

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 140

She was wearing an expensive Chanel outfit, paired with an LV purse as well. She looked just like any other rich lady. She was clinging to a man, though the man was no longer the one he saw the last time. Instead, this time he was a greasy old man in his 40s.

However, this was quite normal for Chloe—she could move on from one man to another with great speed.

Just then, Chloe noticed Alex as well.

Startled, she immediately put on a smug face and glared at him angrily.

She had been slapped multiple times back in L.G. Balfour and put the blame on Alex completely. She later heard that Alex was only able to buy jewellery due to Thousand Miles Conglomerate owing a favor to his father. He was still the loser that relied on the Assexes after all.

Why would she be scared of him now, then?

She immediately said out loud, “Alex, why are you here? You useless loser of a sissy! Are you trying to get yourself a cheap deal? Can you even afford them?”

Alex was expressionless. “What concern is that to you?”

Chloe replied, “Of course it concerns me. This is a high class place. You rely on your wife completely to survive so you’re nothing but a useless loser! Your presence alone brings us down. You don’t have the right to be here.”

Chloe's voice was extremely loud and high-pitched. Everyone started staring at Alex, gossiping softly...

"This man looks quite average but I didn't expect him to have to rely on his wife. I guess this is what people mean by 'don't judge a book by its cover'."

"Young people nowadays are just so lazy. All they want is a meteoric rise, yet all they do is cut corners and rely on others."

The man next to Chloe spoke up, "Honey, who is this man? Who is he to you?"

Chloe decided not to mention that Alex broke up with her in university. If she were to reveal that, she would be admitting that Alex wasn't interested in her. That would just be extremely humiliating.

Instead, she said, "This bastard threw a tantrum in the hospital. He didn't have the money to pay for hospital bills, yet he resorted to violence to get what he wanted! He even slapped me!"

'What? Tantrum?'

This was not looking good.

Everyone despised people who threw tantrums in hospitals. They started glaring at Alex. Chloe's greasy husband huffed as well. "Honey, just you wait. I'll get revenge for you."

He looked as if he was of high status and cockily walked up to the boss of the store. "Sir, I'm the manager of Thousand Miles Conglomerate, Ryan Hunter. This person is nothing but a lowly pest who brings harm to our society. Could you please kick him out?"

As a member of Thousand Miles Conglomerate, Ryan was aware of how powerful his title was in California.

The boss of the store, along with everyone else started paying their respects to Ryan, trying to get on his good side.

Chloe loved this feeling of superiority.

This was exactly how she wanted her man to be, someone who was idolised by many.

The boss replied, "Ah, Mr. Hunter. That won't be a problem. Men, kick this ugly pest out of the store. If he dares to defy us, break his legs."

The boss of the stone gambling store was fairly rich. Everything in his store was worth hundreds of millions, hence he had hired quite a few bodyguards as well. All of them were great fighters, and some had even served in the military.

The bodyguards approached Alex, looking as if they were going to lift him up and throw him out of the store. Waltz, who had walked away for a brief while, immediately blocked their path as she protected him with her body.

"He's with me!

"Now let's see who would dare lay a finger on him?"

She was infuriated.

'How dare these people treat Alex like this? Both Godfather and Jarsurya worshipped him! I'm willing to be his special slave too. How dare they bully him like this, threatening to throw him out?'

Chloe noticed Waltz's red dress, visibly envious.

She would love to wear such dresses as well, but she didn't have the body for it.

"Yo, loser! So you've switched women. Could it be that your wife kicked you out of the house? You probably couldn't bear slaving away for the Assexes, huh? Well, good for you! You found yourself another to rely on! What does she do, huh? Does she work in a nightclub? Tsk tsk tsk, so you rely on women, and this one earns a living by pleasing men. You guys are the OTP!"