

# The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 288

Brittany looked as if she had been possessed by Khione, the goddess of ice and snow to the Rockefellers and their guests. Every move she only made her aura grow colder as she beat up the guards in her way. All of them fell to the ground, engulfed by numbness.

Spark's eyes were exceptionally wide in shock. "Holy sh\*t. Did this bi\*ch learn the Ice Cold Touch? When did she become so strong?"

John's mouth was agape. He had always been terrified of Brittany as his legs trembled in fear.

"Out of my way!" Brittany pushed John aside resentfully and walked towards the coffin slowly. Everyone couldn't help but stare. No one dared to stop them anymore. She then picked up a flower to place on the deceased Bill's casket.

Suddenly, Paige came forward and slapped Brittany's flower out of her hands. "Don't act all sorry and sad. You two killed my dad! How dare you pay your respects to him? You have no right!"

Brittany immediately slapped Paige, sending her falling to the ground.

"Do you not have a brain? It's as if you don't know who killed him!"

"I'm still his daughter-in-law. Even if he never treated us like family, I have to respect the dead and forgive what he did to us. I came here to pay my respects and send him off on behalf of my husband so that he could finish what he should've done as his son."

Alex picked up another flower and handed it to Brittany. After they placed the flower, Noah spoke up with eyes filled with mixed emotions. "Alright, you guys can, uhm, go home."

Brittany shot Noah a dirty glare, her eyes were filled with hatred. However, she didn't leave even after she was asked to.

She stood aside and calmly said, "I thank all of you for coming here on behalf of William."

Olivia interrupted her. "You have been kicked out of the family. Besides, William is not Dad's biological son either! What makes you think you can thank the guests as a family member? Do you even know any of them?"

Brittany paid no attention to her words.

The guests, on the other hand, were extremely shocked...

"What?"

"William Rockefeller isn't Bill Rockefeller's son?"

"What does that mean?"

"I heard that William was just a child Bill picked up from the streets."

"Ah, so that was what happened. Then they didn't just kill him, they even came here to ruin his funeral! They should be damned for life. How could they be so ungrateful? They're monsters!"

Such insults didn't faze Brittany or Alex one bit.

They only stayed to wait until all the guests had arrived. They wanted to clear up the misunderstandings the public had towards them. Alex had already thought of many ways they could get the point across.

However, no one realized that Carol had gone missing. She had gone out to call the cops.

“The CEO of Paradise Corp, Louis Graham, has come to pay his respects!”

Louis was wearing a black suit as he came forth to place a flower and presented a white envelope with a stack of money to John as a token of respect.

He turned to look and Brittany and Alex smugly, letting out a cold chuckle before heading towards the guest area.

Alex said, “Mom, didn’t this Louis guy beg you to help his company when they were having a hard time? Look at his attitude towards us now.”

Brittany replied, “Don’t mind him. He’s just an insignificant acquaintance. People change all the time.”

Alex’s gaze turned sharp as he decided to ingrain the memory of this man in his head.

Later on, a few powerful figures in California had arrived as well and had similar attitudes like Louis. John and Noah’s guest area was getting more crowded by the minute, demonstrating that they had quite a lot of connections.

Brittany and Alex, on the other hand, were alone. They seemed like outcasts, a stark contrast to the rest of the Rockefellers.

Suddenly, several footsteps could be heard from outside of the hall. A group of men in black suits and shades were walking in two rows, each holding a wreath.

There were at least a hundred of them.

At the door, a voice trembled from excitement and fear. "Princess Fleur of Thousand Miles Conglomerate has arrived to pay her respects with a hundred wreaths!"