

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 10

Of course, Spark would never admit that what he had given was just a fake necklace that was only worth two thousand dollars.

If he admitted it, wouldn't it be such a waste of his previous efforts?

He stood up abruptly, pointed at Cassandra, and said, "I don't know what is the relationship between you and that garbage Alex, for you to stand up for him, who are you to doubt the jewelry I gave? Do you know who I am?"

Cassandra sneered and said, "Of course I know who you are. You are a spoiled brat trying to take away Alex's family property. Frankly, everything you have now belongs to Lady Dorothy. You snatched her wealth and now give her a piece of fake jewelry to get her body, you are so shameless."

Now that she believed in Alex Rockefeller.

She even addressed him as father so naturally she would stand up for him.

Spark coldly snorted. "You kept saying that you sold the Love in a Fallen City necklace, then who did you sell it to?"

Cassandra answered, "It's..."

As she was about to tell them that it was Alex, she suddenly remembered his warning. His identity couldn't be revealed so she kept her mouth shut.

"Why should I tell you?"

Spark was furious.

He slammed the table, which shook the water in the glass. He looked at Madame Claire and said, "Madame Claire, I don't understand the relationship between you and her. She came here to maliciously fabricate information and slander me. If that's the case, I take it as I overreacted, but I can do nothing to help if Thousand Miles Conglomerate comes after you."

Cassandra scoffed. "I can guarantee you that Thousand Miles Conglomerate will never come after the Assex family..."

Before she continued...

Madame Claire picked up her glass and splashed the red wine on Cassandra's face.

She scolded, "You there, what benefit did that trash Alex gave you to destroy Dorothy and Spark's wonderful marriage? Get out of here! Don't you dare to come to the Assex family again!"

Then, she quickly said to Spark, "My dear son-in-law, calm down, she is a mad woman, she doesn't mind her manners, she doesn't even know a single thing about the thirty million dollars worth of jewelry! The jewelry you bought is the genuine one. "

Cassandra was thoroughly wet and embarrassed.

She looked at Lady Dorothy and suddenly laughed.

"Dorothy, you will regret divorcing Alex."

She shook her head and said.

Lady Dorothy quickly stood up and apologized.

But Madame Claire yelled, “Regret my ass! Are you jealous of Dorothy, who will soon become the young lady of Rockefeller Group, but you, no one wants you yet?”

“Get lost! I’ll beat you up if I see you again!”

Cassandra suddenly sympathized with Alex.

Madame Claire was such a money-minded fool. A mother who was willing to sell her daughter. But the funny part was, she too made fun of Alex.

Madame Claire was a case of greed gone too far. She was beyond saving.

...

Hell’s Angels.

Located on the most valuable land in the central city of California, it occupied an area of one hectare. It was the legendary largest and top-notch clubhouse in California.

Normally, it was only open to the executives of Thousand Miles Conglomerate.

Otherwise, those who can enter the clubhouse were big shots.

Alex took a taxi and told the driver to go to Hell's Angels, the driver looked at him in disbelief.

He wanted to ask why he was going to Hell's Angels?

However, out of fear, he didn't ask a thing.

Throughout the journey, he kept quiet.

He even turned off the radio.

Alex held the wedding ring while sulking. He didn't bother about the driver's expression.

"Spark Rockefeller, you are so despicable and shameless, I will let you taste your own medicine.

"I will use the power of Thousand Miles Conglomerate to pin you to death.

"But that would be too boring! Let's have some fun and see what kind of tricks you can play!

"And you, Madame Claire, I will show you that Spark Rockefeller you're flattering is worth nothing to me!"

Come to think about it, he had figured it out.

Alex opened his eyes; it was filled with resolute and confidence.

He had this capital now.

Soon after, they arrived at Hell's Angels.

After getting out of the car, Alex held his head up high and walked towards the door...

"Stop!"

"Unauthorized personnel cannot enter Hell's Angels!"

A powerful and fierce voice shouted towards him.

Alex startled, and thought, 'It's not easy to enter the Hell's Angels, a single bellboy has such vigor.'

Legend had it that there are many masters, mercenaries, martial arts masters in Thousand Miles Conglomerate...

Was he one of those?

However, he was the real boss of Thousand Miles Conglomerate.

No matter what type of master he was, he still worked for him.

He stayed calm, and said gently, "I'm not an unauthorized person, I'm looking for Lord Lex Gunther!"

The bellboy was enraged. "Outrageous, who are you to address Master Lex by his name! Kneel and apologize!"

Alex frowned. "I'm looking for Lord Lex Gunther. He invited me here. Trust me. Go in and tell him that Rockefeller is here."

At this moment, a young man in a suit walked in arrogantly while whistling. He saw Alex being blocked at the door and said with a smile, "Oh, who is this? Isn't it the worst cuckold in California? Having a wife who doesn't allow her husband to touch her. An abandoned son of the Rockefellers."

Alex looked at him and did not recognize him at all.

He said coldly, "Who are you? Who are you to judge me?"

"D*mn!"

The man scoffed. "You still have a temper! I hear that your wife is going to divorce you. Tsk tsk tsk. Your wife, Lady Dorothy is a real beauty. But are you happy after your wife remarried? Or unhappy?"

Alex looked at him coldly. "Tell me who you are!"

The young man laughed. "Hahaha, what about it? Do you want to take revenge on me? I'm so scared!"

He sarcastically said, "Listen well, I am Gaston Gates! I am the person your wife offended at the reception a few days ago! How about it, are you angry? Flipping out for your confidence! Pity you, a cuckold, worthless to carry my shoes. Forget it, I don't want to fight with you."

Turns out, that was the Sir Gaston Gates.

This person was not a big shot, just a nephew of an executive in a subsidiary of Thousand Miles Conglomerate.

Therefore, Lord Lex Gunther couldn't recognize him at all.

It took a long time to look for this person.

Then, Lord Lex Gunther called Alex up to Hell's Angels.

What's funnier, Sir Gaston Gates had thought Lord Lex Gunther had called him up to the Hell's Angels for some good deed. He jeered at Alex.

Alex sneered, "So it's you! Any last words?"

Gaston Gates was furious. "You fool, last word for whom? Believe it or not, I won't let you die peacefully!"

Alex shook his head. "I don't believe it!"

This was Hell's Angels, his playground. He believed that he could give him a lesson.

At this moment there was another voice, "I don't believe it either!"

Gaston Gates was furious. "Which fool is saying he doesn't believe it?"

He turned his head.

He saw who was talking and he was stunned.

“Master Lex... Gunther?”