

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0919

Bethany sat on the ground, imagining the scene of working as a massage lady in Global Traders Hotel. She felt goosebumps all over her body.

Since the hotel belonged to her family, she knew a lot of inside stories well. Speaking of massage ladies, they provided one stop service in fact. Moreover, there were other special services as well.

She was the owner's wife. If she were to work as that, would she not turn into a laughing stock?

Who knew how those people who had been humiliated and beaten by her back then would be delighted in her misfortune behind her back!

Perhaps, there would be some resentful men calling for her on purpose too.

Then, she would rather die!

However, she suddenly remembered. 'That's not right! I'm the owner's wife. Whether working as a massage lady or not, it's still a decision with a single word by myself. This damn brute must be ill in the head...'

However, she would not say it. Then, someone else helped her to say it instead, it was Phoebe Larsen.

She pointed towards Global Traders Hotel and said, "She's the owner's wife here. How could you make her work inside it?"

Alex replied, "She won't be in a bit."

Phoebe seemed to have understood what he was implying. She looked towards Matthew and said, "True, if she really were to become a massage lady, her husband would definitely divorce her."

The woman was extremely angered by Bethany's insults towards her a while ago.

At this moment, she didn't sympathize with Bethany at all when she heard about the consequences that she was going to face.

However, soon after, Alex continued, "Global Traders Hotel is considered a major landmark in California. With a boss like you, Mr. Mikail, it's simply ruining the reputation of California. Just look at what you've done, you even slapped the mayor's daughter from Michigan. What else would you not dare to do?"

"Huh?" Matthew was shocked.

'The mayor... Of Michigan... The first daughter?'

He stared at Phoebe, visibly appalled. There was only fear in his heart.

Matthew was still quite capable of being able to own such a big hotel like Global Traders Hotel. If Thousand Miles Conglomerate were to crush him for real, he would still be able to protect himself by seeking official protection whatsoever. However, the status of Michigan's mayor was a bit terrifying. If he were to find out that his daughter had been slapped and threatened to work as a massage lady, he would definitely explode of anger.

Just then, a young man who followed Jack Hauffer, the old man in traditional outfit, suddenly rushed over and slapped Matthew across the face twice. "I'm doing this for my grandpa! My grandpa is the leader of Hauffer Group of Michigan. When did he even get slapped before this? Since Ms. Larson is here today, we'll let her make the decision. Elsewise, we won't let your entire family off this easily! Not even God could save you for even threatening to sell the first daughter of Michigan!"

Matthew's expression was bitter, staring at Phoebe anxiously.

He thought, ‘I’m done for! I’m completely done for! God damn it! It’s all because of this b*tch, Bethany White! If it weren’t for her to snatch the parking spot, would the series of matters later happen in the first place?’

“Azure, tell Waltz that I’d like to buy Global Traders Hotel. Kick him out!”

“And well, you guys decide on the price!”

Upon hearing Alex’s words, Azure immediately remembered how Alex forced the directors of Thousand Miles to sell their shares to them with just a mere penny back in Hell’s Angels. That was an extremely cool and intense scene to watch, so Azure wanted to imitate him today, reaching his hand into his pocket.

Unfortunately, he did not have a penny!

There was only a pack of cigarettes.

He took one of the cigarettes out and lit it up, inhaling a mouthful of smoke. He placed it into Matthew’s mouth and said while patting him on the shoulder, “So, Mr. Mikail, how much do you think would be suitable?”

Matthew felt bitter in his heart.

However, under current circumstances, he had to sell his hotel no matter what. He wouldn’t be able to sell it for a good price as well.

He calculated the price in his head. According to the market price, his Global Traders Hotel was worth at least 700 to 800 million dollars.

Just as he was about to suggest seven billion dollars, Azure spoke up, “How about this? I’ll trade your Global Traders Hotel with the cigarette you’re smoking right now.”

‘What?’