

## The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 120

Michelle Yowell pointed at the Rolls-Royce. "That idiot inside the car hit mine and even hurt Jeremiah. Not only does he want me to compensate for twenty million dollars, but he even cursed our family! He insisted on going to our house to seek justice for Grandpa!"

"What?"

Everyone thought they had a hearing problem.

They wondered how such an obnoxious person could survive in California!

Out of nowhere, someone shouted, "Are you still dreaming? Perhaps you're tired of living that you're here to challenge the Yowells! I'm gonna find out what makes you so arrogant!"

Sean Yowell was the one yelling, a generally hot-tempered man. He was the better martial arts practitioner amongst the rest at the scene.

He yanked the car door open rudely and glared in menace. "Get out of the car now, you brute!"

Alex was calm and expressionless as he remained seated inside the car. "Who do you think you are to summon me out of my car? Get your leader here to see me."

What?

Sean felt his blood rushing up to his head as his rage grew by the second.

The rest of the Yowells immediately closed in on the both of them, their faces flushed in a fury.

Woah!

What an arrogant brute!

They almost went mad.

Sean stared at Alex with an ice-cold gaze, as if he was looking at a tiny ant. He reluctantly scoffed, "Well done! You've successfully pissed me off. Well, let me prove if I'm capable enough to drag you out of your damn car!"

He growled and erupted into a thunderous roar.

Grrrrr!

As a whoosh of energy radiated from Sean's upper body, his white shirt immediately ripped apart.

"Get out now!" he shouted as he stretched out his hand to grab Alex.

Alex, however, remained stationary even though Sean had grabbed his arm.

"I told you, you're not qualified," Alex said, tilting his head a little to look at Sean.

The moment he muttered those words, he generated his core energy and brushed off Sean's hand. Swiftly, he planted a smack right on Sean's chest.

Bam!

Sean felt an overpowering force penetrating his body, one that immediately sent him flying.

All the other younger Yowells literally watched Sean thrown seven or eight meters away, not to mention the loud thud when he landed after a few somersaults. Blood gushed out from his mouth.

There was an instant pin-drop silence, where even the sound of light breathing could be heard.

“How... How is that possible?!”

Everyone looked at Alex in disbelief, now seated in his car, unfazed and composed. It was difficult for them to comprehend anything when they saw how young he was.

“So, could you please get your leader here now?” Alex asked once again.

A young, charming man who looked about 27 or 28 years old chuckled out loud. “You have to defeat me first before getting my grandpa here. There’s no way to prove your capability by just sitting inside the car. So, why not accept the challenge?”

It was Colin Yowell.

Among the practitioners, he was the best, which was Advanced Royal.

He was the legitimate eldest grandson of Keith Yowell, as well as Michelle’s elder brother.

Michelle squealed in excitement, "I haven't seen you in a battle since you last achieved Advanced Royal rank, Colin! Ready for a show now? I can't wait to see it! That bastard almost pressed me against the car door earlier. You should give him a good beating until he surrenders. I'm gonna cane him until he begs for mercy!"

Colin often spoilt her with showers of love and care.

Upon hearing her words, his face was flush with determination.

"Hey, Don. Get me a big hammer. I'm gonna smash his car until he gets out!" Colin growled coldly.

That luxury car cost twenty million dollars, and without so much as a flinch, he said he was going to smash it.

A tall and plump-looking teenager from the Yowell family acknowledged, leaving happily to retrieve a big hammer. It was as though Colin wasn't about to smash a Rolls-Royce Phantom, but a rusted old tractor.

Soon after, the big hammer was delivered.

Alex was shocked when Colin jumped onto the hood of his Rolls-Royce and lifted the big hammer in the air.

Michelle and the other Yowells, on the other hand, didn't feel worried. Instead, they were excited.