

# The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0416 - 0420

Overheating the phone conversation, Alex Rockefeller's expression darkened.

After the previous encounter, the Assex family had stopped for a while but returned to wreak havoc, just like cockroaches that wouldn't stop appearing even as they were exterminated.

Both husband and wife rushed home as quickly as they could. Upon arriving at the doors, they heard Claire Assex's wailing. She sat on the floor with a swollen left face, messy hair, and a lost slipper.

Beatrice Assex stood haughtily by the side, cleaver in her hand. Obviously, she had been beaten as well, with blood streaming down her nose.

"If you come any closer, you are all going down with me!" she yelled.

Dorothy and Alex entered the house at that very moment.

"Are you okay, mom?"

“How could you, Uncle!”

Dorothy teared tip seeing Claire’s swollen face, while Alex went over to Beatrice and removed the cleaver from her grasp.

He gently pulled her behind. “Stand down and get your nosebleed stopped. I will do the fighting,” he calmly said.

Beatrice looked at him, and strangely, she felt safe in his presence. Tears that had been pooling in her eyes fell like drizzles of rain.

“Who? Who hit my sister?”

He looked at the uninvited guests coldly.

Present in the house were Madame Joanne, Anderson Assex, and Emma Assex with two unfamiliar men, obviously their bodyguards. In them, Alex saw the presence of inner forces, a telltale sign of a fighter.

Oh? Did they feel secure just by having two beginner level fighters?

It was exactly how Anderson felt.

He started hollering, "You're here too, fool of a Rockefeller! Great, we don't have to look for you again. You know how to fight, right? Let me see if you can challenge my bodyguards!"

Alex walked toward him with a cold gaze in his eyes.

"I'm asking one more time, who hit my mother-in-law and sister-in-law?"

"I'll go easy on you if you admit now."

Emma stared at Alex with intense hatred in her eyes. The wound from the previous altercation where he stabbed her palm with a letter opener hadn't yet healed completely and left an ugly scar behind.

"Are you playing dumb, fool of a Rockefeller? You injured my hand the last time. Now, I will break both of yours!"

Madame Joanne despised Alex too and immediately ordered both the fighters, "Bruce, Willis, take him down! I want him talking to me on his knees!"

“Easy!” One of the bodyguards snickered as they quickly approached Alex.

Emma looked at him condescendingly and said, “Let me tell you, Rockefeller, they are fighters! Have you heard of a fighter? They are strong and scary! If you get on your knees now and chop two of your fingers off, I may consider forgiving you.”

Alex smirked but said nothing.

Beatrice pointed to one of the bodyguards. “It’s him! You... You should be careful! Should we call Michelle Yowell over?”

She did not think that Alex stood any chance against the fighters.

The fighters suddenly lunged at Alex.

Slap!

Smack!

Instead, they received a massive slap on their respective faces. One was instantly knocked out while the other broke his nose and collapsed onto the ground with blood spewing out.

Alex went ahead to step on his hand, snapping it in two.

The entire Assex family was in complete shock.

## **Chapter 0417**

“Impossible!”

“How did he do it?”

Emma Assex cried out in surprise, unable to accept what had happened. This was never supposed to happen! Things should have turned out the other way!

Alex Rockefeller knocked out the groaning bodyguard with a kick and looked at Emma condescendingly with a smirk on his face.

“So these are the strong and powerful fighters you hired? Gosh, are you sure they’re not from the film studio? I wonder if the Assexes are too strapped for cash to hire actual fighters after losing the opportunity to work with Waylon Realty?”

He was humorous, assertive, and dominant.

Madame Joanne and the rest watched on in fear.

Beatrice Assex was shaken up, though she started to think that Alex looked like Mask, her secret lover.

‘No, no, it can’t be! Mask is from the authorities. It can’t be him!’ she shook her head.

“Outrageous!”

Madame Joanne trembled in anger. After spending so much money hiring the fighters, they turned out to be complete weaklings. She glared at Anderson Assex, since he was the one responsible for getting these people. Obviously, he had been duped.

“You think you’re so great, aren’t you? Hit me then! Beat me up!” she screamed.

Alex shook his head. "You have lived a long life, madam, why can't you understand? They are your family. How could you do this?"

Madame Joanne angrily retorted, "Who are you to speak? They seized the Assex Construction City's South Subsidiary Company, ended our business relationship with Waylon Realty, and threatened to purchase our goods for dirt cheap! You and that nasty wife of yours are to blame!"

Alex shook his head again. He knew that there was nothing he could do. The old lady had been as unfair and biased as she could get, never once thinking about how badly they treated Dorothy and her family!

"Get out! This is our property, not yours!" Anderson yelled.

"This is my house!" Claire Assex wasn't going down without a fight. "I got this for my wedding, and nobody else can take it away from me!"

Madame Joanne snickered. "I bought the property years ago before my son's marriage. You do not own a single brick of the house. Claire Assex, you greedy tramp! You were the one behind his death, and now you are coming for his wealth? Not on my watch!"

Dorothy Assex interjected, "Grandmother, you can't possibly be so unreasonable! Mom is the victim here!"

“She is not! If she did not get into a fight with him, why would he run to the desert, huh? She started it all.”

Outraged, Claire jumped up and shouted right at Madam Joanne’s face, “It’s always your son! Why didn’t you say anything about him having affairs and cheating on me? If he hadn’t cheated just for me to catch him in the act, do you think the fight would’ve happened? Do you remember what you said? ‘It is a man’s nature to cheat. You should let it slide.’ How can I accept such nonsense?!”

Alex finally understood why Madame Joanne hated Claire and her daughters.

The old lady blamed her son’s death on her daughter-in-law and extended the hatred to Dorothy and Beatrice.

“I came here to give you my last warning. Three days, you have three days to leave this house. Otherwise...” Madame Joanne never planned to be reasonable right from the start.

Alex smiled. “This house is not that valuable anyway. I wonder why you have to be so ruthless and cruel? Don’t you want Assex Construction?”



Emma snickered. “So you think you can bring us down just by the little tricks you have in your sleeves? Keep dreaming then! We will destroy you soon.”

“Who says you can leave?” Alex said calmly.

Alexander was furious. “What more do you want?”

“You hit my mother-in-law. I’ll give you two choices. One, get down on your knees and let her hit you back. Two, I break your legs and let her hit you back. So, which is your choice?”

“How dare you?”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

## **Chapter 0418**

**Alex Rockefeller approached them slowly, one step at a time.**

Seeing the bodyguard with a broken leg on the floor, Anderson Assex was terrified out of his wits. 'Crazy! He's crazy! No, I don't want to be wheelchair-bound for the rest of my life!'

Immediately, he chose the first option and kneeled in front of Claire Assex.

Claire's eyes bulged wide in astonishment.

Meanwhile, Beatrice, still holding onto Claire, stole a glimpse at Alex. 'He seemed a little different today, a little manlier than usual. Just like Mask.. No, no, it was a mere illusion.'

"Do it, mom!" she said to Claire.

Smack!

With tears streaming down her face, Claire slapped Anderson. "We will leave this very house in three days," she cried. "After that, we will sever our ties with you!"

"Great! I look forward to that!" Madame Joanne leaped in joy.

**“Go live under a bridge, you hobos!” Anderson roared.**

**Right after they left, Claire collapsed in Beatrice’s arms and started wailing, crying, and cursing at Anderson.**

**An idea presented itself into Alex’s mind as he quickly ran out the door.**

**Madame Joanne and the rest were about to get into their car as their mouths fltttered, seemingly in a conversation.**

**Focusing his Chi onto his ears, he heard...**

**“Emma, talk to that friend of yours, Mr. Hawk. We will be signing the contract with South Cali Structures tomorrow. After that, bring him home. Let’s have dinner together. I’ll be sure to give you a huge present during your wedding!”**

**“Thank you so much, grandmother!” Emma was thrilled.**

**Madame Joanne continued, “Good job, keep it up! You are my granddaughter, Emma. I don’t even care for Dorothy and Beatrice Assex. Who knows if they’re actually my granddaughters, anyway.”**

**“Do you mean that they are the children of Claire Assex and another man?”  
Emma asked.**

**“Don’t you think she looks like someone who could do such things? Years ago,  
she was wildly popular. Even your father was once infatuated... Okay, that’s all for  
now,” muttered Madame Joanne.**

**Emma looked at her father with surprise in her eyes.**

**When the vehicle left, Alex came out from the bushes, stroking his chin with his  
hand. ‘South Cali Structures, is that your trtunp card?’ he wondered.**

**‘Say goodbye to them, then.’**

**He went back into the house and saw Claire wiping the tears off her face. He  
thought it was a rather pleasing sight to behold.**

**Suddenly, she raised her head and said, “You are my son-in-law, aren’t you, Alex  
Rockefeller? Didn’t you say you have twenty million dollars? Buy me a villa  
tomorrow!”**

Dorothy interjected, “How could you say these things, Mom! He needs the money. We can rent a place for now and purchase our house later when the company starts earning a profit.”

“Sure, let’s go shopping for a villa tomorrow. Why don’t you start browsing through some of the houses on the internet? I think I should start cooking,” Alex nodded.

Claire was thrilled and scurried to the computer while Alex entered the kitchen and started preparing dinner. He felt someone approaching from behind and assumed it was Dorothy. Without even turning his head, and said, “Your mother is feeling upset tonight, darling. I was just trying to make her happy. After all, you have to buy a house anyway.”

He then turned around , grabbed her by the waist, and was just about to kiss her when...

He saw who she was and instantly stopped dead in his act.

## **Chapter 0419**

An attractive woman stood right there. It wasn't his wife, Dorothy, but his sister-in-law, Beatrice Assex!

His eyes opened wide in horror as he quickly pushed her away.

"It's you?"

Bam!

Beatrice took a few steps back and slammed into the refrigerator.

"You shoved me!"

Beatrice exclaimed while looking at Alex. Usually, she would have immediately admonished Alex, but now she behaved like a frail woman, entirely out of the ordinary.

Alex retraced his hands awkwardly and said, "Sorry, I thought you were Dorothy."

Oddly enough, Beatrice was not mad but covered Alex's nose and lips with her hand instead.

Alex was taken aback. They never had such an intimate encounter. Except for that night, of course, where she came onto him after being drugged.

"What are you trying to do?"

He pushed her hand away.

Beatrice suddenly asked, "Are you Mask?"

Alex was shocked and kept thinking to himself, wondering what he did to expose his identity.

Before he could deny it, Beatrice continued, "You must have imitated him after watching his video, right? No, you don't look a single bit like him."

She stomped on his foot and quickly left the kitchen. 'That was a good scare. I knew it couldn't be him!'

Beatrice breathed a sigh of relief.

Mask was an assertive, dominant, attractive yet, loyal person. Even though Alex had a similar mannerism and hairstyle, the vibe he gave off was completely different. The weakling in the kitchen and the dominant Mask were two distinct beings!

'I'm going insane.'

Beatrice entered the living room and was quickly roped into the house search by Claire Assex.

"Come here. I want to look for a twenty million dollar villa."

"Twenty million?! That's expensive!" Beatrice exclaimed.

"What do you know? He has that much money. If we don't use it, his mother will! That lady, Brittany Rockefeller, is crazy. Wanting to destroy the Rockefeller Group in three months? Can you believe it? Well, I don't! I'd rather use the money to buy myself a villa than let it go to waste! Ah, one with a swimming pool too... I love swimming!"

"Even though Maple Villa is a perfect choice, but... Things would get awkward if Brittany returned."



Claire was still fearful of her.

“Why don’t you get one with a ten million dollar price tag instead?” Beatrice suggested.

“No, I want a twenty million dollar villa!”

This time, the real Dorothy entered the kitchen.

“Are you sure you want to buy a villa for Mother?”

This time, Alex made sure he knew who it was before pulling her into a deep embrace.  
“Of course! Where else can you stay? Your mother doesn’t want to live in Maple Villa for sure.”

“But the money...?”

“Don’t worry about them.”

“Can you at least tell me where you’re getting the money from?”

Alex answered, "Relax, it's legitimate cash. My mother was very wealthy but only learned about it recently."

Of course, he could not say that he had scammed it off some unlucky dude. Then she would never want to use it.

"Shoo! The kitchen is not your place." Alex gently pushed her toward the door.

"Let me help you. I can wash the vegetables."

"Your hands deserve better." Alex shook his head.

"What for then?"

Alex grabbed her hand and gently kissed it.

"For my lips."

# Chapter 0420

“Okay, okay, you should go and get prepared for tomorrow. We’ll be signing a contract with Roadways and Bridges Inc. after all,” said Alex. His eyes shone with a ruthless twinkle.

‘Suffer the consequences of pissing me off, Madame Joanne.’

Dinner that night had the Assex sisters in tears. Dorothy Assex said to her mother, Claire, “Mom, this is what we call real food! The ones you cooked were inedible at best ”

Beatrice’s stomach was chock full of food as she looked silently at Alex.

After swallowing down the last piece of roasted pork in gravy, Claire licked her lips and said, “I came from a wealthy family and never had to do any household chores. Your father used to say that I should have been a hand model. Consider yourselves lucky that I even cooked for you!”

She then turned to Alex. “Jer... Alex, why don’ t you wash the dishes? Also, you’re still unemployed, right? Then it’s set. You’ll be cooking for us from now on.”

Claire returned to her true self after having a sumptuous meal.

“I’m busy, and I’ve got an appointment now. See you!”

Alex stood up and left.

“Come on, a little money, and you get all cocky and whatnot...”

Dorothy got onto her feet too. “I have work to do. I’ll be in my room.”

Claire then turned her attention to her youngest daughter.

“I have assignments to complete!” Beatrice ran up the stairs.

“Who is washing the dishes then?”

“You are! See, even if you are a hand model, your husband still left you for another woman!”

“You insolent brat...”

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Miranda called Alex at eight-thirty that night. She was finally done with work and was now back at her hotel room at The Hilton.

“What do you mean I have to treat you at the hotel?” Alex instinctively declined.

After all, a lone woman and a lone man in a hotel room did not seem too appropriate. But then again, Miranda’s illness was rather unusual and quite intimate. His treatment would be a little embarrassing, to say the least. The hotel turned out to be the perfect spot

Half an hour later, Alex arrived at the room.

After a knock, he opened the doors and saw Zendaya. Surprised, Alex looked at the room number. “Did I come to the right place?”

“Yes, you did. Come in!” Zendaya smiled.

Upon entering, he saw Miranda coming out of the bathroom with dripping wet hair. A white towel wrapped around her body, her silky long legs were exposed, much to Alex’s excitement.

Miranda greeted Alex lavishly.

'Damn, are foreign women so accessible?' he thought, as he tried to avert his eyes.

However, her attire made the treatment a little easier. The process was quite embarrassing, with Miranda rushing into the bathroom and a blushing Zendaya.

The treatment was a success, curing Miranda of her annoying illness. She promised to write a flawless article endorsing and promoting the benefits of traditional medicine.

Not wanting to stay any longer, Alex took his leave.

"It's getting late, I'm leaving too," said Zendaya.

They then left The Hilton together. Unbeknownst to them, however, a paparazzo was busy capturing photos of them walking out the hotel lobby in close proximity.

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Emma Assex sat intimately with a man over at the office of South Cali Structures. The man was Ethan Hawk, son of Thomas Hawk and owner of South Cali Structures.

Thomas was in a meeting at that time while they waited outside.

With Ethan, Emma was confident that she would seal the deal.

The more she thought of how she could finally crush Dorothy's company after the deal was secured, the more excited she became. Wanting to please Ethan as much as she could, she even placed her thigh on his lap. Right at that moment, Dorothy and Alex entered.

"Why are you here?" Emma's expression darkened.