

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 174

Waltz clapped to remove the dust off her hands. "Brother, I'm done."

Brittany, however, was slightly shaken at the scene. "Alex, would they suffocate in there? We are still relatives, after all, and a light punishment would suffice. If something bad were to happen to them, then this wouldn't be the end of it."

Alex replied, "Don't worry, Mom, nothing bad would happen to them."

He used his index finger to poke a few holes into the coffin, ensuring that they had enough oxygen to breathe.

"Waltz, take care of mom. I'll be sending this coffin back, along with these bastards."

Brittany knew that if she let her son go alone, he might make matters worse. She immediately said, "Alex, I'll go with you."

Waltz wanted to tag along as well, seemingly excited.

"Then... Alright! But let's have breakfast first before we go. It won't hurt to take a short break."

A few moments later, a large Mercedes Benz drove right in front of Rockefeller Manor.

Noah and one of their security guards carefully lifted Bill out of the car.

The old man was diagnosed with paresis following a stroke. Due to his old age, it was almost impossible for him to stand anymore. After staying in the hospital for a few days, he had been constantly complaining about their service and demanded to be discharged. He'd rather recuperate back at home.

Upon entering the manor, Bill leaned against the back of his wheelchair and asked, "Where's Olivia? Mariah too. Why didn't they come to help out today? Are they disgusted by me because I'm paralyzed now? Do they think I'm dead?"

Noah replied, "No dad, that's not it."

"How is that not it?"

"Dad, Alex died in a car crash last night, so Spark bought a coffin and sent it over. Olivia and Mariah tagged along for fun."

"What?" The statement took Bill by surprise, yet he didn't look sad at all. He even started cackling after a brief moment of pause. "Amazing! This is amazing! That little pest finally died! He was an embarrassment to the Rockefellers. That useless loser should've died long ago! What about Brittany? Has the b*tch died yet?"

Noah was taken aback. "I don't think so."

Bill huffed. "She deserves death more than anyone else."

Just then, a loud crash came from the door of their manor. One of the doors flung wide open and fell right in front of Bill and the others with a deafening bang. They were so shocked that they were almost wet themselves.

What followed right after was a man with a bright red coffin on his shoulders. He walked briskly into the manor with a smug look plastered on his face.

It was Alex, followed by Brittany and Waltz.

Realizing that the man was Alex, Noah asked in a stupor, "Alex, aren't you dead?!"

Stretching out his neck, Bill pointed at the coffin with trembling hands. "You pest, you f*cking pest! How dare you send a coffin to the Rockefellers? What are you even doing?! What do you want? I'm not dead yet!"

Alex was extremely disappointed in his grandfather. Before kicking down the door, he overheard their conversation. As an elderly, he shouldn't have said anything as such.

This meant that Bill had never actually treated them like family.

"You may be near death, old man, but you don't deserve to have this coffin."

"Where's John? Have him come out this instant!" Alex said as he slammed the coffin to the ground.

Screams were coming from inside of the coffin.

"Ahhhh!"

"Some... someone's inside?"

Appalled, everyone froze on their feet.

Noah definitely recognized his wife and daughter's screams from inside the coffin as well.

“Let them go! Now!” Noah yelled hysterically.

Alex said calmly, “You should’ve thought twice before sending this coffin to my doorstep. I’m just returning the favor. If you want them all out alive, then call John over.”