

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 440

The coffin was the exact model that was sent to Alex's villa. The Yowells were fuming, yet they knew that there was nothing they could do-they were immobile.

"Hey, do you guys think that punk would come?"

"He won't chicken out, right?"

"I heard that the bastard is around twenty. He's just a loser, having to rely on women to survive. How could such a wimp defeat an Intermediate-Mystic-ranked fighter like Scott? Can you guys believe that? Well I don't!"

A bunch of young adults were gossiping with each other. One of them was a woman in her twenties, just as beautiful as Michelle. Her expression was as cold as ice.

"I don't care what tricks he pulled during their fight. But I'll make sure he pays for what he did to my brother! We Pattingsons will not go back to North Tokyo as long as he's alive."

This woman was Scott's cousin sister, Winnie Pattingson.

She was the one who carved the word 'Sl*t' on Michelle's face.

"Don't worry, Ms. Pattingson. As long as he comes, I'll save you the work and help you take him down. I'll break all his limbs and throw him to your feet. Then, you can do whatever you want to him!" A teenager with a military haircut said confidently."

The teenager was Eugene Mulligan, one of the best fighters in his generation of Mulligans. The Mulligans were one of the families in North Tokyo that had been training in martial arts since ancient times as well. Some others started responding enthusiastically, cheering for the Patingsons.

All of them came from families of ancient martial arts in North Tokyo, hence all of them had massive egos. In their eyes, California was just a small place that couldn't breed skilled fighters. They refused to believe that Alex had the power to kill Scott since they hadn't witnessed it.

Moreover, this person was an infamous loser in California.

Just then, footsteps could be heard from the Yowell Manor entrance, two people were walking towards the training grounds.

Towards the back of the training grounds sat a middle-aged man behind the coffin. His ears twitched and he opened his eyes slightly. They were filled with murderous intent

He was Scott's father, Gerald Patingson.

"We're here!"

With this announcement, everyone turned towards the entrance. The man who had entered was Alex.

Lifting the coffin with one arm, he walked slowly and calmly to the plaza as he held Michelle's hand with his other.

Gerald's eyes were fixated on Alex for a brief while, but he couldn't sense anything at all. He couldn't even tell how well trained Alex was. He also noticed Michelle walking next to him, Gerald furrowed his eyebrows gently, visibly appalled.

He was the one who broke all of Michelle's limbs without any mercy. Yet here she was, walking like nothing had happened.

This was just all too strange.

However, none of this mattered. All he knew was that the two coffins he prepared had been set up. The two souls that he wanted to take had arrived as well.

That was all he needed.

He wanted these two to become living sacrifices for his son.

"Brother! Grandpa!" Michelle cried as soon as she noticed her family tied to the crosses as if they were livestock. She wanted to rush up to them, but many people blocked her way.

Eugene pointed at her face, grinning slyly. "Ah, so you're a sl*t! Hah, sl*ts and b*tches aren't welcomed here. Get lost!"

Alex placed the heavy coffin down to the ground, sending a gust of dust up into the air. A loud thud echoed through the plaza.

As he scanned the crowd, he laid his eyes on Gerald. "I'm here to battle to the death. Are you ready?"

A bald teenager jumped out. "How could you battle with Mr. Pattinson? I'll fight you!"

Alex raised an eyebrow. "You don't have what it takes to fight me."