

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 1050

Even Anna shouted in shock, “Alex, dodge!”

It was too late to dodge!

Snap!

Crack!

The wooden stick slammed into Alex’s knee. The sound sounded like his knee had been smashed, but the scream of pain didn’t follow.

Alex stood there without moving.

It was the wooden stick in the mohawk guy’s hand that had broken in half.

“F*ck, how is that possible?!”

“Let me!” Another tattooed youngster jumped out, an iron rod in his hand, and he swung it violently at Alex’s leg.

Dong!

The iron rod bounced back, bent.

Alex’s legs still looked perfectly intact. Even his body had not moved an inch from his spot.

Everyone present was stunned. Joshua's expression had changed.

Travis's eyes had widened even more, sheer disbelief in his eyes.

Gideon swallowed hard. Was this the guy who they had joked they would be able to kill with a slap?

"F*ck, I don't believe this!" The guy who had used the iron rod threw it away angrily. "Master Jones, please allow me to borrow your Sledgehammer!"

He picked up the big hammer and swung it heavily at Alex's legs once again. If that blow hit, forget about it being a prosthesis; even if his knees were made out of iron or alloy, it would still be flattened by this blow.

Dong!

A yellow light flashed.

The iron Sledgehammer was violently shaken off, and it spun through the air, hitting the shoulder of some unlucky sod, tearing off his shoulders immediately.

As for Alex, he still remained in the same spot, perfectly unharmed.

Now, forget about the people from Missouri's Divine Constabulary; even Joshua's face had turned grave. If it were his knee that had taken the blow, it definitely would have shattered!

"Is there anyone else who wants to give it a go?"

Alex finally spoke. He was a little disappointed.

After his cultivation levels had broken through Divine Transcendence, his entire body had been reborn. Not even mentioning his Mystic Armor, his physical body alone had been hardened to the point that even swords would have a hard time cutting through him. If he activated his Mystic Armor, even bullets would not be able to penetrate him.

However, attacks from ordinary warriors could no longer help the Mystic Armor to increase its level.

None of Joshua's underlings stepped up.

Alex smiled slightly, and in the next instant, the aura around his body shifted, sharpening like a blade that had just been unsheathed.

“Attacking an elder from the Divine Constabulary, an attempt of deliberate murder, the intention of rebelling, these are all capital offenses!” He said.

His figure flashed, and the mohawk guy's head was suddenly in his hand.

The speed was just too fast, and everyone had only seen a blur in their eyes. The mohawk head guy was at least five meters away from him just now, and now his head was in Alex's hand. Of course, it didn't mean that the mohawk guy's head was literally in his hands and that he was dead. It was just Alex had rushed over and grabbed him. It was too fast. He had grabbed him and returned to his original position, and it all appeared to be an illusion.

Alex squeezed the mohawk guy's neck, his voice cold as he asked, “Do you have any objections?”

The mohawk guy's neck was being squeezed, and he couldn't say anything. His face was turning blue from the lack of air.

“Ugh, urgh...”

“Not speaking is admitting!” Alex said.

Crack!

Alex applied some pressure gently, and the mohawk guy’s head slumped down immediately.