

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 362

Waltz's eyes were extremely seductive, they were getting wet.

Smack!

However, Alex just couldn't bring himself to make a move on her. All he did was pin her down and slap her hard on her behind as he said, "Show me the full set of your cultivation method, let me take a clear look."

Ten minutes later, Alex nodded and said, "I'll revise it tonight and hand it to you tomorrow."

"That's great! I'll go to the mall later and get you like, ten sets of clothes at my home!"

"Oh, do you know my size?"

Waltz took a glance at his lower half and gestured it with her slender fingers.

'What the f*ck!'

Since Waltz had something to tend to in the afternoon, she rushed off to Thousand Miles Conglomerate.

Alex, on the other hand, went back to Maple Villa. He had made a plan to increase his abilities in a shorter time... Without the help of the divine energy from his ancestor, he could only rely on himself.

First, he needed more pills. Second, he needed more essence of heaven and earth, just like those in the jade unicorn sculpture back then. However, both of these required lots of money to obtain them. Hence, the most important thing he had to do now was to earn more money!

Suddenly, he received a call from Michelle Yowell.

“Alex, your car has been fixed.” On the other end of the phone, she said, “I’ll drive it over to you!”

“There’s no need to rush,” Alex replied.

“It is a rush though, how could it not be? My house doesn’t have a parking spot for your car. Send me your address, come on!”

Alex was speechless. How could there be no parking spot at the grand Yowell Manor? However, he was able to tell that the little devil, who seemed to be quite anxious, tried to look for an excuse to come over to his place. “Just be honest, what’s the matter with you?”

“Uhm, nothing. Oh right, didn’t you ask for Priscilla Paytas’s blood? I’ve got it. Do you still want it? If not, I’ll just throw it away.”

“Of course I do. I’m at Maple Villa 8, you can come over now.”

“Alright!”

At the time, the Yowells were meeting guests at their manor. The guests were Michelle’s fiancé, Scott Pattingson from the Pattingson family, along with a long-haired young man who came with Scott, Evan Laws.

Michelle used to admire Scott when she was still a little girl. She felt he was a marvelous person as he was skilled at piano, chess, painting and calligraphy. More importantly, he was very skilled in martial arts. The pride in his eyes was fitting for Prince Charming. However, seeing him three years later, she suddenly couldn't stand his arrogant behavior anymore, she was now disgusted by it. In contrast, she admired heroes who kept a low profile even more, for instance, Alex.

Keith, Colin and a few other core members of the Yowells were accompanying Scott and talking about Mask, who was trending at the time.

Colin turned to Scott. "Scott, what do you think about Mask's skills?"

Scott gently huffed. "Petty techniques and unrefined skills."

Colin continued, "But from what I've seen, he must have the strength of a thousand men for being able to lift up such a heavy metal rack at his will. He might be even stronger. He should be quite skilled, right? Based on my preliminary judgment, he's at least a Mystic ranked fighter."

Scott cackled as his gaze turned sharp. "Brother-in-law, do you really think it's that easy to be at Mystic rank? Look at this man, he's not fighting with any elegance or skill, it was a real mess. All he had was his inborn strength, he used the metal rack to his advantage to fight off his opponents. Mystic ranked fighters would have killed those assassins in minutes!"

Evan chimed in. "Our boss is an Intermediate-Mystic ranked fighter himself you know!"

"What? Scott, you're at Intermediate-Mystic rank already? That's amazing!" Keith was shocked at the time because he was still a Beginner-Mystic ranked fighter himself. If it weren't for Alex revising the cultivation method of Slunce Jauda and healing his sickness to prolong his life, he wouldn't have been able lived till now.

Scott smiled gently. He seemed humble, yet he was actually showing off. "It's not a big deal really. Intermediate-Mystic rank is just a small accomplishment. My goal is to become an Earth ranked fighter within two years' time."

Michelle, who came over after the call, overheard Scott's words. In that instant, she despised Scott even more. 'Reaching Earth rank in two years' time? Do you really think you're some rocket ship? How many fighters in America could have reached Earth rank now?'

She then spoke in a crisp voice, "Grandpa, Alex needs me for something urgent. I'm heading off now! Bye Scott!"