

# The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0808

Joyce snapped back angrily, “Carey Stoermer, it’s not your place to berate my man!”

“Enough!”

Zayn had finally spoken. He looked towards Kazim and Carey and said, “I know you’re unwilling to do this from the bottom of your hearts, but everything is for the sake of the bigger picture! Just now, the uncle of Tristan spoke of this with me. Zendaya will need to marry Tristan, or the Missouri Colemans will flatten the Michigan Stoermers and take her by force... Zendaya, for the sake of the family, I have wronged you!”

Then, he sighed and said to Xyla, “Xyla, please persuade Zendaya.”

Having said that, he turned and left. There was no light on his face, only a dull look.

As for Joyce, she smiled and said, “Third sister, don’t feel too bitter about it. Isn’t it just a nephew? One that wasn’t anything special in the first place. Tristan is a proud son of the heavens. Even if he eats dung every hour, that isn’t anything to be bothered about. He’s still a son to be proud of! On the other hand, your Zendaya is useless and stays at home doing nothing. You might as well just think of it as recycling her.”

The two women obviously did not have a good relationship.

The words that Joyce said made Carey explode on the inside, the rage pouring from her heart. She rushed over immediately, giving Joyce a big slap on her face.

Joyce was furious.

However, Carey said, “If you dare to fight back, I won’t let my daughter marry anyone even if I die. Then, let’s see how your Stoermer family ends up then.”

Finally, it was Conor who dragged his wife away before leaving.

\*\*\*

In the room, Xyla and Zendaya were sitting opposite each other. The expression on Zendaya's face was distorted.

Even though she had not seen Tristan eat dung with her own eyes, she felt sick just at the thought of it. It would be better to die than marry such a person!

As for Xyla, she lowered her voice and said, "Zendaya, for Tristan to suddenly go out of his mind like this... I don't think it's a coincidence. I also don't believe that it's a possession or anything like that. I think someone must've done it deliberately."

"Huh? Who?"

Xyla glanced at the door, then reached out a slender finger to dip it into the teacup and wrote 'Alex' on the table.

Zendaya's beautiful eyes widened. She couldn't believe it. "How is that possible? Is he that powerful?"

In Zendaya's thoughts, Alex's martial arts level should be at Mystic rank, and he wouldn't be able to beat Tristan with that level of strength. Tristan Coleman's prestige was far reaching, and he was also the youngest Earth Expert in America. Her ears had almost fallen off with all the things her parents had been praising about Tristan over the past few days and how it would be in the future.

As for Alex, they had devalued him into nothing.

She didn't practice martial arts, so she didn't fully understand everything about the ranks and levels. However, even she felt that Alex's wasn't at Tristan's level!

It was because his main profession was a doctor and not a warrior.

Xyla shook her head. “Looks like you don’t really know enough about Alex.”

She wrote again using her fingers, ‘Alex left in the direction of the lotus pond, which coincided with the time it happened.’

“So, you can rest assured that you will not marry Tristan. He wouldn’t allow it!”

\*\*\*

At the same time, elsewhere, Tristan had arrived at the hospital.

Since he didn’t have half a pound of the mud in his stomach, his madness could not be resolved. Abel and the uncle, whose name was Jerome Coleman, could only tie him up and place a ball of cotton in his mouth. The doctor, however, couldn’t examine him at all in this condition.

Finally, Jerome said, “How about we let him eat it once more?”