

# The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 417

“Impossible!

“How did he do it?”

Emma Assex cried out in surprise, unable to accept what had happened. This was never supposed to happen! Things should have turned out the other way!

Alex Rockefeller knocked out the groaning bodyguard with a kick and looked at Emma condescendingly with a smirk on his face.

“So these are the strong and powerful fighters you hired? Gosh, are you sure they’re not from the film studio? I wonder if the Assexes are too strapped for cash to hire actual fighters after losing the opportunity to work with Waylon Realty?”

He was humorous, assertive, and dominant.

Madame Joanne and the rest watched on in fear.

Beatrice Assex was shaken up, though she started to think that Alex looked like Mask, her secret lover.

‘No, no, it can’t be! Mask is from the authorities. It can’t be him!’ she shook her head.

“Outrageous!”

Madame Joanne trembled in anger. After spending so much money hiring the fighters, they turned out to be complete weaklings. She glared at Anderson Assex, since he was the one responsible for getting these people. Obviously, he had been duped.

“You think you’re so great, aren’t you? Hit me then! Beat me tip!” she screamed.

Alex shook his head. “You have lived a long life, madam, why can’t you understand? They are your family. How could you do this?”

Madame Joanne angrily retorted, “Who are you to speak? They seized the Assex Construction City’s South Subsidiary Company, ended our business relationship with Waylon Realty, and threatened to purchase our goods for dirt cheap! You and that nasty wife of yours are to blame!”

Alex shook his head again. He knew that there was nothing he could do. The old lady had been as unfair and biased as she could get, never once thinking about how badly they treated Dorothy and her family!

“Get out! This is our property, not yours!” Anderson yelled.

“This is my house!” Claire Assex wasn’t going down without a fight. “I got this for my wedding, and nobody else can take it away from me!”

Madame Joanne snickered. “I bought the property years ago before my son’s marriage. You do not own a single brick of the house. Claire Assex, you greedy tramp! You were the one behind his death, and now you are coming for his wealth? Not on my watch!”

Dorothy Assex interjected, “Grandmother, you can’t possibly be so unreasonable! Mom is the victim here!”

“She is not! If she did not get into a fight with him, why would he run to the desert, huh? She started it all.”

Outraged, Claire jumped up and shouted right at Madam Joanne's face, "It's always your son! Why didn't you say anything about him having affairs and cheating on me? If he hadn't cheated just for me to catch him in the act, do you think the fight would've happened? Do you remember what you said? 'It is a man's nature to cheat. You should let it slide.' How can I accept such nonsense?!"

Alex finally understood why Madame Joanne hated Claire and her daughters.

The old lady blamed her son's death on her daughter-in-law and extended the hatred to Dorothy and Beatrice.

"I came here to give you my last warning. Three days, you have three days to leave this house. Otherwise..." Madame Joanne never planned to be reasonable right from the start.

Alex smiled. "This house is not that valuable anyway. I wonder why you have to be so ruthless and cruel? Don't you want Assex Construction?"

Emma snickered. "So you think you can bring us down just by the little tricks you have in your sleeves? Keep dreaming then! We will destroy you soon."

"Who says you can leave?" Alex said calmly.

Alexander was furious. "What more do you want?"

"You hit my mother-in-law. I'll give you two choices. One, get down on your knees and let her hit you back. Two, I break your legs and let her hit you back. So, which is your choice?"

"How dare you?"

“Why wouldn’t I?”