

The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0316

James Coney's name was well known in California. So when security heard it and saw how the other doctors in the room weren't making any moves, they didn't take any further action either.

As for James, he suddenly grabbed Alex's hand. "Alex, this old man's life won't last long, and I will probably die soon. Before I go, can I ask you for a promise?"

Alex was startled. "Grandpa, you won't die."

James ignored his words, clinging onto him. "You have to promise me, otherwise I won't be able to go in peace."

Alex studied his complexion carefully, and was convinced that he hadn't made any mistake. He said helplessly, "Grandpa, you really won't be dying. I guarantee it."

Who would have thought that James would ignore him again and shouted, "I won't go in peace, if you don't promise me! I won't be able to go in peace!"

Cheryl felt her heart break when she watched the scene in front of her. "Alex, just promise him!"

Alex was dismayed. "I don't even know what it is!"

James continued to yell, "Promise me, just promise me first. If you don't, I won't be able to go in peace."

Alex felt a pounding headache coming. "Fine, fine. I promise you. What is it?"

"As a man, once he gives his word, the promise must be kept. You would be considered untrustworthy if you go back on your word." James suddenly seemed to have recovered as he looked at Alex with a piercing gaze.

"Grandpa, what in the world is the matter with you?" Even Cheryl was confused by his actions.

"It's simple. I want you to be his wife." James' face turned sly.

"What?! Grandpa... Why are you being like this? In such a moment too?!" Cheryl's face flushed red, embarrassed.

Alex shook his head. "Grandpa, I can agree to anything else but this. I really can't do it, I already have a wife. I will never divorce her."

His words pierced Cheryl's heart and made her a little sad.

James persisted. "Then, how about a mistress?"

Everyone present was shocked. James had a great reputation and Cheryl was beautiful and voluptuous. Many men would want to be James' grandson-in-law, but this old man wanted his granddaughter to be someone's mistress?!

Had he completely lost his mind?

They didn't know that James had been so impressed by Alex's medical skills to the point that the latter became akin to a god in his eyes. He wouldn't have behaved in this way if Alex had only taught him the Thirteen Acupunctures of Hell. When his soul had left his body, he personally witnessed firsthand Alex grabbing his soul and forcefully pushing it back into his body at the last moment.

With such medical skills, he could only be described as a miracle doctor.

How could he let go of such a man that was impossible to be found anywhere else?

Moreover, because of her father, Cheryl had always found men repulsive. However, Alex was the first man she had willingly accepted and even proactively approached.

James may be old, but his eyes could clearly see that letting his granddaughter be his mistress would make her happier than being the wife of another man.

“Alright, alright!” Andrew couldn’t stand to it anymore. “We can talk about your family affairs later. A patient regaining consciousness is normal anyway. It has nothing to do with your witch doctor trickery. Didn’t you say that you could make it so that he would be healthy and able to be up and about in half an hour? It’s already been ten minutes, but both his legs are still broken. I wonder how he will end up as you predicted?”

The others also couldn’t help but burst out laughing. To have a patient with broken legs be up and about, it was truly an idiotic thought.

Alex rolled his eyes. “And what if I prove it?”

Andrew waved his fist and sneered. “If you can do it, then I’ll worship you as my teacher.”

Alex shook his head. “Your qualifications are too low, and you’re too old. I wouldn’t even give you a second look.”

Andrew didn’t get it. “What does he mean?”

A nurse replied, "He means that you're not qualified to be his disciple, Mr. Andrew."

"What? Preposterous!"

Alex said, "Fine, how about this. You will publish an article in your professional Swiss medical journals within your capacity, admitting that traditional medicine is not inferior to your Western medicine but that the former's even better than the latter. How's that?"

"Hah, fine. I won't lose anyway. If you lose, then let's have Mr. James Coney admit that traditional medicine is just a sham."

Cheryl's face contorted, but James agreed readily. "Fine, I agree!"

He had his utmost faith in Alex's medical skills.

Alex nodded, then tore off James' clothes and said, "Alright, then feast your eyes, Western doctor, on the subtle wonders of my traditional medicine skills which are a hundred times better than your Western medicine."

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Alex's medical skills were different from ordinary ones. The Ultimate Book of Medicine wasn't one for the mere mortals after all. It was a medical library targeted towards martial artists and their masters, it had all kinds of unpredictable, formidable powers.

As the wielder of the Ultimate Book of Medicine, treating an ordinary person would only demonstrate a small portion of his impressive powers. Therefore, he was definitely qualified to make such claims.

Under everyone's stunned gaze, Alex picked up a scalpel and slashed open James' palm.

"Oh my god!" Andrew screamed as he clutched his head. "What are you doing?! Didn't you say you were going to treat Mr. Coney's legs? Why did you cut his hand? What is the point of this? Is this what you call in traditional medicine- to treat the foot when you have a headache, and the hand when your leg hurts? Going for the root cause instead of the symptoms?"

Alex calmly said, "Stay calm, don't get impatient."

He quickly took out about fifty milliliters of blood from the wound on James' hand. Under normal circumstances, James wouldn't have been able to endure having this amount of blood drawn after losing so much earlier. However, as he already consumed a blood replenishing pill, this amount was nothing.

What happened right after even rendered Andrew speechless. Alex used the blood that he just extracted to paint on James' legs.

“Oh, I have to say, making a bet with you may have been the most absurd thing I have done in my entire life.” Andrew wailed, clutching his forehead once again.

Just as he said that, Alex suddenly stamped his foot down and shouted, “Mend!”

Everyone present jumped up in fright, before thinking the entire thing was extremely ridiculous. A nurse who was quite good-looking couldn't help but rolled his eyes as he said in a low voice, “Isn't this some folk style exorcism? Even my grandma can put on a better show than this oldies like her would at least chant some spells.”

When the people near him heard this, they snickered and laughed, not able to hold it in anymore.

Cheryl also couldn't help but face-palm herself secretly. She couldn't help but think, once they lose this bet, would her grandfather really admit publicly that traditional medicine was a scam? If that was the case, the reputation that he had built his entire life would just go down the drain. Or, people would say that he had gone out of his mind after being involved in an accident.

Even Cheryl did not think that Alex could completely heal severe fractures in ten minutes. However, in the next second, Andrew was the first to exclaim in surprise.

The drawings Alex painted on James' legs started to wriggle and creep like tadpoles, faster and faster until they finally merged violently. It was actually some kind of talisman that had different effects and uses depending on its arrangement. The ultimate talisman could also change the fate of a person.

Alex wanted to make sure this foreign doctor, Andrew, truly opened his eyes and to be more mindful. That was the reason he had chosen this extraordinary method to treat James. Besides, it was impossible for normal traditional medicine methods to heal a broken leg in ten minutes.

Woosh!

The blood went into a strange formation, flowing down James' legs. The injuries healed quickly at a speed that was even visible to the naked eyes.

Everyone was stunned speechless.

How was this still considered medical skills? It was simply a miracle.

Andrew rubbed his eyes, deeply doubting whether what he had just seen was an illusion or not, before Alex shouted once again, "Retract!"

The symbols and formations drawn by blood disappeared completely, as though they were never there in the first place.

The entire room fell deadly silent. A full minute passed.

“What just happened just now?”

“Did I... Fall asleep and had a dream?”

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As for Alex, he was a little tired and felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. His Chi had been consumed too quickly. Using the talisman skills with his current foundation was really pushing it too far.

However, the effect was still worth it. Andrew, who clearly believed in God, was kneeling down in front of and worshipping him. “Good gosh, this must be the work of God.”

James had already stepped off the operating table and was standing on the ground, even hopping around on his feet.

Alex turned to Andrew and said, "This is not the work of God. This is the miracle of traditional medicine. Traditional medical skills are broad and profound, and they have been passed down for thousands of years. Traditional medicine has all kinds of mysterious and unpredictable abilities. However, there are many who use its name to gain fame and fortune, even scamming others under the guise of being a traditional doctor. That's why the world misunderstands what it is. So, since you've lost, please keep your promise and help me rectify the reputation of traditional medicine."

James was nodding his head, agreeing wholeheartedly as he listened to Alex's words.

He had been using traditional medicine his entire life, and his feelings for it ran deep.

But when Andrew heard that he needed to keep his word about the publication, he still refused to admit defeat.

He stood up. "I still have some doubts about it. Did you use some form of hypnotism on me that made me hallucinate the entire thing? It's impossible that there are such medical skills in this world."

Alex sneered at him. "Swiss medical experts act all full of airs and graces. But they turn out to be such uncultured barbarians who don't even understand basic etiquette."

"What are you talking about? Now you're just insulting my dignity."

“Your action speaks louder than words. You’re the one who’s trampling over your own dignity right now. Who else do you have to blame for that? Don’t get so worked up, you have severe pancreatitis and diabetes. It’s better to be less angry, or you might pop a bubble somewhere,” said Alex as he rubbed his temples, feeling slightly tired.

Andrew was taken aback. “You... How did you know that I have pancreatitis?”

Alex replied, “I can still cure it. However, you have such a rotten character. Why should I bother treating you? If there’s nothing else, Cheryl, Grandpa, let’s leave!”

Andrew suddenly chose this moment to kneel on the ground again, hugging Alex’s legs. “Legendary doctor, master, please forgive my rudeness. Your teachings are absolutely right. I, Andrew, swear in the name of God that I will abide by the terms of the bet. I will publish an apology in our most prominent medical journal in Switzerland. Please don’t leave. Please help me. My pancreatitis and diabetes are killing me.”

All the other doctors and nurses were shocked by what they just witnessed.

Andrew was the big shot of their hospital, and he usually had a rotten temper. They never would have thought that he would be on his knees in public, begging Alex for medical treatment.

However, thinking back to Alex’s superb medical skills just a moment ago, this shouldn’t be too surprising.

Alex raised an eyebrow. "I'm tired today. Perhaps another day!"

As they were leaving, Alex handed his keys over to Cheryl. He asked her to drive as he huddled into the backseat.

James was still full of excitement and wanted to talk to Alex, but he quickly realized that the other had fallen into a deep sleep, he even snored faintly.

"The method that Alex used to save you just now must be tiring, Grandpa. Plus, he rushed here from California, he must be exhausted. You should let him rest," Cheryl said.

"Oh, okay!" James paused after that, before continuing, "Cherry, as you saw just now, Alex's powers have endless potential. This kind of man would definitely soar into the skies in the future! Countless women will definitely be fighting for a good man like him. When I said I wanted you to be his mistress, I wasn't joking. I see that you have also taken a liking to him, am I right?"

Cheryl was silent for a long while, before nodding unexpectedly.

Alex slept for a long time. When he woke up, he found that he was still in his car, but James, who had been sitting next to him, was gone and had been replaced by Cheryl. And his head was actually on her thigh, using it as a pillow. No wonder it felt incredibly comfortable. However, he caught a whiff of something, and he sniffed harder.

“Alex, you’re awake?”

“Yeah!”

“What are you sniffing?” Cheryl felt a little embarrassed by his strange behavior. He faced her directly and his hands were on her waist.

Alex’s brows furrowed slightly, and he said, “You’re on your period.”

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Cheryl felt all the blood in her body rush to her brain as she felt increasingly dizzy. Her face felt like it was on fire. She wanted to find a hole to hide in.

“Don’t sniff anymore!” She screamed, covering Alex’s nose and mouth with her hands.

The touch became more intimate than that, and Cheryl felt a throb she never did before. Her beautiful eyes quivered and rimmed red from embarrassment. She felt like a tomato that could explode at any moment.

Alex secretly scolded himself for being so stupid. What the heck did he say that for?

He quickly got up and tried to find an excuse for his behavior. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m not trying to disrespect you. I just... Oh, yeah, didn’t I say that I could help you treat your dysmenorrhea?”

Cheryl had indeed felt that her cramps today were particularly painful, mainly because it was the first day of her period, and also perhaps due to the fright that she had got previously.

“How will you treat it?” She blinked.

In the small, crowded back seat, it felt like the air was becoming warmer.

Alex said, “I’ll give you a massage... Well, on your stomach. If you mind it, then let’s forget about that method. I’ll prescribe a medicine for you, but the effect may not be as good.”

Unexpectedly, Cheryl lifted her shirt up right away. The expression on her face also told him to get on with it.

Alex glanced at her stomach, then he carefully pressed on it.

Neither of them said anything, but it felt even more strange not to speak.

Cheryl broke the silence and said, "Thank you very much for today. If it wasn't for you, the situation with my grandfather would have been disastrous."

"Don't worry about it. It was just a small effort on my part."

"To you it may have been small, but to me, it was a matter of entrusting something to you that would otherwise make my world collapse. So, I have to show my gratitude properly in order to repay you... What do you want?"

Alex's hands paused for a moment. "There really isn't a need to. You already allowed me to enjoyably lay my head on a beautiful woman's thigh. That's enough of a repayment"

Cheryl felt a warm sensation from the place he was pressing.

It felt like there was a warm current swirling around, and the pain amazingly gradually disappeared. However, her entire body also felt hot, and she suddenly felt dizzy in her head again. She shyly asked, "You think I'm beautiful?"

"Uh... Y-yeah. You're quite beautiful."

“Then, do you like me?”

‘Dammit, did you have to be so direct?’

‘If he said he didn’t, wouldn’t that just hurt her?’

However...

“Ahem, you’re so beautiful, I’m sure every man likes you!”

“Then... I think you can consider what you promised Grandpa.”

“What did I promise your grandpa?” Alex was taken aback as he tried to recall.

‘What was it he said about being his mistress?’

He slapped the back of his head suddenly. “I just remembered that I asked Dorothy out for dinner! Cheryl, you don’t feel the pain anymore, right? I’ll give you a better treatment that will treat the root cause of this next time. I have to go.”

Having said that, he pushed open the car door and leapt out, running away.

Cheryl was stunned for a long time, then she covered her face with her hands. “Oh, that was so embarrassing, so embarrassing... I don't have the guts to face him again.”

After a while, Alex ran back.

Cheryl's eyes trembled as she thought, ‘Could it be that he's going to agree to it?’

But all Alex said was, “I just realized that this car is mine, Cheryl. Do you mind getting out?”

Thirty seconds later.

Cheryl stomped her foot violently as she watched Alex drive off. “You cowardly henpecked husband!”

It was unclear when James had appeared, but stood there and shook his head as he said, “There is not a wall under the sky that can't be scaled. If at first you don't succeed, try again. If you still don't succeed, try a different spot.”

Alex first called Brittany to inform her that everything was fine and that he was safe.

He also told her that he would remain in California for the time being, and wouldn't be returning to Michigan. He could also play a role in confusing the Rockefeller family by pretending to still be in Michigan.

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Moreover, the ninja from Japan who had killed Pepper was likely to come for him. It was more convenient for him to act alone anyway.

In addition, there were many things for him to settle in California.

He gave Dorothy a call.

Dorothy was obviously happy when she knew that Alex had returned to California. The two agreed to meet at the lobby of the company to go for dinner together.

The married couple met up at 5 PM. in the evening. Alex's brows furrowed when he looked at her. "Why do you look more dispirited than usual, and your complexion looks bad too. What have you been doing recently? Did the old lady from the Assex family cause trouble again, as if she has all the time in the world?"

Dorothy closed her eyes and said, "No, that's not it. It's just that I've recently signed a contract with Waylon Realty, with Charles. You're also aware that with my company's current capabilities, we simply can't handle the amount that we need to supply to them so suddenly. I had to seek out supplies from others just to keep up with the demand. And there are so many other things to deal with on top of that too."

"Why didn't you get the building materials at a lower price from Assex Conglomerate?" Alex asked, thinking it was strange.

"I've told my uncle about this, but he wasn't bothered with it at all. Forget it, let's not talk about me. What's been going on with you?"

"Everything is under control." Alex replied.

She glanced at him. "You've been there for a week. Did you have such a good time there that you were reluctant to come home? I'm sure Maya has been keeping you company everyday, right? I'm warning you now, even if your mother forces you, you're not to sleep with her."

“What are you saying? I would never!” The moment Alex said those words, he felt a stab of guilt in his heart.

He hadn't slept with Maya, but he did lay in the same bed as Hailey. Basically, ever since Hailey left him with those parting words, a question had always been weighing on his mind: did they or did they not do the deed that night? He couldn't figure it out, and if she really got pregnant like she said, then it would be a big problem.

The couple discussed it for a while before deciding to have hotpot.

But along the way, Dorothy received a call from Claire.

“Your aunt and her family have come over, Dorothy, and they've invited us for dinner at Plum Farm. You can head straight there after work, we're already on the way there.”

“Huh?” Dorothy was surprised. “Why has Aunt's family invited us to dinner all of a sudden, without any reason? This has never happened before.”

“Their family has bought a house, so they're staying with us tonight They'll be taking us there tomorrow to have a look and probably show off as well!” Claire answered.

“They bought a house? Go figure. Alright, I understand.”

After she hung up, Alex said, “Since your entire family has gathered for dinner, I won’t intrude on the fun.”

The thought of seeing Claire gave him a headache. Plus, Adrianna was even more detestable than Claire. Seeing the two together would give him an even bigger headache.

Dorothy rolled her eyes. “Aren’t you part of the family? It’s fine, it’s not like they eat people.”

In the end, Alex went.

As expected, the moment they arrived at Plum Farm, Claire’s face went sullen at the sight of him. “Rockefeller, why are you here?”

Dorothy held Alex’s arm. “I’m the one who brought him here, Mom. He’s my husband, is that not acceptable? If it’s not, then we’ll leave.”

Claire pursed her lips, not saying anything.

It was then that Alex realized that Claire's cheeks had a healthy flush, and her face looked like it was glowing with life. She looked even more beautiful than before, and there was a faint overflow of vital energy within her body.

Damn, it looked like she had eaten the blood energy pill that he had given Dorothy.

Sharpay chose to open her mouth at this time, "Heh, how surprising. And who was it again, the one who had been so resolute and decisive about getting a divorce immediately when they were at Grandpa's house? So it turns out that you were just running your mouth, but your words are as empty as air."

Alex's lips curled downwards. "Mind your own business."

Taylor was quick to berate him, "Watch how you speak!"

Alex was about to shoot her back, when Dorothy gently pulled him back. She changed the subject and said, "Aunt, I heard you've bought a new house? Where is it located?"

Adrianna replied arrogantly, "Do you know Maple Villa? It's one of the top five famous villa communities in California, and it's way better than your small little one. I'm sure you've never even been inside one, right?"

Dorothy was taken aback. “Maple Villa? That’s an extremely expensive area, and the price of the house there is very high.”

What she meant was, ‘Could you guys even afford it?’

Adrianna raised her chin again, looking extremely proud as she said, “That’s right. Maple Villa 8, The one with the best location in the entire community.”

The moment Alex heard that, he spat out the water he had just drunk.

Maple Villa 8, wasn’t that his house?

“Are you sure that it’s 8, Maple Villa?”