

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 141

It was normal for someone like Chloe to not recognize Waltz.

Besides, Ryan, who claims that he's the manager of Thousand Miles Conglomerate didn't recognize her as well. Waltz was Lex's goddaughter after all—Princess Fleur of Thousand Miles Conglomerate—hence, only the core members in Hell's Angels were able to meet Waltz.

Ryan, on the other hand, was just one of the insignificant managers within Thousand Miles Conglomerate's many companies.

Tobias was fully aware of Waltz's identity.

However, he didn't want to speak up. No one would listen to a chubby man like him anyway. Thus, he just stood silently in the crowd, watching Chloe dig her own grave. He couldn't help but put on a cold smirk—he knew he was in for a good show.

'This is so exciting!'

Waltz was furious as she took five steps forward.

However, the crowd was oblivious to Waltz's identity as well. Under Chloe's influence, they foolishly insulted Waltz...

"I really didn't expect this gorgeous girl to be working in a nightclub."

"I wonder what nightclub she works at, I'd love to support her."

“Her looks and her body are priceless, I’d be willing to pay ten thousand dollar just for one night with her!”

Alex took a glance at Waltz—her beautiful eyes were cold and filled with murderous intent.

She approached Chloe and said coldly, “Are you done yet?”

Chloe stared at her with disgust. “What? Why would you be scared of gossip if you’re working in that field? Look at you, wearing something like this out in the open. Nightclubs aren’t open yet, and yet here you are spreading your legs open. Mighty professional, I must say! I know quite a few rich men if you’d like, I’ll introduce you to them.”

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Waltz was tall—172 cm, a whole ten centimeters taller than Chloe.

Simply with one hard slap, Chloe’s left cheek swelled up and a thin stream of blood flowed out from the corner of her mouth. She yelped in pain, spitting out blood along with a tooth.

“Ah! You b*tch! How dare you slap me?” Chloe screamed in anger, looking as if she was about to explode.

Another slap landed on Chloe’s face, causing her to spit out another two of her teeth.

Her nose was now bleeding, her eyes swollen from the impact.

She turned to Ryan. “Honey, this b*tch slapped me! Beat her up for me! No, wait, have your men from Thousand Miles Conglomerate help us out. Seems like that loser knows how to fight.”

Ryan was incredibly infuriated from seeing his wife being slapped. He stood out and said, “How dare you slap my wife, you b*tch? Do you have a death wish? Do you even know who I am? I’m the manager of Thousand Miles Conglomerate.”

Waltz was expressionless. “Correction, you ‘were’.”

“What? You b*tch of a prostitute, you probably don’t even know what the Thousand Miles Conglomerate is? I—Ah... Ahhhh! My leg!”

Waltz had broken his leg with just one stomp—it was a comminuted fracture.

“You, you dare to break my leg? You’re so dead, so dead! Just you wait, I’ll have my comrades over right now!”

Waltz replied coldly, “Alright, I’ll wait.”

Watching Waltz’s brutal methods, a chill went down everyone’s spine.

Ryan immediately pulled out his phone and called for his comrades.

One of Thousand Miles Conglomerate stations was nearby, staffed with a few underlings. Within 5 minutes, a big group of men barged into the store. There were easily more than twenty of them in the group.

“Who’s Ryan Hunter? The manager of Thousand Miles Conglomerate?” One of them asked.

They had no idea who Ryan Hunter was. However, everyone had each other’s backs when it came to Thousand Miles Conglomerate. If someone was in need of help, a whole group of them would come to their rescue. This was one of the reasons why Thousand Miles Conglomerate was so successful.

Watching such a big group barge in, everyone was terrified. They immediately took a few steps back to make way for the group.

'They only have themselves to blame for this. Why did they decide to go against Thousand Miles Conglomerate anyway?'

A lot of men in the store were more furious at Alex. Waltz was a gorgeous woman—women like her shouldn't be beaten up, but spared instead. If anything, the only one who should be beaten up was Alex.

They didn't care if he ended up dying in a ditch.

"Me, me, me!" Chloe yelled out to them. "Here! My husband is the manager of Thousand Miles Conglomerate!"