

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0286

Even after a full day, the news continued to spread like wildfire. Some of the news sources even managed to dig up Alex's personal information.

[The Assexes' son in law.]

[His parents are traitors.]

[His mother had become a vegetative patient.]

[He is a loser that slaves away for the Assexes.]

The officials were trying to look for Alex as well, they wanted to arrest him.

Brittany was still in Waltz's apartment, scrolling through her phone over and over again. She was reading all the rumors that rose like a tsunami on the internet. She was especially enraged after reading the insults from several keyboard warriors. She was about to explode.

“Who was it? Who spread these rumors?”

Maya comforted her. “Mom, please calm down. Who else could it be? The Rockefellers must’ve done it.”

Brittany stood up abruptly. “No, I can’t keep letting such rumors spread online. If I do, Alex would truly become a lowly street rat, hated by every person on this planet!”

Brittany initially sympathized with the Rockefellers after realizing that John was not behind Bill’s death. Yet here they are, trying to ruin Alex’s reputation and frame him as a murderer. She just couldn’t stand back and watch them crush him.

A ball of fury welled up in her chest, as if it was a volcano ready to erupt.

Just then, a loud explosion came from Alex’s room.

The three rushed over to check up on him.

When they reached the door, they realized that his bed had been broken. The heavy wood was crushed to dust.

“Alex?”

“What happened?”

“Oh lord, my eyes!”

Alex opened his eyes as he looked down, and immediately grabbed a rug to cover himself up.

He had mastered the basics a while ago. He even tried out the Mystic Armor he had just learned, which led to the explosion of his Chi. He didn't expect it to crush the bed and tear off all his clothes. Moreover, his whole body was covered in a layer of oil once again.

“Can you guys leave, please? I need a shower.” Alex said awkwardly.

He was only able to wash off all the oil after showering for half an hour.

After that, he looked into the mirror and almost screamed in surprise.

His reflection showed a man with flawless skin, even women would be jealous of him now. His aura had changed drastically as well.

Moreover, he could feel that his speed and strength had increased immensely, and his defense was almost immaculate.

It appeared that he was in Waltz's main bedroom as there were quite a few female accessories laying around on the dressing table.

There were a few undergarments laying around as well, some were translucent.

Alex then noticed a tiny eyebrow razor. He picked it up and slashed his wrist with it.

A yellow turtle shell pattern shone under his skin. The cut left a white line on his skin, but he wasn't hurt at all. "Doesn't this mean I can perform martial art acts on the streets and get some mad cash?"

After hyping himself up for a while, he realised that he had an issue to deal with: he had no clothes to change into.

"Waltz, do you have any suitable clothes for me?" He wrapped his lower half with a pink towel as he opened the door slightly.

Waltz barged into the room and rummaged through her closet. She then threw him one of her dresses. “Why don’t you try this on?”

“ ... ”

Half an hour later, Alex wore the new clothes that they just bought for him.

Alex’s expression darkened as read the rumors online about him killing his own grandfather,

“The Rockefellers are having the funeral today? Then... We have to pay our respects, at the very least.” Alex said softly as fell deep in thought.

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Waltz was excited.

“Alright, let’s barge our way in!

“I’ve been pretty frustrated for the past two days. All of the Rockefellers have to pay for what they did! ”

Alex shook his head. “Waltz, you stay here with Maya. This is a family matter, so just me and my mom should go.”

Brittany nodded. “That’s right. Even though your dad is not related to him, he was still his son regardless. We would be in the wrong if we don’t send him off.”

Waltz didn’t want to listen. “Brother, how could you not bring me along to such a fun-oh, I mean, such a solemn event?”

Brittany replied, “Waltz, stop messing around.”

“Oh, okay!” Princess Fleur had to abide by the empress’ orders.

The funeral had already started in Rockefeller Manor. All of the Rockefellers were wearing mourning clothes. Noah and Spark were kneeling in the first row, whereas Mariah, Olivia and Paige were kneeling next to them.

The younger generation of the Rockefellers had nothing better to do-they sat together, staring at their phones and chattering nonchalantly. None of them were sad about Bill’s

death. After all, he was just a paralyzed old hag who ordered others around. His presence was insignificant to Rockefeller Group.

All he did was take Rockefeller Group from William back then.

“Cousin, this was such a great idea. Look, my tweet has been retweeted fifty thousand times. I’ve gained so many new followers too! That loser Alex’s reputation will soon be ruined! Everyone will know him as a piece of sh*t!” Spark turned to Carol excitedly as he scrolled through his phone.

Natalie was next to them and said, “He deserved it! How dare he slap us? My school group is talking about this too now!”

Carol’s eyes were filled with resentment. “This damn bastard. I was almost crushed to death after he locked me up in that coffin. I want his life to be a living hell. He must be trying to escape now, but where can he run to? The entire US. will be looking for him by then. He can only escape if he hides in a cave and lives on as a lowly caveman!”

Spark was excited. “Yeah! He’ll end up in jail for sure! And when he’s arrested, we can bribe a few men in there and- !”

Suddenly, a loud announcement came from the door. “Brittany Rockefeller and Alex Rockefeller have arrived to pay their respects!”

This had every Rockefeller in attendance go pale in the face.

Spark yelled. "What the f*ck! How dare you two bastards come here? Are you really not afraid of death?"

John shouted as well. "Guards, throw them out."

Since they were holding a funeral, John had intentionally positioned a large group of guards to prevent any more accidents.

At least twenty guards showed up and rushed towards Brittany and Alex, blocking them from getting into the hall.

The guests inside were watching them with eyes wide in shock.

Brittany's expression turned cold. "Get lost!"

John walked over, scolding them in rage. "Alex, you've really got some balls. How dare you show up after killing your grandfather who had raised you all these years? You heartless bastard!"

Alex was unfazed. “John, do you only know how to play the blame game? Do you really think I’d hide out of fear just because you spread some rumours? I don’t want to put up with your nonsense. Tell your lap dogs to make way, or else.”

Brittany activated her Silver Frost as she shouted. “I said, get lost!”

The color drained from the guards’ faces as soon as they felt Brittany’s chilling aura.

John yelled. “Throw them out! Now!”

The twenty guards immediately acted upon receiving John’s orders.

This time, Alex decided to not do anything. He wanted his mother to show what she was capable of.

Brittany’s fair hands slapped a guard across the face. The guard felt as if his cheek was numb, or rather, frozen, as he was sent flying and knocked down his partner next to him. He couldn’t control his movements at all.

Silver Frost was a type of martial arts that had the element of ice where every move would release air as cold as ice.

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Brittany looked as if she had been possessed by Khione, the goddess of ice and snow to the Rockefellers and their guests. Every move she only made her aura grow colder as she beat up the guards in her way. All of them fell to the ground, engulfed by numbness.

Spark's eyes were exceptionally wide in shock. "Holy sh*t. Did this bi*ch learn the Ice Cold Touch? When did she become so strong?"

John's mouth was agape. He had always been terrified of Brittany as his legs trembled in fear.

"Out of my way!" Brittany pushed John aside resentfully and walked towards the coffin slowly. Everyone couldn't help but stare. No one dared to stop them anymore. She then picked up a flower to place on the deceased Bill's casket.

Suddenly, Paige came forward and slapped Brittany's flower out of her hands. "Don't act all sorry and sad. You two killed my dad! How dare you pay your respects to him? You have no right!"

Brittany immediately slapped Paige, sending her falling to the ground.

“Do you not have a brain? It’s as if you don’t know who killed him!”

“I’m still his daughter-in-law. Even if he never treated us like family, I have to respect the dead and forgive what he did to us. I came here to pay my respects and send him off on behalf of my husband so that he could finish what he should’ve done as his son.”

Alex picked up another flower and handed it to Brittany. After they placed the flower, Noah spoke up with eyes filled with mixed emotions. “Alright, you guys can, uhm, go home.”

Brittany shot Noah a dirty glare, her eyes were filled with hatred. However, she didn’t leave even after she was asked to.

She stood aside and calmly said, “I thank all of you for coming here on behalf of William.”

Olivia interrupted her. “You have been kicked out of the family. Besides, William is not Dad’s biological son either! What makes you think you can thank the guests as a family member? Do you even know any of them?”

Brittany paid no attention to her words.

The guests, on the other hand, were extremely shocked...

“What?”

“William Rockefeller isn’t Bill Rockefeller’s son?”

“What does that mean?”

“I heard that William was just a child Bill picked up from the streets.”

“Ah, so that was what happened. Then they didn’t just kill him, they even came here to ruin his funeral! They should be damned for life. How could they be so ungrateful? They’re monsters!”

Such insults didn’t faze Brittany or Alex one bit.

They only stayed to wait until all the guests had arrived. They wanted to clear up the misunderstandings the public had towards them. Alex had already thought of many ways they could get the point across.

However, no one realized that Carol had gone missing. She had gone out to call the cops.

“The CEO of Paradise Corp, Louis Graham, has come to pay his respects!”

Louis was wearing a black suit as he came forth to place a flower and presented a white envelope with a stack of money to John as a token of respect.

He turned to look and Brittany and Alex smugly, letting out a cold chuckle before heading towards the guest area.

Alex said, “Mom, didn’t this Louis guy beg you to help his company when they were having a hard time? Look at his attitude towards us now.”

Brittany replied, “Don’t mind him. He’s just an insignificant acquaintance. People change all the time.”

Alex’s gaze turned sharp as he decided to ingrain the memory of this man in his head.

Later on, a few powerful figures in California had arrived as well and had similar attitudes like Louis. John and Noah’s guest area was getting more crowded by the minute, demonstrating that they had quite a lot of connections.

Brittany and Alex, on the other hand, were alone. They seemed like outcasts, a stark contrast to the rest of the Rockefellers.

Suddenly, several footsteps could be heard from outside of the hall. A group of men in black suits and shades were walking in two rows, each holding a wreath.

There were at least a hundred of them.

At the door, a voice trembled from excitement and fear. “Princess Fleur of Thousand Miles Conglomerate has arrived to pay her respects with a hundred wreaths!”

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Alex furrowed his eyebrows as he thought, ‘This damn brat just doesn’t know when to stop. I told her not to come, and yet here she is. She even brought so many of her men along. Is she trying to take down the entire Rockefeller family?’

However, knowing that she was here out of the goodness of her heart, he couldn’t bring himself to blame her.

All of the guests in the hall were startled as well.

“Thousand Miles Conglomerate came to pay their condolences? Princess Fleur came in person too. The Rockefellers are pretty powerful then.”

“Yeah, I’ve never heard of Princess Fleur paying her condolences to anyone, but she even sent a hundred wreaths to them! Looks like the Rockefeller had been working with Thousand Miles Conglomerate, and pretty closely too.”

In the corner, Natalie asked in confusion, “Princess Fleur? Hmph, what a grand title. She dares to call herself a princess! Does she really think she’s royalty? How shameless!”

Upon hearing this, Carol immediately covered her sister’s mouth with her hands.

“Don’t run your mouth, you’ll get in trouble.”

“What? Are you that scared of her?”

“Princess Fleur’s name is Waltz Fleur, she’s one of the Three Great Chieftains of California’s underworld. The best fighter in your school wouldn’t even be able to handle one slap from her.”

“The Three Great Chieftains of California’s underworld?” Natalie had never heard of any of this. However, she had heard of the underworld and her face was filled with terror as she turned to the door.

John immediately stood and rushed to the door as well. He knew exactly who Princess Fleur was despite never seeing her. before

Rockefeller Group was way too weak compared to Thousand Miles Conglomerate. He just knew that he wouldn’t be able to handle the consequences if he were left hanging.

He couldn’t help but feel shocked as well. ‘Why is Princess Fleur here to pay her respects?’

John’s eyes were fixated on Waltz. She was wearing a black dress embroidered with golden flowers, and a pair of black heels. He smiled and welcomed her. “Princess Fleur, it’s such an honor to have you here, I...”

Without letting him finish his sentence, two men in black blocked his way and dragged him aside.

Everyone couldn’t believe their eyes.

'What is happening?'

'Why was John dragged away despite welcoming Princess Fleur? Did she not want anyone near her? Was she worried of an assassination?'

Waltz slowly placed a flower on the casket, not even taking a glance at the Rockefellers who were kneeling on the ground. She then approached Brittany and handed her a white envelope. "I'm sorry for your loss, Madame."

'What?'

The Rockefellers felt as if they had been struck by lightning.

'Princess Fleur must be mistaken. Why did she approach Brittany?'

Olivia rushed up to them and said, "Princess Fleur, you must be mistaken. These two bastards are no longer a part of our family. If you'd like to hand out condolence money, you should give it to us."

She wanted to take the money.

Waltz immediately slapped Olivia across the face, causing her mouth to bleed as she fell to the ground. “Who do you think you are to insult Madame Brittany? I believe that only the founders of Rockefeller Group can rule over the Rockefellers. Without Lord William and Madame Brittany back then, where would the Rockefellers even be now?”

The Rockefellers’ faces turned pale and the guests started to ponder as well.

Spark’s eyes grew wide open in horror, as if he had been captured by the men from Thousand Miles Conglomerate again like before, tortured for two days.

“How could you slap her?” Mariah said.

“She ran her dirty mouth. I only slapped her for Madame’s sake. If not for Madame, I would have pulled her tongue out. ”

Suddenly, the man at the door shouted again. “Mr. Carter and Mrs. Carter from Waylon Realty, have come to pay their respects!”

Waylon Realty was one of California’s best businesses. Back then, it was as powerful as Rockefeller Group. However, Waylon Realty had expanded greatly since and was now on a much higher level. To come pay their respects was quite a generous

gesture from Charles.

John immediately rushed up to the door yet again.

Despite this, Charles ignored him and placed a flower on Bill's casket. He then turned to Brittany and Alex, comforting the two.

The Rockefellers were shocked once more.

There were several guests sitting in their guest area, yet their influence and wealth couldn't beat Charles' even with their businesses combined. Moreover, everyone watched as Charles's wife, Hailey held onto Alex's shoulder and leaned forward, whispering into his ear.

They seemed very close.

Some of the guests started to feel uneasy as they watched this.

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They ignored Brittany or Alex earlier and were afraid that had sided with the wrong family.

Suddenly, yet another shocking announcement came from the door...

“Lord Yowell has arrived to pay his respects!”

It was obvious that the announcer was extremely shocked, his voice trembled even more as he didn't even dare to say Keith's full name.

Next to Keith was a young girl with a big rack that contrasted her baby-like face.

“M-Michelle Yowell?”

Natalie dropped her phone.

She might not know about Keith's power, but she was familiar with Michelle's title, the Little Devil, since she was a student. Many girls in California were proud of being a member of Devil Coven.

Devil Coven was not limited to students in California State University either, many schools had branches of Devil Coven. Natalie had always wanted to join the club as well, but she had never qualified. This was why she trained hard to learn Taekwondo, she just wanted to meet Michelle at least once.

She didn't expect Michelle to show up at her house, it was like a dream come true.

Natalie wanted to rush over to greet her idol, but she was held back by Carol.

Everyone in the hall had stood up instinctively.

The Yowells were far too powerful in California, especially Lord Yowell. He was even more powerful than Lord Lex.

In other words, a few stomps from him would cause a minor earthquake in the whole of California.

This time, John didn't dare to greet him. All he could do was stare in disbelief.

Lastly, they watched Keith and Michelle place flowers on the casket and approached Alex. Keith even referred to him as 'Mr. Rockefeller'.

Everyone's mind went blank upon hearing this.

'How could this be?'

'Why is Lord Yowell here for these two bastards?'

'Why? What did they do to deserve such privilege?'

Carol screamed in her mind, she couldn't accept it at all. Everyone had such questions in their mind as well, but no one dared to ask.

Just then, a group of men in uniform rushed in.

A middle-aged man, who appeared to be the leader, scanned the room and yelled. "Who is Alex Rockefeller? Surrender yourself!"

Everyone froze and remembered the rumors online that Alex had killed his grandfather, he's an ungrateful piece of sh*t, the scum of the earth; and he's nothing but a heartless criminal. He has to be tried in court for his actions.

Carol was overjoyed, she stepped forward and pointed at Alex. "Him! He's Alex Rockefeller. He killed my grandfather!"

The middle-aged man's eyes were stern. "Arrest him!"

"Hold on!" Keith shouted, his voice was strong like lightning. "Why are you arresting Mr. Rockefeller?"

The man replied, "Have you not heard? He's suspected of the murder of his own grandfather!"

Keith asked, "Do you have any evidence? Does it support your claim? If not, you'd better be careful or you might lose your job."

The man huffed. "Who are you?"

"I'm Keith Yowell, the head of the Yowell family!"

Michelle smiled. "I'm a Yowell too, Michelle Yowell."

Waltz stood up. "Thousand Miles Conglomerate would not let you arrest an innocent individual without evidence!"

The uniformed man's heart was pounding. He almost bit his tongue in fear. Wiping the cold sweat off his forehead, he said, "We do have evidence, but he's just a suspect as of now. I'm just asking Mr. Rockefeller to follow us so we can proceed with the investigation."

Suddenly, someone had arrived at the hall and said coldly, "If you have evidence to raise suspicion on him, I have evidence to prove his innocence too."

The person was Anna Coleman from Divine Constabulary, she wore a uniform smartly and walked into the hall with her intense aura.