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The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 1371 - 1380

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All the Zimmers were so enraged that they were trembling.

‘We asked you to attend the trial, yet here you are sending us three caskets? Not to mention that they are all of such low quality? Who do you even want to place inside anyway?’

Agnes was so angry that she started huffing heavily, her eyes filled with fury.

“You... You all are being ridiculous!” She lunged over and kicked on the casket harshly.

However, the quality of the wood was just too poor. Agnes managed to break the boards, her entire heel stuck in between.

The fragments on the board penetrated her skin, making her clench her teeth from the pain. In the end, another member of their family had to help spread the board open for her to get out.

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Just as he was doing so, he managed to catch a glimpse of what lay inside of the casket. He immediately screamed in fear as soon as he noticed a pair of dead, cold eyes staring right back at him.

“There... There’s someone in there!” the man yelled.

“What?”

“Someone’s in the casket? Who is it?”

Snow immediately rushed over and opened the lid of the casket. Her eyes widened slightly. It was her godsister, Sister Flora!

At that moment, her eyes were painted in a light shade of blood red as her head drowned in rage drowned infinitely. Flora was one of her best allies, far more powerful and skilled than The Shredder as well.

The current martial arts world had glorified Grandmasters as though they were the absolute rank a martial artist could ever achieve. This made it seem like there were no more than ten grandmasters within America. In reality, this was just what was known to the public. Although there really weren’t many Grandmasters in the country, people of these ranks weren’t considered rare, especially within ancient clans.

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Grandmasters weren't exactly as powerful as some claimed. Innate Martial Honor was an even higher rank than a Grandmaster. Hence those who could achieve that were the real masters.

However, within the Blood Cult, Innate Martial Honor wasn't the strongest either. This was because they had strayed onto a way different path compared to that demonic cultivation, one that was considered a different type of cultivation.

Flora, a demonic cultivator that had achieved Divine Transcendence, was also Snow's right hand woman. She was one of the vanguards of the mortal realm. Yet this vanguard died.

All Snow wanted to do was to scream her heart out and kill everyone here. She calmed herself almost immediately, the blood-red in her eyes vanishing as well.

'Lord Commander of Department Six is here. He's a true master, but no one knows just how powerful he is. I heard he's achieved extremely high ranks. So I'm not sure if I can pull this off even though I've formed a proper demonic core...'

Her original plan could not fail. Even if her children had died, their deaths were nothing compared to the revival of the Blood Cult. She knew she had to endure this silently.

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Just then, Quentin walked over as well. As soon as he saw Flora's corpse, he was shocked and enraged.

He pointed a finger towards Alex and yelled. "You're insane! You madman! You monster! How dare you kill a nun? You're too cruel! If you wanted to kill our family, you could 've come for me instead! Why did you go for a nun, for god's sake?!"

Extremely heartbroken. He wasn't putting up an act at all.

That was because Flora was not just any ordinary bodyguard to him, but his mistress. He had had sex with Flora a long time ago, behind Snow's back nonetheless.

However, he had no idea that this was part of Snow's plan as well. Snow was the one who told her to sleep with her own husband. This governor in Michigan was a key chess piece in their scheme to revive the cult.

By having him sleep with Flora, he would regret his actions, thereby providing Snow a bigger advantage when he manipulated and used him.

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This sounded absurd and terrifying. However, in the Blood Cult, this was normal.

The other two coffins were opened too. The bodies of the two half-stepped grandmasters inside weren't even connected to their heads.

Thump.

Quentin ran over, immediately kneeling in front of the Lord Commander of Department Six, his whole body thrown onto the ground. He cried, "Lord Commander, you have to bring justice for the Zimmers! This murderer, this scumbag... Disrespecting the law! Also, I want to sue Wayne Larsen for being the mastermind behind it, and I want to sue the Divine Constabulary, too, for covering up for the convict. They are accomplices!"

Grant raised his brows. He wasn't going to take action initially, but since Quentin was kneeling in front of him, he had to stand up. He looked at Wayne and Zachary. "You two, got anything to say?"

Wayne bowed at the Lord Commander. "Since Lord Commander is here too, it's for the best. I came here this time intending to get justice for my daughter!"

Snow boomed. "Your daughter killed my son and daughter! Now you're actually asking for justice for your daughter? What about my children, who do I get justice from then?"

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Grace said, "They were guilty. They deserved to die."

"B*llshit! Your daughter's the one who should die!"

The two seemed like they were about to get into an argument.

At the moment, Zachary came with a laptop and said, "Easton and Viole, did they deserve to die, I have the best evidence here, and I don't mind showing it to everyone."

Grant said, "Oh? There's a video, show us!"

The video was taken by none other than Viole herself, showing clearly what happened at the time. Easton was trying to force himself on Phoebe, then his d*ck was clawed off by Alex, before he got killed in a fury.

Even the conversation at that time was recorded clearly.

As the video played, many people in the funeral hall went silent. Even most of the Zimmers were silent.

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“Is the truth clear enough now?” asked Grace. “It was your son and daughter who hired Mr. Glen, sneaked into my home in the middle of the night, and drugged my daughter. Not only did you want to rape her but you even filmed it to threaten her... These actions of animals, don’t they deserve their end? Killing them was letting them off easy. If I was there, I would have made them suffer and pay more!”

Quentin and Snow didn’t know about the existence of this video before. They were stunned.

However, Snow recovered quickly. “Hmph, you would say anything to make my children seem guilty. What can this video prove? You can’t even see their faces. How can my son did such a thing? This is completely made up by you; you guys deliberately filmed this and put the dirt on my son!”

Phoebe yelled furiously, “Can’t you even recognize your own son and daughter’s voices?!”

Snow said, “This isn’t my son’s voice. This had been edited by you all.”

Wayne looked at Grant “Lord Commander, the truth is clearly laid out The Zimmers are just finding excuses. I think this trial should be judging the Zimmers, not us.”

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However, Grant shook his head and said, “Just looking at this video, there’s no start and end. It doesn’t tell the whole story, to be honest. What Mrs. Zimmer had said does have some reason, technology is so advanced nowadays, faking a video is something extremely simple! No matter what, Alex did kill people, and not at all little, even if he’s with the Divine Constabulary, it doesn’t give him the right to simply murder! Here’s what I think, the Zimmers are having a funeral today, it’s not the right time for a trial. As for Alex, I’ll bring him back to Department Six, Department Six will surely investigate seriously.”

The Larsens and Zachary were shocked.

They didn’t think Lord Commander would still say this after watching the video, he’s being so obviously biased, and after being sent into Department Six, can Alex still come out alive?

On the other hand, Quentin and Snow were filled with joy, they couldn’t help thinking, ‘Lord Commander helped us without doubt, he’s planning to get the Zimmers on his side!’

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Snow almost laughed out loud in excitement.

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The Lord Commander had personally come, solving the fight in no time at all. He planned to get the Zimmers on his side. This was good news since Department Six was the true core of the golden era. They were a secret and powerful organization, where the average person wouldn't even know of its existence. Getting into Department Six was an extremely hard thing to do.

All members of Department Six had been chosen directly by the leaders. There was no examination or recruitment for this civil

position.

The Blood Cult's infiltration would be nearly impossible to achieve.

However, if Lord Commander planned to have Quentin in, this would give Snow the rare opportunity she needed. With enough time, she was confident that she'd take over Department Six.

'And the final goal is the throne!'

Thinking of this, Snow immediately knelt in front of the Lord Commander and said loudly, "You're wise, Lord Commander. I beg the Lord to bring justice to the Zimmers. They will definitely follow your lead from now."

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Her words were too straightforward and raw.

Being the wife of a governor, she wasn't allowed to say such things, since it was plain gauging up. However, she needed to show her loyalty or she might not get such a chance next time. The Lord Commander doesn't appear often, after all. He's not that easy to meet.

Grant said, "Rest assured, Department Six is always fair and just. What's true and what's not will be revealed. If your son and daughter are innocent, I will bring them justice."

With that, he pointed at Alex. "Come with me!"

Zachary quickly jumped in front. "Lord Commander, wait."

"Zachary, you dare stop me?" sneered the Lord Commander.

Just one sentence made Zachary shed cold sweat. "I wouldn't dare, but this case is simple. I have other evidence that proves Easton and Viole deserved it. I'll show it to you immediately."

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He held up his laptop.

To his surprise, Lord Commander simply took a hit at it. The laptop became nothing more than a clump of metal, with green smoke coming out of it. “There’s no need, the evidence, Department Six will look for it ourselves, you all are with the Divine Constabulary, there’s a need to avoid suspicion,” he said coolly.

As he finished speaking, seeing Alex not moving, his glare went cold. “You dare defy me? Even if it was your dad, he wouldn’t dare disobey me.”

Alex wavered. “You know my dad?”

“Hmph! Doesn’t matter if I know him or not. If you broke the law, you’ll still be beheaded without pity!”

“Hmph!”

At that moment, Aunt Rockefeller snorted coldly and said, “I don’t know who you are, and I don’t care how powerful your position is, but your actions today won’t get the approval of the people. Being so biased, turning the truth upside down, saying untruthful words, and even destroying evidence... Restricting freedom of speech, I’ve never seen such a thing in my long life! Alex will not leave with you.”

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Aunt Rockefeller's words made Zachary and the others fear her.

Defying the Lord Commander in public held serious consequences.

This was especially true for Zachary. He knew Grant quite well. He knew that he's a smiling tiger and that he was actually very sinister and hard to get along with. Most importantly, he was a professional in martial arts and had been more powerful than a grandmaster for a long time now.

Otherwise, the Divine Constabulary and Department Six wouldn't be in such a situation now.

Some ten years ago, the golden era states were controlled by the Divine Constabulary, and Department Six was in charge of the smaller ones. Even ancient tales said these two organizations had always split the work like this. However, ever since Grant became an Innate Martial Honor, the fights with the Divine Constabulary started. Finally, he won. When both the positions of both organizations were switched, Department Six had more power.

For that, Geronimo was so furious he spat blood.

"Who are you?" Grant smiled and stared at Aunt Rockefeller.

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“I’m his aunt,” Aunt Rockefeller answered.

The next second, Lord Commander’s expression changed suddenly, “You dare insult me? I’ll slap you!”

He stood over her, a slap aiming straight at Aunt Rockefeller. It had so much inner force it churned up a gust of wind.

Even Alex, who was at the side, could feel the power of this slap. He wanted to help, but there wasn’t enough time.

Aunt Rockefeller’s eyes turned cold. She too sent out a hit.

“Beauty Falcon Punch!”

Boom.

These two powers met in the air and sent out an explosion.

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A gigantic hole appeared on the floor from the explosion, within the funeral hall. Hundreds of people were shoved away by this force, many even spitting out blood. The three coffins in the middle seemed as light as paper, blown away in a mess.

Alex set up the Mystic armor into a defensive wall, sheltering the Larsens behind him.

Thump.

Aunt Rockefeller took three large steps backward. With every step she took, a huge dent would appear on the floor.

After three steps, the white heels on her feet were already broken, her delicate feet smothered in blood.

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Following that, she opened her mouth and spat out fresh blood.

“Aunt, are you alright?!” Seeing this, Alex was extremely worried for her. He didn’t expect his aunt to lose and to be beaten in one hit so vulnerably.

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'The Lord Commander is too powerful!'

He quickly went to his bag and took out a rejuvenation pill, sliding it into Aunt Rockefeller's mouth.

The rejuvenation pill was the highest level of pill that he could make at this stage. Besides extending one's life, it also had great healing effects.

Aunt Rockefeller swallowed the pill and wiped the blood off her mouth with her hand, and said, "I'm fine. Be careful. This guy is strong!"

On the other hand, Lord Commander was surprised to see Aunt Rockefeller not dead after his hit. However, his attention was mostly drawn to Alex.

Just now, he saw it all when he used the mystic armor. That dark golden armor wall left him in awe and surprised at the same time.

'This is what I wanted!'

He thought to himself, 'William, oh William. you're so treacherous! You've given the Holy Book to your son!'

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The truth was, Lord Commander was the one who took the Holy Book from William all those years ago. Alex's mystic armor was to Grant's thoughts, the item written on the Holy Book.

After searching all these years, he had finally found it, which was why he was highly excited.

"You won't come with me? Fine, then I can only use force!"

As Grant finished talking, he attacked immediately, sending a direct hit to Alex's head. He really wanted to test exactly how powerful William's Holy Book was.

Boom!

In order to protect Aunt Rockefeller, Alex could only use the mystic armor again. A yellow, shining turtle shell flickered by. Grant's attack was completely blocked off.

However, looking at the funeral hall, the situation had become worse. The tables and chairs at the side were completely broken, and people were again hurt.

Many people couldn't help but scream in terror.

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“Oh my god! Could this guy be that powerful? He can even block the Lord Commander’s attack?”

“Hmph! Look and see. Surely, Lord Commander hasn’t used his full strength yet.”

Grant, for one, definitely didn’t use his full strength, afraid he would kill Alex. This hit was only a-fifth of his full power. He was satisfied with the results, though.

In the next moment, he sent out another hit, this time three-tenths of his power.

Boom!

The turtle shell appeared again. Alex was again unscathed.

Grant was even more satisfied now. Little by little, he added more and more power.

It wasn’t until he used three-fifths of his power did Alex’s mystic armor get shattered.

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This was already enough to make Grant extremely happy.

The Zimmers, on the other hand, was on the verge of tears. Easton and Viole's coffins were affected by the energy waves and had already shattered into dust.

As the mystic armor shattered, Alex, too, spat out a mouthful of blood, knowing that this time, he would have to fight with his life.

He pulled out the sword of the universe!

"Treasure?" The smile on Lord Commander's face spread wider.

This time, he would use his full power, but at that moment, a roar came from the sky, "Whoever dares touch my grandson will be enemies with me!"

Boom!!!

A loud bang came from the ceiling; an old man broke through the roof and came tumbling down.

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Boom!

Coincidentally, the old man landed right where Easton's coffin was placed.

From Alex and Grant's battle, the explosive energy sent out had already shattered both coffins. As the old man landed, both his feet trampled Easton's head and smashed it.

Splat!!!

His entire skull had been obliterated.

Quentin had long retreated to the sides of the funeral hall, but seeing his son's body so severely assaulted, he became so furious he vomited blood.

As for Snow, her eyes went cold, and she glared at the old man icily.

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During their battle, she had paid close attention. Lord Commander's powers were within her expectations, but the young Alex having such powers greatly surprised her.

Switching positions, she knew that if her abilities were thrown against the Lord Commander's, they would be at Alex's level at most.

As for this old man who appeared suddenly...

"Innate Martial Honor!"

Within the Blood Cult, many were at the level of Innate Martial Honor. Snow recognized this immediately.

She could even tell that the powers of this Innate Martial Honor old man were terrifying. It was the type that amalgamated martial arts with violence. Indeed, this was a real fighter.

"President!"

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Zachary, seeing the elder, immediately let out squeals of joy and jumped ahead to bow to the old man. “President, you’re finally back! Congratulations on achieving Martial Honor!”

Zachary was initially apprehensive of Grant.

However, now that Geronimo was here, the pressure he was under immediately let up, and he gained much more confidence.

Geronimo ignored Zachary’s words. His wise eyes scanned the place in a circle before finally landing on Alex. They were filled with excitement. “You’re called Alex? Good, great, dear grandson!”

As he spoke, tears actually filled his eyes.

“Your mom, how’s she doing?”

Alex was very attentive to the old man from the moment he came in. He knew that this was his mother’s father.

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However, he didn't have any prior memories of his grandfather. The only thing he could tell was that this elderly man's actions were sincere.

He nodded his head slightly, lips tight.

At that moment, Lord Commander laughed out loud and said to Geronimo, "Geronimo, you've been at a bottleneck for so many years. You've been practicing in isolation till your butt's almost rotten. Today, you've finally broken through. Congratulations!"

These words were extremely irritating to Geronimo's ears.

He glared at Lord Commander, growling, "Grant, you son of a b*tch. Don't jest in front of me. One day, I'll take back what you've taken from me. I'll get it all back."

Alex was stunned.

He didn't expect that Geronimo, at such an age, would speak in such vulgarity, much like a warlord.

"Haha! Geronimo, you still have such a short temper. Sure, I'll wait for you!"

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Grant, on the other hand, was all smiles.

Geronimo pointed at Alex and said, “This is my grandson, Grant. I should be asking you, why are you attacking my grandson? You’re at such a f*cking age, yet you act like a dog? Bullying someone younger... Do you think that I, Geronimo, am dead?”

Grant still had some temper. His smile vanished, and he snorted coldly, “Your grandson killed many people. Department Six wants to take him back for investigation. Is there a problem? He refuses to cooperate, so I’m arresting him by myself. So what’s wrong about that?”

Geronimo roared. “Bullsh*t! The situation I’ve heard of clearly is completely the own fault of that Zimmer. If you just want to target me, Grant, give me all you’ve got. But if you dare target my grandson, I’ll murder your whole family!”

The people on the side, hearing this, all dropped their jaws and started trembling in fear.

Grant and Geronimo were both leaders at the top of the pyramid. None would’ve thought that they would be arguing here at the Zimmers’ funeral hall as if bickering on the streets.

Geronimo, especially, had such a short temper, cursing aloud every now and then. This was not at all the behavior expected from a leader.

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Aunt Rockefeller pinched Alex's finger and whispered. "You're grandpa is kinda cute."

Alex said, "I'm shocked too."

He had imagined what kind of person Geronimo would be, but he definitely hadn't thought of him as a gangster warlord.

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He acted just like Hercules in the movies. However, such a person was simple. He was definitely a himbo.

Grant Xenos' expressions darkened. "Looks like you've been feeling too cocky after achieving the Martial Honor, Geronimo. You don't even know who you are anymore. Fine then, I'll just have to see what you have really achieved."

"With pleasure!" replied Geronimo as he lunged over.

Boom!

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As soon as the two started fighting, the hall immediately exploded with loud crashing and thuds, their Chi filling the air. It felt as if they were experiencing an earthquake.

Crash!

One of the pillars was smashed into pieces, causing some of the roof tiles to fall.

“Ahh!!!”

“Go! Let’s get out now!”

“The roof is collapsing!”

Everyone attending the funeral immediately ran to the exit.

Even Alex, Aunt Rockefeller, and the others were making a run for it.

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Within a mere ten seconds or so, the funeral hall exploded once more. With this, the entire house came crashing down like an avalanche.

Just then, two figures rushed out of the ruins as if they were beasts.

It was Grant and Geronimo.

However, some unlucky ones ended up being trapped within the ruins, immobilized under the heavy rubble. Fortunately, the hall was just a single story building. They might only die if a pillar struck them by the head. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to even if they wanted to.

"Your grandfather is hurt! " Aunt Rockefeller whispered to Alex

Alex was a professional when it came to medicine.

If Aunt Rockefeller could tell, Alex obviously could as well.

Geronimo was currently just putting up a tough act.

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Grant shook the dust off from his body and chuckled. “You’re hurt, aren’t you, Melvis? You’re holding some blood in your mouth. Careful, don’t push yourself over the edge. You still have a long way to go before you can defeat me. Train harder, I suppose!”

After getting his bearings back, Geronimo laughed. “In your dreams! You’re the one who’s vomiting blood! I feel better than ever! Let’s continue this battle!”

“So you’re still pushing yourself? Fine, I’ll just defeat you till you’re satisfied.”

Alex frowned, wondering if he should step in since quite a few trump cards were still hidden under his sleeves. Aunt Rockefeller thought the same as well.

Alex could tell that Geronimo was just walking on thin ice to keep this up. He knew that his grandfather had held the blood in by force, gulping it down instead of vomiting it out.

However, this had only worsened his current state...

Moreover, it now appeared that Geronimo’s Martial Honor rank wasn’t as strong as it should be. It was flawed. Alex knew all of this just by watching the two battle each other.

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Just then, the sound of whirring rotors filled the air. A helicopter flew toward them, landing on the open ground in front of the Zimmers' home.

When those with keener eyes noticed the logo on the helicopter, they seemed slightly taken aback.

The logo on the helicopter indicated that these people were from the military. Within minutes, an entire team of military men rushed over, all in sync.

Following them was an old man with grey hair, his demeanor stern.

The Zimmers and their allies were shocked to see that such a large commotion had brewed up.

Grace, on the other hand, looked as if she had seen a relative when she noticed the old man. She welcomed him warmly.

"Elder Crian! You're finally willing to show up!"

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The person who had arrived was Grace's former boss. He was the founder of Hidden Dragon, Draco Crain. When Alex noticed his Grace referring to the old man, he immediately knew who he was.

He had overheard her phone call after all.

"Stop this!"

At the same time, Draco walked to the ruins under the protection of two uniformed teams. He yelled, "You two! You're Department Six and Divine Constabulary leaders! You're making a fool out of yourselves by fighting each other!"

At that, both Grant and Geronimo felt ridiculously uncomfortable.

They then bowed to the old man, greeting him. "Elder Crain! "

Draco was much older than the two. He wasn't even of the same generation. Hence, he was considered among the rarest and oldest heroes within America. Putting his status and power aside, Draco was experienced enough for the two to refer to him as 'Elder Crain'.

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After realizing who Draco was, Quentin was stunned. He didn't expect that his family matters would get such a powerful man involved.

He was so excited that he immediately rushed over, just so he could welcome him as well.

However, Draco walked towards Alex instead, scanning him from top to bottom.

After that, he even patted Alex on his shoulder. "You two do look alike! Carbon copies of each other!"

It was apparent as to who he was referring to. Anyone who knew Alex knew that Draco meant that Alex looked like William, his father.

Draco then let out a deep sigh.

"Although I've aged a lot in the past few years, my memory has become better. I have been thinking about him lately. I even remember that I owe him a thank you. I really didn't expect him to die so young. It was a pity that I couldn't thank him in person."

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When Draco mentioned this, Grace put her hand to her mouth. She started sobbing profusely.

Back then, when William left, the Hidden Dragons disbanded. William had argued with Draco that very day, and it didn't end well.

The two ended up as strangers after that harsh argument, completely disregarding their father and son like relationship. This situation had even caused most of the members of the Hidden Dragons to feel awkward around William.

However, with Draco's thanks, he was admitted defeat and acknowledged William's status. It was a pity that he had already passed away.

Grace said, "Elder Crain, my daughter was nearly raped, the incident recorded without her consent, just so they could threaten her to oblige further! Her life could've been ruined! Alex was the one who helped her out of justice, yet he was still put on trial and arrested by Department Six! We were the ones with sufficient evidence to prove his innocence, but someone tried to turn things against us! I can't help but think that America is no longer as lawful as it used to be!"

The old man straightened his posture, his aura intense.

"Of course it still is!"

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“America will always be lawful and just!”

“The descendants of the Hidden Dragons are not ones to be provoked as well.”

Grant took a few glances towards Alex. He really didn't expect Alex to be remotely related to this old man. More so, he was shocked at the fact that William used to be a Hidden Dragon member.

He had some questions in mind regarding William, but he knew that it was impossible to bring Alex with him when Draco showed up.

However, he had achieved his goal today, now sure that Alex had inherited the Holy Book. Everything was much easier now with this knowledge in mind.

He walked over to Draco. “Elder Crian, Department Six symbolizes justice, so we have nothing against Alex Rockefeller. I just wanted to bring him back and ask him a few questions about this matter. If he really is innocent, I will do everything I can to prove that. No one would be able to accuse him later on.”

Draco then raised his crutch and pointed toward the members of the law department of Michigan and the interrogator from Alaska. “Aren't you three putting him on trial? Just proceed with it, then. You're Lord Commander, for god's sake. Can't you solve such a small matter?”

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Comparing their strengths, Grant was able to kill Draco with just one hand. However, this wasn't a situation where they could battle to have a say in things.

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Grant nodded. "Alright. Since Elder Crain has given such an order, I have no objections. I just wanted to bring Alex back because I didn't want to cause a commotion here. These people are pretty triggered, so I don't want them to do anything rash. It'll just be a lot more trouble."

Phoebe and the others huffed sarcastically.

'If you were really worried about that, you wouldn't have smashed their hall into ruins.'

"Let's just evacuate for now!"

With the order, many were chased out of the Zimmers' home and were forced to keep their mouths shut. Whatever that had happened here was never to be told to the public. If anyone did so, they would be guilty of treason.

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Department Six, the Divine Constabulary, and the old Hidden Dragons were all significant organizations within America. If anyone were to find out that they were fighting each other, it would become a national dispute, especially if this incident was known internationally.

This was something they simply couldn't allow. Hence, everyone who exited was forced to sign a non-disclosure agreement under the supervision of the military.

If any information on this incident were to be leaked, they would be heavily interrogated. They might even lose their wealth or life over this. In the end, the trial was just a formality to close the case.

Although Zachary's laptop was broken, the video files were still saved within.

Moreover, Easton's goons, Gordolf, and the officers who arrested him had all testified to prove Alex's innocence. With this much evidence at hand, Quentin and Snow's accusations were all for naught.

Half an hour later, the trial ended peacefully. Draco boarded the helicopter and left the Zimmers' home as well.

Alex, Aunt Rockefeller, the Larsens, Zachary, and Geronimo headed out too.

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The inspector from Alaska arrested Quentin as Snow escorted Grant on their way out.

Apart from them and the main Zimmer family, no one should know how the trial went. Everything was to be kept top secret at all costs.

Just as they exited the gates, Geronimo couldn't help but grab Alex's hand, scanning him from top to bottom. He then asked hurriedly, "Where's your mother? My daughter, I mean. Where is she?"

Alex stared at him intently. Without warning, he punched his chest harshly.

Geronimo couldn't have expected that, and he fell a couple of steps backward. His expression darkened as he vomited a mouthful of blood.

Everyone was shocked to see this, especially Zachary. Zachary felt his heart sinking to the bottom. "Alex! What the hell? He's your grandfather, for crying out loud!" he yelled angrily.

He then proceeded to help Geronimo to his feet.

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Alex replied. "I know, which is exactly why I punched him."

Zachary was speechless.

Geronimo wiped off the blood from his mouth and laughed. "Good, good! That was such a good punch. I feel much better after vomiting that out. That son of a b*tch Grant sure was brutal with his attacks. Ah, my amazing grandson! I wouldn't believe your second grandmother when she told me that you were a master named Rockefeller. But now I do!"

Zachary watched as the two conversed. He then realized that Alex didn't actually punch the president. He was merely healing his injuries.

Alex took a rejuvenation pill out and handed it to Geronimo. "Eat this. It's good for you."

Geronimo took it without hesitation and shoved it into his mouth. "Alright, can I see my daughter now? Oh my sweet little Brianna, I've been searching for her for forty years..."

Alex nodded.

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Somewhat satisfied with Geronimo's actions throughout the whole incident, he knew that his grandfather was but a passionate old man.

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In reality, Brittany and the others were currently near the Zimmers' home. They didn't follow them inside since they couldn't predict what was going to happen later on. Hence, waiting outside would only do them good.

If the situation deteriorated, Alex and Aunt Rockefeller could escape with ease since they had the agility to do so. However, if they had more people to protect, it would only trouble them further.

In just a few moments, they met up with Brittany, Maya, and the others.

"Alex, are you alright?" Brittany grabbed Alex's hand and asked worriedly. "We just saw a large helicopter land in there, and there were so many uniformed men! We were worried sick."

"I'm okay. Everything's settled now," Alex replied.

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Brittany nodded. “Good. Now don’t make such rash decisions from now on. Think before you take action, and don’t kill so often.”

“Yes, mom!”

While they spoke, Geronimo couldn’t keep his eyes off of Brittany. Even after all these years of separation, he was still able to recognize her.

Brittany was already ten by the time she left. Hence most of her facial features were still recognizable even after forty years.

“My dear daughter!” Geronimo croaked, his voice quivering.

Brittany was still just focusing on her son at the time. She was very much startled when she heard Geronimo. Lifting her gaze, she saw her father. After forty years, the middle-aged man she used to know was now an old man with white hair and wrinkles. His eyes were filled with emotion that none could read.

At that very moment, Brittany felt as though every emotion she had ever felt was welling up inside her chest. She opened her mouth but not a single word could come out.

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Geronimo gave her a big hug as he cried hysterically. “My dear daughter! Daddy finally found you! After forty years! I missed you so much!”

At first, Brittany was slightly reluctant to accept his sudden affection. She remembered just how much she hated her father back then. However, after meeting up with Lexia, she was able to clear up a lot of misunderstandings that she had.

She realized that Geronimo, too, was a victim in all this.

After all these years, he still wanted to know where she and her mother, Yvonne, had gone. Yet all this suffering had been caused by only one person, Ruby.

As father and daughter reunited, the Larsens knew that they shouldn't stay any longer. As Michigan's magistrate, Wayne had to tend to his duties anyway since Quentin messed with the media a week ago. Now that he was arrested, Wayne had to answer to the officials in Michigan and deal with the aftermath.

Hence, the Larsens took their leave, whereas Alex and the others headed to Lush Cosmetics.

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After such a long separation, the two obviously had a lot to say to each other.

Alex even voluntarily gave them some space so that they could have some alone time.

After two hours or so, Brittany came out of the room, eyes reddened. She turned to Alex and said, "Alex, let's go visit your grandmother's grave tomorrow."

Alex nodded. "Alright."

Geronimo patted Alex on the shoulder. "You're all grown up now, huh, kiddo? Your mother and I had separated for forty years. I heard that back then when you first came to my place. You almost wrecked the entire house!"

Alex raised an eyebrow and asked, "I gave Ruby and Bennett a parasitic worm each and forced them to repent their sins in front of my grandmother's grave for three months. Do you have an opinion on that?"

Geronimo huffed. "Yeah, what are you going to do about it?"

Alex shook his head. "Nothing, really! For now, you don't stand a chance against me."

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“What? I’m your grandfather, plus I’ve achieved the Martial Honor rank How could you say I don’t stand a chance? Can you really defeat a Martial Honor ranked fighter?”

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“You’re not, really,” replied Alex. “Your current state is weak. If I’m not mistaken, you have pushed yourself to achieve Martial Honor, hence this is all just an illusion. In reality, if you’ve done so, you would be simply destroying any chance of actually achieving Martial Honor. Normally, it wouldn’t be possible to achieve that now.”

Geronimo was stunned. He that his current state really was an illusion.

After Alex had provoked the Zimmers, Lexia found out that Quentin was using everything at his disposal to force Alex’s trial. Hence, after much consideration, she found ways to inform Geronimo, who had locked himself up for training.

Just as Geronimo realized that they found his daughter, along with a new grandchild, he couldn’t handle the fact that someone was trying to bully his family. Hence, he took to the extreme since his training was stagnant, using a secret method to activate his blood energy, and pushing himself to achieve Martial Honor.

Geronimo replied. “So what if I can’t improve my rank? It’s not a big deal. I’m one step closer to my grave anyway. I don’t have much time left.”

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Alex shook his head again. “As long as you treat my mother right and give her what you’ve owed her for the past forty years, I could certainly help you live another twenty years. And if you’re lucky, you could even live longer! I also know you can’t achieve Martial Honor alone, but I can help you with that.”

Yet again, Geronimo was filled with disbelief.

The next day, Alex and his family headed to Long Beach to visit Yvonne’s grave.

Geronimo, the warlord, plastered a stern expression on his face the whole trip down to the graveyard. His eyes were filled with infinite sadness and yearning.

Lexia had told them that Yvonne used to be the woman Geronimo loved most in the entire world. It seemed that she wasn’t exaggerating one bit. At that time, however, Yvonne’s grave was surrounded by a large group of men in black.

With around two hundred graves in total, the cemetery wasn’t all that big.

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Yet, thirty bodyguards were blocking all the entrances. They wouldn't even let anyone else visit their families' graves.

In the office of the cemetery management were Ruby and Bennett. Beside them were two young maids as well.

At first, the office was no different from a guardhouse, but everything had changed since they arrived. Not only had they installed air conditioners, but a large television now stood in the middle of the room, along with a large bed with memory foam mattresses and two luxurious massage chairs.

It appeared to have been refurbished into a luxurious hotel room.

Alex had explicitly told them to kneel before Yvonne's grave to repent, but the two had only come here to enjoy life.

"Ah, I think the itch is going to take effect again. Marilyn, quick. Tie us up and give us a dose!" Bennett said to his maid as he checked the time on the massage chair.

"Yes, sir!" The two maids immediately started serving Ruby and Bennett accordingly.

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This parasitic worm had tortured the two for days. Hence there were scratches all over their body. Some parts had even gotten infected and produced pus. Ointment had to be applied every single day.

They had never suffered this much, and that was why they wished they could curse Alex's entire bloodline. They tried looking for a cure, searching for doctors and experts who might be able to help, yet none of them could.

The only way they would lessen the effects was to take a dose of a specific poison.

Five minutes later, the parasitic worm started to take effect on them again.

Ruby and Bennett's limbs were tied up on the massage chair, still getting a massage as they struggled. Their expressions were twisted as they yelled hysterically, cursing,

"Alex, you f*cking bastard! You should rot in hell! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

"And Brianna, you little b*tch! Just you wait! If I can poison you once, I can poison you a hundred times!"

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“You too, Yvonne! You old hag! You short living, good-for-nothing b*tch! I will dig your bones out and mix them into cement! So you will forever be stepped on! You’ll always be under everyone!”

Just as they continued to curse, someone pushed the office doors open and walked in. The person looked cold, seemingly filled with murderous intent.

It was Geronimo!

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