

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0827

Abel, who was standing aside, was immediately enraged upon hearing those words.

Eating mud was an unspeakable secret of his son, a scandal that must never be leaked to the public. Now that it was exposed in front of hundreds of upper-class guests, it was going to truly ruin his son's reputation!

He yelled angrily, "Nonsense! You're the one who eats mud. Your entire family eats mud. You piece of mud eating trash, today I want you..."

Before he could finish, he realized his son's condition was not right. He was way too familiar with those eyes that were full of little stars.

'This isn't good!' he yelled in his heart. 'The phone alarm has not rung and the time is not up yet. Why is it acting up already? Doesn't it only act up once every hour? It has only been half an hour at most!'

Abel knew that the situation was not right. He did not have the leisure to care about Alex anymore, so he hurried to stop his son.

However, it was too late.

The tall stage was a temporary construction and it was built on top of a golf course. Underneath the stage was a green lawn and endless mud was found underneath.

At this time, Tristan was only left with his own instinct and he had totally forgotten about the nutritious red mud that was prepared in advance. The mud underneath the lawn was truly his delicacy.

He charged toward the ground underneath and his fingers became claws. With a grab, he scooped up a handful of mud with green grass and directly stuffed it into his mouth. He swallowed the mud frantically.

There was a dead silence at the scene. Countless people had stiff expressions, with their mouths twitching.

‘This... What has just happened?’

“Oh my lord, be... What is he doing? Eat... Eating mud?”

“The youngest Earth expert in America, the future youngest Grandmaster is actually crawling on the ground eating mud. Then, we don’t even get to eat mud...”

That was a joke.

However, everyone present, who heard the joke coupled with the sight of Tristan eating mud, could not help but suppress their laughter. They almost burst into laughter.

Angela frowned and said, “Grandpa, does this Tristan have some sort of intermittent neuropathy? This... I don’t want this kind of person anymore. I think that guy suits my taste instead.” Her fair, tender finger pointed at Alex.

She was extremely excited and almost wanted to let out a scream when she saw Alex incapacitated Conor’s arm with a punch. That was the man who could match her, handsome and temperamental with peerless, domineering aura. He simply made her drool for him and she could not even keep her legs closed.

Meanwhile, Anna widened her eyes as she grinned from ear to ear. The current Tristan was beyond her expectation as she was still paying him all sorts of compliments earlier.

Abel’s heart bled. He thought that his son was done for, his reputation was truly destroyed this time.

He glared at Alex and yelled furiously, “It’s you! You must have used some kind of evil sorcery on my son! You are a demonic cultivator, a remnant of the satanic cult a hundred years ago. You can be punished by anyone for your great sins. How dare you not surrender in front of the Grandmasters?!”

This guy also had a quick wit.

Seeing the habit of his son eating mud had been exposed, he immediately blamed the deed on Alex and even used the excuse of a century-old satanic cult.

Alex had never heard of it.

However, at this moment, a young girl shouted, “Oh my god! There’s really a video on Triller, and the guy really looks like Tristan Coleman... It turns out that this isn’t his first time eating mud, he’s a habitual offender!”

Buzz!

Abel felt his brain was going to explode as his body stiffened.

Jerome immediately rushed over and tapped at Tristan’s acupoint. Then, he forcefully took him away. At this point, the scene fell into dead silence again.

Almost everyone’s gaze fell on Alex again, except for the few who delighted in Alex’s misfortune. For instance... Harvey Stoermer and Joe Sinclair from the Sinclair family. Everyone else mostly looked at him pitifully.

It was because no matter how strong Alex was, he could never run away from the hands of two Grandmasters.

He would not last long.

As expected, the grand elder of the Colemans snorted coldly. “So, you’re actually a remnant of the satanic cult. People who cultivate demonic power are naturally evil and ruthless! Your entire family is related to the satanic cult back then, am I right? Anyone who has connections with the satanic cult shall be killed... Young lad, would you like to kill yourself to pay for what you have done, or do you need me, an elder to do it?”

Alex touched his nose. “Satanic cult, what kind of cult is that?”

The grand elder’s tone was cold. “You’re asking the obvious.”

Meanwhile, Anna was very anxious below the stage. Once the grand elder made a move on Alex, he would be dead for sure!

While gritting her teeth, she stomped her foot and ran up the stage.