

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 121

Alex was utterly speechless.

Those kids indeed did not seem to take money seriously.

Obviously, it was a given knowing how wealthy the Yowells were since they were among the four California nobles' wealthiest families.

With an icy gaze, Colin lifted the big hammer above his head. As he noticed Alex, who still retained his calm and steady demeanor, he became brutally agitated.

"Are you coming out or not?!"

"I'll see how long you can pretend!"

Roarrrr!!

Like a furious dragon, he let out a ferocious roar, and his inner strength as a martial arts practitioner at Advanced Royal immediately emanated. The big hammer, which weighed approximately 20kg, smashed right into the passenger seat's windshield.

At that instance, a few Yowells became very excited, while some panicked.

Michelle who was initially full of menace, suddenly trembled. She didn't dare continue watching.

She wondered if he was too shocked and terrified at Colin's blow.

Coincidentally, she noticed Alex's gaze that was filled with annoyance.

'What? Is he looking down on my brother?'

'Or perhaps... he has a better card up his sleeve?'

The next second, Alex lifted his arm and brought it down, right upon the windshield.

The point where he smashed was right on the spot where Colin had hammered.

Bamm!!

What sounded like a deafening explosion ensued.

The hammer and fist collided with each other, the windscreen in between them.

Everyone watched in shock and disbelief after seeing what Alex chose to do. Had he gone mad? He clashed with the solid hammer by using his bare fist! Considering he was a martial artist at Advanced Royal rank, Colin's strength was not to be taken lightly, especially when angered. He could even smash through a ten centimeter thick steel plate.

At this rate, Alex's fist was likely to become a minced meatball.

Michelle's eyes were gaping wide open. She knew, by rationale, that Alex's hand was going to be permanently disabled.

But strangely, by observing his cold gaze, an absurd thought crossed her mind that perhaps Alex might have a better card.

In a blink of an eye, the hammer in Colin's hand ricocheted toward him as hit by a speeding car. Fortunately, the hammer grazed past his hair, mere inches away from his face. If that didn't happen, this very day next year would have marked his death anniversary.

Colin literally felt the hammer's inertia when it whizzed past him.

His body turned numb, and the membrane between his thumb and index finger tore, causing him to bleed profusely.

He fell off the car hood and his chest made contact with the ground. A strange and terrified expression clouded his face as he spat out a big mouthful of blood.

There was pin-drop silence everywhere.

What just happened turned out to be too overwhelming and shocking.

In fact, it was an outcome beyond expectation.

Just how hard could his fist be?

"Colin! Colin! Are you okay?" Michelle ran toward Colin and hugged him with tears in her eyes. She turned back and glared in fury at Alex. "How dare you hurt my brother?! I'll definitely kill you if anything happens to him!"

"We'll talk about it if you survive the year."

Alex shook his head in regret as he looked at the shattered windscreen of his Rolls-Royce.

Calmly, he got out of the car and slowly walked toward Colin, his hands placed behind his back.

The other Yowells who watched on shuddered in fear. They began to lose all composure of themselves.

Perhaps even Keith, the leader of the Yowells, couldn't have taken on a hammer with his fist like Alex.

"Stay away, stay away!"

Michelle screamed, her teary eyes filled with raging flames.

She was at her boiling point, yet fearful at the same time.

"Your brother is going to die if I don't go over," said Alex calmly.

"What?"

"Colin, how are you feeling? Colin?!" The anxious Michelle started weeping. To her, her brother was the most important person in her life. He had been taking care of her like a parent, and since they had passed on early, she couldn't imagine life without Colin.

Colin slowly propped himself up, trembling. Suddenly, he spat out a mouthful of blood again.