

# The Pinnacle of Life –

## Chapter 0525

‘Holy sh\*t!’

Alex was so shocked that he felt as if his brain was about to explode and his scalp went numb. If he wasn’t mistaken, this would be the ashes of a pig.

For the past six months, he had been crying in front of his father’s grave when he had nowhere else to express his sadness.

He had been here at least six times.

‘So I have been talking to a damn pig? What the hell? But the real question is, why was a pig’s ashes placed into the urn?’

‘Where did my father’s ashes go? Were they swapped?’

‘Could it be that... There weren’t any ashes in the first place?’

Alex was surprised by his own assumptions.

‘Is my father... Not dead?’

He then shook this thought off. Last October, he had seen his father’s corpse when he rushed to the hospital from his wedding on the day of the car crash. He was the one who sent his body to the incinerator.

If he didn’t die from that, he must surely be a god.

However, there was only one other possibility to this. When William was cremated, he didn't follow him in. The employees at the crematorium had helped with that instead.

That would mean someone must have swapped his ashes out during this process. Someone had taken his father's corpse.

'What the f\*ck? Which bastard was it? How could they not let go of my father's corpse? What are they going to do with it? Could there be more secrets on his body?'

It was impossible if they wanted to destroy evidence. What other better method than cremation to destroy evidence completely?

He turned to look at his mother, Brittany. She seemed upset, her vision blurred from tears. How could one be happy if they were separated from their partner by death?

Pondering for a long while, Alex decided not to tell his mother the truth about the fake ashes.

It took a lot for her to accept the fact that her husband had died. He was worried that he would be giving her false hope, only to face greater disappointment in the end.

She might not be able to handle any more mental shocks. If she were to struggle with depression or break down, it would be unfortunate if she were to go insane from such strong emotions.

Looking at his mother crying uncontrollably in front of an urn of pig ashes, Alex couldn't help but feel heartbroken.

Checking the time, he immediately said, "Mom, let's just find... A better grave here and bury the ashes. There are good graves here too, so I don't think we need to look for another cemetery. Since the urn has been here for quite a while, it must be getting familiar with the environment."

He figured that they shouldn't put in too much effort for a mere pig. Being able to have its own gravestone is a glory to pigs.

Heading back, Brittany handed the black jade pendant to Alex. "Son, this is a pendant that your father used to own back when he was a young child. You should take it, but you really don't have to investigate that much into it. That person left your father at the Rockefellers yet they didn't show any concern for him at all. That's why it doesn't matter if that person exists."

Alex nodded without commenting.

He was unable to find anything odd on the pendant as he observed it, it was just like any normal jadeite.

If this were to be sold on the Antique Market, no one would want to buy it as well.

'Who would want to wear a black jade pendant?'

Moreover, the carved image does not make it a lucky charm. This image was just a mere thing that looked like both a bird and a fish.

'Could this be some failed carving project?'

'So it was used as a mere identification tool later on? Could my dad be some rich man's love child? Was he then forgotten by them?'

Alex's mind was all over the place, it was impossible for him to stay calm. In the end, he just stuffed the pendant into his pocket.

Not long after they arrived back at Maple Villa, Keith and Michelle came by to pay them a visit with five big boxes.

Brittany and the others were slightly surprised as they wondered what was inside the box.

However, Alex could tell that it was filled with expensive and precious traditional herbs.

“Hello, Mr. Rockefeller! Hello, Madame!”