

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 971 - 980

“What?! The grand elder of the Missouri Colemans is dead?”

The patriarch of the Stoermer family, Zayn, was in a massive shock once he received the call and almost threw the phone on the ground. However, he soon heard about how Terrance had gone to California to look for Alex, wanting to destroy his entire family.

Instead, he had been killed by Alex. Zayn was furious when he heard that. “This Terrance, he really dug his own grave. Has he gone senile from his old age? When he was here, he could barely hold onto his life under Alex’s Master’s hands. Now, he’s gone to die. That’s good. You reap what you sow after all.”

Xyla had received the news before this and said, “I heard the information that the Coleman family released before this, saying that the appearance of Alex’s master at Stoermer residence was just an illusion. That’s probably the reason why this Terrance dared to come look for him!”

“Hmph! There must have been something wrong with his brain. How did Carlos die then? He saw it happening with his own eyes, and he’s forgotten about it so soon? Who else can he blame for his own death?”

“Dad, it’s like this now. Master Alex is really furious. The Coleman family has not only harmed his godsister, but even his godsister’s five-year-old daughter was almost killed by Terrance’s vicious hands. This vengeance, we have to avenge it... Then, he asked us what the meaning of our Stoermer family is.”

Zayn Stoermer was an ambitious man in the end, after all!

After thinking about it for less than ten seconds, he immediately made a decision. “During this period, the other royal families have questioned the fact that I’m a Grandmaster, in the open as well as secretly. They’re all just frogs under the well. How could they know about how great Master Alex truly is? Even at my level of Grandmaster, it is still only equivalent to an intermediate level. Hmph, Terrance was disrespectful to Master Alex, wanting to kill his entire family. I will go to the Colemans and seek justice for Master Alex. Xyla, thank Master Alex on my behalf.”

The Colemans had just lost a Grandmaster. And the news had yet to spread.

For the Stoermer family to act for Alex’s sake, it was also tantamount to making the first move. Doing so would reap great benefits for them.

The eight royal families had an agreement that they wouldn’t kill each other.

But in reality, this thousand year old rule had long been rendered useless. As long as someone found a proper excuse, they could put any other party to death. However, after Tristan killed Carey’s nephew and tried to use Zendaya as a natural furnace under the pretext of taking her as his wife, that itself was a good enough reason for war, and the other royal families had no right to interfere.

As long as they didn’t exterminate the entire Coleman family, no one would say anything.

After hanging up the call, Zayn immediately summoned the family. “Give the order that all martial artists above Mystic rank must gather and follow me to collect the debt owed to us by the Missouri Colemans!”

In the meantime, Alex was saying to Carey, “Aunt, I need to ask you for a favor. Can you find out something for me within the hour? Where is Tristan staying? He should be in California right now.”

Carey nodded. “Don’t worry. This is a small and easy matter to handle. I will find out where he is in less than an hour.”

She had no complaints about Alex giving her instructions and received them positively.

To her, Tristan Coleman was an existence that made her blood boil with resentment.

The man had killed her brother’s only son without any reason, and she would never forget the look her elder brother had while he cried bitterly in pain.

Alex then gave a call to Waltz. “Little Waltz, come down with Azure to Maple Villa 8!”

And then he called Michelle. “Bring your grandfather to Maple Villa 8!”

And the final call was to Nathan. “Where are you?”

“Master, I just returned to California. I went to one of the volcanic mountains, and I had quite a good harvest.”

“Come to Maple Villa. I have something I need you to do!”

These people were the strongest on Alex’s team. However, after what happened today, especially since he had met Aunt Rockefeller, the young woman in black, he suddenly felt a strong sense of urgency. Initially, he had been gleeful with his strength, thinking that the pinnacle of life was not far from his reach. Whatever Grandmaster it was, they weren’t even that hard to deal with. But today, Aunt Rockefeller had directly criticized him and called him a waste of space.

What was that supposed to mean?

It meant Aunt Rockefeller had seen an existence way more powerful and awesome than what he was.

Judging from the burst of strength and how she had shared her spiritual power with him through her palm, Aunt Rockefeller's cultivation power beat his by at least three times.

Hence, he needed to improve his strength as soon as possible.

Not only his own but also everyone who was under him.

Chapter 0972

Soon, Waltz and Azure arrived.

After hearing what had happened, Waltz was so angry she was close to just running to the Colemans and killing them all.

At 8 pm on the dot, Nathan arrived.

At 8.08 pm, Michelle arrived with the Patriarch of the Yowell family, Keith.

Keith Yowell was old, a lot older than Nathan, not to mention that he only had about three to five years left to enjoy his life. However, he had practiced the traditional martial

arts of the Yowell family, the Slunce Jauda, all his life, and his cultivation level was still acceptable. Hence he could still be of help.

Alex decided not to waste any of his resources.

At 8.15 pm, Carey hurried over. "I've found where Tristan is. He's in a private club called Red Mill."

"Let's go!" Alex raised his hand and said.

Red Mill Private Club was a top high end- private-club in a district of California. When it came to how luxurious it was, it was way posher than City Salon and Belle Blossom. Those who entered and exited the premises were the truly rich ones.

It was a property of the Coleman family, one of the four great families of California.

The Colemans here were a branch of Missouri's Colemans. Tristan and Genbu had come to California to seek treatment from an Immortal Doctor. Naturally, they first looked for the Coleman family, then entered Red Mill.

At this moment, a young man was talking to Tristan. The person was the eldest son of California's Colemans, Sven Coleman.

"Young Master Tristan, so your strange disease is also caused by this. Then, I can say 100% for sure that it must be that asshole, Alex Rockefeller. There's no one else who would come up with such a Vicious trick except him."

Tristan hummed in agreement. "You say that with such certainty? Looking at you, it seems even you have suffered the same at his hands?"

Filled with Hatred, Sven spat, "Young Master Tristan, you might not know this, but I was even worse off than you before! You're forced to eat mud, and now you have mud that's imported from Switzerland that's actually nutritious. But for me at that time, I had to eat shit... Blargh! When I think about it, I still feel like throwing up."

Tristan was immediately stunned into silence.

Tristan didn't know about the fact that Sven had been hypnotized by Zendaya. The main reason was that the Missouri Colemans had their eye on Sven at that time and needed to keep that favor on him. If such an embarrassing matter were to have leaked out, and based on how prideful the Missouri Colemans were, they'd definitely not want him anymore. And so the California Colemans kept this under wraps as much as possible.

But it was different now. Tristan had also been bullied by Alex in the same way. They were comrades in arms who had the same bitter experience, and their bond was more profound than others. That was the reason he didn't hesitate to say it.

Sure enough, when Tristan heard Sven's words, some sense of balance returned to his heart.

It turned out that he wasn't the only one suffering in such misery. There was someone out there who had had it worse than him.

The two continued cursing Alex after that.

Tristan patted Sven on the shoulder and said, "Don't worry, Sven. The grand elder has taken Byakko with him to catch that Rockefeller brat. We should see him soon. After he cures me, we'll work a deal with him."

"Okay," Sven said. "I already can't wait I want him to eat dog and cat sh*t, then dump him into a dung pit and drown him in it like the piece of sh*t he is."

Tristan shook his head. "You can't kill him. The Colemans still have a use for him."

“Huh? Wouldn’t that be letting him off too easy then? Oh right, that bastard has a wife that he just divorced a few days ago. But I know that the Rockefeller brat has a deep relationship with that woman, and his mother-in-law was the one that forcefully got them divorced! Speaking of his wife, she’s a peerless beauty in the entire California. Even his sister-in-law and mother-in-law are stunning. Young Master Tristan, why don’t we catch those three women and torture and humiliate them severely in front of him?”

Tristan’s eyes lit up. “That’s a great idea!”

The moment he said that the door to the room they were in was kicked wide open.

A group of people walked in. The one leading the group was none other than Alex.

Chapter 0973

“Huh...”

“Why is it you?!”

While Tristan and Sven discussed how to torture and humiliate the three women from Alex’s ex-wife’s family, they never expected that he would bring his people and break into the club. What more, into the room, they were holding a secret discussion.

The both of them cried out in surprise. How was this possible? Was this a joke?!

Hadn't the grand elder and Byakko gone to catch him?

How could he still appear here?

Where then was the grand elder?

Could it be that they never crossed paths?

At that moment, a beautiful, tall woman in a high waisted traditional dress and white heels rushed in with a group of the club's security guards behind her.

The woman went directly in front of Sven and bowed her head before saying, "Young Master, this lowly one had a moment of negligence and allowed this group of people to break in, disturbing the two young masters. This lowly one has sinned! Please leave this rubbish to this lowly one to deal with!"

The woman's name was Sophia Helton, and she was the person in charge of Red Mill, a lapdog raised by California's Colemans.

In her own right, she was also quite capable.

From elementary school to high school, she had always been selected as the campus belle. After she graduated from an Ivy League school, she was selected by California's Colemans to run this private club.

In this place, she seemed to have become a social queen. She would always organize high end cocktail parties to win over various forces for the Coleman family.

In California, she was considered to be a high-class celebrity. The female members in the four great families in California and even the high-ranking officials had to give her some face. Even the top people in California were polite to her, and his own wife would call her 'sister' with familiarity.

And so, Sophia swelled up.

With her head so high in the clouds and without placing the significance of others in her eyes, this Red Mill Private Club had become her palace now.

But now, a bunch of eyesores had actually broken in and disturbed her noble master. They really needed to die thousand times over!

When they heard Sophia's words, neither Tristan nor Sven spoke a word.

And in Sophia's eyes, they were furious. The next step was to see how she could help them vent this anger and let them see how capable she was.

She suddenly turned around, saying to Alex's group in a cold voice, "How bold of you to break into the private club of the four great families? You must be courting death! Do you not know that I can have you all in jail with just a single call to the top?"

"Now, immediately, kneel and apologize to the two young masters! If so, I, Sophia Helton, will only give you a small punishment to prevent this from happening again!"

The corner of Sven's lips twitched. When he looked to see clearly just who the people standing behind Alex were, he felt his head go numb.

Forget about the others. Even Waltz and Michelle had once entered the Colemans residence.

Now that there weren't any elders sitting at the top of the Colemans, he could feel his heart wanting to jump out of his throat from the anxiety he felt.

Sophia Helton... Was she trying to dig graves for all of them?

Slap!

Waltz, who had been standing behind Alex's left, stepped forward to deliver a big tight slap to Sophia. "What kind of joke is this? A dog of the Colemans dares to bark here? Do you know the saying, digging your own grave?"

Sophia's face was sore, and even her teeth felt the blow. That one hit almost threw her to the ground.

When she turned her head back straight and looked closely at the person who had just hit her, she was slightly taken aback.

"Waltz, from Thousand Miles Conglomerate?"

The emotion on her face turned to not one of fear but of extreme anger.

She shouted with an ugly expression, "Waltz, do you want to die? Just because you sit as president in Thousand Miles, do you think you can just step all over the head of our Coleman family?! Have you lost your mind? Although Thousand Miles is California's underground king, it's just because the Colemans disdain being part of that circle. Do you see who this is? He is a master from the Missouri Colemans, the youngest Earth Expert level warrior. One of him can kill a thousand of you, and you still won't kneel and bow your head?"

“The one who should kneel is you! I see that you’re the one looking for death instead!”

Chapter 0974

This time, the one who had spoken was the little devil, Michelle Yowell. Once she finished speaking, she kicked Sophia’s calf.

Sophia couldn’t bear the blow, and she immediately fell to her knees. She was so angry, her eyeballs feeling like they were

about to pop out of their sockets. Was she being bullied by these two women in her own territory? Where could she put her face now?!

When she clearly looked at Michelle’s appearance, she was once again taken aback. “Michelle Yowell? You dare to hit me? What is the meaning of this? Even if the Yowell family has teamed up with Thousand Miles, it’s still not enough to slap the face of a Missouri Coleman. You’re really looking for death!”

As a social queen bee, there were few people she didn’t recognize.

However, no matter whether it was Waltz or Michelle, neither held much significance in her eyes. Thousand Miles couldn’t compare to what they had, and the Yowell family was ranked bottom among the four great families. The Coleman family was second, but

second only to the Summers family! Behind the Colemans were also the Missouri Colemans, and that was the big killer here.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

Michelle delivered four slaps directly onto Sophia's face. She didn't hold back her strength.

When the fourth slap landed, Sophia spat out a mouthful of blood, as well as seven to eight teeth. She felt her entire head go numb, her lungs about to explode from the anger she felt.

She was the dignified owner of Red Mill, and she was treated this way? With so many teeth missing, how was she going to replace them? Moreover, having false teeth in her mouth would affect her queenish temperament and image.

'God d*mn... This Michelle Yowell!'

"Are you all blind? Do you not see me getting beaten up? Hurry up and take down all this trash... Take them all down and break their legs! Especially these two women. I want to carve the word 'bitch' onto their faces!" Sophia shouted hysterically to the group of security guards.

However, she didn't realize that the guards now looked like rats that had spotted a cat when they looked at Waltz. For them to have not turned around and immediately high-tail out of here was already good enough. These security guards had followed Sven's father, Haider, to intercept Alex once before. In the end, Haider had more than 20 broken bones, had his energy core destroyed, and lost quite a few people.

"Get lost!" Alex spat out the words softly.

The security guards looked at each other for two seconds before immediately dispersing without another word.

Nothing was more important than their own lives.

"Ahhhhh! All of you useless dogs! What the hell did the Coleman family feed you for? Why don't you die for them? Come back, get back here!" Sophia screamed.

"Oh, the noise!" Alex waved his hand casually, and a slap landed on Sophia's face, thrusting her to the ground.

But with the woman on the ground, she was now blocking the way.

Azure said, "Leave her to me. I've already tolerated the woman long enough. She's been displaying such hypocritical behavior for a long time, acting so superiorly even though she's just a lapdog. I need to teach her a proper lesson."

Alex raised his eyes and glanced at Sophia's exposed thighs, then quickly looked towards Azure. "Are you interested in her?"

Azure was quick to reply, "How is that possible? No, I'm not."

"It doesn't matter. Paying attention to your body is a good thing. You were born naturally weak, after all!" Alex said.

"..."

Azure had nothing to say.

Once Azure had dragged Sophia away, Alex looked at Tristan and Sven, who were in front of him, and he suddenly lost interest in speaking.

Having evil thoughts toward the three women from the Assex family, pretending to be all strong in front of him. Was there anything else to say to these sorts of people?

He gently waved his hand.

Nathan, Keith, Waltz, Michelle, all four masters shot out at the same time!

Chapter 0975

Tristan still felt pretty good about himself. He still considered himself as the youngest Earth Expert in entire America.

So, when the four high-ranking masters of Alex's team rushed forward, he had planned to draw out the fight until his father came. It would be best if the grand elder, Terrance, also came with him...

Because he had quietly dialed Abel's number just now while Sophia was digging her own grave, the only reason he hadn't stepped in was that he was buying more time.

However, with his estimation, Abel would still need about ten minutes before he would reach.

He didn't know that every move he had made just now had been seen by Alex. The only reason he didn't stop it was because he planned to catch all of them in one fell swoop.

"When I hadn't shown my hand, did you think I was some sickly, weak cat? Did you think that the title the youngest Earth Expert in America was all for show?"

Tristan stood up, and the cultivation base of an Earth Expert warrior burst forth. His inner strength became as vigorous as the raging seas. He set his first target on Waltz.

'Hmph, as long as I catch this woman as a hostage, I'll be able to buy more time. I'll have more confidence when I deal with this trash with Dad by my side!' he thought to himself.

He reached out to grab Waltz, but the beautiful silk fan in Waltz's hand slammed down, blocking his hand.

Boom!

When the silk fan blocked his hand, he was shocked. He could also feel a sort of dark, oppressive energy coming from it.

'How is that possible?'

‘Could she also be an Earth Expert?’

For a woman who looked to be younger than him to have such strength, wasn't the title of being the youngest Earth Expert in the Golden Era a joke then?

His aura exploded.

The silk fan was flung away, but Tristan was also forced to take a step back. His right arm was numb with pain, as though it was no longer under his control.

In the next moment, Michelle's attack had also reached. Her long legs shot out, slamming into Tristan's chest heavily.

“Get lost!”

Tristan was furious.

How dare all these people attack him? Did they really think he was some pushover?!

He flew back into the fight with a single jump.

Snap!

It sounded like firecrackers going off.

Michelle's martial arts were a modified version of the Slunch Jauda, with fiery and ferocious moves as its center. She focused her inner strength on her legs, which gave her a boost in her attack power. Her cultivation base was close to Waltz's level, and it was because Alex had used various means to rush her level up to about the level of the peak of Mystic Rank and half-stepped Earth Expert.

On the other hand, Tristan had suffered from eating mud during this period. One rose, while the other fell.

Both their legs collided.

It was Tristan who turned out to be the inferior one, the bones in his legs almost broke with that collision.

'This... What the fuck is going on?!

'This woman is also an Earth Expert?!'

Michelle had the appearance of a child with a mature body, and she was a university student. However, her face looked like she was still a middle school student, obviously younger than Tristan by a lot. But with just this one attack... Well, for a girl to beat Tristan's own Earth Expert level, what kind of joke was this? Had his cultivation really been affected by the mud that he had consumed?

What came next was Tristan getting crushed and beaten by the two women. Neither Nathan nor Keith needed to lift a finger.

Sven, who stood to the side, was ignored by everyone else.

"Stop!"

Suddenly, a roar rang out. Abel had arrived.

As soon as he did, he saw his own son being crushed and beaten. Not only was his nose black and blue and swollen, but blood gushed out from his nose and mouth. One of his arms was bent at an awkward angle, obviously broken. His eyes felt like they were going to pop out, and he felt his anger reach its boiling point. "You dare to make a move against the Missouri Colemans?! You're really asking for death!"

Just as he said that, the beautiful silk fan in Waltz's hand broke out in a shocking light.

A red streak of the fan's shadow appeared in the air.

Chapter 0976

The light swept across Tristan's neck.

Squelch!

Blood splattered everywhere wildly, and a head soared up into the air.

Tristan's head tumbled in the air, and he could see his own body spurting blood. His eyes widened as though he was trying to remember the scene right before his death. And in his heart, he inexplicably thought, 'Well, no matter. Death is a relief. I finally don't have to eat that disgusting mud anymore!'

"No!"

Abel roared up into the sky.

Tristan was his son, the greatest pride of his life, and he was also the greatest hope for Missouri's Colemans. Everyone had been counting on him to grow up quickly so that he would be able to lead the Colemans of Missouri to new heights, breaking the shackles of the eight great royal families and climbing even higher than ever.

But now.

All those expectations and hopes were shattered. His heart was crying tears of blood.

"You, you all dare kill my son?!"

"You dare to destroy the hope of our Missouri's Coleman family! The Missouri Colemans will not rest until you're dead!"

Michelle snorted. "Are the Missouri Colemans really that great? After tonight, whether or not the eight great royal families of the Golden Era will still have the Missouri Colemans is another matter."

"What?"

Abel was startled, and he became anxious as though suddenly recalling something. He leveled a raging glare towards Alex. Then his face changed drastically. "Where's our grand elder? Didn't he go looking for you? Where has he gone?"

"He's dead!" Alex said calmly.

"What? Impossible, the Colemans' grand elder is a Grandmaster, how could he..."

His words came to an abrupt end. Just now, he had given Terrance a call. The call went through, but no one picked up.

If Terrance was still alive, why wouldn't he pick up the phone?

More importantly, even Byakko wasn't picking up her phone.

Alex shook his head lightly and said, "Did you know, with your son's talents, he could have broken through Earth Expert and become a Grandmaster within five years. But the fault lies in the fact that you all were too impatient and wanted him to be one in a year and was also going to use Zendaya as a natural furnace..."

“Once you have gone down the wrong path, there is no turning back. The Colemans kept piling on the mistakes. From start to end, none of you have once thought whether it was wrong or right, eh? Was there a single one of you that felt ashamed... None!”

“On the contrary, you wanted to take me as your slave, and on the other hand, you also tried to destroy me. You wouldn’t even let a five year old child go.”

“Was a family like this worthy of the royal title? In the end, the blame is entirely on your own Coleman family!”

Abel’s face was flushed red with anger but also paled white. Finally, it twisted into something hideous, and he looked at Alex like a poisonous snake that had its eye on its prey, a monstrous resentment burning within them. “You! Everything was because of you!”

Alex shook his head, waving his hand gently. “Send him off to reunite with his son! The entire family should be tidied up completely.”

Nathan took the lead this time.

Then, Keith followed.

Waltz and Michelle didn't move.

Fifteen seconds later, everything quietened down. Apart from Alex and his team, the only one left in the room was Sven pissing his pants.

In the Missouri Colemans' residence, the Patriarch of the family, Wesley Coleman, was sitting on the grand chair in the main hall with his younger son, Adam, and his wife, Jessica.

"According to time, I suppose Tristan should have met up with the Immortal Doctor by now? I wonder how it's going."

"Dad, Elder Brother called before this and mentioned that the Immortal Doctor was someone else. But the grand elder went out himself to make sure, and we can rest assured. Let's wait for the good news of Tristan's recovery."

Wesley laughed and said, "This time, once he's been cured, let him practice and cultivate with peace of mind. There's no need to find whatever natural furnace anymore. Rough it out for five years, and he'll be able to enter the ranks of Grandmaster for sure. It's best to go slow and steady now, lest other issues would arise."

Just then, a booming voice came booming from outside the doors.

“Your grandson, Tristan Coleman, Will no longer be coming back!”

Chapter 0977

The voice startled Wesley, Adam, and Jessica.

The two men were masters in martial arts, and though Wesley was an old man, the older they were, the more vigorous their inner strengths would be. Now that he was at 70 years of age, he was already at the Advanced Earth Expert level. It was a pity there was no hope for him to become a Grandmaster.

As for Adam, he was at Beginner Earth Expert rank. When the two heard the voice, they instantly knew that it was a master that had come knocking.

The roar was similar to that of a lion, filled with powerful inner energy. It made the eardrums of the people who had heard it swell and pain. A buzzing filled their mind. Their eyes seemed to see stars.

“Roar!!!”

Wesley stomped his foot fiercely, and a roar that sounded like a broken gong echoed out. It was also infused with strong inner energy to offset the physical discomfort caused by the last roar and defuse the inner energy attached to it.

“Who is it?!”

“Using these hocus-pocus and trickery? Get out here!” Wesley yelled toward the sky.

“Why are you calling out so loudly? It’s not like I’m deaf!”

Upon hearing that, an old man walked in slowly. It was Zayn Stoermer, the Patriarch of the Stoermer family. He was alone.

Wesley was startled. “Old Stoermer, why have you come to our Coleman residence?”

Zayn held his arms behind his back and shook his head.

“Calling me ‘Old Stoermer’ now is inappropriate! This time, I’ve come because of three things.”

Wesley's face sank when he heard that. "What three things?"

"Firstly, I came to let you know that your son, Abel, is dead."

"What did you say?!"

"Your grandson, Tristan, is also dead."

"Nonsense!"

"Plus, your grand elder, Terrance, is also dead."

Wesley's face had changed completely. "Zayn Stoermer, everyone in the royal family has been saying that you've achieved Grandmaster. The way I see it, I think that you've gone senile! The Stoermer family is at a dead end now. It's impossible that the grand elder of the Coleman family is dead. He's still a Grandmaster, and he's far stronger than a Grandmaster that has just been promoted like you."

Thud!

Zayn took out a phone and opened it, then tossed it to the front of Wesley.

On the screen, there was a photo. It was the scene of Abel being killed.

Wesley stared at it, then his face drained of all blood, becoming pale white as he quickly snatched the phone up. Taking a closer look, his entire body trembled as he yelled out, "Abel!! Who... Who was the one who did it?!"

"There's still more after that. You might as well get it over with," said Zayn.

Thus, he flipped to the next one only to see a bloody head still dripping with blood.

It was Tristan's head.

Wesley's old eyes jerked violently, his body trembling as he was unable to accept it.

"There's still more," Zayn reminded.

Wesley's hands trembled. He didn't dare to flip anymore, he was afraid that he would see Terrance's body next, and that was the one thing he absolutely couldn't accept. Terrance Coleman was the cornerstone of the Coleman family, the strongest weapon they had as their last line of defense.

If anything were to happen to him, it would be a gigantic problem.

Finally, Wesley swiped his finger across the screen.

In the next moment, Terrance's corpse jumped into the screen, and Adam let out a yell, while Wesley's expression changed abruptly. His chest rose and fell sharply, and the next moment, he coughed up a spurt of blood from his mouth.

He was completely unable to accept this.

Adam shouted hysterically, "Who did this? Who in the world did this?!"

"You brought disaster upon yourself, and you can't live! The Coleman family has offended those who shouldn't be offended. Didn't you learn your lesson from the last warning we gave at the Stoermer residence?"

After a long while, Wesley, now ashen grey in the face, said, “Zayn Stoermer, there are still two more things. What are they?”

Chapter 0978

Zayn said, “The second thing is to collect two debts. The first one is my daughter-in-law’s nephew was killed by your grandson, Tristan. The second is that you wanted to use my granddaughter as a neutral furnace for your grandson. If I don’t collect the two debts for the Stoermer family, don’t you think that the Grandmaster rank I hold now would be the funniest joke in the world?”

“Tristan is already dead. What more do you want?” asked Adam.

“Yes, Tristan is dead. But isn’t your Missouri’s Colemans still alive and well?” Zayn said.

“Pu...”

Another mouthful of blood came out from Wesley’s mouth, and he croaked hoarsely, “You... You came to destroy the Coleman family? Zayn Stoermer, don’t forget that there are rules in the eight great royal families that you can’t destroy each other.”

Zayn shook his head. "I don't intend to destroy the Coleman family. Tristan is dead, so in accordance with the current law, pay up! I want half the assets of the Coleman family."

"What? Why don't you just take it by force?"

Adam was so angry, he felt his lungs almost exploding!

Even a lion wouldn't have such a big appetite when they opened their mouths!

Zayn nodded. "You can think of it that way."

Wesley's eyes were already out of focus. "Then, what is the third thing?"

"The third..." The aura around Zayn suddenly soared, bursting out like a divine sword being unsheathed. A sharp, murderous intent accompanied it, soaring towards the skies. "I, Zayn Stoermer, have achieved the rank of Grandmaster. I should not be disrespected, but your Coleman family came knocking on my doors, treading all over me. I want you to pick up the sacrificial knife and take your life!"

Adam burst out, "Bullshit! You're just a Grandmaster who has just ascended. Do you think you're invincible in this world? The masters in the Coleman family are as great as the skies. So what if you're a Grandmaster? We'll still kill you!"

Suddenly, a group of fierce looking warriors came rushing in.

Thump, thump thump!

They were all elites of the Stoermer family, and everyone was drenched in blood, surrounded by a murderous aura.

When Adam saw this, he felt his heart shatter.

As for Wesley, he fell to the ground on his butt. It looked like his soul had left his body. "We're finished, the Coleman family is finished!"

Zayn let out a cold laugh, his hand snapping outward. Wesley closed his old eyes, not displaying any signs of resistance at all.

Ding!

At Maple Villa 8, Zendaya received a message on her phone.

When she opened it, it was a picture. It was a picture of Tristan's head. When Zendaya saw this, she immediately handed the

phone to her mother, Carey.

The picture had, of course, been sent to her by Alex. The reason was to give her a sense of security and assure Carey that her nephew had been avenged.

Carey looked at the phone for almost half a minute before finally putting it down with a sigh. "Tristan is dead, but your cousin will never come back to life. To your uncle, it's a pain that will never be erased forever."

There was a depressing look on Zendaya's face.

For her aunt and uncle, to be bereaved of their only child at middle and old age was an unimaginable pain. Revenge was just a kind of comfort for them, but it would never heal the wounds in their hearts.

“Mom, I’ve decided to return to the Stoermer family to take the hell level training,” Zendaya suddenly said with a determined look on her face.

“What?”

Carey and Xyla were shocked.

“Why? I can still understand if you said it back then since you didn’t want to marry Tristan. But now you have Alex, why do you still have this thought in your mind? No, definitely not. I won’t allow it.” Carey refused firmly.

“It’s because of this that I need to accept this training and get stronger,” Zendaya said. “I don’t want to be a burden to him, and I don’t want to be called a troublemaker who only brings trouble to him. I don’t want us to be separated by death one day! I want to become someone who can help him. I’m confident that I can do it.”

Aunt Rockefeller’s words had struck deep within her.

If that young woman in black really was Alex’s aunt, wouldn’t she, Zendaya Stoermer, be directly kicked out of the picture?

No, this definitely could not be allowed to happen. She possessed unparalleled mental powers, and she will definitely succeed in coming out of that purgatory alive.

Chapter 0979

Tristan was dead, and so was Abel. Even Sven was dead.

He had brought up the suggestion to kidnap the three women from the Assex family and torture and humiliate them in front of Alex. To be able to suggest something so sick, he was even more contemptible than Tristan. It wasn't possible to allow him to live to see the new year.

Alex walked out of Red Mill with a blank look on his face.

In the corridor, he saw Azure and that self-righteous woman, Sophia Helton.

At that moment, Sophia was lying on the ground, barking wildly and struggling constantly. Azure sat on her body, rendering her unable to move at all. No matter how you looked at it, it seemed remarkably similar to a sexual assault.

Alex was taken aback.

Waltz didn't have the mood to continue watching, and a palm came to cover her forehead as she yelled, "Azure, what the heck are you doing? This woman is a social queen bee from California's Colemans. You don't know how many men she's been with. If you want a woman, it doesn't have to be this sort, right? Are those beautiful female managers in Thousand Miles not good enough for you? Aren't you afraid of getting some disease?"

Azure stiffened and immediately jumped up from where he was sitting on top of Sophia. Embarrassment and nervousness peeked through his voice. "No, I didn't."

When Azure jumped up, everyone saw it.

Sophia's face, which could have been initially described as flawless and beautiful as a flower, had been carved up and was bloodied with the words 'I'm a bitch'.

It looked like Azure's writing skills left much to be desired. Besides, the knife carving was vastly different from his pen writing. The words were crooked and of various sizes. They weren't even as good as an elementary school student's writings, but the words could clearly be made out.

Everyone suddenly came to the same realization.

So, Azure wasn't violating Sophia, he was carving her face.

It was not hard to imagine that it would definitely cause a sensation for California's social queen bee to walk around with those words on her face in the future.

Alex was speechless.

However, Michelle clapped her hands and applauded him. "Not bad, not bad. Miss Waltz, didn't this woman say that she wanted to carve the words 'bitch' on our faces? Now that her face has the exact words, it seems she's got her wish. How can we keep something so fresh and intriguing to ourselves? We have to let the public watch this with us!"

The little devil immediately took out her phone and started taking various pictures of Sophia from different angles.

Sophia screamed in fear, immediately raising her hands to cover her face.

Michelle snorted coldly. "You better take those hands away and show me a smile. Otherwise, I'll strip you and have Azure carve the entire Karma Sutra on your body."

Azure looked at her in horror. "Miss Michelle, I can't do that. That's too many words! Even if I carve her entire body, there wouldn't be enough space!"

“What are you so worried about? A blackboard can be erased and written on again. At most, you’d just have to carve over the spots you’ve carved on.”

Forget Sophia. Upon thinking about how horrifying it would be, even Alex trembled when he heard that.

Sophia instantly cried for mercy. “No, please don’t carve my body. I’ll take my hands away, right away!”

“Very good. Smile!”

“...”

“Your expression is too stiff... do you know how to smile or not? It’s gotta be bright and sunny, just like when you see your lover. Be more natural, strike a pose, lift your feet. That’s it, say cheese!”

Everyone present felt messed up.

Sure enough, the nickname ‘little devil’ wasn’t groundless, and there was indeed ground for its existence.

After she finished taking the pictures, Michelle ignored Sophia and sent them off to her friends.

Back at Maple Villa 8, the three women from the Stoermer family were present.

But the atmosphere around them seemed a bit strange. When Carey saw Alex, a smile lit up on her face immediately as she stood up. After some haphazard praises were thrown out, she pulled Alex outside when it was done and said, “Good son-in-law, mother has a request for you.”

Carey was not very old. Living in a rich and noble home like the Stoermers, her appearance and body had been well maintained, and she looked to be even younger than Claire. To be able to give birth to a daughter like Zendaya, her own genes had to be strong, and it wouldn't be hard for her to pass off as a thirty year old woman.

If she wore some makeup and dressed in a youthful outfit...

Chapter 0980

She could have easily passed off as Zendaya's sister.

Plus, her temperament was good!

Having his hands held by her smooth jade-like hands and being called 'son-in-law,' as well her self-reference as his mother, Alex felt himself go rigid.

"A-Aunt, don't hesitate to tell me anything," Alex said, slightly tongue tied.

"Why are you still calling me Aunt? The daughter that I've raised with so much hard work will give birth to your child. Doesn't that sound a little estranged? How about you call me mom?"

"This... C-Could you give me some time?"

"Yes, of course! But, I really do think of you as my son-in-law... It's like this, Zendaya has decided that she wants to take part in the Stoermer family's Infernal Experience. That's too dangerous. Among the hundred members of the Stoermer family, only one or two percent would survive. That's how deadly that place is! Son-in-law... My daughter only knew how to sing, dance, and act before this, she's never learned any martial arts

before, how could she survive in that place? So, please, go and talk to her and persuade her. You're the only one she'll listen to now."

Alex was stunned for a long time. "What is the Infernal Experience?"

Carey explained that the Infernal Experience was a kind of cultivation method that the Stoermer family had handed down since ancient times. It would place its participants in a special location, to live there for two years. To be able to come out of that place alive would mean that they had succeeded in the training.

Often, those who succeeded would have their cultivation base significantly increased and become a legend of that generation.

Alex was extremely curious.

What in the world was that place?

However, Carey wasn't very clear either. "This is a secret of the Stoermer family, and even I am unclear on the details because only the direct descendants of the Stoermer family can participate in this training. People from different family names who marry into the family are not qualified to take part in it. But, I do know that it's perilous."

While they were talking, Zendaya had found them and said firmly, “Mom, you don’t have to ask Alex to persuade me. I will definitely not change my decision on this.”

Carey looked crestfallen.

Alex said, “Aunt, let me talk to Zendaya alone.”

Upon saying that, Alex brought Zendaya back to his own room.

“Zendaya...”

Zendaya jumped on him immediately, stopping him from talking with her own lips. Her red lips opened, and she kissed him passionately.

“Don’t try to persuade me... Just love me!”

“But...”

“No buts. Focus, I want you to love me seriously.”

Next, the room temperature seemed to rise several degrees.

In a well known Californian K'IV, Claire and Adrianna's family walked out from the inside.

On her birthday, Adrianna had not only dined at South Cali Dining for dinner, but she even sang at the KTV for two to three hours. They were out having fun until past 10 pm, and they had a great time.

However, because of the meeting with Alex and the Stoermer family before this, Claire felt upset.

Adrianna snorted, the alcohol on her breath evident, "Sister, even your daughter is another one. She left halfway while eating and didn't even come to the KTV. The way I see it, she doesn't have any heart to celebrate her Aunt's birthday at all. Since when did the company become so busy? This Assex Constructions... Do they rake in a lot of money?"

Claire had many drinks herself, and she said, "What raking in money bullsh*t? The family is almost going down the drain now."

Adrianna laughed. “You... You’re an idiot who deserves this. If you hadn’t driven Alex away, your family would have struck gold by now. Either way, the results are good. Now, my daughter is working for Alex and has surpassed your family financially. Don’t you think that you’ve made a big mistake? Alright, let’s stop here for today! You’re drunk. Find a substitute driver!”

Taylor had not drunk any alcohol, so he started up the car and drove his wife and daughter home.

Just as Beatrice was looking for someone to serve as their substitute driver, Claire said, “What substitute driver? If any one of them sees such a stunning mother-daughter pair, don’t you think they’d want to take advantage of us? I didn’t drink that much. I can still drive!”

In the end, just as the car backed out of the parking space...

Bang!

They had collided with another car.

Beatrice got out to take a look and exclaimed in horror, “Ah! Mom, we’re done for. We’ve hit a luxury car. It’s a Rolls Royce!”

