

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 118

The lady took off her sunglasses, glaring viciously at Alex. Her grandeur changed instantly as well, with an overflowing hostile aura.

Alex was a little taken aback as he did not expect that the lady was a fighter too. Furthermore, she was of Intermediate Royal, a rank higher than the man earlier, Jeremiah Yowell.

“Who are you?” asked Alex with an indifferent expression.

Before the lady could speak, the old man earlier responded instead. “She is the favorite granddaughter of the head of the Yowell family, Keith Yowell. I think she’s Michelle Yowell!”

“Oh, it’s really her!”

“To be that fortunate enough for offending the little devil from the Yowells, that Rockefeller guy is in deep trouble now...”

“Hush, keep your voice down. Don’t you want to live?”

A discussion broke out in the crowd of onlookers. Even though they spoke in hushed voices, Alex had no issue picking up what they said. After all, being born and raised in California, he was used to being a rich heir in California, so he was well informed about the news in the social circles. Of course, there was no way that he had not heard of the great name of Michelle Yowell from the Yowell family!

However, Michelle’s personality was opposite to the gentleness of her name.

She was a gang leader in middle school, leading a bunch of schoolgirls and picking fights with high school students. Not just that, she was extremely adept at fighting and once brought Nicholas Hudson, Alex's friend, to tears.

Previously, Alex was oblivious but now he realized that she was a fighter herself.

However, Michelle took off her large sunglasses, which covered about half of her face, revealing an attractive and youthful face, as if she was a belle coming straight out of anime. "I applaud your courage for beating up my guy from the Yowells. Come, fight me instead!"

Her beauty dovetailed nicely with the gentleness of her name though.

After taking a glance at her, he shook his head and said, "I am not fighting you. Man, you are sick."

"What did you just say? How dare you humiliate me! You're the sick one!"

"You're really sick."

"Ah, damn it! I don't care whoever you are, I, Michelle Yowell, am going to beat you into a pulp." Michelle was livid. After letting out a loud shriek, she lunged at Alex with a heavy punch.

"Such a nimble, quick punch!" The onlookers exclaimed.

Alex stood firm on his ground, until Michelle's fist was inches away from his body, only then did he gently raise his left hand and intercepted her punch.

However much force she exerted, Alex was unmoved.

“What?!” Shocked, Michelle raised her leg, intending to kick Alex.

Alex parried her kick with his leg and pushed forward, shoving her right up the car doors without any route of retreat. She did a left jab but was intercepted by Alex once again. It turned out that he leaned in on her against the car doors in the broad daylight.

Everyone else was shocked, bereft of speech, seeing the scene unfolding in front of their eyes.

The old man earlier had his beards trembled and his eyes were filled with fears.

Alex Rockefeller dared to touch the little devil from the Yowell family, he was really beyond salvation. Even God would not be able to save him this time, he would be dead meat.

“Get your hands off me, jerk! Come fight me again if you dare!” Michelle yelled and spit at Alex, but his quick reflexes saved him.

“Michelle Yowell, right? A wild woman indeed. I see why Peter Walker wanted to serve under you. However, you are no match for me with such inept, mediocre talent.” Alex said indifferently.

“You know Peter Walker?”

“He is just trash.” Alex snickered.

Michelle replied, “You...”

He took a glance at her chest again and commented, “I was being honest when I said you are sick. Aren’t you feeling shortness of breath, heart pain and palpitations, and shoulder cramps now? You’re gravely sick! I’m afraid you’ll be dead after exerting yourself, and I’ll be the responsible person for your death!”

A brief pause later, he continued. "Let us call it a day. I do not see anything more from you. Hurry and pay up. Twenty million dollars would be reasonable compensation for hitting my mother-in-law, making my wife cry, and wasting my time."

What?

After crashing the twenty-million-dollar Rolls-Royce and beating the owner into a pulp, and now he asked for a compensation of twenty million dollars in return?

The onlookers, who were standing aside, were bewildered with their mouth agape, as if they were in a dream.