

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 61

John Rockefeller's heart leaped hearing the news.

But he soon calmed down. "So what if she wakes up? She is now a woman of infamy and has nothing to her name. She is no match for us."

Bill Rockefeller suddenly lowered his voice. "John, Brittany said that she possessed evidence of your corrupt practices and also your ties with the Japanese. Do you think that's going to be okay?"

John snickered. "Father, it happened more than half a year ago. Even if there is something fishy, any trace of it would have been gone by now."

Bill breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness. Anyhow, Rockefeller Group can never fall into the hands of Alex, that bastard."

Alex would be disturbed by Bill's statement.

"Don't worry. It will never happen. Even till his death, William did not even have an inkling who he actually was. That fool! He would never have expected to toil his life away only for his efforts to be seized by others."

It was noon the next day at Assex Manor.

Lugging her suitcases along, Dorothy Assex returned home exhausted.

Upon entering the house, she overheard her mother, Claire, and her sister, Beatrice's conversation.

“Mother, do you know what happened? Alex Rockefeller wanted me to call him daddy all because he bought a new car! Do you think he is coming onto you?”

“What nonsense are you saying? Daddy? Why did he do that?”

“Beats me! I think he has gone insane. Perhaps he could not get the attention he wanted from sis and turned his attention toward you,” said Beatrice.

“That jerk! He is now living with a woman named Coney. Hah, let’s see how long it will last! Where is Dorothy? She should divorce him as soon as possible!” said Claire with a hiss.

Dorothy was dumbfounded. Was her husband now living with another woman?

“Mother, what did you say?” She rushed in.

“You are back, my lady.” Instead, a woman in her mid-forties came forward and greeted her with a broad smile on her face.

“Who are you?” Dorothy could not recognize the person.

“She is Ms. Brown, a housemaid I hired recently,” Claire answered. “Ms. Brown, do cook us something delicious. My daughter is home today; she wants to eat good food. If it is not up to my standard, I will deduct your salary.”

Ms. Brown pouted but nodded and made a beeline for the kitchen.

“Why did you hire a housemaid? Where is Alex?” Dorothy asked in astonishment.

“That scoundrel was chased out of our house, and he will never return to the Assex Manor. Did you know he got together with a woman while you were away for business? She was a doctor, the granddaughter of California’s miracle doctor—James Coney. What a shameless man!”

Of course, Claire took a few liberties in her narrative, adding unfounded stories to support her cause further.

Beatrice assisted with plenty of interjections.

That was it. Dorothy was at her limits.

Claire continued, “Dorothy, isn’t this a good thing? Since he is now living with that woman, you have all the reasons to divorce him! I have been waiting for this day for so long! Finally, we can say goodbye to his sorry ass!”

Dorothy’s expression darkened. “I refuse to believe what you said. I am calling him; I want to hear it from him.”

“What other doubts do you have? Do you know he slapped mother, all because of that woman?” added Beatrice.

Dorothy looked at her wide-eyed, trying to comprehend what she had just heard.