

# The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 52

“Princess Fleur? I do not know of any dumb princess here. Get out of my way!” Alex Rockefeller snorted.

The bald guy became livid. “You insulted Princess Fleur!”

To which Alex smiled, “Who knows, that bitch of a princess? Why is she looking for me? Perhaps she is an escort at the club? Sorry, I am not interested.”

“Get him, brothers!”

Alex let out a curse and channeled his inner energy. The next second he was right in front of the bald guy.

Smack!

He slapped him, right across the face, with full force.

The bald guy did not expect Alex to take the offense and attack him first. He did not have time to react and was instantly on the floor, hacking out a few bloody teeth. His face had blown up, swollen like a pufferfish.

After putting one down, Alex did not wait. Instead, he charged toward the next person.

“Argh!”

“Get our weapons! Surround him!”

A few went back to their cars and got batons, sticks, and blades. Upon their return, however, a few of their comrades were lying on the floor, grabbing their legs and moaning in pain.

Their legs had been broken.

“Argh!”

One charged at Alex and hit his shoulder with a big club.

Yet, Alex did not even flinch. He grabbed onto the club and turned it on its owner, driving it straight down on his head.

A cracked skull now added to Alex’s long list of injuries.

He had been holding back half of his power, but it still felt too heavy-handed. The Force changed him completely, with his speed and strength increasing exponentially nowadays.

Whoosh!

A machete sliced through the air.

It was then when Alex realized that he could clearly see the machete in motion and the trajectory it took.

He struck the blade hard with the club in his hand.

Clank!

The machete flew away, embedding itself deep into the M8's window.

Meanwhile, Alex grabbed hold of the man's head and ran full speed toward the hood of another car.

Bam!

The man did not even get to scream in pain as he was brutally knocked out by Alex, who smacked his head flat out onto the hood of the car.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye.

These people exuded a murderous aura and were no stranger to brawls, skirmishes, blood, and gore. They did not expect things to turn out like this. Facing Alex, they were nothing but little mushrooms, harmless and defenseless.

Swinging the club, Alex, once again, rushed toward his attackers.

"Hold on, let us talk!" Someone swung his machete around and said.

Clank!

Alex parried his machete away, bringing down the club onto his leg, and breaking it. "We will talk after we fight."

Another leg was broken.

“Thrashing my new car, eh? Who do you think you are?!” roared Alex.

And another.

“Is this how you send an invitation?”

Crack!

Everyone else couldn't escape fate either as their legs too were shattered by Alex.

Finally, he approached the bald guy, the only one who hadn't injured his legs yet.

The bat was rather sturdy and remained unbroken after shattering many legs.

Alex rested the club on the bald guy's belly and snickered, “Well, well. I suppose the invitation did not work on me, eh? Tell me, why is this escort looking for me?”

The bald guy stole a glimpse at the club, afraid that a slight motion from Alex would mean the end of him. He hurriedly replied, “Scarface. You broke his leg. He is Princess Fleur's subordinate, and we were ordered to come and get you.”

“Oh, Scarface? I thought it was someone else.” Alex raised the club and jammed it downward, hard.

“Argh!”

The bald guy shrieked in extreme pain.

“What the heck are you yelling for? I did not hit you,” Alex retorted.

Two-thirds of the club were embedded deep into the concrete road between his thighs.

The bald guy looked on in horror.

Scarface messed with the wrong person this time. Not even Princess Fleur could take him down!