

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0131 - 0140

Alex stared at the big blue sky as he exited Assex Villa.

He felt much better about himself after treating Claire as a mere lunatic.

Claire, however, was extremely furious. She stomped her feet as she cursed Alex. “Look what kind of man married yourself to? He doesn’t have a stable income, and now he’s trying to trick me with a fake check? Does he think I’m an idiot? Just look at how arrogant he is now! I told him to make me a meal and he refused! What is he so busy with anyway? Killing himself?”

Just then, Claire accidentally stepped on a porcelain shard and immediately yelped in pain.

Dorothy took a look at her wound and realized that it was just a scratch. She sighed and said, “I’ll be going to work now. You should get yourself some lunch if you’re hungry.”

Alex returned to where Claire’s accident occurred. Jeremiah was long gone and the crowd had dispersed.

He got into his white BMW M8 and drove to a nearby bank. He wanted to deposit the check that the Yowells had given him. Everything went smoothly.

At this moment, his bank account had around 70 million dollars' worth of savings. He was able to earn more than the average white-collar worker with the interest from this account alone. Even William couldn't earn this much when he was alive.

However, Alex was a completely changed man. To him, money was just mere numbers and nothing more.

"Mr. Rockefeller, if you have any deposits or enquiries about loans in the future, you can always come to me. I'll be here for you any time, anywhere. I'll provide any other special services you'd like too."

The one speaking was a mature woman in her 30s. Dimples were visible on her cheeks as she smiled brightly. She was the vice president of the bank, Lavender Davis.

When Alex brought the check to be deposited, she was extremely surprised by the large amount it held. She excitedly volunteered to help him with the procedures as well.

Alex had a large amount of funds after all so it was only normal for her to act in such a way. Every bank was competing to get star customers. If they were to build a good relationship with such customers, the bank would surely benefit.

Besides, if she were to establish a personal connection with star customers like Alex, it would benefit her greatly.

“Yeah, okay,” Alex replied dismissively.

“This is my business card, my personal number is on it. If you’re willing to, Mr. Rockefeller, you can always add my number into your contacts. You’ll be able to contact me much easier in that way.” Lavender handed Alex a card.

As Alex reached out to take the card, Lavender brushed her pinky gently against his palm, she had a mysterious smile plastered on her face as well.

Alex was slightly taken aback.

Her eyes gave away her intentions—she was trying to invite him to...

However, Alex was not interested in her. He could tell that the woman was wearing thick makeup. She wasn’t any prettier than Claire, let alone Dorothy.

“Thanks, but I won’t need your number. My wife wouldn’t like it if I have other women in my contacts.” Alex smiled and turned around, leaving the bank.

A few moments later, he noticed a big and familiar figure. It was Nicholas Hudson.

Alex was overjoyed and rushed over to him. Just as he was about to call out to him, Nicholas dropped to his knees and knelt before a woman in public.

He noticed that Nicholas's voice was trembling. "Charis, please, don't go! I can't live on without you!"

The woman was enraged. "Let go of me! Who do you think you are? Do you really think you're good enough to date me? Look at yourself, you don't have the looks or the body! Most importantly, you're even poorer than I am. How would you pay for my expenses, then? You can't even get me a purse! Just let go of me and scam!"

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Nicholas clinged to the woman's legs. "Charis, money isn't everything! What's important is the love we have! There's no one else on this earth who loves you more than I do!"

The woman replied, "Bullsh*t! I don't care about your love, it's worthless!"

Just then, a BMW 520 stopped in front of them. A young man poked his head out of the car window.

The woman smiled brightly. “Hey babe, you’re finally here! I’ll get in the car in a bit, hold on.”

She then kicked Nicholas over and over again. “Let go of me! Just let go of me! My boyfriend is here to pick me up, can’t you see? Now, this is a man who’s in my league. He wears Armani and he drives a BMW too! Unlike you, he doesn’t drive a secondhand Volkswagen! I don’t need garbage like that!”

The man in the BMW seemed to know Nicholas as well and proceeded to mock him. “Nicholas, Charis is mine now. If you don’t let go of her this instant, I’ll make your life a living hell. F*ck, you don’t deserve to have a girlfriend, you impoverished fool.”
Comment by Melisa Chan: changed this from mere meager as meager is an adjective, not a noun...

Charis huffed cockily. She kicked him hard on his thighs with her heels because she despised him.

Suddenly, a cold voice spoke up. “Huh, how boring. Driving a mere 520 and acting as if you own the world. You’re nothing but an impoverished fool in others’ eyes too, you know?”

“Who, who was that?” Charis yelled, she wanted to defend her boyfriend.

But when she realized that it was Alex, her attitude immediately switched up. “Oh, I was wondering who it was. So it’s you, Alex, the poor loser who lives off his wife. Both you and Nicholas are just a pair of poor *sshats.”

Alex and Charis knew each other as well—they used to study in the same high school.

The man asked Charis, “Who the hell is this guy?”

Charis huffed again. “Alex Rockefeller, the son of the previous CEO of Rockefeller Group. But he’s just a loser now. He slaves away in Assex Villa taking care of every little thing for the three women who live there.

“Alex, you have to get your facts right. You’re no longer that almighty young lord of the Rockefeller. You’re just a loser who had been kicked out by his own family. How dare you say that this BMW 520 is boring? Can you even afford it? If you could, then get one! If you really could get one for yourself, I’ll swallow this rock whole right now!” Charis said as she kicked a stone that was as big as a fist.

Alex scoffed. “I’m not interested in that car model.”

The man had got out of his car as well. He smirked smugly and said, “You’re not interested? So you’re saying that you could afford a better model? Show us then!”

He then noticed the BMW M8 that was parked at the side and chuckled. “This BMW M8 is more expensive than mine, are you interested then? Is it yours? Gosh, you’re scaring me!”

Charis chimed in. “This car is worth two million dollars. If you really can afford this model, then pigs would be able to fly.”

Just then, the white BMW M8 beeped and was unlocked. Alex was holding a beautifully crafted pair of M8 car keys.

“I’m sorry, this is indeed mine.

“Eat up then. If you can’t swallow it, I’ll crush it into pieces for you.”

Charis and her boyfriend were stunned. Their mouths were so wide open, it was as if they could fit a whole lightbulb in their mouths.

After a brief pause, Charis yelled angrily, “Who knows if this car is really yours? You could be just working as a valet here, or you have just borrowed this from someone! Do you really think I’m that much of an idiot?”

The man seemed cocky as well. “Yeah, you have guts to make a bluff with someone else’s car like that. You might as well say that you’re the president of the country!”

Suddenly, the vice president of the bank, Lavender approached them.

“What’s wrong, Mr. Rockefeller? May I help you?” She asked. She then noticed the man and immediately switched up her attitude. Lavender scolded, “Cedar Davis! What are you doing here? Who gave you the permission to drive my car?”

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“Uhm...”

Alex was taken aback. He didn’t expect Lavender to know this BMW guy.

‘Cedar? Sounds like they’re siblings.’

Cedar started panicking. “Sis, uhm, well, I... my car broke down, so I’m using your car for now.” He said as he kept signalling Lavender with his eyes.

He had just got together with Charis after all, he wanted to show off in front of her!

However, Lavender did not pick up any of his signals and said, "Your motorcycle is broken? Then get it fixed! Don't you know that my car is off-limits for today? Oh, and apologize to Mr. Rockefeller now."

Charis' expression darkened. Cedar's BMW wasn't his own, he only owned a motorcycle all along.

A motorcycle is nothing compared to Nicholas' secondhand Volkswagen!

Cedar pointed at Alex and asked, "Why should I apologize to him? He doesn't deserve it! He's just a mere slave. I'd rather apologize to a dog!"

Suddenly, a loud slap landed on Cedar's face. Lavender had slapped him hard and yelled, "You bastard! How dare you speak of Mr. Rockefeller like that? Mr. Rockefeller is a star customer of our bank! He's a VIP! Apologize now or else!"

'Star customer?'

Cedar froze.

Charis wasn't aware of what it meant to be a bank's star customer. However, Cedar knew that title all too well. A star customer had to have personal savings of over fifty million dollars.

And that was just their personal savings, not net worth.

If he were to offend his sister's star customer, Lavender would most definitely make his life miserable for a full year. He wouldn't be able to reap benefits off of her as well.

He immediately apologized to Alex. "I'm sorry, Mr. Rockefeller. It was all my fault, I shouldn't have insulted you, I shouldn't have yelled at you. Please forgive my actions."

He then grabbed Charis by her hair and started slapping her across the face. "It was all because of this b*tch! She was bad-mouthing you—I was misled by her words!"

Charis yelled in pain and pointed towards Nicholas. "Nicholas Hudson! Are you really that useless? Stop him now!"

Nicholas's eyes were reddened but he seemed ready to lunge at Cedar. However, Alex pressed him down with one hand, immobilizing him.

Alex was speechless.

“Charis Burr, are you really that shameless? You had just insulted Nicholas, calling him worthless. Yet now you’re ordering your ex to beat up your current boyfriend. Are you mental?”

He then waved to Cedar dismissively and said, “You, get lost!”

If he were to slap himself any more, Alex will soon be in the spotlight again.

Lavender kicked Cedar on his leg. “Now thank Mr. Rockefeller and get lost!”

After Cedar had rushed off, Lavender smiled and said, “I’m truly sorry, Mr. Rockefeller. My brother is just so reckless and ended up causing you trouble. I’ll treat you to lunch later as an apology, will that be alright with you?”

“There’s no need for that. You two are different individuals. You should just go back to work, Ms. Davis,” Alex replied dismissively.

Suddenly, Alex’s phone started ringing. It was a call from the pretty saleswoman from the BMW dealership store, Chloe Zea.

Chloe's soft and sweet voice came from the other side of the phone. "Mr. Rockefeller, your BMW M8 is now fixed. Would you like to pick it up yourself or would you like me to send it over to you?"

Alex stared at Nicholas who seemed distraught. "Please send it over, I'll send you my location in a bit."

Chloe promised that the car will be sent over within 15 minutes.

Alex turned to Charis, whose face was swollen from the slapping. "Charis Burr, you don't deserve Nicholas. You're just a good for nothing gold digger. He deserves to be with a woman who is much better than you."

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Charis scoffed. "You're joking, right? Him? Any random stranger on the streets would be a better option than he ever will be!"

She then kicked the Volkswagen which was parked at the side. It was Nicholas's car.

"Look at this, who the f*ck still drives a car like this? Only poor f*cks like him would!"

Alex nodded. "You're right, Nicholas deserves a much better car than this, it's just way out of his league. That's why a brand new BMW M8 is on its way. Now that's what Nicholas truly deserves."

"He deserves a BMW M8? What a joke!"

Fifteen minutes later, Chloe drove the car over to Alex's location.

Charis's eyes widened upon seeing the BMW M8.

Alex handed Nicholas the keys and said, "This car is now yours."

Nicholas was close to descending into a mental breakdown at the time. However, he was shocked as he received the keys. "Alex, you're joking right? For me? Why would someone like me deserve to own a luxurious car like this?"

"You can as long as I say so. Now take it or I'll smash the car."

A corner of Chloe's mouth twitched slightly as she stared at Alex nervously. 'This madman would definitely do such wild actions.'

Nicholas was still in a daze as Alex continued, “Come on, aren’t you ashamed of kneeling before a gold digger like Charis, and in public too? I’m ashamed for you, you know? There’re so many better girls out there, can’t you see? Look, like this beauty here, Chloe Zea is so much better than her.”

Chloe rubbed her face gently, a little embarrassed by the sudden compliment.

“Okay, so it’s settled. This car is yours now. Besides, I’m not giving it to you for free. I’ve been trying to start a new company lately. If you help me out, this car will be a gift.”

After that, Alex invited Chloe and Nicholas for lunch, leaving Charis stunned on the streets. She started regretting her choices, wishing she could change the past.

Nicholas still wasn’t able to move on from Charis. However, with Alex’s harsh scolding and Chloe’s advice, he was able to let go of her.

“Alex, are you really going to start a company? What company?” Nicholas remembered and asked.

“When have I ever lied?” Alex glared—the lies that he had told his wife did not count. “I mean, it’s not really my company. My mom is the one who wants to start one up. It’ll be in Michigan. Are you interested?”

“I... I’ll consider.”

“Consider my *ss!” Alex said as he smacked Nicholas on the back of his head. “Look at you, all you do is play games at home now! Most you do is collect rent from your tenants. You’re going to end up looking like a pig if this continues! Do you really want to just collect rent for the rest of your life? It’s already settled. Don’t worry, I won’t treat you poorly. I’ll give you a share of our stocks too. If you don’t agree to this, I’ll go to your sister.”

“Oh f*ck. You—you’re ruthless!”

His brother-in-law had to eat grass from Alex’s garden the last time they met. If Nicholas were to refuse this offer, his sister, Merida, would surely force him to eat the grass that Sean had puked out.

Chloe batted her big doe-like eyes and asked, “Your company must be pretty big, Mr. Rockefeller. I wonder if I have a chance to work for you?”

Alex smiled. “It’s not really all that big. The initial investment funds only around fifty million, but it would definitely be able to grow in the future. If you really are interested, Ms. Zea, I’ll welcome you with open arms. I promise to give you a salary of over thirty thousand dollars. As for the details, my mom will brief you.”

Chloe replied, “Alright, then! I accept your offer. By the way, my home is in Michigan too!”

After lunch, Alex brought the two back to Maple Villa.

Chloe was shocked to see such a gigantic villa.

However, Alex noticed Maya as soon as he entered the house.

“Maya?”

“Why... are you here?”

Brittany was holding onto Maya by her arm, smiling brightly. “I asked Maya to come by. What? Are you against it?”

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“Why would I be against that? I welcome you too!” Alex smiled immediately.

Brittany rolled her eyes. “That’s more I like it.”

She then greeted Nicholas and Chloe, who followed behind Alex. “Nicholas, you came by too. Oh, what a beautiful girl. Is she your girlfriend?”

Nicholas shook his head and denied. “No, no, Mrs. Rockefeller. She’s Alex’s friend.”

Alex said, “Mom, let me introduce you to her. This is Chloe Zea. I recruited her as an employee for your company. She’s an amazing saleswoman, hard working too. Most importantly, she’s a very nice person.”

Brittany smiled brightly as she led Chloe to the table, asking her to take a seat.

Maya smiled as well. “Mom, dessert is almost ready, I’ll serve it now!”

Alex spat out the tea that he had just started drinking. “What did you call her?”

Maya lifted her gaze. “Your mom is my mom from now on.”

She then wore a pair of slippers and walked into the kitchen.

Alex froze. Brittany smiled and didn't explain either. He chased after Maya and pulled her to the side. "Maya, you... you're confusing me. What do you mean by that? Could it be that you've agreed to becoming my second wife like mom asked you to?"

This had been an ongoing joke between the three for more than a year.

Maya and Brittany had been acquainted for quite a while, growing closer as time passed. Alex knew that Brittany preferred Maya over Dorothy. However, Alex liked Dorothy, so Brittany decided not to interfere with their relationship.

Back then, Brittany had joked about having Maya become Alex's second wife if they were to be living in ancient times.

Maya turned to look at him and took a step forward. Her whole body was pressed against his. She wasn't afraid of such intimate touch at all. She smiled slyly and said, "Yeah, I did. Are you happy?"

"I..." Alex was speechless.

Suddenly, Maya pushed him away and took a glance at his pants, chuckling. "Dream on! Did you really think you can have two at the same time? Listen up, I won't be your second wife! You'd have to call me Sis from now on. Get it, Lil Bro?"

“What... do you mean?”

“What I mean is that I have become Mrs. Rockefeller’s goddaughter. So you’re my godbrother now, dummy! Okay, enough talking, come help me out in the kitchen. I made a large batch of desserts!”

“Huh? Why aren’t you at work?”

“I resigned. I’ll be focusing on taking care of our mom from now on.”

Alex was only able to understand the reason for Maya’s actions after a long pause.

Looking at Maya’s beautiful figure, he started to understand... His mother had just healed from her sickness, yet she lost her husband as well. Moreover, she was betrayed by her family, her company had been devoured, and her reputation ruined. With all this going on, she must be in pain.

However, Brittany was very headstrong. She would hide those negative feelings deep inside her heart and not express them in front of him.

As a man, Alex wasn’t as caring and loving as a woman.

“Thanks, M—Sis.”

Maya picked up a plate of brownies and said softly, “Mom has had it rough lately. You should talk to her more if you have the time. She... cried just a while ago.”

Alex clenched his fists and released them slowly, nodding in agreement.

After plating the brownies, Maya said, “Okay now, I’ll serve this. Wash up a few plates will you?”

Suddenly, as she picked up the plate, she whimpered. “Ow, that’s hot.”

Her hands were slightly red as well.

Alex immediately grabbed her hand and dragged her to the sink. He ran cold water on her burn and furrowed his eyebrows. “Why are you so clumsy?”

After a brief while of running cold water, he lifted her hand up to check on the burn again. “How do you feel? Does it still hurt?”

Maya stared at Alex, his stern yet caring expression melted her heart completely.

However, when he turned to look at her, she scrunched up her nose. “It’s just a little burn, it doesn’t hurt at all. Look at you all panicky, aren’t you just the silliest?”

Alex flung her hand away. “I was worried that you burnt your hand. Yet you’re calling me silly. What do I do with you?”

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“Well, you are silly! Alright, you serve it. You have pretty rough skin, so you won’t get burnt.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m just an ox, I won’t be fazed by the hot temperature.”

Alex picked up the plate and walked out of the kitchen. He could hear Maya’s light chuckles behind him. But, he didn’t hear her mumble to herself later on. “This is fine. I’m happy that I get to see you every day like this.”

After dessert, Brittany, Maya, Chloe and Nicholas started discussing about the new company.

Alex could tell that Maya didn't just resign to accompany Brittany, she wanted to help her out in the new company as well. Yet again, there's a possibility that Brittany was the one who invited Maya along.

Alex wasn't interested in the business field, hence he made up an excuse to do some research on the Yowells' Slunce Jauda. It was still flawed after all.

Half an hour of researching later, Alex clenched a piece of cloth into his hand and activated his Chi.

As he released his grip, the cloth had turned into ashes.

"So this is The Slunce Jauda." He mumbled to himself, shaking his head gently.

Compared to the Force, this so-called Slunce Jauda of the Yowells is literal trash. If the Force were to be described as a big city with immediate access to any transportation, the Slunce Jauda would be an outdated village with just muddy paths.

Another half an hour later, Alex was able to come up with ten or so different ways to amend the Yowells' traditional martial arts.

In the end, he was able to pick one out that was most suitable for the Yowells, even the females would be able to train with this with ease. He noted the new amendments down on a piece of paper and left it on his table.

It was already three in the afternoon when Waltz had arrived fashionably late at the villa.

Waltz was wearing a gorgeous bright red dress at the time. Maya couldn't help but stare in disbelief as Waltz got out of her Lamborghini.

“Ms. Fleur from Thousand Miles Conglomerate?”

“What is she doing here?”

Back then, Maya had to meet up with the Thousand Miles Conglomerate due to work. She was able to meet Waltz as well. This gorgeous yet cruel woman had left quite an impression on Maya.

As Lex Gunther's goddaughter, Waltz had made quite the name for herself as well. She was the CEO of Thousand Miles Conglomerate's sea freight company and managed one-third of the water-borne trades in California.

It was rumored that she was one of the Thousand Miles Conglomerate Three Great Chieftains of California's underworld as well.

'Neither Alex nor Brittany should have connections to such a female boss, right?

'Is she here for me?'

Maya immediately rushed up to welcome her. "Ms. F—"

However, Waltz held a bento in her hands and rushed up to Brittany instead, ignoring Maya. She cheerfully said, "Madame, these are some pastries I bought from Aroma Patisserie of City South just for you! It's good for both health and beauty. Do try some, please!"

She opened the bento and handed Brittany a pair of chopsticks.

Maya was in complete shock.

'This... is this really the Ms. Fleur I know?'

'Why would Ms. Fleur and Godmother know each other?'

Just then, Waltz asked, "Madame, where's Brother Alex? Is he not at home?"

"He's upstairs, I don't even know what he's doing."

"I'll go check up on him."

After that, Waltz nodded gently towards Maya and went upstairs.

Alex had already overheard their conversation downstairs. As Waltz knocked on the door, Alex responded, "Come in. Have you been messing around the whole day? Your job as a slave seems quite easy."

Waltz closed the door and walked up to Alex with a serious expression. "I went by West Hill Prison. The driver who got into an accident with your parents last year died last night."

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“What? Died?”

“How did he die?” Alex was extremely shocked. He almost jumped out of his seat.

The truck driver, Anthony Pattinson was the most important lead to the truth about the accident. If he died, then that would mean they had lost their lead.

“I went there just to confirm it. They said that he tried escaping and ended up electrocuting himself. His whole body was charred, I even have photos of his corpse. Would you like to see?”

Alex nodded.

Waltz then scrolled through her phone to find the picture. The corpse really was charred black, it was almost impossible to recognize him.

“That’s not right.” Alex shook his head.

“Not right?” Waltz turned to Alex. “Is this not Anthony Pattinson?”

“No, it is him, but the cause of death isn’t electrocution.”

Others would not be able to notice if Anthony had been electrocuted or murdered. However, Alex was not like the average person—he was equipped with the ultimate knowledge of medicine. Just by looking at the picture, he could tell that this man was murdered, then electrocuted—It was to destroy evidence.

“So, you’re saying that someone killed Pattingson?”

Alex nodded and took her phone, zooming into the throat of the corpse. “Do you see that? This bone looks out of place, his neck was snapped. Look at his face too, people who have been electrocuted shouldn’t have such an expression after death.”

After explaining, he passed the phone back to Waltz.

However, his finger slipped and scrolled to the next picture in her gallery.

Alex stared at the phone and his breathing became harder.

It was a very ‘special’ selfie.

“Ahem, you have a great body.” He complimented.

Waltz’s face turned red. “Tsk, I’m still wearing clothes in that picture, why are you so startled? You better do it with your wife soon, or you’re going to end up getting reactions from anything that simply has holes in them!”

After that, Waltz immediately dialed a number. She was calling one of her underlings back in Thousand Miles Conglomerate. She ordered them to keep investigating Anthony’s death and that they must find his murderer. When the call ended, she turned to Alex and said, “Don’t worry, if Pattinson really was murdered, we would definitely find the murderer.”

Alex then walked towards the window and looked outside, his gaze was empty and hollow.

He had just paid John a visit two days ago to warn him, yet Anthony died in such a short time after that.

It would seem that John had vast connections if he was actually able to kill someone who was still in prison.

Waltz approached Alex and said, “Are you suspecting the Rockefellers?”

Alex replied, "I saw my dad's secretary just a while ago, she's in her 30s now. She became John's right-hand woman after my dad's death. One thing in particular was that I didn't expect her to be a fighter. She was pretty strong as well... If I hadn't healed your wounds yesterday, even you wouldn't be able to match against her."

"Oh? What's her name? I'll look into her for you."

"Pepper Kimmich."

"Okay!" Just then, Waltz remembered what she was here for. "Brother Alex, I already gathered all the materials you asked me to. So, when are we going to make those pills?"

Alex was slightly taken aback. "You're done gathering already?"

She nodded enthusiastically.

Alex replied, "We have to get a special alchemy stove to make those pills. It's pretty hard to find one nowadays though. That's why I need to find a substitute, normal stoves won't cut it. We could always go to a silversmith and have one made."

Waltz folded her arms, tapping her chin with one finger. “An alchemy stove? I think someone might have that, I’ll give them a call.”

This woman really is the underground tyrant of California—her connections were far beyond belief.

After the call, Waltz said, “Yep, there’re quite a few of those stoves in the Antique Market. Do you want to go take a look now?”

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Alex signalled towards downstairs, and Waltz immediately caught on to his message.

The Rockefellers were on edge after all. Who knows when they’re going to send over hitmen again? Alex needed to make sure that Brittany was absolutely safe before leaving. Comment by Melisa Chan: not sure if this should be past or present?

Due to Claire’s incident, Alex had to rush out this morning as well, leaving Brittany alone at home. This had already made him quite uneasy. And with Anthony’s death, he couldn’t bring himself to turn a blind eye to it.

“I’ll make another call.” Waltz smiled.

This time, Waltz called Azure.

“Alright, Azure would be here in a bit. He’s bringing a few of our men to protect this place too.”

Alex furrowed his eyebrows. “Don’t cause too much of a ruckus. My mom might not like that I’m in contact with people from Thousand Miles Conglomerate.”

Waltz turned around and glared at him. “What’s wrong with Thousand Miles Conglomerate? Are you looking down on us?”

Alex decided to stay silent.

Waltz then reassured him. “Don’t worry, they get it. They’ll be secretly protecting her.”

Alex nodded with satisfaction.

Suddenly, an idea came to mind... finding someone to protect her would not make her any stronger so he still wasn’t completely reassured.

'I wonder if Mom could train with me as well?

'I don't need her to have great martial arts skills. I just need her to be able to protect herself.

'The Force is too hard and difficult to understand. I haven't been able to understand all of it too, so that's a no-go.

'A way to train her Chi...'

Just then, his attention landed on the paper on his table. It was the amended version of The Yowells' Slunce Jauda, suitable for all genders and ages. However... his own mother required something more powerful, something with more potential to protect herself.

He decided to try making more amendments with The Yowells' Slunce Jauda as the basics. He wanted to make something that would help strengthen Brittany's Chi.

Within half an hour, Azure and his underlings arrived at Maple Villa. Thereafter, Alex and Waltz left and headed straight to the Antique Market.

“Tobias! I’m here!” Waltz started yelling out loud as soon as she entered the store. She lifted her slender fingers and tapped on the counter.

Everyone in the store seemed to be well acquainted with Waltz, referring to her as Ms. Fleur with the utmost respect. Alex was slightly weirded out, but he decided not to question anything.

In just a few moments, a chubby man rushed out from the back. “Ms. Fleur, you’re here. I have prepared what you asked for. They’re right inside. You... and this good sir can go in and have a look.”

Alex could tell that this man was speaking quite formally to Waltz. He was even bowing and nodding gently as well. It would seem that Waltz was quite powerful in this area.

“Shall we go in then, Brother Alex?” Waltz turned to Alex.

“Sure!”

Tobias realized that Alex and Waltz were close from how she referred to him. Though he was surprised, he immediately became more respectful towards Alex as well.

He had thought that Alex was just one of Waltz's underlings. He didn't expect him to be her 'Brother'.

As they went to the back room, three alchemy stoves were set out on the table. They were different in size and worn out. One of them seemed particularly shabby compared to the others—it was missing a leg. It looked like something from the garbage bin.

"What's with this? How could you sell such trash?"

"Tobias, when did you start selling scrap metal, huh?"

Tobias was trembling at this point. "Ms. Fleur, didn't you ask me to bring out all the alchemy stoves I have? Alchemy stoves are quite rare now, they didn't have a market anyway. This is all I have. They're probably the only ones left in this market. Look at this one, this was consigned for sale."

Waltz turned to Alex. "Brother, what do you say? Why don't we take this one? It looks the best out of the three."

Alex shook his head and said, "No, I'd like the shabbiest one."

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“What?”

“This one is missing a leg! It won’t even stand upright, what use could it be?” Waltz spoke up, visibly confused.

Alex’s eyes lit up and replied calmly, “It’s the heaviest.”

Waltz was speechless. “I guess we’re buying the scrap metal then. Hey, Tobias, my brother wants the shabbiest one. What’s your price? Weigh it and get this over with.”

Alex smiled without saying a word, he was extremely excited.

The shabby alchemy stove may be missing a leg, but it was the best out of the three. He could feel a slight flow of energy within the stove. This indicates that this shabby stove could be a mystical object.

Tobias smiled. “Ms. Fleur, if your brother likes it, he can just take it, I won’t ask for money! This thing was a waste of space anyway. I would’ve thrown it out if the base wasn’t still intact.”

“Okay, I’ll be taking it then.”

The stove wasn’t big, yet it was quite heavy.

However, such weight was nothing to Alex.

Just as they were leaving the store, someone barged in and exclaimed excitedly. “Tobias, Tobias! We’re in the green! In the green! A glassy imperial jadeite, it’s quite ancient too! It’s going to be a big deal!”

Tobias’ face flushed from excitement. “Oh my god, really? A glassy jadeite too? How big is it? Where is it? Bring me to it now!”

Suddenly, Tobias snapped back to reality, he realized that the two powerful figures, Waltz and Alex were still in his store. He turned around and apologized. “Sorry, Ms. Fleur. I lost my senses for a second there.”

Waltz asked, “What were you guys talking about? What do you mean by ‘in the green’?”

Tobias replied, “That’s a slang within the stone gambling community. In the green means that someone found jadeite from the ores. A glassy imperial jadeite would be one of the best out there.”

‘Jadeites?’

Alex could feel his heart pounding harder.

He was able to absorb some Chi from a jade last time, helping him improve The Force to the third level. He was able to sense the Chi flowing within the jade, hence he was wondering if he could feel it within the ores as well.

With this thought still in mind, he turned to Waltz. “Waltz, I’m a little interested in stone gambling, can we go take a look too?”

Waltz wasn’t interested in any way.

Money didn’t even matter to her, let alone stone gambling.

The only thing she was interested in was martial arts.

However, since Alex was so enthusiastic in going, she couldn’t refuse.

They left the stove back in the store again and headed towards the stone gambling store. The news about the glassy imperial jadeite spread like wildfire and the store had become extremely crowded.

Everyone was talking about the lucky guy who bought the stone.

The guy was still around too. It was an old man and he was jumping from excitement.

His stone wasn't completely cut yet and someone was using high water pressure to get the jade out carefully.

Normally, glassy imperial jades were more expensive than the one that Felix gifted him, implying that Chi should be flowing within this jade too. However, Alex couldn't even sense a hint of Chi in the jade at all.

He shook his head gently, he knew that he was getting too hopeful.

If every piece of jade were to have Chi within them, he would be able to absorb an insane amount of Chi by paying a visit to a jade store.

This meant that only a small number of jades would have Chi flowing in them.

Suddenly, he heard a familiar voice within the crowd. “Honey, I’d like to try stone gambling, I want to be in the green too!”

Alex lifted his gaze and realized that the woman speaking was Chloe Marionette.

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She was wearing an expensive Chanel outfit, paired with an LV purse as well. She looked just like any other rich lady. She was clinging to a man, though the man was no longer the one he saw the last time. Instead, this time he was a greasy old man in his 40s.

However, this was quite normal for Chloe—she could move on from one man to another with great speed.

Just then, Chloe noticed Alex as well.

Startled, she immediately put on a smug face and glared at him angrily.

She had been slapped multiple times back in L.G. Balfour and put the blame on Alex completely. She later heard that Alex was only able to buy jewellery due to Thousand Miles Conglomerate owing a favor to his father. He was still the loser that relied on the Asseses after all.

Why would she be scared of him now, then?

She immediately said out loud, “Alex, why are you here? You useless loser of a sissy! Are you trying to get yourself a cheap deal? Can you even afford them?”

Alex was expressionless. “What concern is that to you?”

Chloe replied, “Of course it concerns me. This is a high class place. You rely on your wife completely to survive so you’re nothing but a useless loser! Your presence alone brings us down. You don’t have the right to be here.”

Chloe’s voice was extremely loud and high-pitched. Everyone started staring at Alex, gossiping softly...

“This man looks quite average but I didn’t expect him to have to rely on his wife. I guess this is what people mean by ‘don’t judge a book by its cover’.”

“Young people nowadays are just so lazy. All they want is a meteoric rise, yet all they do is cut corners and rely on others.”

The man next to Chloe spoke up, “Honey, who is this man? Who is he to you?”

Chloe decided not to mention that Alex broke up with her in university. If she were to reveal that, she would be admitting that Alex wasn't interested in her. That would just be extremely humiliating.

Instead, she said, "This bastard threw a tantrum in the hospital. He didn't have the money to pay for hospital bills, yet he resorted to violence to get what he wanted! He even slapped me!"

'What? Tantrum?'

This was not looking good.

Everyone despised people who threw tantrums in hospitals. They started glaring at Alex. Chloe's greasy husband huffed as well. "Honey, just you wait. I'll get revenge for you."

He looked as if he was of high status and cockily walked up to the boss of the store. "Sir, I'm the manager of Thousand Miles Conglomerate, Ryan Hunter. This person is nothing but a lowly pest who brings harm to our society. Could you please kick him out?"

As a member of Thousand Miles Conglomerate, Ryan was aware of how powerful his title was in California.

The boss of the store, along with everyone else started paying their respects to Ryan, trying to get on his good side.

Chloe loved this feeling of superiority.

This was exactly how she wanted her man to be, someone who was idolised by many.

The boss replied, “Ah, Mr. Hunter. That won’t be a problem. Men, kick this ugly pest out of the store. If he dares to defy us, break his legs.”

The boss of the stone gambling store was fairly rich. Everything in his store was worth hundreds of millions, hence he had hired quite a few bodyguards as well. All of them were great fighters, and some had even served in the military.

The bodyguards approached Alex, looking as if they were going to lift him up and throw him out of the store. Waltz, who had walked away for a brief while, immediately blocked their path as she protected him with her body.

“He’s with me!

“Now let’s see who would dare lay a finger on him?”

She was infuriated.

'How dare these people treat Alex like this? Both Godfather and Jarsurya worshipped him! I'm willing to be his special slave too. How dare they bully him like this, threatening to throw him out?'

Chloe noticed Waltz's red dress, visibly envious.

She would love to wear such dresses as well, but she didn't have the body for it.

"Yo, loser! So you've switched women. Could it be that your wife kicked you out of the house? You probably couldn't bear slaving away for the Assexes, huh? Well, good for you! You found yourself another to rely on! What does she do, huh? Does she work in a nightclub? Tsk tsk tsk, so you rely on women, and this one earns a living by pleasing men. You guys are the OTP!"