

The Pinnacle of Life –

Chapter 0526

Keith Yowell was humble when he met Alex Rockefeller and Brittany Rockefeller. He was smiling so hard that wrinkles appeared on his face when he walked up to greet them.

Brittany was flattered. “Mr. Yowell, why are you here? Come in, come in. Alex, please cut up the watermelon for Mr. Yowell. It’s too hot in the middle of the day, it’ll help him fight the heat! Mr. Yowell, you could’ve told me what you needed. Alex and I would’ve personally gone to visit you. How could we make you come to us?”

When Michelle Yowell heard this, she smiled.

Keith’s legs felt weak and he nearly fell to his knees. Keith wouldn’t dare let Grandmaster Rockefeller cut a watermelon open for him no matter how brave he was. He’d rather cut his own head open. “There’s no need for that, there’s no need at all... I’m not thirsty,” Keith quickly said.

“Look at you. You’re drenched in sweat. How could you not be thirsty? Alex, hurry up,” Brittany said.

“Oh, okay,” Alex glanced at Keith before he answered.

Alex didn’t have a good feeling about Keith.

The old man was cunning and liked to sit on the fence until the stronger or beneficial side was obvious.

People like Keith were like fair-weather friends—one should never expect them to help during times of crisis. If it wasn’t for Michelle, Alex wouldn’t even care to respond to him.

Soon, Alex returned to the living room with a plate of cut watermelon. He passed a piece of it to Keith.

Keith panicked as his hand trembled, causing the piece of watermelon to fall to the ground.

Brittany frowned. "Oh, dear. Why are you so careless? Give Mr. Yowell another piece."

Keith was close to tears. When he sat on the couch earlier, he only sat with half his butt on it. "It's alright, it's alright. It was just a slip of my hand. It had nothing to do with Mr. Rockefeller," Keith said before quickly picking up the watermelon on the ground. He then started eating it.

"It's delicious. It really is," he added.

Brittany was dumbfounded.

This was the head of the Yowell family from California. He could easily cause an earthquake with a stomp of his foot in California. Brittany couldn't believe that he would actually pick up a piece of watermelon from the ground and eat it. Most importantly, somebody's hair had fallen to the ground earlier and it happened to be stuck to the watermelon. By then, Keith had already eaten half of the watermelon piece.

"Mr. Yowell, you..." Brittany pointed at Keith's mouth.

Keith quickly licked his mouth and ate the remaining half of the strand of hair. He even gulped several times after that.

"Mom, Mr. Yowell is here to deliver some herbs for me to make medicine. You guys can continue chatting. I'll check the herbs and move them to the basement," Alex finally said.

"Let me do the moving." Keith quickly chimed in.

"You should sit down and chat with my mother," Alex replied.

There were a total of five boxes of herbs. Each of them was about one cubic meter in size. After moving them down to the basement, Alex could smell a strong herbal scent as soon as he opened one of the boxes. In fact, he could even sense the waves of essence in the box.

“There are spiritual herbs!” Alex exclaimed excitedly and he immediately started searching for the source of the essence.

Spiritual herbs were more valuable than normal supplements. The centennial ginseng and centennial snow lotus Alex bought from an auction previously were not considered spiritual herbs. Instead, those were only considered supplements. Since those supplements had nutritional value and were more valuable for medicinal usage, they naturally cost a lot more in the market.

However, spiritual herbs were spiritual objects that absorbed worldly essence.

For example, the frosty octagon flowers in Alex’s room were a kind of spiritual herb.

Alex finally discovered a bright red reishi in the box. His eyes lit up. “It’s actually a flaming lotus reishi!”

“What is a flaming lotus reishi?” Michelle asked.

“It can help restore your martial arts cultivation,” Alex said with a chuckle.

Over the next two days, Alex stayed in the Villa’s basement to focus on creating the medicine.

The five herb boxes the Yowell family had brought were sufficient for him to create several types of medicine.

Meanwhile, at the Assex family's place. Madame Joanne finally got to see her good friend, a dark skinned, small eyed old lady who was only a meter and a half tall.

“Joanne Carlton, why did you ask me to come in such a hurry?” The small eyed old lady asked with a deep and raspy voice.

Joanne Carlton was Madame Joanne's name.

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Madame Joanne's gaze turned dark “I need you to help me infect a few people with some parasitic disease. I want them to fall asleep and never wake up,” she said.