

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 1121

Hubert Gordon was stunned. “Have you met Master Rockefeller before?”

Thea Stone also looked over in surprise.

Alex hurriedly squeezed Cheryl’s hand, exerting some force.

He didn’t want Hubert to know that he was the one who had killed the great elder of the Coleman family, which had allowed the Stoermer family to knock out half of the Coleman family, causing serious damage to the economy that was affecting the Gordon family right now.

Cheryl was so angry at how arrogant Hubert was being and how he looked down on everyone like he was so extremely superior compared to them. When Alex reminded her, she calmly said, “So what if I’ve met him? So what if I haven’t? Does it make you any more superior if you’ve met him before?”

“Hmmp, what are you bragging about if you hadn’t met him before, then?! Country bumpkin!” Thea said contemptuously.

“If you have the ability, then don’t fly on the same plane as us, country bumpkins! Since you have such a high status, go and buy a private jet of your own! What kind of pretense do you think you’re putting up?”

Cheryl had never been so angry in her life, and they pissed her off.

“You...”

“Enough, shut your mouth!” Hubert glared at Thea. “Back down, and stop causing such a fuss. Otherwise, don’t even say you know me in the future.”

Hubert’s warning was very effective.

Thea wasn't any second gen of a rich family or anything. For her to have won over Hubert, she had used all sorts of methods and ways to get Hubert as her long term meal ticket, and she couldn't just casually toss this aside. So, when Hubert said to stop, she did. She turned her head away and closed her eyes, pretending to sleep.

"Dear passengers, the flight is about to take off..."

The flight attendant's announcement began, and soon, the airplane began its course on the runway and took off.

The instant the airplane took off from the ground, the strong feeling of being pushed backward and the feeling of weightlessness saw Cheryl grabbing Alex's hand as she whispered, "This is my first time on a plane. I'm so nervous."

Alex grasped her hand firmly. "Don't be afraid. I'm here."

"Okay!"

Cheryl leaned closer to Alex, snuggling up against him.

Alex didn't want to talk anymore to Hubert and Thea, who were in the front seat. Especially Thea, because she was like a mad dog who had bitten down on him and refused to let go!

In fact, he didn't know that Thea's confession toward him was not completely false as she had claimed it to be. It was somewhat true, and if he had agreed to it, it would have been great for her. If he didn't, she still had a way out of an embarrassing situation.

However, when Alex had rejected her outright without giving her any face at all as though she was just a pile of rubbish, she could not lift her head in the presence of her roommates who lived in the same dormitory as her.

That was why she held a strong grudge against him, and also the reason that even after she left California, she still paid a lot of attention to Alex's life. So she knew when his family had an accident and had gloated about his misfortune after he moved in with his wife's family after that.

Unconsciously, Alex fell asleep. Without knowing how much time had passed, he was awakened by a quarrel. He opened his eyes and found that the noise was coming from the seat in front.

It seemed like the woman who was sitting in front of Thea had slapped her.

"What's going on? What happened?" Cheryl woke up too and blinked drowsily.

Alex shrugged. Thea had been beaten up, and he was happy to just watch the show in front of him without feeling the slightest hint of sympathy. After listening for a while, it seemed that Thea had taken off her shoes and had raised her feet high, resting them between the chairs in front of her. In the end, the woman in front probably fell asleep, and her face fell onto Thea's stinky feet when the woman's head tilted to the side.

When the woman woke up, she burst into a fit of anger.

Cheryl shook her head. "That girl has no basic manners at all, and she claims to be some high-class person. Not a single hint of morality in her at all. She deserves to be beaten."

Alex shrugged once again.

His attention was on the woman who had slapped Thea. She was young and looked to be about the same age as him, about twenty four or twenty five years old. She was quite beautiful. However, what surprised him was the fact that she was an advanced Mystic rank warrior.