

# The Pinnacle of Life –

## Chapter 0730

He had used the Stake of Exorcism to shoot down the black knife.

‘What? A mystical tool?!’ The pudgy man felt the spiritual power coming from the stake, as well as the fact that his own mystical tool had been broken from the collision. He was instantly shocked as his widened eyes tried to find the person who had made that move.

However, he suddenly felt a piercing pain in his brain at this moment.

‘Not good! Mental powers!’ He immediately gathered his mental powers to resist the attack, but he quickly realized that his own mental powers were like an ant against an elephant in the opponent’s eyes. He couldn’t even defend himself for a moment. By the time the pain subsided and when he could think properly, a tremendous force exploded in his own energy core.

Bang!

He could feel the energy core that he had worked so hard throughout his life was completely shattered like a watermelon that had been kicked. Not only that, there was also a thunderous might that was spreading through his meridians in the body, heading towards the upper and middle energy core.

Bang! Bang!

All three parts of his energy core in his body had been completely shattered.

His cultivation had been completely ruined.

It was not until this moment that he could clearly see a standing young man in front of him.

It was Alex Rockefeller!

As for Alex, he breathed a sigh of relief. Although his movement was fluid and it seemed like he had blasted the pudgy old man's energy cores to smithereens in almost a second, he had come out with all means and taken a lot of calculations, including some unintentionally ones.

It was also due to the fact that the old man didn't know that Alex was also in the Spirit Transcendence stage, so he had dropped his guard and taken the matter lightly. He thought that he could run amok with just his black knife.

As a result, he was caught completely unprepared.

If Alex had given him a chance of another second, Waltz would have been in grave danger.

On the other hand, Frank still didn't notice that the pudgy old man was done for.

He stepped back quickly but he was slower than the flying wooden needles shaken up by Waltz.

Even though he tried his best to cover his face with his arms, countless pieces of the splintered wood pierced deep into his body.

"Ahhh!"

"Master Miyagi! Kill her! Kill this bi'tch!"

Frank was going out of his mind due to the immense pain that came from the wooden pieces embedded in his body. He no longer had the mood to play cat and mouse, and he just wanted them dead to relieve the resentment.

However, the small black knife didn't appear. Instead, a heavy body landed at his feet.

“You talking about that guy?” Waltz said to Frank, pointing to the pudgy old man on the ground.

Frank looked down, and his jaw dropped in shock. ‘This... How was this possible?!’

The god-like Master Miyagi was lying by his feet like a dead beast, his mouth filled with blood. He was the biggest support that Frank had, now what was he going to do?

“Master Miyagi, get up! Get up and kill the enemies! How can you lie on the ground? Aren’t you a great cultivator?!” Frank yelled frantically.

Waltz grabbed his neck in that moment and slammed his head heavily on the table.

Boom!

A hole was punched out through the table, and Frank’s head was covered in blood.

The remaining few bodyguards that had come with Frank were just about to take action, but Waltz opened her beautiful silk fan, with red aura fluttering around it and dancing in a dazzling flow. Then, three heads went flying through the air.

The fresh, red blood splattered across the ceiling.

Powerful!

For a moment, everyone looked at Waltz but they dared not look at her directly, as if they were looking at a female Asura.

Azure had his hand stretched out in the air, and then he stiffened a little, retracting it awkwardly. In the previous moment, he too had wanted to make a move.

The distance between him and the opponents was clearly closer, but Waltz had moved first and killed the three men with a single blow.

This difference in their strength was enough to make a grown man cry inexplicably.

“Frank Accardo, where did you get the balls to come and be the CEO of my Thousand Miles? And where did you find this short old man?” Waltz stepped on Frank’s back as she leant over to speak.