

The Pinnacle of Life –

Chapter 0635

Boom!

Suddenly, there was a thunderous explosion.

The dark, gloomy sky brightly lit up with a flash of lightning.

The hundreds of boats crossing together on Willow Lake looked like a graceful picture.

A few night owls were walking by the lake, and they were all dumbfounded when they caught a glimpse of the scene on the lake.

George Curtis was an independent media publisher, and he had several popular verified online platforms. He usually carried a camera to take various pictures, which would then be uploaded onto his platforms. Some money could be made by attracting online traffic.

Earlier tonight, he happened to be at a random karaoke joint beside Willow Lake with a friend. It was midnight when they were done. He had decided to take a walk by the lake, and when a bolt of lightning suddenly flashed, he caught sight of movement in the lake. His sharp mind instantly had him thinking of a topic that would generate more traffic to his online platforms.

The camera that he had on hand was immediately taken out, proving itself handy.

‘So many boats dispatched, and at midnight at that. What in the world could be the reason for it?’

‘There must be a big scoop! I’m going for it!’

He saw a small, wooden boat docked not far from where he was, and he didn't know who it belonged to. Simultaneously, the rain started falling.

Nonetheless, he gritted his teeth and hopped into the boat, rowing it with great difficulty, trying his hardest to catch up to the others.

Crack!

Another bolt of lightning flashed.

George saw it clearly this time. There was actually a tall ship in front of him, and the hundreds of boats of all sizes were headed towards it. Every single person standing on those smaller boats looked mighty and domineering.

'Is there some noble on the ship or something?'

George became delighted, his gut feeling telling him that this was going to be a huge scoop. He pulled out his camera, ready to take his pictures at a moment's notice. At that moment, a booming voice suddenly blasted out from the front.

"Who goes there?!"

Almost immediately, another man's voice shouted back, "Haider Coleman, from California!"

The voice came again from the tall ship, "If you don't want to die, get lost!"

George was stunned.

As an independent media professional, how could he not know who Haider Coleman from California was?

The Coleman family ranked second among the four major families in California, and Haider Coleman was rumored to be the likeliest candidate for next family head. There were also rumors that the Coleman family was a family of ancient martial arts and that every single member had to practice it... Then, Haider Coleman was said to be some mysterious or some ranked master who could even punch through steel plates.

He hesitated.

Never would he have imagined that California's Coleman family would be picking a fight with someone on Willow Lake in the middle of the night.

The Coleman family was not an entity you wanted to mess with. Who knew if he might end up sleeping with the fishes tonight.

Another bright flash of lightning struck.

This time, it was a lightning chain, followed by a heavy downpour.