

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 447

“No way!” Alex Rockefeller exclaimed before smacking Michelle Yowell’s forehead.

“I’m not running a circus. I don’t want to look after little monkeys running around,” he added.

After that, he pinched Michelle’s face and carefully studied the word ‘sl*t’ on her face. Winnie Pattinson was quite harsh, carving the word nearly three inches deep.

Michelle panicked and her facial expression turned bleak again. So what if she had a perfect body?

With the word ‘sl*t’ on her face, which man would want to give her a child?

Then, Michelle saw Alex nodding. “The wound is a little deep. It’ll take some time for it to recover. For now, you’ll have to wear a mask when you meet other people. I’ll make another list of herbs. You should focus on gathering these herbs. Once you’re done, I’ll make a kind of medicinal clay that can help your wound recover completely so that your face will look like it did before,” Alex said.

“Really?” Michelle asked.

Michelle was pleasantly surprised.

The changes in her mood was like a roller-coaster ride. One moment, she felt like she was in hell, but in the next, she felt like she was in heaven.

Alex nodded. “Yes.”

“That’s great. I can be your girlfriend again.”

“No. I’m not interested in kids,” Alex said.

“Hmph!” Michelle placed her hands on her hips and bumped against Alex. “How am I a kid? These are much bigger than your wife’s.”

Alex was flustered and left the Yowell family’s place.

In the Pattingson family’s place in Alaska. The head of the Pattingson family, Nathan Pattingson, had already reached Earth rank in his martial arts cultivation.

This was also the fundamental reason why the Pattingson family held an important place in Alaska’s ancient martial arts community. An Earth expert was already a very rare existence. With a single punch, Nathan could break through gold and iron. He could even break a steel plate with a single kick. To the layman, he was like a superhuman.

However, there was a gap in this legacy among the Pattingson family’s descendants.

Among Nathan’s sons, Gerald Pattingson had the highest rank in martial arts. Gerald was at Peak-Mystic rank, and was close to breaking through to the next rank.

But the person Nathan had been most optimistic about was Scott Pattingson. He had great hopes for Scott because he was a rare martial art genius. Scott had a bright future ahead of him, and he was very likely to surpass Earth rank to become a Telekinetic Grandmaster. Nathan didn’t expect such a genius to die so suddenly. One could only imagine how much hatred Nathan felt in his heart.

At twelve midnight, the large antique clock in the house started ringing, but Nathan was not asleep yet. He couldn't fall asleep!

Nathan was waiting for his son, Gerald, to call him and tell him that Scott's murderer had been killed.

The phone finally rang.

It wasn't Gerald's number. Instead, it belonged to one of the grandchildren Nathan didn't usually pay much attention to.

"Grandpa, something terrible has happened!" The grandchild shouted in a panicked tone.

"What's the big deal? You sound panicked. You're a grown man. How can you panic when things go wrong? How will you ever be successful in life?" Nathan said calmly.

"Grandpa, Uncle Gerald is dead, and so is Winnie. We're in huge trouble," said the grandchild.

"What?" Nathan, who had been calm earlier, immediately started trembling. His phone nearly slipped out of his hands.

"Gerald is dead? How could that be? Who could kill him in California?" Nathan asked.

"It's... The guy who killed Scott, Grandmaster Rockefeller."

"G-Grandmaster? Are you sure?"

The grandchild explained. "Yes, I'm very sure. With a wave of his hand, he could fling Uncle Gerald's corpse, which weighed up to 150 pounds, into the coffin. He's able to use his inner force externally and at will. He's definitely a Telekinetic Grandmaster. He might very well be the youngest Grandmaster in America."

When Nathan heard this, he plopped down on the ground. He didn't even react when his phone fell off. A martial arts Grandmaster!

One couldn't afford to insult a Grandmaster. If that happened, one would definitely die.

How could Gerald not die when he delivered a coffin to a Grandmaster? Nathan was afraid that the entire Pattingson family would experience the fury of one.

They would all be killed.

Nathan immediately picked up the phone again.

"What did he say? Tell me what exactly happened, right now," Nathan said.

This phone call lasted for twenty minutes.

By the end of it, Nathan felt as if he had aged by ten years within the short period of time.