

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0843

Boom!

Back in the Colemans' manor in Missouri, an expensive antique coffee table was smashed into pieces with a bare hand. It turned into detritus.

The man who smashed it was the grand elder of the Coleman family, Grandmaster Terrance Coleman. He had just got news of Zayn Stoermer advancing into a Grandmaster.

Enraged, the old man shouted, "That old trash Zayn Stoermer could actually become a Grandmaster. It doesn't make any sense, hadn't his martial foundation ruined ages ago? How did he even do it?"

This day had been really hard for him.

As a dignified Grandmaster, he wanted to stand up for Tristan. As a result, he froze and dared not make a move. He was scared off, embarrassing himself.

After this trip, Tristan ended up as a lunatic who ate mud, Jerome had his energy core shattered by lightning strike, even seven or eight elite fighters of the Colemans were gravely injured and their wounds were hard to be healed.

He went for wool and came back shorn, he even suffered multiple losses!

How could he not be angry?

Abel said, "Grand Elder, could it be because of that female Guru? She helped to cure Zayn Stoermer and even helped him to transcend to the realm of Grandmasters?"

The grand elder huffed. “That’s not possible, how could one heal a ruined martial foundation? Unless the miracle doctor had revived, a Cultivation Guru would definitely not be able to do that even if she could summon lightning!”

The patriarch of the Coleman family, Wesley Coleman, spoke up, “Third Uncle, why have I never heard of such a powerful Cultivation Guru within America? The most prosperous cultivation sects in America are none other than the Sky Mortals, the Enlightenments and the Mystics. When did such a powerful woman pop up? Could she be... A fake?”

“Bullsh*t!” Terrance glared at him. “I felt her power firsthand at the time. And just look at Jerome, he’s still bedridden! Do you think I, a Grandmaster, would be tricked by mere illusions and retreated without putting on a fight?”

Wesley immediately said, “Third Uncle, that’s not what I mean.”

Terrance huffed again.

However, his heart actually shook for a bit because Maiko’s attacks really did seem like a bluff. No other damage had been done other than gravely wounding a few disciples of the Colemans.

However, he would never admit that he escaped out of fear.

Instead, he decided to find an actual Cultivation Guru to ask about the roots of that female Guru. If she really were to be a fake, hmph, he must break the little brute’s neck.

Terrance said, “Don’t act recklessly for now, I’ll dig up some information on that woman first. The top priority now is to cure Tristan’s weird disease, he’s the future of the Colemans.”

As soon as his voice fell, they heard Tristan’s vomiting noise coming from the outside.

Sigh, he ate another half pound of mud.

The after at of Zendaya's engagement was still fermenting on the internet. All sorts of news hustled and hustled on the internet, talking all kinds of rumors.

However, these were only information in the form of texts without any attached photo on the internet.

Moreover, various immoral media even tried to cook up all sorts of rumours. Anyway, Zendaya's wedding of the century had become a complete farce.

As a message to the public, it could be concluded that Zendaya did not get married due to marriage upheaval. And, this was just in line with the demands of the majority of her fans as well. Zendaya could get married, but her marriage partner must be accepted by the majority of her fans. Tristan Coleman whosoever, they had never heard of him...

What, he was the young heir of the Colemans in Missouri... Could such a rich heir be a good person? He was unsuitable, he definitely did not suit her.

It was already four in the afternoon when Alex came out of Zendaya's room.

They had been busy doing the deed for more than two hours. There was a train of water from the tub to her room.

After leaving Zendaya's room, Alex didn't bid his goodbyes to the rest of the Stoermers. Instead, he simply went out of the Stoermers' manor in Michigan and drove to the manufacturing base of Lush Cosmetics.

His phone started ringing on the way.

Looking at his screen, it was a call from Beatrice, his ex-sister-in-law. He then took a closer look, it was already the third call from Beatrice.

Only then did he remember that someone had indeed called him in the critical moment earlier, but he ignored it...

“Hello, what’s up?” Alex casually answered the call. He did not fancy Beatrice even the slightest, he just dealt with her for Dorothy’s sake.

“Uhm... Where are you?” Beatrice said with a faint voice.

“If you have something to say, spill it. If there’s nothing else, I’m going to hang up,” Alex said impatiently as he frowned. He deigned to pay attention to this stupid, lazy and arrogant woman.

Beatrice’s heart sank, she wanted to cry.