

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 503

Beatrice stared at Alex in disbelief.

The pianist wore a mask on stage. However, by comparing the two and with the information that Alan provided, she was sure that the pianist was her brother-in-law.

'He knows how to play the piano and has mastered it! Even Alan had to step down for him! But wasn't he just a loser?'

'If he had such skills, why was he willing to slave away for us?'

She couldn't understand at all, but her gaze softened as she continued to stare at Alex.

Thinking back to when Zendaya performed 'Doors of Fate' on stage, the emotions she felt made her feel like Alex should break up with her sister and be with Zendaya instead.

'How could he fall in love with someone else? He should be with Zendaya!'

Alex, on the other hand, had no idea what was going on in Beatrice's head. He didn't expect Beatrice to bump into Alan during the concert, let alone know that Lush Cosmetics would expose his identity as the pianist.

"So, Lush Cosmetics was invented by your mother? How long has it even been since she woke up from her coma? How could she make any good quality cosmetics in such a short time? Don't tell me, she must've added some weird chemicals. Wouldn't want any health hazards now, do we?"

Claire threw the products aside, scornful.

Alex frowned slightly. "Fine, whatever. I can save it for better use anyway."

Claire was hostile. "You never bought me any gifts marrying my daughter, and now you're giving me some hazardous products? I don't care if your mom wants to defeat Rockefeller Group, that's wishful thinking anyway. But I won't forgive you if you got us involved."

Alex's gaze turned cold, he remembered what his mother had said.

'Would I really be happy with such a mother-in-law? Can I really handle this life forever?'

'If I can't keep my promise and make Dorothy the richest woman in California, wouldn't that mean I won't ever get her recognition?'

Dorothy spoke up. "Mom, if you don't want it, I'll have it."

She took the bag and dragged Alex upstairs. "Hubby, help me pick an outfit to attend the wedding in."

Claire yelled behind them. "Dorothy, you inherited my beauty. So don't let those hazardous products destroy your looks! Otherwise, you won't be able to remarry later on!"

After entering the room, Dorothy hugged Alex as she tried comforting him.

He still seemed quite gloomy, hence she used her trump card. Kissing his forehead and nose, she said, "Hubby, you know how my mom is, so don't take it to heart. If she ever does insult you again, you can take it out on me. I'm her daughter, so I have to pay for what she did."

Alex's anger and frustration went down. He grabbed her by the waist and pinned her to the bed. "How so?"

Dorothy was slightly startled, but she whispered a three letter word softly into his ears. Upon hearing it, Alex was so excited that he almost jumped the gun.

However, they had to attend a wedding later. Otherwise, he would've gone down to business right there and then.

She then changed into different outfits in front of Alex, having him help her pick one out.

Alex, on the other hand, was slightly overwhelmed. He could feel his whole body warming up.

"Darling, you're just so breathtaking, so it doesn't matter what you wear! You're bound to make everything you wear look good. But I'd suggest you wear something more lowkey, or you might steal the bride's spotlight! And that wouldn't be good, right?" Alex suggested matter of factly.

"Tell me then, what should I wear."

"How about nothing?" Alex joked.

Dorothy huffed. "I don't mind as long as you let me."