

# The Pinnacle of Life –

## Chapter 0521

John just wanted to survive. He had thought this through. Even though his son had died, he could always give birth to another one. Even if Olivia couldn't bear another child, he could find another woman who would do so. Moreover, it wouldn't be a problem for him to get another seven or eight sons.

'I'm rich, what problem is there?'

He immediately said, "It's a secret about your father's identity. Do you want to know that? Your father may be dead, but wouldn't you want to know anything about your bloodline? Your ancestors? Do you not want to find your actual grandparents?"

Both Alex and Brittany really wanted to.

"Speak."

John shook his head. "Brittany, I've thought this through. If you let me go this time, I won't cause you any trouble from now on. Who cares if Spark died? He asked for it. But you have to let me live after I tell you William's secret. No more grudges or anything like that, alright?"

Brittany looked towards Alex, letting him decide.

Alex nodded. "Sure, we'll let you live. As long as you tell us every single thing about my father that you know."

John said, "I need you to swear on your life."

Alex's gaze was cold. "Alright then. I, Alex Rockefeller, hereby swear that I will let John Rockefeller live as long as he tells me everything he knows about my father, William Rockefeller. I swear to not break any of his bones as well. If I were to go against my words, I would be damned to hell!"

"There, I did it, can you tell me now?"

Brittany was enraged. "John, if you keep wasting our time, I will kill you even if I won't ever get to know William's identity!"

'William is dead anyway.'

'He himself didn't even know who his actual parents were. So what if we find them? What can we do?'

Hence, she was upset that Alex decided to swear on his life. However, she had no idea how much Alex wanted to know his father's identity. This was because the Ultimate Book of Medicine was a gift from his ancestor. Alex deeply believed that his ancestors would not be mistaken as to who their descendants were.

"Okay! Okay, I'll tell you now." John immediately said. He knew that Brittany would not joke about such a thing.

"My father wasn't the one who adopted William from the streets. Someone had sent William to our house and asked my father to raise him."

Alex narrowed his eyes. "Who was that?"

John shook his head. "I don't know the details. But I heard from my father that that person had saved his life before! Back then, the person said they'd leave your father here and come back for him ten years later. They even left us a large amount of money along with a jade pendant. Yet decades passed and the person never showed up, as if they just vanished!"

Upon listening to this, Alex and Brittany looked towards each other.

‘Something like that actually happened?’

Brittany huffed. “Your father hid this so well for decades. But now both him and William had died, yet he didn’t tell us anything about this at all, bringing it with him to the grave! We probably wouldn’t get this out of you if you didn’t want to survive, huh?”

Alex asked, “Where’s that pendant?”

John replied, “In your father’s urn.”

“What?”

“That pendant didn’t look valuable, it was probably just some identification tool. Since your father died, it’s basically useless. That’s why we put it in his urn and buried it along with him.”

“And?”

“That’s it, I’ve told you everything. That’s all I know about your father, that’s the secret.” John turned to Alex, slightly confused as to why his hair was gray. Alex looked even older than he was, but that wasn’t important to John.

“Can I go now? You swore on your life.”

Alex didn’t say anything.

Waltz stood forward. “You almost killed me, John Rockefeller. You even made my brother age thirty years in a day! He can spare you, but I won’t.”

“What?”

John froze, he was enraged. “Alex, she’s your woman, so what’s the difference if she were to kill me? Are you really going against your words? Do you really want to be damned to hell?”

Maya smiled. “Only little kids would believe such promises. Are you a little kid?”

Alex spoke up. “You’re right, such a promise is no other than emotional manipulation. Although I think it’s nothing, I’m willing to keep it. I’ll let you live, and I won’t break any of your bones.”