

The Pinnacle of Life –

Chapter 0621

The man was actually Zendaya Stoermer's father.

Alex Rockefeller was slightly surprised. For a moment, he felt a nervousness as if he was meeting his father-in-law. But he soon felt relieved... Recently, rumors about Zendaya Stoermer and him had been rife throughout the country. As one of the characters involved, Alex naturally knew a lot about it.

Obviously, Zendaya's father was here to see if Alex was worthy of his daughter.

"It's you, Mr. Stoermer. I wonder, what might be the reason for your visit at this hour?" Alex asked while he stood in front of the Villa, scanning Kazim Stoermer from top to bottom. Alex was exhibiting the behavior of a person of equal standing as Kazim.

Similarly, Kazim was also sizing Alex up.

He observed Alex from head to toe then back again. After that, Kazim shook his head slightly.

As a normal person, Kazim couldn't see anything in Alex that made him the most powerful man in the world. He also couldn't see how powerful Alex's martial arts cultivation was.

After observing Alex for a while, Kazim's gaze turned cold. He put on a look of great superiority. "I heard that you were once Rockefeller Group's young director that owned 300 billion dollars in assets. After your family's resources were taken, your home was occupied, and the Rockefeller family forced you and your mother out. Didn't you ever think of retaking Rockefeller Group?" Kazim pompously asked.

"Have you been digging up on me?" Alex frowned and asked coldly.

Kazim laughed. “Finding information about you is a piece of cake. Do I even have to check on you intentionally? With a single call, I could find out about you and your ancestry. Can you believe that?”

“I don’t believe it,” Alex said while shaking his head. Even Alex himself couldn’t find out about his own ancestry. If Kazim really managed to do so, Alex would be expressing his gratitude to him.

Now, Alex very much wanted to know who Blaine Rockefeller exactly was.

After hearing what Alex said, Kazim’s impression of him worsened. Kazim felt as if he was speaking to the younger folk he usually encountered, jocks that were hardly respectful and thought nobody bettered them.

In reality, such people were simply not knowledgeable enough to realize how puny they actually were.

“300 billion in assets might sound like a leading enterprise in California, but it’s worth nothing in Michigan. In the whole of South California, that’s not even among the top ten enterprises. Living in a small place like this has limited your imagination. Besides, it looks like you haven’t the slightest intention to fight back despite your family assets being taken away.” Kazim shook his head after saying all this.

He seemed to look down on Alex, not to mention a sense of contempt and disdain in his eyes.

“Mr. Stoermer, what exactly are you trying to say? Be straightforward!” Alex frowned slightly.

Kazim snorted coldly. “Okay. In that case, I’ll speak the truth. I don’t care if you’re playing games with my daughter or something else, but in my eyes, you’re nothing more than a pest! Do you know where Zendaya comes from? She’s from the Stoermer family in Michigan. I’m sure you must have heard of the Stoermer family, haven’t you?” Kazim asked.

“I haven’t,” Alex shook his head.

Kazim snickered. “You don’t even know about the Stoermer family. How uninformed must you be? We, the Stoermer family, have a royal bloodline. We have a noble identity, and we are more powerful than nearly any family in this part of the world. As one of the daughters of the Stoermer family, Zendaya lives like a princess. Meanwhile, you’re like mud on the ground when compared to her. You’re not worthy of my daughter,” he said.

Alex raised his eyebrows. “And?”

“Leave my daughter alone. Stop any form of contact with her. I heard that you rescued my daughter three times. Here, this is worth 300 million dollars. Take it, and consider it your break-up fee,” Kazim said.

While he spoke, a woman walked out with a seductive stroll. She was none other than Waltz Fleur.

Waltz chuckled softly. “Saving her life three times, and all he gets is 300 million dollars? Are princesses worth this little these days? In that case, should I be considered a queen because I have ten billion dollars?”

Kazim’s eyes lit up when he saw Waltz, mainly because she was too pretty and flirtatious.

After that, he became tense again because he could tell that Waltz was a martial artist. Her level of cultivation in martial arts was nowhere near weak. At the very least, she was Mystic-rank.

Compared to the Stoermer family, however, what was so great about a Mystic-rank martial artist?

“Don’t get ahead of yourself,” Kazim said and grunted loudly.