

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 173

Alex strolled into the gate, holding a bag of breakfast biscuits. He had gone out to train early in the morning and decided to get some breakfast afterward.

He didn't expect to come back to a bright red coffin at his doorstep, let alone meeting Spark and the others. His tone was calm, yet his gaze extremely chilling.

'Who the heck would just send a coffin to someone's doorstep when there wasn't a funeral, to begin with?'

"Son..!" Brittany rushed to Alex and hugged him tightly as soon as she saw him. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she just couldn't hold them in anymore. Before Alex came back, she had been truly terrified by the news.

Brittany was emotionally fragile at this point. She just couldn't bear losing another loved one.

"Mom, what's wrong? Am I not standing here in front of you, alive and well? I was just worried that you'd be stressed out from making breakfast every day. That's why I got some for us." Alex smiled.

On the other hand, Spark and the others just couldn't believe their eyes, their joy overturned by terror, disbelief and shock.

"No way... there's absolutely no way!"

"Aren't you supposed to be dead? How are you still alive?" Spark yelled out loud, losing his cool.

"Dead?" Alex paused for a moment. He stepped out of his mother's embrace and approached Spark.

His fingers ran lightly on the bright red coffin as he walked past it.

Carol and the others took a few steps back

Having witnessed how Alex had smashed the table into pieces just a few days ago, the last thing they wanted was to get slapped by him. How could their fragile bodies hold up against such an impact?

“These people ran over our gates early in the morning, gave us a coffin, and lied about you getting into a car crash! Can you believe them?” said Waltz.

“Oh, really?”

Alex stared down at Spark, who had slumped to the ground. He shook his head gently. “I thought you would’ve learned your lesson after that punishment. Looks like you haven’t, huh?”

Olivia’s motherly instincts were immediately triggered, as she quickly used her own body to protect Spark. “Alex, don’t you dare do anything rash! We just heard that you died, so we sent a coffin over because we’re relatives. Since this was all just a misunderstanding, we’ll leave now.”

She then helped Spark up and was ready to make a run for it.

“Who said you could leave?” snapped Alex. Waltz, on the other hand, stood in front of Spark and Olivia, blocking their way out.

Carol growled, “Don’t you dare cross the line, Alex!”

Upon hearing those words, Alex smiled. "You were the ones who came running into my gate so early in the morning and even sent a coffin to my doorstep. Yet, you think I'm the one who crossed the line? Aren't you just full of sh*t, Carol Rockefeller?"

Alex immediately took a step forward and walked up to Carol.

"Ahhhh!"

Carol wanted to escape, but Alex grabbed her by the hair and dragged her back. With his other hand, he opened the bright red coffin and stuffed Carol inside.

"Arghhhhh!" Carol shrieked in hysteria.

Although it was a brand new coffin, the very fact that she was forced to lie inside alive sent chills down her spine.

Watching her daughter getting stuffed into the coffin, Mariah screamed, "Help! Murder!"

Alex huffed, "Waltz, stuff all of them into the coffin."

"Alright..!"

Waltz got the job done easily as if she wanted the chaos to ensue. She had seen worse after all.

No matter how much Olivia or Mariah screamed, all three of them were stuffed into the coffin within a few minutes.

Thank god the coffin that Spark bought was pretty big in size, or else it wouldn't have fit all four of them.

With a loud thud, the coffin was shut tightly.