

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0171 - 0180

The next day, two cars arrived at Maple Villa's entrance before 7 am.

Inside the front car, a luxurious Porsche, was Spark, Carol, Olivia, and Mariah. Spark's arm hadn't completely healed yet, hence Carol was the one who drove. Following them was a box truck, within it, a coffin they had bought last night.

Bursting with excitement and joy last night, Spark could barely get any sleep at all. The lack of sleep had caused him to have a pair of bloodshot eyes.

Nonetheless, he still seemed pretty energized.

He just couldn't sleep, thinking about Alex's death. Now, he was sending a coffin to his house, and he would be able to insult Brittany harshly as well. It was all so exciting, more exciting than sleeping with any woman...

That, however, reminded him about something unfortunate. After previously unable to get it on with a model, Spark felt as if he was experiencing a mental block.

Lately, he hadn't been able to get a physical reaction at all.

The other two women sitting in the back chattered among themselves.

“Brittany used to call herself the Steel Woman, bossing us around all the time. Tsk! What a joke!”

“Right? She should’ve just stayed a vegetable. Why did she even wake up from her coma? Just look at her now. First, her husband died, and now, her son too! It would’ve been so much better if she didn’t wake up. They could have a family reunion down there!”

It was then that security guards stopped their car.

In an attempt to get away, Carol tried leveraging her status. “I’m Carol Rockefeller from Rockefeller Group. Open the gates, I need to go in there.”

The guard refused. “If you don’t own a property here, you’re not allowed in. You may only enter if a resident here lets you in.

In the end, Spark was able to contact a friend who owned a property in Maple Villa. They lied that they were here to deliver some furniture, hence they were let in.

After getting through the gates, they drove closer to the eighth villa. Spark was so excited that he started trembling.

“Spark, we’re here at Number 8. Do we need to ring the doorbell?” Carol asked.

Spark harrumphed. “What doorbell? Just drive right in.”

John had arranged an underground fighter to accompany them, he was currently driving the box truck that was behind. This was a much more reliable fighter than the one Spark had found himself.

It was all because John supported Spark’s idea to send a coffin to their doorstep.

If he weren’t busy, John would’ve gone with them as well.

With a loud crash, the steel gates to Number 8 flew right off. The truck crashed right into the pavement.

Spark started jumping in absolute joy, cheering in ecstasy. He then ordered Carol to follow the truck immediately. Before they could properly stop the car, however, he rushed out and yelled, “Brittany, my good old aunt, I have a gift for you!”

Olivia and Patricia turned to each other, their eyes filled with excitement and delight as well.

Brittany and Waltz, who had just woken up from their slumber, rushed out of the villa.

“Spark, you little brat! How dare you ram our gate? What do you want?” barked a fuming Brittany.

Olivia got out of the car. “What? How dare you call my son a little brat? Have you gone completely mental from losing your husband and son, Brittany? And just look at what you’re wearing. Attending a funeral or remarrying some random ?”

‘What did you say?’

Brittany froze and turned to Waltz.

Spark cackled. “Brittany, you actually don’t know? What a great mother you are. Your son died, yet here you are dressing up nicely. Unlike you, we’re very sad about his death. Just look, we came early just to give you this present!”

“What present?”

Spark had been waiting for this moment, he yelled as soon as he heard her question.
“Mr. Greg, open the truck box. It’s gift time!”

Bam!

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The two fighters then moved a rosewood coffin out from the truck. As they placed it on the ground, it thudded loudly, shaking up a cloud of dust from the pavement.

“Ah!”

Even Waltz screamed upon the sight of the coffin, the expression on her face grim.

In their culture, giving a coffin as a gift was an extreme taboo.

Brittany’s face drained of color, her whole body trembling.

Spark cackled once more and croaked pretentiously, "So? Do you like the gift? Just so you know, this coffin is made out of high-quality rosewood. It's a pity that Alex, my dear cousin, had to die at such a young age!"

"It was such a pity that he had to toil away for the Assex'. His wife wouldn't even let him sleep with her! All he could do was lie in a crummy room, taking care of the three women's daily necessities. He got insulted every single day too! Oh, what a shame!"

"My cousin was so poor; I bet he couldn't even buy himself a coffin, which is why I'm here with this gift! I'm so sorry for your loss, Aunt Brittany!"

Brittany's eyes twitched slightly. She had reached her wit's end. "Shut up, you bastard! My son is in his room right now, well and alive. My son wouldn't die even if you did!"

Mariah shook her head. "Oh Brittany, looks like you're really oblivious about what happened, huh? Alex was involved in a car crash. He really died. It was all over the news too. How could you not know? You're his mother, for god's sake."

Upon hearing those words, Brittany's heart tumbled into an abyss.

They didn't seem like they were kidding, as if something bad really did happen to her son.

'But Alex is still sleeping in his room!'

Waltz spoke up, "I'll go check on him."

Her movements were swift and quick.

She whispered into Brittany's ear. "He's not in his room, neither is he in the basement. I've looked everywhere... He really isn't around."

'What?!'

Brittany was beginning to be stricken by panic. 'Did he get into a car crash this morning after going out?' she thought.

She then went to check the garage, and the M8 really wasn't there. He wasn't picking his phone up as well. She turned to the bright red coffin. Brittany's legs became like jelly, and she collapsed onto the ground.

"Well do you believe us now?" Olivia stared down on Brittany, now as white as a sheet.

Olivia's expression came off as smug, an evil grin plastered across her face. "I said so, didn't I? You're just bad luck, woman. Your bad luck killed your husband, and now you killed your son too. Thank god you're no longer a Rockefeller, else our whole family would've fallen victim to your bad luck as well. See? Why did you have to wake up from that coma, huh? You should've stayed a vegetable. Look at what you've done! Are you happy now?"

Waltz helped Brittany up. "Madame, don't listen to them. Brother won't die so easily. He has miraculous skills after all."

With a cold glare, Waltz turned to Spark. "You! Tell us everything you know. Don't you dare lie or leave out any details."

She didn't want to intrude initially, they were all Alex's relatives after all. However, she couldn't bring herself to keep quiet after witnessing their attitude.

'If Alex really did die, are you guys even grieving?'

'Just look at yourselves, you appear so overjoyed, I would be fooled to think you were here for a wedding!'

Spark gave Waltz the side-eye, not knowing who she was after all. "Who do you think you are?" he roared. "How dare you speak to me like that? You must be the maid huh? This has nothing to do with you. Get lost!"

Without so much as a warning, Waltz slapped Spark across the face, hard and tight.

For a moment, Spark saw stars twinkling above his head before he flopped to the ground.

“Sparky!” Olivia shrieked. “You little bi’tch! How dare you slap my son? Mr. Greg, Mr. Joey! Hold this b*tch down, I want to break her arms!!!”

“Yes, Madame!” The two fighters lunged towards Waltz.

Waltz, however, swung her leg toward the two and sent them flying.

“Hmph, wimps!”

The Rockefellers were shocked. Before arriving at Alex’s house, they knew that there’d be conflict. They thought bringing along these two experienced fighters would assure their safety.

That said, this was the last thing they expected.

Suddenly, a familiar voice spoke softly behind them. “What happened? Who is this coffin for?”

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Alex strolled into the gate, holding a bag of breakfast biscuits. He had gone out to train early in the morning and decided to get some breakfast afterward.

He didn't expect to come back to a bright red coffin at his doorstep, let alone meeting Spark and the others. His tone was calm, yet his gaze extremely chilling.

‘Who the heck would just send a coffin to someone’s doorstep when there wasn’t a funeral, to begin with?’

“Son..!” Brittany rushed to Alex and hugged him tightly as soon as she saw him. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she just couldn’t hold them in anymore. Before Alex came back, she had been truly terrified by the news.

Brittany was emotionally fragile at this point. She just couldn’t bear losing another loved one.

“Mom, what’s wrong? Am I not standing here in front of you, alive and well? I was just worried that you’d be stressed out from making breakfast every day. That’s why I got some for us.” Alex smiled.

On the other hand, Spark and the others just couldn’t believe their eyes, their joy overturned by terror, disbelief and shock.

“No way... there’s absolutely no way!”

“Aren’t you supposed to be dead? How are you still alive?” Spark yelled out loud, losing his cool.

“Dead?” Alex paused for a moment. He stepped out of his mother’s embrace and approached Spark.

His fingers ran lightly on the bright red coffin as he walked past it.

Carol and the others took a few steps back

Having witnessed how Alex had smashed the table into pieces just a few days ago, the last thing they wanted was to get slapped by him. How could their fragile bodies hold up against such an impact?

“These people ran over our gates early in the morning, gave us a coffin, and lied about you getting into a car crash! Can you believe them?” said Waltz.

“Oh, really?”

Alex stared down at Spark, who had slumped to the ground. He shook his head gently. “I thought you would’ve learned your lesson after that punishment. Looks like you haven’t, huh?”

Olivia’s motherly instincts were immediately triggered, as she quickly used her own body to protect Spark. “Alex, don’t you dare do anything rash! We just heard that you died, so we sent a coffin over because we’re relatives. Since this was all just a misunderstanding, we’ll leave now.”

She then helped Spark up and was ready to make a run for it.

“Who said you could leave?” snapped Alex. Waltz, on the other hand, stood in front of Spark and Olivia, blocking their way out.

Carol growled, “Don’t you dare cross the line, Alex!”

Upon hearing those words, Alex smiled. “You were the ones who came running into my gate so early in the morning and even sent a coffin to my doorstep. Yet, you think I’m the one who crossed the line? Aren’t you just full of sh*t, Carol Rockefeller?”

Alex immediately took a step forward and walked up to Carol.

“Ahhhh!”

Carol wanted to escape, but Alex grabbed her by the hair and dragged her back. With his other hand, he opened the bright red coffin and stuffed Carol inside.

“Arghhhhh!” Carol shrieked in hysteria.

Although it was a brand new coffin, the very fact that she was forced to lie inside alive sent chills down her spine.

Watching her daughter getting stuffed into the coffin, Mariah screamed, “Help! Murder!”

Alex huffed, “Waltz, stuff all of them into the coffin.”

“Alright..!”

Waltz got the job done easily as if she wanted the chaos to ensue. She had seen worse after all.

No matter how much Olivia or Mariah screamed, all three of them were stuffed into the coffin within a few minutes.

Thank god the coffin that Spark bought was pretty big in size, or else it wouldn't have fit all four of them.

With a loud thud, the coffin was shut tightly.

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Waltz clapped to remove the dust off her hands. “Brother, I'm done.”

Brittany, however, was slightly shaken at the scene. “Alex, would they suffocate in there? We are still relatives, after all, and a light punishment would suffice. If something bad were to happen to them, then this wouldn't be the end of it.”

Alex replied, "Don't worry, Mom, nothing bad would happen to them."

He used his index finger to poke a few holes into the coffin, ensuring that they had enough oxygen to breathe.

"Waltz, take care of mom. I'll be sending this coffin back, along with these bastards."

Brittany knew that if she let her son go alone, he might make matters worse. She immediately said, "Alex, I'll go with you."

Waltz wanted to tag along as well, seemingly excited.

"Then... Alright! But let's have breakfast first before we go. It won't hurt to take a short break."

A few moments later, a large Mercedes Benz drove right in front of Rockefeller Manor.

Noah and one of their security guards carefully lifted Bill out of the car.

The old man was diagnosed with paresis following a stroke. Due to his old age, it was almost impossible for him to stand anymore. After staying in the hospital for a few days, he had been constantly complaining about their service and demanded to be discharged. He'd rather recuperate back at home.

Upon entering the manor, Bill leaned against the back of his wheelchair and asked, "Where's Olivia? Mariah too. Why didn't they come to help out today? Are they disgusted by me because I'm paralyzed now? Do they think I'm dead?"

Noah replied, "No dad, that's not it."

"How is that not it?"

"Dad, Alex died in a car crash last night, so Spark bought a coffin and sent it over. Olivia and Mariah tagged along for fun."

"What?" The statement took Bill by surprise, yet he didn't look sad at all. He even started cackling after a brief moment of pause. "Amazing! This is amazing! That little pest finally died! He was an embarrassment to the Rockefellers. That useless loser should've died long ago! What about Brittany? Has the b*tch died yet?"

Noah was taken aback. "I don't think so."

Bill huffed. "She deserves death more than anyone else."

Just then, a loud crash came from the door of their manor. One of the doors flung wide open and fell right in front of Bill and the others with a deafening bang. They were so shocked that they were almost wet themselves.

What followed right after was a man with a bright red coffin on his shoulders. He walked briskly into the manor with a smug look plastered on his face.

It was Alex, followed by Brittany and Waltz.

Realizing that the man was Alex, Noah asked in a stupor, "Alex, aren't you dead?!"

Stretching out his neck, Bill pointed at the coffin with trembling hands. "You pest, you f*cking pest! How dare you send a coffin to the Rockefellers? What are you even doing?! What do you want? I'm not dead yet!"

Alex was extremely disappointed in his grandfather. Before kicking down the door, he overheard their conversation. As an elderly, he shouldn't have said anything as such.

This meant that Bill had never actually treated them like family.

“You may be near death, old man, but you don’t deserve to have this coffin.”

“Where’s John? Have him come out this instant!” Alex said as he slammed the coffin to the ground.

Screams were coming from inside of the coffin.

“Ahhhh!”

“Some... someone’s inside?”

Appalled, everyone froze on their feet.

Noah definitely recognized his wife and daughter’s screams from inside the coffin as well.

“Let them go! Now!” Noah yelled hysterically.

Alex said calmly, “You should’ve thought twice before sending this coffin to my doorstep. I’m just returning the favor. If you want them all out alive, then call John over.”

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John’s meeting had just ended. He went back to his office and thought about how his family had sent Brittany a coffin.

He hated her immensely, even though she was his sister-in-law.

Back when William was still alive, Brittany was second-in-charge of the sales and finances of Rockefeller Group. It was extremely difficult to pull tricks behind her back when he was working under her.

She had scolded him multiple times for tampering with documents, and humiliating him. He had always wanted to hire some men to kidnap her and humiliate her twice as much as she did to him.

However, due to a meeting with the directors, it was regretful that he had to miss out on a great show.

He immediately called his son, yet Spark didn’t pick up.

'This little brat, how dare he ignore my calls? Is he having too good of a time insulting that b*tch? Hence why he couldn't hear his phone ring?'

Just then, Pepper walked into the office, and she had on an elegant black uniform, with a pair of heels. She was holding a cup of fresh ground Brazilian coffee.

"Mr. Rockefeller, your coffee..."

John, however, didn't take the coffee. Instead, he wrapped his arms around her, pressing her body against his. "Sparky bought a coffin to send off that useless pest, Alex. Why don't we go over and check it out?"

Pepper smiled. "To Brittany's? Sure!"

Brittany used to be her boss' wife, hence Pepper had to be at her service back then. Since she could insult her openly now, she was overjoyed to join in the fun.

Just as the two were preparing to leave, Noah called John.

"John, please come back home quickly! Things are bad!"

“Huh? What could possibly go wrong back home?”

“Ugh, just come back now! Quickly!”

Noah sounded like a mess, he didn't even explain anything in the call.

Yet John didn't care about that at all. He knew that his second brother had always been a talentless bloke and would freak out over the smallest things. Hence, Noah had no clue that William was not blood-related to them.

“He wants you home?” Pepper smiled.

“To hell with it! Noah has always been a wimp, we'll just go enjoy the show.”

John and Pepper headed straight for Maple Villa. With his status, he was easily let in. Upon reaching Alex's villa, however, there wasn't a single person in sight.

Just then, Noah called again. “John, where are you?! Why aren't you back yet?”

John raged at his persistence. “What’s up with you? You may have a ton of free time, but I’m a busy man.”

Noah fumbled over his words hastily, “John, please, you have to come back home now, no matter how busy you are. Both your son and wife are in a coffin, and my wife and daughter are in there too.”

“What? My son died?!”

He couldn’t be bothered even if Olivia fell into a ditch and died.

“Not yet. But if you don’t come home now, then things would be much worse. Both Alex and Brittany are here.”

“Alex? Isn’t he dead already?”

“No! He’s well and alive!”

‘Oh f*ck!’

John felt as if his heart had dropped into his stomach after the call ended. It was as if he was about to hook up with an ethereal beauty and even with the additional pills to heat things up, he realized that the beauty was a trap all along.

“Alex isn’t dead yet?”

Pepper’s eyes lit up. She didn’t seem disappointed at all but instead looked extremely delighted.

“Doesn’t that mean that the Ancient Medicine is still with him?”

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“Mr. Rockefeller, Alex is a fighter, and a pretty skilled one too. He must be fuming now, and it would be dangerous to meet him without any backup. I know a guy. He’s a fairly skilled fighter too. It’d be better if I asked him to back us up.”

“Alright!”

Pepper immediately dialed Baldy’s number.

She started planning in her head immediately. Since Alex wasn't dead yet, it could only mean that he still had the medicine with him, and she would be able to take it from him forcefully.

She knew she didn't have the skills to snatch it from the Yowells. However, if it was just Alex that she had to deal with, everything felt much more comfortable.

At the same time, a crowd had formed around the coffin at the Rockefeller Manor.

Almost everyone in the manor had come out to watch. The maids, guards, and even Paige and her husband rushed out as soon as they got the news.

Paige stomped her feet in fury. "How dare you, Brittany? You've gone too far... You've crossed the line! How dare you lock them up in a coffin? Do you not have a single sense of humanity left? How inhumane are you?"

Brittany wasn't fazed by Paige at all. "You should speak for yourself, as well as every Rockefeller in this household. If it weren't for your big brother, and if it weren't for me, none of you would be living such blissful lives. Look at you. Givenchy outfit, Prada purse... You're even wearing Cartier accessories. Your whole outfit costs millions. Do you think you'd be able to wear such luxury with your own abilities? All of this was because of how hard your brother and I had to work for the family."

"Besides, when you were nineteen, you almost ended up in a pyramid scheme just because you wanted to meet up with an online friend. Who was the one who risked his

life to save you? Your big brother, William! He ended up with a scar on his back because of you! If you have any sense of humanity at all, do you even remember that happening?"

"I'm the inhumane one? Reflect on yourself!"

Paige fell silent, and her face went dark at Brittany's harsh mockery. She didn't know what else to say.

Brittany turned to Noah. "And you! You're the weakest among all the Rockefeller brothers. You're the softest hearted too! Every time you were bullied, William was the one who stood up for you. If it weren't for your brother, why would the Hamiltons give Mariah's hand in marriage to you? And how did you repay him? The moment your brother died, you agreed to drive us out of the Rockefeller family. Do you know how much my son had to endure? Where's your sense of humanity, huh?"

Noah was trembling. "That.. that was father's and John's decision. I don't have a say in that."

Brittany snapped in anger, "No, you're just plain useless."

Lastly, she turned to Bill.

However, Bill had no remorse at all. All he did was glare at Brittany, and it was as if he wanted to skin her alive and drain her of all blood. Hatred was seeping out of his soul.

Brittany knew that Bill was never fond of her, and he had been bad mouthing her behind her back too. Now that William had passed, he spared no mercy.

Brittany took a glance at him, not saying a word. She knew that he wouldn't listen to a word she said.

The entire time this was happening, Waltz stood by Brittany's side, whereas Alex stood next to the pond, not moving a muscle. He was staring at fishes as they swam freely, and his gaze was blank as if he was in deep thought.

Suddenly, loud and fast-paced footsteps could be heard coming from the entrance.

Alex turned around as soon as John, Pepper, and a bald fighter barged into the manor.

John rushed in and noticed the bright red coffin. As terrified screams emanated from within it, John's blood boiled, and he raised his voice. "How dare you, Brittany? Open the coffin right now and let them go!"

Just then, Spark, who was still in the coffin, screamed for help. “Dad, help me! Get me out of here! I’m going to die from suffocation!”

Carol yelled hysterically too. “Uncle, please help! I... I’m getting crushed!”

She was at the very bottom and hence had to endure the most weight as well.

Olivia screamed, “Honey, I can’t take it anymore! I need to pee!”

The other three in the coffin gasped for air. The color drained from their faces. Olivia lay at the very top of the human pile.

‘If she were to pee in there, wouldn’t that mean they’d be getting a golden shower?’

John immediately rushed over to open the coffin.

However, a delicate hand firmly pushed the coffin lid down. It was Waltz.

Her pinkish cherry lips curved into a soft smile. “Not yet.”

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'What?'

John glared at Waltz. His veins were bulging through his forehead.

“Who do you think you are? You don't deserve to even speak to me. Get lost!”

From his point of view, Waltz was just like any other woman, perhaps slightly better looking. Under normal circumstances, he would definitely have tried to flirt with such a beauty. However, given the current circumstances where his wife and son were both locked in a coffin, he wasn't in the mood for that.

John pushed hard on the coffin cover.

However, it didn't budge at all.

It was sealed shut with nails. After all, his strength alone would never be enough to open the coffin.

“Guards? Guards! Come and help me out here! Are you all f*cking braindead? I didn’t pay you just to stand there and do nothing!” John roared, spitting his saliva all over the place with every syllable uttered.

The guards just looked at each other and didn’t dare to help.

They’ve learned their lesson after going up against Waltz.

This gorgeous vixen was someone they feared, for she had the ability to make them suffer in immense pain. Compared to a few thousand dollars, they valued their lives much more.

John was furious. “What’s wrong with you? Are you guys deaf? Or are you idiots?”

A guard replied, “Mr. Rockefeller, I... I quit. I can’t do this anymore. I’ve gotten my salary for last month too, so I don’t need you to pay me back for the past few days of this month. Goodbye!”

He then dashed out of Rockefeller Manor and was out of sight in a blink of an eye.

“What?!”

John was stunned, he just couldn't believe it.

Just then, all their security guards resigned as well. They did the same thing, refusing to take this month's salary and just left.

"This..? What the f*ck..!" John was about to explode. He couldn't fathom their actions at all.

'Were they scared of Alex?'

Just then, Pepper signaled Baldy to take action.

Baldy clicked his tongue but nodded obediently.

He had analyzed the situation. Among Alex, Waltz, and Brittany, he noticed that only Brittany was a ranked fighter. Baldy assumed that she was weak and thought he could deal with her with just one hand. He wasn't worried about dealing with Alex and Waltz as he thought they probably didn't have any strength.

'Just these three alone were able to stir up chaos within the Rockefellers?'

This made Baldy look down on the Rockefeller family even more.

Moreover, he had slept with Pepper before and treated her as his partner. As such, John naturally was his rival, and Baldy despised him.

He walked over to the coffin and said, "Such a big family, yet none of you are of use. Every single one of you are losers! You're being humiliated by a bunch of wimps. Get out of my way!"

Baldy pushed John to the side roughly.

He stared at Waltz, who was standing at the other side of the coffin. He looked askance, yet he was attracted to her beauty. With an evil grin, he said, "Well, well. You've caught my eye. I'll be bringing you home later."

Alex gave him the side-eye. His eyes were as cold as the North Pole.

Waltz, however, giggled and responded, "You didn't catch my eyes, though. You're far too ugly."

"You..." Baldy fumed and grabbed the coffin cover with both hands, using his inner core's strength of the Advanced Royal fighter that he was.

“Up we go!”

With a loud explosion, the long nails around the rim of the coffin ripped out instantly. As Baldy lifted the coffin cover, the Rockefellers let out a deep sigh of relief, smiling gratefully.

Suddenly, Waltz slammed her palm onto the coffin cover.

With another deafening thud, the coffin cover slammed shut in place again.

“Ahhhh..!”

A loud, shrill scream followed.

The cover had crushed Baldy’s fingers.

He was extremely shocked and terrified, and even as an Advanced Royal fighter, he couldn’t seem to pull his fingers out, even after he had used all of his might.

The more he tugged, the more painful it became. His fingers were slowly looking more and more like minced meat.

It was a horrifying, gory sight to behold.

This woman, whom he assumed was weak, was, in fact, an extremely powerful and skilled fighter. She was able to crush him with just one hand.

“Arghhh!!! Let go! Let go of me! Who are you?!”

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Baldy couldn't stop screaming in pain. Cold beads of sweat trickled down his forehead.

The entire Rockefeller family looked immensely disappointed. Baldy had come up to them all smug and cocky, throwing harsh insults without a care in the world. They thought he was a legendary fighter, yet all he was, was a bluff.

Waltz chuckled. “Who am I? I am my master's special servant. If you can't even fight off a servant, how dare you think that you could stand up for someone else? Get lost! ”

Waltz, smiling sweetly a moment ago, suddenly transformed into a psychopath and slapped Baldy hard twice. She managed to knock two of his teeth out.

Baldy's expression was twisted. Obviously horrified, he even spat out a small pool of blood.

He didn't dare say a single word as he took a defeated glance at Pepper. With a darkened face, he prepared to retreat and leave.

"Who said you could go?" a soft voice asked from behind him.

Everyone looked toward the pond. It was Alex, staring at the fishes in the pond intently just a while ago.

Now looking at Baldy, his glare was extremely chilling.

Alex knew that Baldy was the guy who led the fleet in pursuit of his car and Michelle in it. It had sent their car flying off a bridge, and they had almost died. It would be far too generous should Alex let him off the hook so easily.

However, with so many people watching, he couldn't kill this man.

Baldy glared at him. "I admitted defeat. What more do you want from me?"

Alex replied, "As if admitting defeat can resolve everything. If so, why else would we need the law? Don't tell me you've already forgotten what you did last night? You may leave, only after you've destroyed your own core."

"What?!"

Baldy's expressions turned grim.

Pepper averted her eyes as well, her face darkened.

Any ranked fighter relied mainly on their core to decide on how good they were. If one's core were to be destroyed, all the training for the past ten years would be for naught.

To him, it was utterly unacceptable.

Just then, Baldy turned around immediately and dashed towards the exit. He knew that he would be able to escape once he got out of the gates. He didn't think that Waltz would be able to catch up to him.

“Oh? It’s too late to escape now, my friend,” Alex said calmly. He reached out an arm and clenched his fists tightly as if capturing something midair.

With the flick of a finger, a flow of electrifying Chi pointed toward Baldy, striking him on the back like lightning.

“Argh..!” Baldy spat out another mouthful of blood and fell to the ground immediately.

The rest who watched on had thought that Baldy’s internal wounds were ripping apart from Waltz’s previous attack. It was why he fell to the ground and started vomiting blood.

They had no idea how Alex attacked him as they couldn’t see the Chi’s flow after all.

Waltz rushed in front of Baldy and flung her leg towards him swiftly, causing him to be cast to the side. She then stomped mercilessly on Baldy’s stomach.

Baldy screamed out loud in pain. His face twisted tighter than it had ever done before.

With just one hard stomp, his core was completely destroyed.

All his inner strength simply disappeared into thin air.

“You... you’re cruel!”

“I’ll seek revenge. I’ll definitely seek revenge someday. You won’t hear the end of this unless you kill me off right now!”

Waltz’s tone remained cold and calm. “You think I don’t dare to do that?”

Alex spoke up. “Waltz, come back here.”

Alex knew that it would be troublesome if they killed anyone in the Rockefeller Manor, despite Waltz’s status as one of the Three Great Chieftains of California’s underworld. Knowing Bill, he was still furious that he had nothing on them. Hence he would most definitely cling on to any opportunity given.

All they could do now was to shock them a little and induce fear among them. If they really wanted to take action, they would have to wait for the right time.

“Secretary Kimmich!” Alex turned to Pepper and walked toward her.

Pepper immediately panicked, stumbling back a few steps when Alex approached her. She might have been an Intermediate Royal fighter, but Baldy, an Advanced Royal rank, ended up with such a miserable fate. How could she end up any better than him?

“Alex, I’m just Mr. Rockefeller’s secretary. I don’t have anything to do with your family!”

Alex was expressionless. “Oh really? I beg to differ. I think I saw you at the medicine auction yesterday. Was that you?”

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“Medicine auction? Heh, Alex, you must be mistaken. I have no knowledge of medicine at all, why would I be at some auction? I’d usually just go to the hospital if I needed medicine. Why would I even dare to get some random medicine? Who knows what effects it might have?” Pepper smiled, denying Alex’s accusations.

Alex returned her smile and said, “You’re right, who knows what effects it might have? You should know better, right, Secretary Kimmich? Remember to watch your step. You have four eyes, so you should be able to see much clearer than most of us. I hope you won’t take another wrong step.”

He then turned to John.

“You’re a few days closer to the deadline. You’d have to think this through.”

“If you refuse to return what I asked for, you probably won’t be able to have this coffin opened. Forever..!”

Alex placed his hand gently onto the coffin cover.

With a gentle pat, the whole cover turned into pieces of wooden shards.

Pepper’s face had turned extremely pale, her eyes filled with shock and disbelief. She was a fighter herself. Hence she knew just how powerful Alex’s actions were. Even if Baldy, who was an Advanced Royal fighter, used all his might, he wouldn’t be able to achieve such strength.

‘Could it be that Alex had become a Mystic ranked fighter at such a young age?’

All of the Rockefellers were appalled from seeing such a horrifying scene as well. No one dared even to breathe louder than they were supposed to.

On the other hand, the four who were in the coffin couldn’t stand it anymore.

As soon as the cover was lifted, they started pushing each other out of the way, just so they could get out of the coffin as soon as possible. Suddenly, Olivia held on to the coffin and screamed. Her whole body trembled. The woman was unable to hold it in any longer, wetting herself.

“Ugh, oh my god!”

“Oh god no, ew! That’s disgusting!”

Everyone else who was still stacked under her started screaming as well.

Just as Alex was about to leave with Waltz and Brittany, Bill’s eyes opened wide, almost as if they were bulging out of his eye sockets. His expression was twisted, and he seemed to be going through an epilepsy attack.

He couldn’t stop gasping for air, unable to regulate his breathing. He looked as if he was about to take his last breath.

“Dad! What’s wrong with dad?”

“Don’t scare me!”

“Grandpa...”

Alex turned around to look at them and narrowed his eyes.

The old man had a cardiac arrest, barely clinging on to life. If no one gave him proper treatment immediately, all that was waiting for him was death.

Waltz shook her head. “Well, would you look at that? That’s karma. Serves him right.”

Brittany, however, seemed worried.

She was kind-hearted. Bill had always called her a b*tch, hoping for her death, yet Brittany still treated him as a father. Bill was William’s father, after all.

Alex sighed. “I’ll help him then...”

As Alex walked towards Bill, the younger Rockefellers immediately retreated and stepped aside.

Noah was panicking. “Alex, what are you doing? He’s still your grandfather, no matter what. Are you trying to harm him? Aren’t you afraid of karma?”

Alex huffed coldly. “Do I really need to harm him? If I were just to stand by and watch, he would’ve died within two minutes.”

Noah was still hesitant. Hence Alex pushed him aside and poked deep into Bill’s chest. A flow of his Chi started unclogging his arteries with great speed.

The old man was able to regulate his breathing immediately after. He let out a long breath, and his expression relaxed.

Brittany’s eyes lit up. This was the first time she realized that her son had abilities not of this earth.

Noah was relieved upon seeing Bill and hastily said, “Thank god you’re here to help out, Alex. Or else the worst could’ve happened.”

He was aware that his past actions were wrong and were ashamed.

However, Bill suddenly spat on Alex, glaring as he yelled at him. “You little pest, who do you think you are? Sending a coffin to us Rockefellers and stuffing my grandson into it

too. Why don't you just kill yourself? You should die. Both you and that b*tch you call mother should die!"

'What?'

Bill's reaction had Brittany staring at him in disbelief, even some of the Rockefellers were left confused.

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Anyone in their right mind wouldn't have said such things, all the more right after being saved.

Waltz had wanted to beat Bill up right there and then but was stopped by Alex.

Alex ripped off his shirt that had been soiled by the spit and threw it onto the ground. "This indicates that we no longer owe you anything. We're cutting it clean with you, old man. From now on, I have no relations to the Rockefellers. I don't owe you anything, but you do. If you didn't return what used to be my father's before the 5th of October, all of you would have to pay with your lives."

"Let's go, mom!"

“Shut up!” Bill raged, yelling at him with bloodshot eyes. “Well, come and take my life right here, right now! You ungrateful little pest, I will not hand you a single penny from our family! Do you really think you’re a Rockefeller? Dream on! You were never my grandson, to begin with, and your father isn’t even my son! Both of you are mere outsiders!”

“What?!”

This shocked Alex and Brittany to their core. Even the Rockefellers were taken aback.

John was the only one who knew that William was not Bill’s son.

No one else knew about this.

Brittany rushed over to Bill and grabbed him by the collar, lifting him up. “Are you telling the truth?”

Olivia and the others were appalled by Brittany’s strength. She seemed just like any other fragile woman, yet she was able to lift Bill up from his wheelchair.

Bill replied, “Why would I lie to you, b*tch? William was never my son. He’s been adopted. I raised him, so it was only right for him to pay back the favor by earning

money for the family. Now you're demanding it back? You don't deserve to! Think again!"

Noah probed, "Dad, are you really telling the truth? Then... Then why didn't you say so back then?"

"Hmph!" Brittany let go of Bill. She seemed slightly shaken up.

Waltz held her arm, supporting her as she helped Brittany stand up.

"No wonder... So that's why you never recognized his efforts, it didn't matter how hard he worked for the family. You just wanted to use him, to use us, so that you can reap the benefits from us!" Brittany started sobbing.

Bill replied, "So what if we did? I raised him. He should be grateful that I did. Earning money for us was the only way he could pay us back."

Brittany blinked her tears away, and she seemed more determined now. "Alright then, you raised William. You can have the Rockefeller Group as repayment. We have no business with each other from now on."

"However..."

“If I were ever to find out that you, or John, caused William’s death, then don’t blame me for being cruel. I will make sure you pay for what you did!” Brittany then walked out of the manor, followed by Alex and Waltz. After taking ten steps forward, Alex stopped in his tracks and stared at the pond again.

A few koi fish were swimming in the pond merrily. One of them was white with colorful spots. It looked quite plump as well. He remembered that William specifically brought this fish back from Japan because Alex liked fishes.

It was too late, however, to show his gratitude towards his father.

‘Dad, did you know about your true identity?’

He wondered to himself.

Alex snapped back into reality and said calmly, “Rockefeller Group is yours. However, this manor was my birthday present. I will take it back. I don’t want to see any of you still lingering around this manor by October 5th. If you refuse to listen, you’ll end up just like this very floor.”

He stomped hard on to the ground, causing the ground to shake.

He then caught up to Brittany and Waltz, and the three walked out the gates together.

One of the younger Rockefellers was confused and went to inspect the ground.

“What happened to the floor?”

Suddenly, in the middle of the spot Alex had stomped on, a hole with a radius of 20 meters caved into the ground. The young teen screamed as he fell into the pit.

The Rockefellers remained deathly silent.

On the other hand, Brittany was still extremely upset after returning to Maple Villa, hence she went straight to her room to get some rest.

Waltz comforted Alex. “Don’t worry. I’ll keep her company.”

“Thanks...”

“If you’re really thankful, you should give me a kiss.”

