

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 53

Alex Rockefeller lifted the bald guy by his collar and said, "You have to pay for the damages, three million dollars!"

"Um, well, I do not have that much money!"

"Perhaps we have to pay Princess Escort a visit then!"

Shoving the tied-up bald guy into his BMW M8, Alex pulled out the embedded machete from the window and punctured the deployed airbags.

Vroom!

The engines revved to life.

Fortunately, although somewhat wrecked, it was still drivable.

Nudging the Volkswagen out of his way, Alex drove the M8 away from the accident site, headed straight for Princess Fleur.

His curiosity was piqued. Who exactly was Princess Fleur?

On his way there, the car made all sorts of noises, its components falling apart as he drove along. It was quite a sight for onlookers and had attracted plenty of attention, more so than a brand-new BMW would.

“Gosh, isn’t that an M8? What a pity!”

“Seems like a newly-bought car too, even the license plate is not up yet. Hold on...Beatrice, could it be your ex-brother-in-law’s car?”

It was a pure coincidence for them to witness the sight before them.

Wilson Jordan accelerated the car, and Beatrice Assex managed to get a good look. “Hahaha! It’s that idiot’s new car! Oh, what joy!”

“I don’t even think it’s insured yet. Wonderful! Serves him right!” added Sam Culver.

It was not long before Alex arrived at a river pier.

The bald guy pointed at a rustic wooden cabin by the riverbank and told Alex that Princess Fleur was currently inside.

“I’ll be damned! She lives there?”

Dragging the bald guy along, Alex walked toward the cabin.

With one forceful kick, he broke down the door and shoved the bald guy in.

“Argh!”

Within seconds, a few men rushed toward him.

“Who are you? Why are you here at the Blossom Mansion?”

“Do you know what this place is?”

Alex replied with a face of indifference, “Well, Princess Escort, I am sorry, but Princess Fleur invited me over.”

One of the men was taken aback. “How dare you insult the princess? Die!”

In a swift motion, Alex raised his leg and kicked the oncoming attacker. The man was sent flying like a cannonball, finally landing on the ground after crashing into a few chairs.

Alex looked at a man standing next to him. “Tell Princess Escort that I am here.”

The man was rooted to the ground as he looked on in horror.

“Get over there!”

With no respite, he was sent flying before crash-landing onto his comrade’s body.

“Get the hell out here, Princess Escort!”

Alex roared. His voice reverberated in the cabin like a thunderous roar.

Clack! Clack! Clack!

Footsteps could be heard coming from a spiral staircase inside the cabin. Alex shifted his focus in the direction of the sound.

A young lady, dressed in a fiery red dress and red heels, descended from the staircase.

As black as coal, her hair was tied up into two buns, gently bobbing with her movements.

It was a sight lovely to behold. Alex suddenly found himself quite distracted. Who would have expected a stunner here by the riverbanks?

“What did you call me?”

She came to Alex, exuding a flirtatious vibe.

With her tall, slender figure coupled with heels, she was only a tad shorter than Alex.

“You are Princess Fleur?? Alex found her sharp gaze a little unsettling.

“That is right, or as you said, Princess Escort. You seem like you know a thing or two. If you defeat me, I do not mind being your escort.”

The moment she finished speaking, her expression abruptly changed.

She leaped forward, raising her leg, and swiftly brought it down onto Alex, doing a dropkick all while in a dress.

Alex was startled beyond belief.