

# The Pinnacle of Life –

## Chapter 0731

The short old man had a dismayed look on his face, looking as though he would rather be dead than alive.

Decades of hard, bitter work had been destroyed in that instance, it was tantamount to shattering all his dreams and courage. He lay on the ground, looking up at the ceiling. Only desperate, incoherent mutterings remained in his mouth.

It wasn't anything being said in English either, but Japanese.

Alex took a few steps forward and grabbed the short old man. "Waltz, I'll be taking away this guy to ask a few questions. I'll leave you to handle the rest of the matter here! If anyone dares to oppose you being the CEO, just kill them!"

He waved his hand, and the Stake of Exorcism that had embedded into the wall earlier came back to the palm of his hand with a whoosh.

Until this moment, only did many people come to their senses and realize that Alex was the one who shattered the mysterious black knife controlled by the short old man and turned the tables. Otherwise, the owner of Thousand Miles really would have changed hands today.

Alex took the short old man and left the inner hall. During this time, he didn't even bother sparing Frank a glance at all.

Originally, the reason he had planted the parasitic disease in Frank at the time was for the convenience of Thousand Miles to annex Valtameri Co. Now, it had been done early and Valtameri Group only had a few insignificant business left in California that Thousand Miles wouldn't take even if they were offered. So, Alex wasn't concerned whether Frank was alive or dead at all.

However, this Master Miyagi had slightly caught his interest.

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In the inner hall, Jerry was relieved again as his life was once again assured without the mysterious black knife at his neck. He hurriedly got off the ground.

However, everyone's eyes in the room looked at him with unkind intention.

“What? Why are all of you looking at me like that?” Jerry shouted angrily, and five to six people stood up.

Zane Zeigler rushed over. “Jerry Jackson, you damn son of a b\*tch, how dare you kidnap my daughter? Hurry up and let her go.”

Jerry pushed him away. “What is with your crazy shouting? Your daughter is not dead yet!”

Having said that, he turned to Waltz and forced a smile on his face and said, “Cough, cough. Waltz, Uncle thought about it carefully just now. It's more appropriate for you to be the CEO of Thousand Miles Conglomerate. I'm already old, and my mind is not as sharp as it used to be. I hope you won't be offended about the matter just now and let it go. From now on, this old man will do his best to support you, and become your right hand and legs.”

He could still read the situation.

If he were to get entangled in the position of CEO right now, he would have been befuddled and lose his conscience, and that would be equivalent to digging his own grave!

So, he quickly changed his attitude.

However, Waltz sneered, “My right hand and legs? Are you even qualified to do so?”

Jerry was taken aback for a moment and said, “Waltz, no matter how it is, I’m still a veteran shareholder of Thousand Miles Conglomerate, holding a 7% equity share in hands...”

Before he could finish speaking, Waltz interrupted him, “Jerry Jackson, I think you’re really going senile. Where do you have 7% share of Thousand Miles? You’ve just sold your equity, have you forgotten? Look, the money for the sale of shares is still right in front of you!”

What she meant was the one dollar coin.

Jerry laughed forcefully as he said, “Waltz, stop joking. How could this be counted?”

Waltz took the contract that Jerry had signed and waved it. “You signed this document with your own signature, of course it is counted as a valid document.”

Then, she took out the copies that Fabio and the others had signed and flung them out, scattering them on the table.

“Dear directors, take back these contracts that you’ve signed. You’re free to deal with it however you see fit,” Waltz said in a calm voice.

As soon as she said that, the other directors hurriedly looked for their own contract eagerly. Immediately afterwards, the sounds of paper tearing could be heard.

Within minutes, all the contracts had been torn to pieces.

Fabio looked around and couldn’t find his own contract, and anxiously looked towards Waltz, “Waltz, is that contract mine?”

Waltz nodded her head. “It’s yours. But, I have no intentions of returning it to you.”