

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 172

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?"