

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 434

“Alex, was it you?”

“You must have done this!”

Carol was sitting alone in the corner of the hall, murmuring to herself. Her gaze was lowered but it was blood thirsty like that of a beast.

No one knew that Carol was the mastermind behind the idea of dealing with Beatrice. She was the one who found Mona and the others to contribute to it too. However, she was never involved in the whole process, only advising Spark to take action.

After being in jail for ten days, she was able to understand reality even more. She knew that she had to hide her tracks even better from now on.

Just like this very moment, everyone in the family thought that Yeferson was the one who killed Spark. She was the only one who knew what actually went down, but she decided to keep this to herself.

‘Do you really care about Beatrice that much?’

‘You’d kill for her?’

‘We should have some fun then!’

Carol stood up and went back into her room. She installed a VPN and sent a text, [Your daughter is probably dead, Harry Trump too. The one who killed them was Beatrice Assex.]

At the same time, Mona's and Harry's families were gathered together. The two families were accusing each other, fighting like animals. Just then, Mona's father, Ray Weiss, received a text message.

He immediately jumped as soon as he read it. "My daughter died! She's dead!"

"Beatrice Assex killed my daughter! Harry is dead too! She killed them!"

"What? How would you know that?"

These two families were already in a state of panic when their children went missing. With this text message, they had finally had a target, Beatrice Assex.

"That's right. Beatrice is my daughter's classmate but they weren't close. They were fighting over a boy!"

"Now that you mention it, didn't they go out together on the same day? They said they'd be looking for whoever that Mask guy is. Yet now they went missing at night. Everyone else had gone missing but her! She must've killed them!"

"Let's drag her out! I know where she lives."

The group of ten or so people rushed up to the Assex Villa, enraged.

Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

The doorbell chimed furiously.

Claire, who just had dinner, was looking at the photos of her new villa at the time. She got out of her seat and walked to the door joyously.

Suddenly, the door was kicked down.

Claire screamed as she was knocked over by the door, falling hard to the ground.

Before she could react, an angry mob barged in with bats in their hands.

Dorothy rushed up to help her mother up and yelled. "Who are you? What are you trying to do?"

"F*ck off!" A man kicked Dorothy in the stomach harshly. The pain caused her to break out in cold sweat.

"Where's Beatrice Assex? Hand that b*tch over!"

"There! That's her!" Mona's mother recognized Beatrice. She immediately noticed her walking out of the kitchen to check out what the commotion was. The group rushed up to her like bulls, grabbing her by the hair and pinning her to the ground. All of them ganged up on and beat her repeatedly.

"You b*tch! Tell me, where is my daughter?"

"My son too! Did you kill them? You murderer! I'll make you pay for what you did!"

Beatrice was filled with shock, all she could do was wrap her arms around her head.

“I don’t know! I really don’t!

“Alex! Help! Alex...”

Alex, who was in the bathroom, rushed out immediately. He didn’t even have the time to pull up the zipper of his pants. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

“Motherf*ckers!”

He activated his Chi and sent the man beating Beatrice the harshest, flying with a hard slap.

Flinging the same arm, all of the others fell back due to the force coming from his Chi.

“Alex!” Beatrice clung to Alex, sobbing uncontrollably.

Mona’s mother crawled back up to her feet and yelled. “This man can fight! It must be him who killed our daughter for that b*tch!”

“Let’s beat him up together!” One of Harry’s uncles was a fighter as well. He yelled and lifted his bat up, ready to smash Alex in the head.

Just then, he felt a chill on the back of his head.

He turned around and realized that it was a gun, held to his head by a cold and stern woman.

It was Anna Coleman.