

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0976

The light swept across Tristan's neck.

Squelch!

Blood splattered everywhere wildly, and a head soared up into the air.

Tristan's head tumbled in the air, and he could see his own body spurting blood. His eyes widened as though he was trying to remember the scene right before his death. And in his heart, he inexplicably thought, 'Well, no matter. Death is a relief. I finally don't have to eat that disgusting mud anymore!'

"No!"

Abel roared up into the sky.

Tristan was his son, the greatest pride of his life, and he was also the greatest hope for Missouri's Colemans. Everyone had been counting on him to grow up quickly so that he would be able to lead the Colemans of Missouri to new heights, breaking the shackles of the eight great royal families and climbing even higher than ever.

But now.

All those expectations and hopes were shattered. His heart was crying tears of blood.

"You, you all dare kill my son?!"

"You dare to destroy the hope of our Missouri's Coleman family! The Missouri Colemans will not rest until you're dead!"

Michelle snorted. “Are the Missouri Colemans really that great? After tonight, whether or not the eight great royal families of the Golden Era will still have the Missouri Colemans is another matter.”

“What?”

Abel was startled, and he became anxious as though suddenly recalling something. He leveled a raging glare towards Alex. Then his face changed drastically. “Where’s our grand elder? Didn’t he go looking for you? Where has he gone?”

“He’s dead!” Alex said calmly.

“What? Impossible, the Colemans’ grand elder is a Grandmaster, how could he...”

His words came to an abrupt end. Just now, he had given Terrance a call. The call went through, but no one picked up.

If Terrance was still alive, why wouldn’t he pick up the phone?

More importantly, even Byakko wasn’t picking up her phone.

Alex shook his head lightly and said, “Did you know, with your son’s talents, he could have broken through Earth Expert and become a Grandmaster within five years. But the fault lies in the fact that you all were too impatient and wanted him to be one in a year and was also going to use Zendaya as a natural furnace...”

“Once you have gone down the wrong path, there is no turning back. The Colemans kept piling on the mistakes. From start to end, none of you have once thought whether it was wrong or right, eh? Was there a single one of you that felt ashamed... None!”

“On the contrary, you wanted to take me as your slave, and on the other hand, you also tried to destroy me. You wouldn’t even let a five year old child go.”

“Was a family like this worthy of the royal title? In the end, the blame is entirely on your own Coleman family!”

Abel’s face was flushed red with anger but also paled white. Finally, it twisted into something hideous, and he looked at Alex like a poisonous snake that had its eye on its prey, a monstrous resentment burning within them. “You! Everything was because of you!”

Alex shook his head, waving his hand gently. “Send him off to reunite with his son! The entire family should be tidied up completely.”

Nathan took the lead this time.

Then, Keith followed.

Waltz and Michelle didn’t move.

Fifteen seconds later, everything quietened down. Apart from Alex and his team, the only one left in the room was Sven pissing his pants.

In the Missouri Colemans’ residence, the Patriarch of the family, Wesley Coleman, was sitting on the grand chair in the main hall with his younger son, Adam, and his wife, Jessica.

“According to time, I suppose Tristan should have met up with the Immortal Doctor by now? I wonder how it’s going.”

“Dad, Elder Brother called before this and mentioned that the Immortal Doctor was someone else. But the grand elder went out himself to make sure, and we can rest assured. Let’s wait for the good news of Tristan’s recovery.”

Wesley laughed and said, “This time, once he’s been cured, let him practice and cultivate with peace of mind. There’s no need to find whatever natural furnace anymore. Rough it out for five years, and he’ll be able to enter the ranks of Grandmaster for sure. It’s best to go slow and steady now, lest other issues would arise.”

Just then, a booming voice came booming from outside the doors.

“Your grandson, Tristan Coleman, Will no longer be coming back!”