

## The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 171

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!