

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 99

Waltz explained. "Frank Accardo is the CEO of Valtameri Co. in California. He's possibly the only person who is equal to my godfather in California's underworld. However, this man likes keeping a low profile, so he's a pretty mysterious guy. We once had a conflict with Valtameri Co. and was about to lose. But he backed away for no reason and this was never mentioned ever again.

"Back then, Azure lost to him." She said as she pointed to Brock.

"Oh?" Alex turned to Brock as well, tapping his fingers on the coffee table.

'If Frank Accardo really is such a powerful figure, then why would his right-hand man be working as a bodyguard for John Rockefeller? They were in no way connected to each other.

'Looks like Mom was right, John must be hiding a deep dark secret.

'Could it be related to Dad's death?' Alex thought as he glared at Brock. He just wanted to murder him right now.

He approached Brock and bent down. "Tell me, why are you working as John's bodyguard? Was John the one who killed my father back then? What role did you play in all of this?"

Brock smiled but remained silent.

Alex smirked and placed a finger between Brock's eyebrows. He was using the Soul Banishing Touch once again!

One second, two seconds... four seconds passed.

Brock had persisted for a second longer than that murderer. Just then, a stream of blood flowed out of his mouth.

Alex was alarmed and he immediately opened Brock's mouth by squeezing his lower jaw.

However, it was too late. Brock had chewed on the poison he had hidden in his teeth—he had decided to commit suicide.

“God damn it!”

This man had just poisoned himself in Alex's house. Though Alex was now a powerful figure with the skills he obtained from his ancestor and also someone Lex admired greatly, he was still nervous about having a corpse in his home.

He had never experienced anything like this before after all.

Waltz noticed him panicking. She was slightly puzzled at first, then she chuckled and cocked her head. “Are you scared?”

As one of the Three Great Chieftains of California's underworld, Waltz was not fazed by a corpse at all. It was just another ordinary day for her—they see corpses every day when dealing in the underworld anyway.

Alex's strength and mysterious method had made Waltz quite nervous around him. However, seeing him being scared of a corpse made her loosen up and relieved. “I didn't expect the almighty Mr. Rockefeller—the one who even Jarsurya groveled for—to be scared of corpses. This is hilarious.”

Alex narrowed his eyes. "This is my house. Why wouldn't it bother me that someone killed themselves here?"

Waltz took a step forward and lifted Alex's chin slightly, smiling softly. "It's not a bother. You just have to call me Big Sister and I'll take care of it for you. I promise that there wouldn't be any traces left. What do you say?"

The two were just two inches away from each other and Waltz's chest was especially close to Alex.

Alex almost couldn't resist from locking her in his embrace.

'Could this be revenge for having her call me Big Brother?'

Just then, Alex slapped Waltz's behind.

Waltz was startled and took a few steps back. Her cheeks were flushed. "You...you slapped me again?"

Alex huffed. "I'm reminding you that you're here to work as my servant under your godfather's orders. If you don't want to, I could always have him send someone else."

Waltz was slightly annoyed. "What? Did you just call me your servant?"

Alex replied, "Do you think just anyone can be my servant? You're lucky to be chosen so be grateful for this opportunity."