

# The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 403

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.

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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.

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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.