

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0401 - 0405

A letter?

Beatrice got up and looked around, but there wasn't a sign of Mask anywhere.

'Brother Mask!'

She mumbled to herself, feeling lost and defeated. Her mind was still stuck on the scene of Mask saving her for the second time. When she remembered how she had acted then, she felt a burst of shame shooting through her. Thinking about how he had slapped her, the memory was sweet rather than painful. It didn't hurt at all, but instead, she felt love.

She clutched her heart, feeling restless from the burst of emotions, and her ears felt hot.

Looking down at the letter, there was only the word 'Beatrice' on the front. She blushed even harder, and her heart beat faster.

'He actually knows my name!'

'Could it be that he already noticed me a long time ago? It can't be... A love letter inside this, right?'

The more she thought about it, the more she jumped for joy. Her hands trembled, and she was so close to screaming.

Even though she had just been deceived and betrayed by her best friend, she didn't bother to think about it because to her, right now, the most crucial thing in the world was Mask.

Cough, cough!

Alex chose this moment to walk out. He had already changed his clothes, discarding the mask and carrying a big bag in his hands. Inside the bag, it was filled with women's clothing.

It had been given to him by Leanne previously. Obviously, the real recipient was meant to be his wife, Dorothy.

"It's so late. What are you doing in the yard? Huh? Even your clothes are torn, and you're holding a letter? What's that, a love letter?" Alex purposely exclaimed in surprise.

Beatrice's expression changed immediately when she caught sight of Alex. She snorted coldly. "What are you doing at my house in the middle of the night?"

"It's not like I'm not here for you... Is it really a love letter? Come on, let's have a look. I can be your reference."

Beatrice hurriedly hid the letter behind her back, giving him one last snort before scurrying back into the house.

She wanted to open the letter immediately. She couldn't wait to see what Mask had written to her.

Alex found it amusing and shook his head, heading in to look for Dorothy. When he walked in, he took note that Claire wasn't around. That was great! He went straight to his wife's room.

In the next room, Beatrice opened the envelope. She read it eagerly. There were only a few words on it, and the moment she

read it, she suddenly burst into tears.

This wasn't a love letter at all. The words were...

Miss Assex, seeing a person's handwriting is as good as meeting face to face.

I was surprised when I learned of the reason for this matter. I saved your life twice, but it didn't have any special meaning behind it. It just so happened that I was there at the right time. I'm already married, and I have a sweet wife by my side, and my family is beautiful. I wouldn't have it any other way.

Lastly, I would like to offer a little piece of advice.

If you can't let go of the wrong person, then you will never find the right person!

Live life well, and be kind to your family. I hope that you will grow up to be a person with both good morale and of good use to society. That would be the best repayment for me. Good luck, and don't do any more foolish things.

Regards,

Mask.

This letter was of course written by Alex. Plus, the handwriting had been deliberately changed. He had given it a lot of thought, as it was to prevent her from meeting him

while she was still awake and of a clear mind. It was possible that she would recognize him, and this was the safest way to go about things.

Alex could hear her sobbing from next door, and he sighed lightly, shaking his head.

This strange feeling really was an unprecedented one.

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But soon, all his thoughts quietly fell on his wife, Dorothy.

She wore a pair of black pajamas with garters, and the hemline was extremely low. Her long legs were half curled up as she leaned against the bed, reading a book. Her legs alone made Alex unable to divert his eyes. How could he have the time to think about Beatrice?

“My wife, are you reading? Aren’t you tired? Come, let me give you a massage.” Alex walked over immediately, gently leaning a hand on her leg.

Thud!

Dorothy placed a leg on Alex and said, "Where's the washboard?"

Alex grabbed her ankle and replied, "Where would I find a washboard? Who even uses it nowadays? Oh, but I've some clothes for you. Have a look and see if you like them."

"Clothes? Hmph, is this some guilty conscience of yours? Speak up, what's going on?"

Alex chuckled, then sat down on the edge of the bed. He grabbed her foot and placed it on his lap, squeezing it gently as he said, "What did your sister say to you?"

Dorothy was basking in the comfort of the massage and stopped kicking him. "Why do you care what she said? Tell me what you have to say."

"Alright. If I said that Cheryl asked me over to treat a neurologist from Switzerland, would you believe me?"

Dorothy gently shifted her tender white foot on his face and said, "I think you'd need to see a neurologist instead. Since when have you been able to give treatments?"

"I know the essence of acupuncture," Alex replied.

“You know acupuncture?”

“Yes, I was self taught, which I learned while my mother was in the hospital. Don't you think my massage technique feels really good? There isn't any other massage technique in California that will be able to beat mine. Cheryl's grandfather even wanted to worship me as his teacher!”

“Get out! California's legendary doctor wants to worship you as a teacher? Then why don't you just say you're also going up to heaven at the same time? Tell me the truth. Otherwise... You won't have a bed to sleep in tonight.”

Alex quickly glanced at the bed, feeling shaken, and hurriedly said, “Alright. Cheryl knows Zendaya, so I got in contact with Zendaya through her to make some arrangements. I wanted her to endorse the product my mother is making.”

He couldn't help but praise his quick wits for so spontaneously coming up with such an excuse.

The moment he said it out loud, he couldn't help but remain stunned for a while and thought, 'That's actually a feasible idea. I'll have to discuss it with Mom to see if it's necessary for us to do this.'

Dorothy frowned. “Have Zendaya's endorsement? She's a top tier celebrity. She won't be cheap. I heard that even some beverage company offered her a hundred million endorsement fee the last time, but still, she turned it down.”

Alex smiled. “The legendary doctor Coney has saved Zendaya’s life once. With Cheryl coming forward, the cost will be considerably lowered.”

The moment Dorothy heard that she became jealous once again. But she couldn’t be of any help in this matter. If Zendaya really did agree, then it was indeed the best choice.

Could she force Alex into rejecting Cheryl’s help and losing Zendayan’s endorsement? The first person who would come after her at that time would then be her mother-in-law, Brittany.

“Sigh.” She sighed loudly, feeling inexplicably heartbroken.

She then paused, as though she had made up her mind and said, “Go and take a bath, then come and sleep once you’re done.”

‘Hmph!’

How shameless could Cheryl be, eyeing someone else’s husband so closely as though she was ready to dig in anytime? If she didn’t make her move soon, she could be the one picked off.

As for whatever agreement she had with her mother, Claire, who cares about that?

Alex was delighted and immediately rushed into the bathroom. The moment he entered, he saw a set of clothes already prepared, hung on the shelf, which made him feel even more emotional.

He showered as quickly and efficiently as he could. Wrapping a towel around himself, Alex walked out of the bathroom.

Now that he had successfully established his foundation and had sophisticated martial arts skills, his body was extremely well proportioned and had defined lines. He even had sexy V-line abs.

Dorothy, who had been reading a book, blushed after stealing a glance at him. Her heart skipped a beat, and her breath quickened. Even her eyes could not avert. She hadn't even noticed her own husband's body. Since when did his figure become this good?

No wonder Cheryl was so shameless, sticking to him with such a thick face.

"Turn off the lights," Dorothy mumbled in a low voice. Her heart thumped fiercely in her chest.

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Click!

The lights were turned off. The room instantly became as dark as ink, which immediately emitted a strange atmosphere. It was like grass that grew wild in the darkness.

Alex's eyes could see clearly in the dark, and he walked over silently.

He placed one hand on Dorothy's thigh.

He could clearly feel her delicate body trembling and how she shrank back at the touch. But she quickly calmed down. The man was her own husband, what was there to be shy of?

It should have been this way a long time ago, now already half a year late. She reached out too with her hand. The next moment, with a soft grunt, Alex nibbled on her lips.

Bang!

Simultaneously, the room door was suddenly pushed open, along with a ray of light pouring in and brightening the room. Claire stood at the door, donned in a pair of silk

pajamas, looking like some deity. Seeing the scene on the bed, she became angered to the point she almost exploded.

“Rockefeller, you ungrateful ingrate! How dare you sneak around with my daughter!”

She swooped in like the wind, grabbing the towel on Alex’s body with a violent force.

Alex immediately held on to it, feeling like ten thousand wild boards had suddenly stampeded into his heart and then thundered, “Claire Assex, are you out of your mind?! Let go, what are you trying to do?!”

How could Claire be willing to let go? She was furious as she shouted, “You’re asking me what I’m doing? What are you doing in my daughter’s room in the middle of the night? What did you promise me? Were your words as good as air? Are you even still a man?”

“She’s my wife! I agreed to make Dorothy the richest woman in California, and then only I would have children with her.”

“Then, just what do you think you are doing now?!”

“We’re not having children. We’re just... Warming up...”

“Get out! Get! Out! You’re not allowed to touch my daughter until you reach your goal.”

“Let go! Why aren’t you letting go? Claire, you don’t have a husband. Do you want your daughter to turn out the same as you, a widow?”

Dorothy had also gotten up, holding onto Alex’s towel as she yelled back, “Mom, let go first. Why are you pulling on his towel? If you have something to say, then just let go first and let’s talk properly.”

The loud arguments had intrigued Beatrice over to them too. She was stunned as she saw the scene right in front of her.

Claire, her mother, was actually fighting for a towel with her sister, and the main point here was that the towel was on Alex.

She suddenly recalled the words that Mask had told her, to treat her family kindly. Beatrice still didn’t like Alex, but since her sister was so hell bent on this, what else could she do?

She rushed forward, hugging her mother’s waist, and pulled at her hard. “Mom, stop making a fuss! They’re husband and wife, and Sister has her own rights and thoughts. You may be able to stop it once, but you can’t keep being at their tails all day every day in the future?”

Just at this moment, the sound of something shredding suddenly pierced through the air.

The bath towel couldn't withstand the violent tugging and tearing.

When Alex stormed out of the Assex residence, his face was shrouded in darkness. With someone as crazy as Claire around, it was like having a mountain presented in front of him. It was too troublesome even to want a positive outcome after sustained efforts with Dorothy!

He drove back to Maple Villa alone.

At the same time that this happened, a figure suddenly flew out of the window of room 0804, landing heavily with a loud thud on a BMW car below it. Upon impact, the entire front of the car caved inward, and the headlights burst into shards. Its alarm instantly went blaring.

The person who had fallen was Spark.

Another person with a corpse on his back followed immediately, stealthily climbing down from the window, disappearing silently into the darkness.

The corpse was Spark's bodyguard.

Soon, Anna and the others retreated from the scene. Only Yeferson's body was left in the room.

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"Ahhhh!"

An ear-splitting scream pierced through the air.

It turned out that there were a man and woman in the BMW, two people that happened to be meeting discreetly because they couldn't contain their emotions. But they ended up seeing someone jump off the building and smashing into their car, causing them to yell frantically in shock

Unfortunately for them, this would leave their minds traumatized from now. Every time they did something, they would recall this scene, and it wouldn't bring them as much joy anymore.

Very quickly, the midnight crowd gathered, and hush whispers could be heard, with fingers pointing about.

Some quickly made police reports, and some called 911. The one thing that piqued everyone's curiosity was that the man who had jumped off the building wasn't wearing any clothes.

Half an hour later, the Rockefeller family residence in California received a piece of news.

After the last farce in the mourning hall, the Rockefeller Group was feeling slightly precarious.

The Yowell's, Thousand Miles Conglomerate, and Waylon Realty, all local heavyweights, had stood on Brittany and Alex's side, standing up for them, much to the shock of many entrepreneurs present. The other businesses that had initial plans to collaborate with the Rockefeller Group had gradually become more ambiguous, adopting a wait and see approach instead. They were all afraid of being implicated by the Rockefellers.

Just then, John furiously shouted at one of the bodyguards, “Are you serious? It’s been so many days, and you can’t even find where that b*tch Brittany has gone to? Then what’s the point of having you?”

Brittany had made a bold statement, stating that she would destroy the Rockefeller Group within three months.

Although he felt a deep sense of contempt in his heart, he absolutely didn’t believe it. Even with the help of the Yowell family, she wouldn’t be able to defeat the Rockefeller family in such a short time, not by just relying on commercial power alone. The Rockefeller Group was not that weak, after all.

However, there was an instinctive fear that John had towards Brittany. It was better to be safe than sorry, after all.

It was vital to know yourself and the enemy well in order to win every battle.

The bodyguard lowered his head. “No, it’s as though she has disappeared from the face of the earth. But Alex is still in Maple Villa.”

John said angrily, “From now on, keep an eye on him closely, 24/7! Also, step up on your efforts to find Brittany’s trail! She must be planning something in secret, and I don’t know what’s she even up to now. I know this woman very well. She must be getting ready to give me a surprise.”

Just at this moment, Noah rushed in with an anxious look on his face. “Something has happened to Spark.”

John said in an icy tone, “What’s the matter now? That little son of a b*tch, not doing anything useful all day, and we just fished him out of prison. What has he done now? I really want to kill him! Only then will I be clean.”

Noah pursed his lips and glared at John. “Spark is dead.”

“What?!”

John’s furious face froze for a second. “What kind of joke are you playing?”

“It’s not a joke. Spark fell from the eighth floor of a building and died. Tony called Olivia just now, and she almost collapsed.”

Very quickly, with Mariah’s support, Olivia came stumbling in.

“Hubby! Spark, my baby Spark... Baby...”

Soon, a group of people arrived at the morgue and saw Spark's body.

"Captain Lee, please tell me, how did my son die?!"

John's eyes were practically ablaze, trying his best to suppress his rage. He only had one son, one that had died so unexpectedly. He had just sent his father off, and now he had to send his son off.

"Was it Alex who did it?"

Olivia started yelling at the top of her voice. "It must be him. He must have been the one to do this! Go and get him. Why are you still hesitating?"

Tony shook his head. "Mr. Rockefeller, Mrs. Rockefeller. My sincerest condolence for the death of young master Rockefeller. However, according to our post mortem, this matter had nothing to do with Alex. Instead, it was a crime of passion."

"What? Passion? Who was it, who was the one who killed my son?! Which woman was it?! I'm gonna rip her to pieces! I'll destroy her entire family!" Olivia screamed loudly in a fury.

John didn't speak. However, his expression reflected agreement toward Olivia's words.

Tony pointed to another corpse that was covered with a white cloth. A strange, strained expression washed all over his face. "That's him."

The white cloth was pulled off.

And the body of a man was revealed.

John's eyes widened, and his face was stunned. "Captain Lee, are you sure that love was the motive of this murder? Then, where is the woman?"

"There is no woman," Tony replied with a blank face.

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"There's no woman? What do you mean?" John bore a surprised look on his face as he looked toward Tony, his brain seemingly unable to process the words.

"According to the preliminary examination by our forensics just now, Mr. Spark and this man, Yeferson, just did the deed in the hotel room," Tony said.

Everyone present fell into dead silence.

Carol and Natalie, who came along with them, nearly burst out laughing. Fortunately, they managed to suppress it.

“Impossible! This is definitely not true. I know my son. He definitely doesn’t swing that way, and his orientation has always been the same. I saw it with my own eyes,” John roared.

Tony waved his hand. “I won’t comment on this. I’m just telling you that these are the results of our investigation.”

Olivia pointed to Yeferson’s body. “You’re saying that this guy is the one who killed my son? The one who pushed him out the window?”

Tony nodded. “According to the traces left at the scene, that seems to be what happened in this case. After he pushed the young master down, he committed suicide. Sigh. Please restrain your grief, everyone, and accept fate.”

Anna and the others from Divine Constabulary came with lots of experience, and they often came across such cases. It was a trivial thing to set up such a scene and to ensure that no one would be aware of what really transpired.

Olivia's leg gave way as she slumped to the ground, wailing loudly.

John pointed at Yeferson, his voice vicious as he said, "Who is he? Who are his other family members?!"

He wanted to get revenge.

"He's just a student from California University. We just checked and found that he's an orphan," Tony replied.

Mona Weiss didn't come from a family of a wealthy background.

Her parents were ordinary wage earners, and a month with a monthly salary of only about ten thousand dollars, her allowance was also, needless to say, limited.

Now that she had an extra of five hundred thousand, she was prepared to buy the bag that she had been eyeing for a very long time.

At that moment, a call suddenly came in. It was Harry, whom she had dinner with.

She smiled as she picked up the call. "Are you having trouble sleeping, Harry? It can't be that you're too excited, right?"

Harry didn't sound excited at all. Instead, he sounded like he was going to burst into tears any second. "Mona, something has happened. Something huge has happened. I knew it. I knew that something big would happen. We're finished at this rate."

Mona's heart jumped up to her throat. "Is Beatrice dead?"

In her heart, she thought, 'Could it be that Beatrice couldn't withstand the humiliation and chose to commit suicide by jumping out the building?'

"It's not Beatrice. It's Spark. He jumped down from the building and died on the spot. Yeferson is also dead."

"What?!"

Mona jumped up. She could feel her soul almost leaving her body from the shock.

The most important lead in Beatrice's case was her.

Spark's bodyguard had approached her and asked for her help in dealing with Beatrice. In addition to the five hundred thousand that she had received that day, she was also supposed to receive an additional one million after the incident.

She had thought of countless possibilities.

The most likely outcome would be that Beatrice would be used as a fling for a bit, and she wouldn't dare make it public if she wanted to keep her reputation intact. She would end up only enduring it silently. Because if it were to happen to Mona, she would also have done the same.

And now that Spark and Yeferson were dead, things had really blown out of her expectations.

Spark Rockefeller was the young director of the Rockefeller Group, and he held a distinguished status. His death would definitely cause an uproar, and his entire family would surely use everything at their disposal to dig into the root of the matter.

Mona sunk back onto her bed, her legs feeling like jelly. She asked, "What about Beatrice?"

“I don’t know. I don’t dare to call her. I don’t even dare to go home right now. I’m afraid that there’d be police waiting for me at home if I return,” Harry said.

Just then, Mona heard the police siren below.

Her face instantly darkened, and she scurried to the window, peeking out.

Thankfully, it was just passing by and not looking for her.

“Where are you now, Harry? Let’s meet up and talk, and sort out our thoughts to make sure our stories align.”

The two quickly agreed to meet up in a small forest where there would be no one during the night.

If it were on a normal basis, Mona wouldn’t have dared to meet a man in that kind of place in the middle of the night, but the situation at hand was unprecedented, and that was the least of her worry at the moment.

The two met up twenty minutes later.

Before they could say much, a few masked men suddenly rushed out, knocking them out and shoving them into sacks, stealthily carrying them away.

Dududu...

Just as Alex returned to Maple Villa, he received a call from Azure.