

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 8

As he lay down on the bed of the most luxurious presidential suite in The Golden Age of Youth Hotel, Alex couldn't fall asleep.

What happened today was too overwhelming.

He didn't expect that his father had kept such a big secret, Thousand Miles Conglomerate, most powerful in the underworld of California. Would that mean that his father was the strongest underground boss too?

Was it true that his death was due to a traffic accident?

Or there's more to this than met the eye?

Late in the midnight hours, when he finally fell into a deep sleep, he was woken up by his phone alarm. He got up and rushed to the hospital.

In the end, when he arrived at the hospital, he saw several doctors gathered around his mother's bed. Among them, Dr. Cheryl Coney, a beautiful doctor with a particularly hot body, was there too.

He was shocked.

He thought something bad happened to his mother.

He quickly asked, "Dr. Cheryl, what's wrong with my mother? Has her condition gotten worse?"

Dr. Cheryl in a white coat and a mask turned around and said, "Don't worry, her condition did not worsen, but has shown signs of improvement."

Alex froze for a while, and said in surprise, "Really?"

Dr. Cheryl nodded. "Yes, before this we thought that your mother's condition was bad, and she needed surgery right away. Unexpectedly, it quickly stabilized, and all the indicators returned to normal. Your mother has a very strong will to survive. This is great."

"So, there is no need for surgery?"

"Let's do an inspection first. If everything is fine, there is no need for surgery. The surgery has its risks too."

Two hours later.

The inspection report was out.

Cheryl nodded and said, "It's good, no surgery is needed, and according to our observation, your mother's chances of waking up has increased, indicating that she has her consciousness, and I will continue to treat her by acupuncture."

Alex was overjoyed and hugged her tightly.

"Thank you, thank you, Dr. Cheryl!"

He was delighted. This was the first time that his mother's situation had shown any improvement in ten months.

Dr. Cheryl, whom Alex suddenly hugged, frowned immediately.

She perceived that he didn't intend to harass her, so she didn't blame him, but patted him on his back, "Okay, take good care of your mother, keep it up!"

"Okay," said Alex.

"Can you let go of me?" Dr. Cheryl asked.

"Okay!" Alex replied.

"Let go now!" she exclaimed.

"No, Dr. Cheryl, your hair is stuck in my clothes..." Alex answered

At the same time, at the Assex's villa... Spark Rockefeller came in his Lamborghini, to see Lady Dorothy again.

The car honked.

Madame Claire, who was wearing black pajamas, opened the door and greeted him, "Oh, Spark, my dear son-in-law, it felt like I haven't seen you a long time, even though I haven't seen you for just one night, mom missed you so much."

She wore no make-up, and her hair tousled.

She still looked as young as thirty years old, with a more matured temptation.

Seeing such a lively and charming woman, Spark was so eager to rush forward and take her into his arms, but fortunately, he resisted, he thought in his mind, 'Just wait till I get Lady Dorothy. By that time none of you can run away. Alex Rockefeller, that good-for-nothing, can't get a hold of this treasure. Such a fool.'

While thinking, Spark handed the gift he was holding to Madame Claire.

He also took the opportunity to touch her.

Madame Claire didn't realize it at all, but smiled. "Aw, you're my best son-in-law ever. Not only did you visit me but brought me gifts too! Compared to you, that trash Alex is nothing but rubbish. Both of you are Rockefellers, but there are such huge differences between the two of you!"

Spark smiled and said, "Mom, why would you bring up that trash, you're killing the mood."

"Okay, okay, I say no more!"

Both of them entered.

Lady Dorothy and her sister, Lady Beatrice were both there. Lady Dorothy felt very uncomfortable when she heard Spark shamelessly address her mother as "Mum", what's done was done. She had no way out and was helpless.

The night before, Alex vowed solemnly and said that he had the money and can easily solve the problem, but till now he was nowhere to be seen, not even a phone call, could she believe in him?

Don't tell me!

“Mum, I hand-picked this jade bracelet for you last night. Do you like it? I think it is a perfect match with the fair skin on your beautiful hands!”

“While this diamond necklace, Sis Beatrice, is for you. You are beautiful. Try it on. It will look great on you.”

Spark took out the gifts, sweet-talking.

The two women were dazed immediately.

They couldn't wait to wear them on.

Madame Claire compared Alex Rockefeller with Spark again and was determined to divorce Lady Dorothy from Alex. Comparing both Rockefeller brothers, they were worlds apart.

The more she looked at the jade bracelet on her hand, the more she liked, but as she saw Lady Dorothy sitting on the sofa, who kept quiet, she immediately rolled her eyes and said, “My dear son-in-law, you bought gifts for both your mother and sister, have you bought something for your wife, Dorothy too?”

Lady Dorothy felt uneasy and said, “Mom, shame on you! Alex and I are not divorced yet. I am still Alex's wife.”

Madame Claire coldly snorted. “Wife! Bullshit! Has he ever touched you? You have sold the wedding ring, what else is there to talk about? Since Spark Rockefeller is here now, ask the trash to come over now and get divorced. Then, get your marriage certificate with Spark, and be Spark Rockefeller's wife.”

Spark heard it and was overjoyed.

Lady Beatrice supported, "Yes, Sis. I think that is such a good idea. Killing two birds with one stone. Anyway, I won't acknowledge Alex that trash as my brother-in-law. Only a young man like Spark is worthy of being my brother-in-law."

Lady Dorothy felt powerless and weak.

She was speechless.

Spark then said, "Okay, let's go file for your divorce and register for our marriage right away."

Lady Dorothy felt extremely disgusted and said, "You haven't solved the problem for me yet. Let's talk about it when the problem is solved!"

Spark smiled and said, "That is easy... Hehe, there's nothing my parents couldn't handle, right? Easy! By the way, it's almost noon. How about we first grab some lunch, then you can divorce that trash. My dad can step in for you... Dorothy, I am not threatening you, this is to show sincerity to my dad. Otherwise, how would he believe that I want to marry you when you are still married?"

Madame Claire nodded.

Promptly said, "Let me call up that trash."

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It was half-past eleven in the morning, Alex just came out from the hospital and was going to find out from Lord Lex Gunther if the problem had been resolved, but suddenly he received a call from Madame Claire saying that they were having lunch with Spark Rockefeller and asked him to bring along his marriage certificate to meet them. She wanted them to head straight to the office to divorce after lunch.

Alex's face darkened.

Divorce?

"Okay, I'll be right there!"

He decided to bring along the Love in a Fallen City necklace worth thirty million dollars to shove it in both Madame Claire and Spark Rockefeller's face.

Half an hour later.

Alex rushed to the restaurant.

As soon as he walked in, he saw Spark taking out a jewelry box and said to his wife Lady Dorothy, "Dorothy, my heart is for you. I call upon heaven and earth as my witness. Just like this only necklace in the world, I want you in my life, you and no one else."

Then, he opened the jewelry box and showed it to Lady Dorothy.

Lady Beatrice covered her mouth and exclaimed, "Oh my God...Is this the treasure of L.G. Balfour, 'Love in a Fallen City' that is worth thirty million dollars? I saw someone on the Internet saying that there was a mysterious guy who bought the necklace last night, and it turned out to be you, Brother Spark Rockefeller. Sister, you are so blessed!"

Spark was stunned.

The Love in a Fallen City necklace he was holding was an imitation, but he didn't expect that someone would have bought that necklace with a thirty million dollar price tag. However, it would be better if the

necklace had been purchased, then there was no way to confirm that the necklace he was holding was fake, and he said promptly, "Yes, I bought it for thirty million dollars last night."

"Hmmm, yours is fake!"

"The one that I am holding is the genuine Love in a Fallen City necklace!"

At that moment, Alex sneered.

He walked in and threw the jewelry box in his hand on the table.