

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 132

Nicholas clinged to the woman's legs. "Charis, money isn't everything! What's important is the love we have! There's no one else on this earth who loves you more than I do!"

The woman replied, "Bullsh*t! I don't care about your love, it's worthless!"

Just then, a BMW 520 stopped in front of them. A young man poked his head out of the car window.

The woman smiled brightly. "Hey babe, you're finally here! I'll get in the car in a bit, hold on."

She then kicked Nicholas over and over again. "Let go of me! Just let go of me! My boyfriend is here to pick me up, can't you see? Now, this is a man who's in my league. He wears Armani and he drives a BMW too! Unlike you, he doesn't drive a secondhand Volkswagen! I don't need garbage like that!"

The man in the BMW seemed to know Nicholas as well and proceeded to mock him. "Nicholas, Charis is mine now. If you don't let go of her this instant, I'll make your life a living hell. F*ck, you don't deserve to have a girlfriend, you impoverished fool." Comment by Melisa Chan: changed this from mere meager as meager is an adjective, not a noun...

Charis huffed cockily. She kicked him hard on his thighs with her heels because she despised him.

Suddenly, a cold voice spoke up. "Huh, how boring. Driving a mere 520 and acting as if you own the world. You're nothing but an impoverished fool in others' eyes too, you know?"

"Who, who was that?" Charis yelled, she wanted to defend her boyfriend.

But when she realized that it was Alex, her attitude immediately switched up. “Oh, I was wondering who it was. So it’s you, Alex, the poor loser who lives off his wife. Both you and Nicholas are just a pair of poor *sshats.”

Alex and Charis knew each other as well—they used to study in the same high school.

The man asked Charis, “Who the hell is this guy?”

Charis huffed again. “Alex Rockefeller, the son of the previous CEO of Rockefeller Group. But he’s just a loser now. He slaves away in Assex Villa taking care of every little thing for the three women who live there.

“Alex, you have to get your facts right. You’re no longer that almighty young lord of the Rockefeller. You’re just a loser who had been kicked out by his own family. How dare you say that this BMW 520 is boring? Can you even afford it? If you could, then get one! If you really could get one for yourself, I’ll swallow this rock whole right now!” Charis said as she kicked a stone that was as big as a fist.

Alex scoffed. “I’m not interested in that car model.”

The man had got out of his car as well. He smirked smugly and said, “You’re not interested? So you’re saying that you could afford a better model? Show us then!”

He then noticed the BMW M8 that was parked at the side and chuckled. “This BMW M8 is more expensive than mine, are you interested then? Is it yours? Gosh, you’re scaring me!”

Charis chimed in. “This car is worth two million dollars. If you really can afford this model, then pigs would be able to fly.”

Just then, the white BMW M8 beeped and was unlocked. Alex was holding a beautifully crafted pair of M8 car keys.

"I'm sorry, this is indeed mine.

"Eat up then. If you can't swallow it, I'll crush it into pieces for you."

Charis and her boyfriend were stunned. Their mouths were so wide open, it was as if they could fit a whole lightbulb in their mouths.

After a brief pause, Charis yelled angrily, "Who knows if this car is really yours? You could be just working as a valet here, or you have just borrowed this from someone! Do you really think I'm that much of an idiot?"

The man seemed cocky as well. "Yeah, you have guts to make a bluff with someone else's car like that. You might as well say that you're the president of the country!"

Suddenly, the vice president of the bank, Lavender approached them.

"What's wrong, Mr. Rockefeller? May I help you?" She asked. She then noticed the man and immediately switched up her attitude. Lavender scolded, "Cedar Davis! What are you doing here? Who gave you the permission to drive my car?"