

# The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 97

Alex was still thinking about the incident with Jarsurya and Vaudou on his way home.

Jarsurya did indeed have a fairly strong Chi within him. And Vaudou also had similar energy flowing in his body though it was more sinister and evil.

What had they meant by 'mastered'?

At the time, Vaudou had insulted Jarsurya as he controlled the spirit, saying that Jarsurya had not mastered his skills. Alex kept trying to find out about skill mastery within his mind, but he still couldn't find any answers.

According to what he received from his ancestor, training the Force would refine his Chi. When the fourth level of the Force was achieved, then he would attain a stronger foundation.

'Oh well, I don't care. Whatever 'mastery' they meant would still be weaker than the Force that my ancestor gave me,' Alex thought and drove back to Maple Villa.

However, he froze as soon as he entered his house.

There was a big man with a gold dagger sitting on the sofa. He was calmly sipping on some red wine while watching television.

'Holy sh\*t, who the hell is this? Don't tell me he's mom's friend?'

Suddenly, he noticed that Brittany had fallen unconscious next to the coffee table. He could tell from where he was standing that one side of her face was badly swollen with a slap mark.

“Mom!” Alex was shocked as his murderous aura grew.

Anger built up within his chest as if he was about to strike at any second.

Alex rushed over to Brittany to check on her wounds. It seemed that she had only been slapped. She must've fainted from the impact.

The man sat on the sofa, not moving a muscle the whole time. He stared confidently and condescendingly at Alex, as if he was a mere ant.

“Who, are you?” Alex asked calmly as he moved his mother to a safer place.

However, the calmer he looked on the outside, the angrier he grew inside. He regretted leaving his mother alone at home without any form of protection. But he was just glad that nothing worse happened, or else he would've blamed himself for the rest of his life.

This man was John's bodyguard, Brock.

He was almost two meters tall and had a build like a bear. He was a very skilled and powerful fighter.

Brock smiled at Alex mockingly and said, “You seem to be angry. You want to kill me, don't you? It's no use, you're just a mere ant when going up against me! Since everyone's here, let's go. Someone would like to meet you... Oh, by the way, this wine tastes great, thanks!”

Brock spoke softly, yet his words were conveyed arrogantly. He behaved as if he was a God everyone worshipped—even thanking someone should be considered charity.

Alex suppressed the urge to fight him right then and there. "Who wants to see me?"

Brock replied, "John Rockefeller."

"Oh!" Alex nodded. "Sure, I'd like to see him anyway. However, before that, I have something I'd like to do."

"Tell me then, I might be able to help with it."

"Oh, you totally can. Well... I'd like to smash all four of your limbs and make sure you won't be able to train in martial arts again."

'What?'

Brock was shocked and infuriated as he lunged towards Alex and swung his fists at him.

Fighters were separated into four colored categories: Divine, Earth, Mystic and Royal, where Divine was the highest rank and Royal was the lowest.

Brock was one of the best fighters within the Royal ranks. However, it would be unwise to look down upon Royal rankers as those who have achieved it would have great internal strength. Many fighters weren't even able to master the lowest rank in martial arts.

For example, Edgar's bodyguard, Jay, was the first runner-up of the national kickboxing competition. However, he couldn't even make it to Royal rank.

If Jay were to go up against Brock, he would be crushed in an instant.

But Alex didn't intend to dodge Brock's attacks at all. He maintained a calm composure the whole time though his eyes shone with determination.

Brock thought that Alex was frozen from shock.