

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 90

It was 1:30 P.M. by the time Alex arrived at Hell's Angels owned by Thousand Miles Conglomerate.

A few underlings were waiting at the door. As soon as they noticed Alex, they bowed down respectfully. "Welcome, Master Alex!"

Alex was starting to get used to this title and nodded. "Where's Lord Lex?"

"Lord Lex is inside. After you, sir."

Lex looked much better compared to when a demon was draining his Chi and blood. His cheeks were slightly flushed and he seemed to be quite energized as well.

Alex noticed a strong aroma of traditional medicine and could miraculously tell which herbs and in what ratios were used just from scent... This was another ability that came with the Ultimate Book of Medicine.

The medicine included ginseng, wild celery, chinese knotweed, saussurea, and many other expensive herbs. It seemed that Lex was taking this medicine to help restore blood flow.

However, the ratios seemed a bit off—it was too concentrated. That was why Lex's face was fairly flushed.

Upon Alex's arrival, Lex smiled. "Mr. Rockefeller, it's great that you're finally here! Can you please check up on Waltz? She's extremely ill."

Since there were others around, Lex knew that it wasn't appropriate to refer to Alex as master.

Alex nodded and didn't question any further.

Alex was shocked to see Waltz in this state. Her limbs were tied to all four corners of the bed as she screamed in pain, struggling to break free. The expensive rosewood bed was shaking vigorously from her drastic movements.

Alex took a look into her Chi and identified the problem. She was poisoned after being bitten by a spirit.

"How did she get hurt?" Alex asked.

"Mr. Rockefeller, do you still remember that painting from before? That was a gift from Xavier Young at my birthday celebration. I thought he had good intentions, but apparently not. There is someone powerful backing him in order to kill me, just to get their hands on Thousand Miles Conglomerate," Lex said furiously. "Waltz brought some of our men to force the Youngs to talk, but they came back defeated. Waltz almost didn't make it all the way back here."

"Oh!" Alex nodded lightly. He wasn't interested in any of their underground conflicts.

However, only a vengeful spirit would be able to make a living person suffer from just a mere bite.

"Ahhh, I can't take it anymore! Hey, Rockefeller, can you even save me?" Waltz yelled at Alex. She was still struggling, only managing to move her torso around. Her front view was quite the sight.

"Yeah, I can..."

"Then do it quick! If you want anything, you could just ask! I don't want to suffer anymore!"

Alex calmly scanned the interior of the room that he was in. It was apparent that Waltz lived here as there were quite some feminine objects lying around. He even noticed a few undergarments too.

“Hey, what are you looking at? Can you please just help me now?” Waltz screamed. Her whole body was itchy and in sheer pain. She just wanted to make the itch go away, even if it meant she had to dig into her skin.

Her thighs were quite a mess from her scratching. This was the reason Lex had someone tie her to the bed.

Alex picked up a bag of melon seeds and placed one into his mouth. He asked, “Is this how you ask for help?”

“Ah!” Waltz was going insane. She’d rather die than endure this. “What do you want me to do?”

Lex was panicking as well, yet he didn’t dare to rush Alex.

“You have to be polite when asking for help. Isn’t that common sense? How old are you, anyway?”

Waltz screamed, “Mr. Rockefeller! Master Alex! Big Brother Alex! Please, please just hurry and relieve me of this suffering!”

“That’s more I like it.”

Alex stood up and tore her shorts in half around her thigh area. Her skin was now exposed and there was a black spot the size of a coin from which an ominous black mist surrounded her thighs.

Alex reached two fingers out, preparing to heal her.

Suddenly, a young man rushed in and yelled, "Stop!"

Alex looked to the side and realized that there was a man in his late 20s at the door. His eyes were filled with energy and determination as his aura radiated intensely.

The man said, "Godfather, how could you let this inexperienced jerk heal Waltz? She's clinging on her lifeline now. What will we do if something goes wrong? This was why I had a real monk come by, Jarsurya of Obloha Nuvem."

Just then, a monk in long robes and white hair entered the room. He really seemed like a holy saint.