

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 386

When Alex Rockefeller noticed Cheryl Coney's behavior, he stopped talking and continued eating.

Very soon, someone kicked the door open forcefully. Four strong-looking men barged through the door. They were martial artists.

However, they had very average levels of cultivation. They started shouting as they entered the room.

One of them pointed at Zendaya. "Piece of sh*t. You were offered a chance to get to know Mr. Accardo, and that would've been a huge favor for you. But you dared to turn it down. Who do you think you are? Some crappy celebrity, that's what. To Mr. Accardo, you're no different from a struggling model," he said crudely.

"Let's cut the crap. We'll just grab her and bring her over. Break the guy's legs and bring the rest of the women over. Looks like there are two more pretty girls.

This is going to be fun," another man added.

Zendaya and the other ladies remained silent.

Once she knew that Alex was Mask, Cheryl was no longer afraid.

Alex spat out a piece of fish bone and stood up. "Are you the only people they sent? None of you are powerful enough to make Zendaya meet that idiot, Mr. Accardo. Go back and bring someone more powerful."

"D*mn. Who the hell are you?"

Alex didn't answer him.

Instead, with the hilt of the fork and spoon in each of his hands, he stabbed each of their thighs at an incredibly high speed. After that, Alex waved his hand.

The four brawny men were sent flying out of the room.

"Let's continue eating!" Alex said.

Zendaya's beautiful eyes were not fazed. She had seen people being taught lessons like this very frequently. The thing was, very few people knew her true identity. If the young president of Valtameri Co. knew that she was Zendaya and also the third daughter of Michigan's Stoermer's family, he probably wouldn't have had the courage to ask her to meet him.

"I'll drink to you!" Zendaya raised her glass.

"Thank you." Alex raised his glass in return.

Miranda Finn's eyes were glowing. She couldn't contain her excitement. "Daddy, I want to learn martial arts from you," she said.

Alex spurred out the alcohol he just drank all over Miranda's face.

"Oh my god! You got it all over my face." Miranda's expression froze.

It was quite a sight.

Alex had only sprayed alcohol on her face, nothing else. However, the alcohol had also got to quite a lot of the food on the table too. They probably couldn't eat the food anymore.

Next door, four martial artists limped their way back to the room with their thighs still bleeding. There were eight people in the room and a young man sat at the head of the table. He was dressed in an expensive-looking attire with an arrogant look on his face.

He was the young president of Valtameri Co. and the son of Frank Accardo, Heath Accardo.

A lady sat very intimately next to him. If Alex saw her, he would be surprised. That's because this woman was his ex-girlfriend, Chloe Marionette.

Some time ago, she had contracted syphilis. Unexpectedly, she managed to get close to Heath.

"Where is she?" Heath asked.

Heath frowned when he saw the state his four bodyguards were in.

"Mr. Accardo, apologies for our incompetency!"

"Rubbish. You can't even bring me a woman. What's the point of keeping you around?" Heath threw a bottle of alcohol at them. All four of them didn't even dare to dodge it.

"Mr. Accardo, take it easy. Getting angry hurts your body," Chloe said as she brought a glass of alcohol to Heath's mouth provocatively.

Heath hugged her at once and kissed her on the mouth. At that moment, a man stood up. He had a very special aura about him. "Heath, let me bring her to you !"

Heath smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Kitagawa," he said.