

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 293

Claire Assex rolled her eyes. "What's the big deal now? You're only a student. Do you need to be concerned about national issues all day long? You might as well look after your mother whose foot is injured. Come over and help massage it for me. My hand hurts," she said.

"I'm serious. It's about Alex Rockefeller," Beatrice Assex said.

Claire's eyes immediately lit up. "Did they catch that traitor? Great. I'm all for it. Wait a second. Your sister hasn't gotten a divorce with this piece of trash yet. Doesn't that mean she will get affected as well? Is this jerk doing it on purpose? Will he only stop after he destroys Dorothy's life?"

Beatrice shook her head when she saw how Claire was overreacting. "The traitor wasn't caught, Spark Rockefeller was," Beatrice said as she shook her head after being silent for a while.

"Who's Spark Rockefeller? Wait, do you mean the young president of Rockefeller Group, my son-in-law, the Spark Rockefeller? What was he caught for?"

"..."

Beatrice was getting impatient with Claire. Spark and Dorothy weren't even engaged, but Claire was already addressing Spark as her son-in-law.

If other people heard Madame Claire, it would be extremely humiliating.

Right then, someone called Beatrice on her phone. It was her good friend, Mona Weiss. "Beatrice, your brother-in-law is going to make his comeback. This time, it's already trending all over California. The tables have turned," Mona said excitedly as soon as the call was connected.

"What are you talking about?" Beatrice asked.

“Oh, I’m talking about your brother-in-law’s mother! Didn’t you know? Your brother-in-law’s mother, one of the original Rockefeller Group co-founders, Brittany Rockefeller caused a scene during the funeral service at the Rockefeller family’s place. She slapped one of the aunts and threatened to make Rockefeller Group go bankrupt within three months. It was epic.” Mona explained.

“...”

Beatrice was speechless.

“I’ll send you two video files. Have a look, she’s on fire. It’s so exciting. It’d be so cool to have a mother like her. Also, I heard that Michelle Yowell brought her grandfather to show support for Brittany Rockefeller too!” Mona added.

Lady Beatrice started watching the videos after she received it.

Soon, her eyes also lit up with admiration.

There wasn’t a college girl who wouldn’t fantasize about becoming a heroine and establishing a billion-dollar business to conquer the world.

One of the videos showed Brittany Rockefeller waving her hand and storming out of the Rockefeller family’s place.

“That’s all I’m giving you. From now on, there is nothing between us. I will make you bankrupt within three months,” Brittany said confidently and boldly.

Beatrice's heart rate surged as she became infused with passion. Right then, she imagined herself as Brittany. What would Alex Rockefeller think if he knew that his sister-in-law was his mother's fan despite how she had been treating him?

Claire moved closer to watch the videos.

After a while, she grunted. "This b*tch must think she's in a dream. If she manages to make Rockefeller Group bankrupt in three months, I'll eat my shoes," Claire said.

"Perhaps she really can!" Beatrice exclaimed.

Claire showed an extremely disdainful expression. She was slapped and publicly humiliated by Brittany Rockefeller. Even now, the feeling of hatred was still gnawing at her. Naturally, she wouldn't agree with Beatrice. "What do you mean? Do you think she's God? This woman is just like her son. They're both pieces of trash, and they're only still alive because of our family!" Claire exclaimed.

"It's such a shame. Although she's a heroine, her son is a b*stard. If only Alex Rockefeller was half as bold as she was, I'd be happy to acknowledge him as my brother-in-law. Mom, don't be jealous. If you were one tenth as capable as Brittany, we wouldn't be bullied Grandma like this," Beatrice said.

"Did you just say that I'm not even close to one-tenth as capable as Brittany? How did I end up giving birth to a nasty child like you?" Claire shouted angrily before grabbing the bottle of medicinal oil and hurling it at Beatrice.

The bottle struck Lady Beatrice against her fair forehead, leaving an open wound on her skin that started to bleed.

"Mom, are you really nuts? How could you hurl a bottle at me? Are you trying to kill me? Great, my face has been ruined. Are you happy now? There really is something wrong with you. So what if I said you're not as capable as Brittany? Forget one-tenth of her, you don't even deserve to be a servant in her house." Beatrice yelled.

She then stormed upstairs and slammed her door shut with a loud bang.

Meanwhile...