

## The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 124

It happened so quickly, and a crisp sound could be heard.

Just as the Yowell's thought that even if Alex Rockefeller didn't die, that he might lose a limb, Alex suddenly extended a hand and pinched Liam Yowell's sword with two fingers.

The sword stopped ten centimeters away from Alex.

"What?"

"Did he actually use two fingers to stop the sword?!"

"That's terrifying. Who the hell is this man?"

The entire Yowell family was dumbfounded.

Michelle Yowell's eyes nearly popped out of her head. She knew that Liam was very close to achieving Mystic-rank. The might of his sword was much greater than Colin Yowell's hammer. Could this man going by the name of Rockefeller be a Mystic-rank martial artist?

Wasn't he a little too young?

Even if he started training in his mother's womb, he couldn't possibly be this strong.

"I told you. You can't beat me," Alex said blandly before snatching the sword and stabbing it into solid rock.

He made it seem as if he was slicing through butter.

“Liam, get out of the way. Let me fight him!” Keith yelled loudly as he made his way forward.

“Stop, Mr. Yowell! If you go over the limit today, you’ll lose your life!” James Coney quickly stepped forward to stop the fight.

Dr. Cheryl, on the other hand, rushed over to Alex. “Alex, are you okay? You scared me. Does your hand hurt?” she asked worriedly before grabbing his hand and examining it.

“Dr. Cheryl, why are you here?” Alex chuckled, acting as if he had just finished a round of badminton. However, he soon noticed tears in Dr. Cheryl’s eyes.

She was in so much anxiety that she started crying.

Meanwhile, Keith Yowell looked at James with surprise before turning to face Dr. Cheryl and Alex. “Dr. Coney, you know him?” Keith asked.

James was not aware if there was any bad blood between Alex and the Yowell family. But he subconsciously felt that Alex couldn’t possibly defeat the Yowells. If things turned for the worse, Alex would only be the losing party.

“Mr. Yowell, this is the legendary doctor I mentioned earlier, Alex... To be precise, he’s my teacher,” James hurriedly said.

During such times, James needed to make Alex sound slightly commendable.

James wasn't exactly lying. Alex had taught him the Thirteen Acupuncture of Hell. To a certain degree, Alex really was his teacher.

As soon as James said this, the Yowells gasped in shock.

James was nearly eighty years old. His teacher would have probably been at least over a hundred now. Could this young man before them actually be over a hundred years old?

"James, are you lying to me?" Keith asked, his tone hostile.

"Of course not. Mr. Rockefeller really did teach me medical skills. I respect him as my teacher. And yes, that's true. Mr. Yowell, if anyone was to help you recover, it's Mr. Rockefeller," James replied calmly.

The Yowell family members were all stunned.

Michelle's eyes were wide open in disbelief. "Does he have medical skills? I'm the first person to doubt that. This fellow is full of nonsense. He even said I'm sick and that I wouldn't live past this year!"

"What?" Keith's facial expression changed. He loved Michelle the most. "What proof do you have?" Keith asked.

"Do I need to provide you with proof? I'm not here to check your health. I'm here to get my money back. But what surprises me most is that all of you from the Yowell family are going to lead short lives. Old man, you only have three days left," Alex replied with a nonchalant gaze.