# The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 1008 - 1010

With eyes lit, Claire pushed Aunt Rockefeller harshly. "Get lost! What's it to you? Step aside!"

She then turned to Alex. "Alex Rockefeller, you were the one who made this deal. I don't mind groveling if you give me ten billion dollars! I wouldn't even mind groveling before your entire family if you wanted me to! So, where's the money? Hand the ten billion over, and I'll kowtow right now. You should be a man of your word, so don't be some coward who breaks his promise!"

Claire was delighted.

'Ten billion!'

Even if she really did sell Dorothy to the Duncans, there was no way she'd be able to get ten billion. No ordinary human could ever earn such a large sum of money, hence she didn't mind groveling one bit.

She would be willing to even eat poop for that money. At that moment, she immediately fell to her knees, kneeling before Alex.

'Now, you can't go back on your word if I kneel first!'

The Duncan siblings watched in disbelief. This was the first time they've ever seen such a shameless woman.

Suddenly, the sound of a loud slap filled the air.

Aunt Rockefeller had slapped Claire across her face, her voice frosty. "I can't bear watching this lunatic any longer! You should get lost!"

The slap managed to send Claire flying back. She fell into the garden and fainted.

Alex turned to look at Ronald and Danial, who was still unable to move till now.

He chuckled. "There's still half an hour till twelve. Well then, let's give the head of the Johansson family another half an hour. What say you?"

Aunt Rockefeller shrugged. "I don't mind."

Ronald was getting frustrated. He didn't understand why his father was just standing still. 'It's not like the 500 Golden Dragon Warriors are here to be mere decorations, right?'

"Dad, dad? What's wrong? Do something!"

Danial, however, remained standing still.

Krystal could tell that something was off with her husband as well.

She rushed over and shook Danial, shouting. "Danial, Danial! What's wrong?"

No response.

Krystal started panicking. "Them! They must've done something to Danial! Logan, what are you waiting for? Can't you see that something's wrong with Danial? Crush those bastards now! Right now!"

Logan Goldman was the leader of the Golden Dragon Warriors. He was an Advanced-Mystic ranked fighter, the strongest within the group.

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The warrior second to him was Beginner-Mystic ranked. For some reason, though, there weren't any Intermediate-Mystic ranked fighters.

After receiving the order, Logan lifted his golden blade.

"Warriors! Hear my command! Back out of the villa if you're ranked lower than Mystic! Mystics, get into place! Capture every single person in the villa! Kill anyone who doesn't cooperate!"

His commands were reasonable. There were just too many people in the villa now.

With all these warriors in shiny armor, they could easily hurt themselves if they tried fighting them here.

In just a few minutes, hundreds of warriors backed out of the front yard. Thirty one Mystic rank warriors were all that was left.

Ronald and the others backed away as well.

Danial, on the other hand, was carried away by two warriors. He was panicking on the inside since their opponent seemed terrifyingly overbearing.

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'500 of our warriors wouldn't stand a chance against them, let alone thirty one! They're literally digging their own graves!'

Nonetheless, Danial still couldn't move or speak.

Just then, all thirty one warriors shouted and lunged toward Alex and the others.

Alex's eyes were as clear as water. He lifted his hand and said, "Swords up!"

Thirty-six dragon bone swords then appeared above his head. Initially bone needles, Alex managed to change their sizes after achieving Divine Transcendence. Hence, all the swords were at least a meter long, looking extremely menacing.

The warriors were shocked, their eyes wide open. They could barely hold on to their golden blades too.

Alex waved his hand lightly.

"Go!"

## **The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 1009**

At the time, the Johanssons had a guest over at their place.

The guest turned out to be an old man in his seventies with messy gray hair. He had a long beard that reached his chest. He held two bottles of wine, the bottle labeled with a red sticker with the words "Maiden Rose" written on it.

"Johansson! Open the door!"

"Hey you, old man, you really do know how to give everyone a scare! You've been keeping such a low profile, yet you have such a powerful trump card in store! 500 Golden Dragon Warriors! Where have you been hiding them all this time?"

The old man's mouth curved into a smile as soon as he saw Fanny.

Fanny was satisfied with his words as well.

This was what he wanted, after all. His family had been keeping a low profile for twenty years just so they could make an extremely explosive debut.

He wanted to shock all the four big Californian families and try to make a name for themselves in South California.

At that time, he had gotten some intel from his spy and found out the reactions of the four big families and the ancient martial arts families.

They were all shocked and fearful.

This old man in front of him wasn't any ordinary man as well.

Born in one of the eight royal families, the Seay family of Alaska, he was rumored to be the seventh uncle of the Seay family's head.

However, he married a woman from California. Unable to get used to his family's rules, he decided to live a simple life in the state. Despite this, his status and reputation still exceeded him. He was a being far more powerful than the four great families in California.

Knowing that this old man was impressed by his warriors, Fanny felt as if he had eaten a cold slice of watermelon during a hot summer's day. He felt delighted.

"Hahaha, Andrew! What brings you here? We, the Johanssons, usually like keeping a low profile, so not many know about our Golden Dragon Warriors! We don't send them out for missions that much!"

Andrew led him to a table, opening one of the bottles of wine. "Come, come. Johansson, you've managed to hide this trump card and give all the other families quite a scare! You should be punished with this large glass of wine!"

"This is a thirty year old Maiden Rose dug up from Roy's locust tree at his house in City East. His granddaughter still hasn't married at the age of thirty, so I figured she would just stay this way forever. That's why I took this Maiden Rose with me. We wouldn't want to waste it now, would we?"

Fanny laughed. He really wanted to try the thirty year old Maiden Rose as well.

As they drank, Andrew asked the purpose of bringing out the Golden Dragon Warriors and what happened to the Johansson family.

"We can't just sit back and not put up a fight, right?" explained Fanny. "They're insulting us at this rate! If we didn't do anything about this, we would become laughing stock in California. How could we possibly call ourselves part of the four big families then?"

Andrew's eyes widened. "Did you say Maple Villa 8? That young man called Rockefeller lives there, right?"

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Fanny replied, "Yep, that's him! An abandoned child! My warriors will be crushing maple Villa 8 on this day!"

Crash!

Andrew lost his grasp on the cup in his hand. As it fell to the table, all of the wine was spilled.

His face went pale. "Johansson, you... You're in trouble! Oh god, quickly! Have your warriors retreat this instant! All of them! It'll be too late if you waste any more time!"

"Trouble? What do you mean trouble? We, the Johanssons, are a family of justice. We take actions accordingly as well. That punk was the one who provoked us, so it wouldn't be crossing the line if I crushed them." Fanny didn't seem to care.

Andrew said, "No, Johansson! Listen to me, ask them to retreat! They wouldn't be able to come back if it were to be too late! Do you know what happened to the Colemans of Missouri? Their grandmaster, Terrance, died in Maple Villa 8 two days ago!"

"What?!"

Fanny definitely knew about the incident that dawned on the Colemans, and how the Stoermer family had been half crushed.

However, he had no idea how Terrance died. It was rumored that Terrance had literally felt his heart shrinking as if being squeezed by someone's hand.

"Not just Grandmaster Terrance, but their prodigy, Tristan, even Abel and one of their princesses, Byakko, were crushed by that man! If he could defeat grandmasters, how would your warriors stand a chance? None of your warriors are Earth-ranked, right?"

"Argh!!!" Fanny screamed.

His joy and excitement had disappeared completely, replaced by infinite fear and terror.

"But we dug up his information! He's just a loser, a useless son-in-law! How... How is that possible?"

Andrew, however, just shook his head and continued to drink his wine, not saying a word.

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Fanny froze up for quite a while, he then remembered that he could call Danial, but he didn't pick up.

He tried calling Ronald and Logan as well, but it was to no avail.

## **The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 1010**

'Something's gone wrong. Something must've gone wrong!'

Fanny's heart was pounding incredibly hard, and cold sweat trickled down his back. Checking the time, there was still twenty minutes until the clock struck twelve. He stood up abruptly and rushed out of his place.

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The Johanssons at Maple Villa 8 didn't pick up because they were way too shocked by what they saw.

Just a second ago, all of them watched as thirty one warriors lunged towards Alex and the others. They had really thought that Alex would be done for. The Duncan siblings thought so as well.

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They were happy with this result. It didn't matter if he could cure their grandfather's stomach cancer; it didn't even matter if he was the actual Grandmaster Alex. As long as he was dead, their grandfather couldn't possibly put the blame on them.

'As for his life...'

'Others die from stomach cancer easily, so why aren't you dead yet?'

Just then, the Dragon's Bane of Thirty-Six floated in the air. Alex waved lightly, forming thirty one of them into killing rays of light. These were aimed at those warriors lunging at them.

Whoosh...

In just a second, all of them were murdered.

'What did we just see?'

Everyone except Aunt Rockefeller was appalled. They couldn't believe that such powers existed in this world.

'Was that how he kills people?'

'No…'

'That was almost as easy as slaughtering livestock!'

'Is this man some type of god?'

The rest of the warriors started trembling in fear, realizing how they had almost suffered the same fate.

'What do we do?'

'Should we keep fighting? Or should we retreat?'

All of them looked at one another.

The rest of the 469 warriors didn't dare to take another step. They knew they would just be asking for death if they did. At that moment, everyone fell silent, not even daring to breathe too loud.

The Duncan siblings fell to the ground, unable to crawl back up to their feet.

All they could think of was...

'It's true! Grandpa wasn't lying!'

'This grandmaster Alex can call for lightning with his hand! He can kill evil spirits with ease as well!'

They finally realized this when they saw him murdering all thirty one warriors with his Dragon's Bane of Thirty-Six.

'He's a godlike being!'

Alex immediately collected the thirty one swords and merged them with the other five, making them disappear into thin air. His head felt an immensely sharp pain, a side effect of using the Dragon's Bane of Thirty-Six.

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Alex hadn't really mastered any of the formation blueprints for all thirty-six swords. Hence, he merely forced himself into controlling them, draining his energy and mental power in the process.

Aunt Rockefeller came to his side and placed her palm on his lower back, inserting a large amount of spiritual power into his body.

She whispered, "You're pretty weak, Alex. You're already drained after using it once? How could you handle that many women around you then? I'm worried."

After a brief while, an old man rushed over to the villa, stumbling slightly.

It was Fanny, the head of the Johansson family.

As a Mystic-ranked fighter, he had spent all his strength running over, causing him to pant profusely. Despite doing all of this, all of his Mystic-ranked fighters still ended up murdered before he could arrive.

Thud!

He knelt to the ground, crying hysterically.

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