was several times superior than the Assex family. How could she afford to anger them at all?

“I... I don’t have that much money. Ah, don’t hit me, but my daughter has the money!”

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“What? Mom, say clearly. You were involved in a car accident? How are you, are you hurt?” Dorothy’s heart raced wildly as she answered Claire’s phone call.

Claire replied stammeringly, “Well, uh, I am fine, but, uh, I ... crashed into a Rolls-Royce owned by the Yowell family.”

“A Rolls-Royce? Good lord!” Dorothy cried out.

Claire said, “Come quick, my good daughter. I know you have a lot of cash on you. Get that ungrateful Alex to come over too, the owner is quite fierce.”

Since Alex was the only male in the family, naturally he was the first person that came to her mind in situations like this.

Alex was also shocked after receiving the news from Dorothy.

They arrived at the crash site, almost at the same time, half an hour later.

Seeing Claire, who was hardly recognizable, sitting on the floor with a swollen face and a bleeding nose, Dorothy cried as she rushed forward, “Mom, Mom! Are you okay?”

Alex frowned.

At first, he was a little delighted in Claire’s suffering, after all, he did not like her at all. However, he felt distressed by Dorothy’s sorrowful cries.

Plus, she was still his mother-in-law. Hating her is one matter, but it was an entirely different matter when she got hit by someone else.

Before Alex could speak, the owner of the Rolls-Royce spoke while looking at him with a hostile expression, "So are you her family members? Finally you have come, so now pay for the damages! Four million dollars!"

"What four million dollars? Didn't you just say two million dollars?"

Claire stood up immediately as she could not sit around and accept such extortion.

Not even deigning to look at her, the man looked at his fingers as he said indifferently. "Well, that was before. I had to wait for half an hour here for you all to come. Do you think that you don't need to pay for the waiting time? What is it, are you trying to rip the Yowells off?"

As Claire heard his words, she was left tongue-tied, with her mouth agape.

The onlookers shook their heads and looked at Alex and Dorothy with sympathy and condolence in their eyes. Those who offended the Yowell family might suffer a worse consequence than offending Lord Lex. How could normal people be comparable with them? The difference was too vast.

At the moment, the man looked at Alex with a faint smile. “Since both of you drove M8 over here, you should be able to fork out four million dollars, right? I am warning you, do not mess with the Yowells, or else you will come to a bad end!”

Alex looked at him with a calm expression.

Finally, he uttered, “Did you hit my mother-in-law?”

“I sure did! Why? Are you going to hit back?” The man replied gleefully in a provoking manner.

“I am glad you are honest.” Alex nodded.

He slowly approached the man, taking one step at a time.

The man lifted the corner of his mouth and broke into a grin, as if he had seen the most absurd scene unfolding right in front of his eyes, but a dash of maliciousness glistened in the depth of his eyes.

After all, he was a fighter—a Beginner Royal fighter. Was it not a walk in the park to him in dealing with a normal person?

An old man amidst the crowd spoke out, “Hold your horses, young man. This is not worth it at all! Think about your family! Compromise will make a conflict much easier to be resolved.”

Alex kindly smiled at him but kept walking ahead.

The old man shook his head, “Ignore the wisdom of your elders at your own peril!!!”

Some others in the crowd also displayed similar sentiments. “This young man is vigorous yet ignorant!”

The man from the Yowells grinned. He lunged forward with a kick just as Alex got closer in about a distance of two meters.

“Alex, watch out!” Dorothy yelled to warn him.

The hearts of the onlookers raced wildly as well.

In the eyes of other persons, the kick was done at lightning speed, but to Alex, it was as slow as a snail. After all, he was at the third base of the Force, not only his Chi had multiplied significantly, but his speed, strength and defense also had far surpassed the ones before.



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Alex gently raised his left hand and immediately intercepted the kick. He drew closer to the man as his body moved away from the kick.

The man instinctively shivered in shock. “He is fast, how did he do it?”

In the next second, his face was engulfed by Alex’s right hand and being pressed to the back.

Crash!

The man’s head was slammed into the window of the Rolls-Royce.

The crowd watched the scene, with their mouths agape in astonishment.

The kind old man, who gave his advice earlier, nearly had his eyes popped out of his head as he saw the scene.

Then, Alex grabbed the man's head and drove it down the window again. In fact, it was a smash.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

He consecutively did it three more times until the Rolls-Royce's windows were shattered and the man's head was bloodied and badly bruised, then only did he stop. He said with a cold expression, "She is my wife. How dare you make my wife cry, do you know how big of a sin you have committed?"

The crowd wailed, bereft of speech.

So, the reason that guy went on a rampage was not because of his mother-in-law, who was beaten to a pulp, but his teary-eyed wife.

He must have loved his wife very much, did he not?

Dorothy was at a loss for words. She clearly knew, just a single word from the great Yowell family could destroy the existence of the Assex family with a cinch. Now that Alex had hit a member of the Yowells, his actions might just be the impetus for the Assex family's downfall.

Though after seeing her mother's miserable plight, Dorothy was all for Alex's retaliation.

There were lines that should never be crossed.

Yet, as Claire was overflowing with fretfulness, she thought otherwise, "Alex, you trash. Don't you know how powerful the Yowell family is?"

After quickly getting on to her feet, she rushed forward and slapped Alex's face.

Damn!

Never did he expect Claire's sudden antics as he was busy dealing with the man from the Yowells, who acts ostentatiously. He managed to dodge most of the slap, with the fingers gently brushed against his cheeks, but to the onlookers, it was a forceful blow on his face.

Malicious insults came out of her mouth. "Alex, You foolish trash! How dare you hit someone from the Yowell family, huh? Did you even look at yourself in the mirror? You are just an abandoned son from the Rockefeller family, without any capability or power. Now you're causing trouble to the Assex family, are you trying to lead us to our downfall? Get on your knees and apologize to him!"

Alex opened his eyes wide. “What did you say?”

At the moment, someone in the crowd spoke up, “I remember now, this man is the son of late William Rockefeller from Rockefeller Group. After his father’s death, he has been living off his wife in the Assex family for survival.”

“Damn, it’s really him!”

Suddenly, plenty of nasty looks and disrespectful gazes were cast at him. For someone like him to retaliate against the great Yowell family, was he trying to get himself killed?

The man from the Yowells, who was fearful just a while ago, instantly found some courage in the onlookers’ backing and looked at Alex with disdain as he raised his chin. “Brat, you’re dead meat if you ever offend the Yowells. So, you should listen to your mother-in-law and prostrate before me for a humble apology. Perhaps I will let you off the hook this time. Otherwise, you, and your family members, will suffer the ruthlessness of the Yowell family!”

The old man earlier interjected, “Sigh, young man. I just advised you earlier but you refused to listen. Impulsive actions will only result in mistakes. Hope you’ll know your failure to not act recklessly if you don’t have the capability. A humble apology is the wisest choice now.”

Alex grunted at the old man and then he turned his attention toward the man from the Yowells. “You want me to prostrate before you and say sorry, or you will harm my family?”

The man nodded. “That is right! Trust me, the Yowells have such capabilities, you do not want to invoke the wrath of the Yowells!”

“Oooh, I am so scared!” Alex stuck his finger in his ear and said, “But, I don’t believe it, try me!”

With that, he then proceeded to poke the man with his finger filled with earwax.

After that, he gave him a good, hard slap across the face, to the horror of the crowd.

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Alex despised the people who threatened his family the most. As such, it was an extra forceful slap.

Smack!

The man from the Yowells was in a daze instantly, spitting blood along with a couple of teeth, after being hit with that heavy slap. He was almost knocked out as his head hit the door of the car.

The onlookers were dumbfounded at such a scene.

Grieving at Alex's impulse action after refusing to listen to advice, many shook their heads in disappointment and secretly thought, 'This is nothing but an empty display of strength. However, the Yowells are not someone that you should ever offend. The harder you hit, the worse the consequences you will suffer later.'

Claire screamed in disbelief, as if she was on the verge of going mad.

Just because the trash knew some moves, he could be cocky and arrogant? He would only bring the Assex family down with his antics!

She charged at him and was about to smack him, waking him up from his antics.

Alex looked at her with a vicious gaze and said, "Dorothy, bring her to the hospital, quick."

Dorothy was extremely worried but she had never seen such a solemn expression on Alex. Immediately, she nodded and dragged Claire into her car.

However, Claire chided, “I want everyone here to be my witness! This wretched, abandoned child of the Rockefellers has been staying at my house and living off my daughter solely ever since their marriage. Some time ago, my daughter had divorced him, so everything he did today has nothing to do with the Assex family!”

Dorothy’s expression darkened immediately and she dragged her mother into the car with great force, to prevent her from spewing more nonsense.

At the instant, the crowd reacted differently after hearing the spicy statement by Claire: some felt contempt; some felt disdain; some felt sympathy.

Who would have thought Alex, who was supposed to stand up for his mother-in-law, would not only get beaten by her, but she also berated him in the public.

“I heard that ever since William Rockeller passed away in the car accident, Alex has become a decadent son-in-law. Not only has he been working as a nanny at his mother-in-law’s house, but he also dares not retaliate against the scolding and humiliation by his mother-in-law every day. It seems like the rumors are true after all.”

Someone whispered among the crowd, but it was loud enough to be heard by everyone else.

Alex glanced at the crowd with an indifferent expression.

Why should he bother himself with these normal people?

With The Ultimate Book of Medicine's help, he would reach transcendence with extraordinary abilities in the future. When the time came, these people were nothing but little, harmless ants to him.

In the car, Dorothy started the engine as she said, "Mom, how could you say that to Alex? He came to help you, and we have not divorced yet."

"Help? I beg to differ! Are the Yowells someone that he can piss off? It's fine if he's the only one to suffer the consequence later, I do not want us to get dragged down because of his immature actions!" Claire replied angrily.

"Tell me, what is going on?"

"You want to know? It's because that trash dared to give me a fake check, with twenty million dollars! How dare he do that? Not only did I lose sleep over it for nothing, but I was also mocked by that cheap Madam White from the next door. So, I was in a fit of anger and accidentally crashed into the Rolls-Royce."



“Fake check?” After taking a glance, Dorothy was immediately speechless. “Mom, you folded the check, and it’s Alex’s fault?”

Meanwhile, the crowd surrounding Alex began to disperse as they thought it was the end of the dispute. What awaited Alex later would be the severe punishment from the Yowell family.

However, a young lady with huge racks, wearing an exquisite suit and a pair of red high heels, exited the bank at the moment.

Her dressing was not the main focus, but those that were beneath her on her white shirt, as if she had put two water polo balls underneath. Everyone else was afraid that she would fall down as she walked, due to the unstable balance of her body.

Seeing the state of the Rolls-Royce, she quickly rushed over.

As the lady saw the injured man, she immediately exclaimed in surprise, “Jeremiah Yowell?!”

The lady shouted at the man from the Yowells, but he lied on the ground, enervated, and unable to pick himself up after getting beaten by Alex.

“Did you hit my guy from the Yowells?”

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The lady took off her sunglasses, glaring viciously at Alex. Her grandeur changed instantly as well, with an overflowing hostile aura.

Alex was a little taken aback as he did not expect that the lady was a fighter too. Furthermore, she was of Intermediate Royal, a rank higher than the man earlier, Jeremiah Yowell.

“Who are you?” asked Alex with an indifferent expression.

Before the lady could speak, the old man earlier responded instead. “She is the favorite granddaughter of the head of the Yowell family, Keith Yowell. I think she’s Michelle Yowell!”

“Oh, it’s really her!”

“To be that fortunate enough for offending the little devil from the Yowells, that Rockefeller guy is in deep trouble now...”

“Hush, keep your voice down. Don’t you want to live?”

A discussion broke out in the crowd of onlookers. Even though they spoke in hushed voices, Alex had no issue picking up what they said. After all, being born and raised in California, he was used to being a rich heir in California, so he was well informed about the news in the social circles. Of course, there was no way that he had not heard of the great name of Michelle Yowell from the Yowell family!

However, Michelle’s personality was opposite to the gentleness of her name.

She was a gang leader in middle school, leading a bunch of schoolgirls and picking fights with high school students. Not just that, she was extremely adept at fighting and once brought Nicholas Hudson, Alex’s friend, to tears.

Previously, Alex was oblivious but now he realized that she was a fighter herself.

However, Michelle took off her large sunglasses, which covered about half of her face, revealing an attractive and youthful face, as if she was a belle coming straight out of anime. “I applaud your courage for beating up my guy from the Yowells. Come, fight me instead!”

Her beauty dovetailed nicely with the gentleness of her name though.

After taking a glance at her, he shook his head and said, "I am not fighting you. Man, you are sick."

"What did you just say? How dare you humiliate me! You're the sick one!"

"You're really sick."

"Ah, damn it! I don't care whoever you are, I, Michelle Yowell, am going to beat you into a pulp." Michelle was livid. After letting out a loud shriek, she lunged at Alex with a heavy punch.

"Such a nimble, quick punch!" The onlookers exclaimed.

Alex stood firm on his ground, until Michelle's fist was inches away from his body, only then did he gently raise his left hand and intercepted her punch.

However much force she exerted, Alex was unmoved.

"What?!" Shocked, Michelle raised her leg, intending to kick Alex.

Alex parried her kick with his leg and pushed forward, shoving her right up the car doors without any route of retreat. She did a left jab but was intercepted by Alex once again. It turned out that he leaned in on her against the car doors in the broad daylight.

Everyone else was shocked, bereft of speech, seeing the scene unfolding in front of their eyes.

The old man earlier had his beards trembled and his eyes were filled with fears.

Alex Rockefeller dared to touch the little devil from the Yowell family, he was really beyond salvation. Even God would not be able to save him this time, he would be dead meat.

“Get your hands off me, jerk! Come fight me again if you dare!” Michelle yelled and spit at Alex, but his quick reflexes saved him.

“Michelle Yowell, right? A wild woman indeed. I see why Peter Walker wanted to serve under you. However, you are no match for me with such inept, mediocre talent.” Alex said indifferently.

“You know Peter Walker?”

“He is just trash.” Alex snickered.

Michelle replied, “You...”

He took a glance at her chest again and commented, “I was being honest when I said you are sick. Aren’t you feeling shortness of breath, heart pain and palpitations, and shoulder cramps now? You’re gravely sick! I’m afraid you’ll be dead after exerting yourself, and I’ll be the responsible person for your death!”

A brief pause later, he continued. “Let us call it a day. I do not see anything more from you. Hurry and pay up. Twenty million dollars would be reasonable compensation for hitting my mother-in-law, making my wife cry, and wasting my time.”

What?

After crashing the twenty-million-dollar Rolls-Royce and beating the owner into a pulp, and now he asked for a compensation of twenty million dollars in return?

The onlookers, who were standing aside, were bewildered with their mouth agape, as if they were in a dream.

# The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0119

“Let Michelle go!

“Brat, you have no idea what you did today! You, your entire family, your friends, and everyone you know will suffer the consequences of your foolish action!”

Jeremiah got up on his feet and shouted with intense fury as he pointed at Alex.

Alex’s suppressed rage was once again ignited as he looked at Jeremiah like he was already dead.

“The Yowell family is going down just because of what you said just now!” Alex said coldly.

Jeremiah laughed. “What a joke! The Yowell family is going down? Who do you think you are? How dare...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Alex sent another good, hard slap his way.

Jeremiah’s head dropped and hit the hood of the car with a thud. The next moment, he slumped limply to the ground as he went unconscious.

After releasing Michelle from his grasp, he proceeded to open the door of the Rolls-Royce and said, "Get in, you drive."

Michelle was befuddled. "What are you doing? Where are we going?"

Alex said, "To meet your grandfather at Yowell Manor, and reason the matter out."

The incident that happened today had to be completely resolved from the root cause of the problem. After all, the Yowells were powerful presences. If they really wanted to execute their revenge on his loved ones, it would be troublesome even for Alex.

Michelle's eyes widened in disbelief.

Everything Alex did was truly outrageous and lacked common sense. What was his mind made of? Was he crazy?

However, after rolling her eyes, she immediately nodded and secretly thought, "To Yowell Manor, oh great. There are many fighters in the Lowell family who are even superior to me. You will taste their great power, don't even think that you will be able to come out unscathed."



Afterward, to everyone else's astonishment, Alex entered the Rolls-Royce Phantom as the car, driven by Michelle, and they sped away heading for Yowell Manor.

The old man earlier sighed as he shook his head, "Sigh, this son of William Rockefeller. I do not know if he is an omnipotent powerhouse or just a peerless lunatic."

Some said, "Omnipotent powerhouse? Forget about it, I think he's most probably a peerless lunatic. If he is a powerhouse, he would not live off the Assexes in the first place."

Some also said, "Such madness. He's really a lunatic! Such a person usually won't last long!"

...

The Rolls-Royce sped along the streets.

The other drivers were extremely frightened, seeing the Rolls-Royce speeding recklessly on the streets. Accidentally hitting the car might cost a fortune. Many drivers were livid as they started cursing at the Rolls-Royce, "Are you trying to get us killed? What's so great about being a rich fella? Hope you'll get into an accident soon."

Or so they thought.

Michelle was a fierce driver but she was greatly skilled, so the twenty-million-dollar Rolls-Royce Phantom really lived up to its name on the road with her driving skills.

It took no time for them to reach Yowell Manor.

Yowell Manor was really large. Furthermore, it was much lavish and bigger than Rockefeller Manor. The car entered the gates and only stopped when it came upon a large crowd of people.

Michelle honked a few times and then leaped out of the car.

“My lady!”

“Is there any order, my lady?”

“Why are you in a rush, Michelle?”

The crowd hurried forward and surrounded Michelle. That was not just because Michelle was a stunning beauty and her supreme identity, but also... because of her devilish personality. Nobody dared to anger her in any way, so they usually coaxed her like a child, trying their best to be on her good side.

Through the car window, Alex saw the crowd. Unexpectedly, everyone in the crowd was a fighter. The one with the greatest cultivation base among the crowd, to his surprise, was of Advanced Royal.

“Could it be that the Yowell family is a family in martial arts?”

He really had no idea previously, but what difference did it make now?

## **The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0120**

Michelle Yowell pointed at the Rolls-Royce. “That idiot inside the car hit mine and even hurt Jeremiah. Not only does he want me to compensate for twenty million dollars, but he even cursed our family! He insisted on going to our house to seek justice for Grandpa!”

“What?”

Everyone thought they had a hearing problem.

They wondered how such an obnoxious person could survive in California!

Out of nowhere, someone shouted, "Are you still dreaming? Perhaps you're tired of living that you're here to challenge the Yowells! I'm gonna find out what makes you so arrogant!"

Sean Yowell was the one yelling, a generally hot-tempered man. He was the better martial arts practitioner amongst the rest at the scene.

He yanked the car door open rudely and glared in menace. "Get out of the car now, you brute!"

Alex was calm and expressionless as he remained seated inside the car. "Who do you think you are to summon me out of my car? Get your leader here to see me."

What?

Sean felt his blood rushing up to his head as his rage grew by the second.

The rest of the Yowells immediately closed in on the both of them, their faces flushed in a fury.

Woah!

What an arrogant brute!

They almost went mad.

Sean stared at Alex with an ice-cold gaze, as if he was looking at a tiny ant. He reluctantly scoffed, "Well done! You've successfully pissed me off. Well, let me prove if I'm capable enough to drag you out of your damn car!"

He growled and erupted into a thunderous roar.

Grrrrr!

As a whoosh of energy radiated from Sean's upper body, his white shirt immediately ripped apart.

"Get out now!" he shouted as he stretched out his hand to grab Alex.

Alex, however, remained stationary even though Sean had grabbed his arm.

“I told you, you’re not qualified,” Alex said, tilting his head a little to look at Sean.

The moment he muttered those words, he generated his core energy and brushed off Sean’s hand. Swiftly, he planted a smack right on Sean’s chest.

Bam!

Sean felt an overpowering force penetrating his body, one that immediately sent him flying.

All the other younger Yowells literally watched Sean thrown seven or eight meters away, not to mention the loud thud when he landed after a few somersaults. Blood gushed out from his mouth.

There was an instant pin-drop silence, where even the sound of light breathing could be heard.

“How... How is that possible?!”

Everyone looked at Alex in disbelief, now seated in his car, unfazed and composed. It was difficult for them to comprehend anything when they saw how young he was.

“So, could you please get your leader here now?” Alex asked once again.

A young, charming man who looked about 27 or 28 years old chuckled out loud. “You have to defeat me first before getting my grandpa here. There’s no way to prove your capability by just sitting inside the car. So, why not accept the challenge?”

It was Colin Yowell.

Among the practitioners, he was the best, which was Advanced Royal.

He was the legitimate eldest grandson of Keith Yowell, as well as Michelle’s elder brother.

Michelle squealed in excitement, “I haven’t seen you in a battle since you last achieved Advanced Royal rank, Colin! Ready for a show now? I can’t wait to see it! That bastard almost pressed me against the car door earlier. You should give him a good beating until he surrenders. I’m gonna cane him until he begs for mercy!”

Colin often spoilt her with showers of love and care.

Upon hearing her words, his face was flush with determination.

“Hey, Don. Get me a big hammer. I’m gonna smash his car until he gets out!” Colin growled coldly.

That luxury car cost twenty million dollars, and without so much as a flinch, he said he was going to smash it.

A tall and plump-looking teenager from the Yowell family acknowledged, leaving happily to retrieve a big hammer. It was as though Colin wasn’t about to smash a Rolls-Royce Phantom, but a rusted old tractor.

Soon after, the big hammer was delivered.

Alex was shocked when Colin jumped onto the hood of his Rolls-Royce and lifted the big hammer in the air.

Michelle and the other Yowells, on the other hand, didn’t feel worried. Instead, they were excited.