

## Expert Down The Mountain by Summer Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

“Did you forget the third condition that I told you? Cyrus Salazar, I must never let you meet my friends!”

“I actually planned to go out. I’m only going out with you so Mr. Gardner won’t suspect us. Do you really think your grandfather, who founded Gardner Corporation, won’t figure us out?”

Korah was stunned. She then said embarrassingly, “Of course, I know that. I don’t need you to tell me this!”

When they were about to reach the mall, Korah stepped on the brake and said coldly, “Get down. Go wherever you want. I’ll call you when I’m ready to go home.”

It would only make sense if they headed home together after having left together. They would be slipping up if they came home separately.

“I don’t have a phone.”

Korah frowned. ‘In this era, how is it possible for someone to not own a phone?’

After looking at Cyrus’s clothes, which were obviously made in a village, Korah felt as if the world was even more unfair. ‘This man obviously doesn’t deserve me, the daughter of the wealthy Gardner family.

‘Grandpa, what are you thinking...?’

‘Good thing that I’ve made a call in advance to fake the marriage license. What would my life become if I were to really marry him?!’

“I could wait for you here before dusk?” Cyrus asked.

Korah frowned. She snorted and gave him a credit card. “Go get a phone. Grandpa is going to scold me if we went out and didn’t get you a phone.”

Cyrus thought about it. ‘She’s right. It’s quite inconvenient if I don’t have a phone. I’m not in a village anymore.’

“Thanks.”

Korah ignored him. She stepped on the accelerator and her BMW Z4 sped off with a loud noise.

Cyrus sighed as he looked at the credit card in his hand. Then, he sighed again. “If Mr. Frank hadn’t taken the money in my piggy bank, I wouldn’t have ended up like this...”

Just when Cyrus was about to leave, he heard a familiar voice calling his name.

“Cyrus!”

It was Dr. Truman Cohen.

“Dr. Cohen,” Cyrus replied.

“Why are you here alone?” Truman asked, getting out of his car.

“I’m going to buy a phone.”

“What?” Truman was stunned. He then asked, “What kind of phone are you looking for? There are a few phone shops beside my pharmacy.”

“Anything is fine.”

“Alright. Why not go to the phone shops there to have a look?”

Cyrus was not familiar with this sort of thing. So, he nodded and agreed to go with him.

Thousand Medicine Pharmacy was famous, not only in Fliton City. It was also well-known throughout Atralo because it was established by Dr. Cohen.

The location of the pharmacy was pretty good. But, it did not matter because it was established by him.

There was a woman in her twenties in the pharmacy, wearing a white nurse’s uniform. She was preparing the medicine. She looked up when she saw someone walking in. She then greeted Truman in a clear, loud voice. “Grandpa.”

Cyrus looked at the woman in a nurse uniform. She did not wear any exquisite make-up. She looked naturally elegant.

He wanted to tell Mr. Frank that there were many gorgeous women in the city. Their beauty was incomparable to the widow in the village, Lilith.

“Cyrus, this is my daughter, Alda.”

“Hello.” Cyrus nodded.

There was a hint of surprise in Alda’s delicate face. ‘Grandpa rarely introduces someone so politely. What’s more, he’s so young!’

Truman had been in the medical field for a very long time. All the dignitaries usually spoke to him politely. It was rare for him to be so polite towards someone.

That was why she was extremely curious about Cyrus now.

“Cyrus, come in and take a seat.”

Truman invited him to have a cup of tea in the reception room.

After a while, there was a voice asking for help outside. The person sounded like he was panicking.

“Dr. Cohen! Is Dr. Cohen here?!”

Truman and Alda hurriedly stood up. Cyrus followed them as they walked out of the reception room.

In the hall, a few people were carrying an old man in. His lips were white and he looked extremely pale. A middle-aged man with graying hair said anxiously, “Dr. Cohen, please save my father!”

Truman recognized that man. He asked solemnly, “Mr. Penn? What happened to your father?”

“I don’t know. He suddenly collapsed!” Mr. Penn panicked. “Please help my father! You need to save him!”

Truman looked solemn. He immediately shouted, “Everyone, give him some space!”

He then checked his pulse.

“Alda, bring me the needles.”

Alda hurriedly brought the needles over. Truman inserted several needles in a row, but Mr. Penn’s father did not seem to get any better.

Cold sweat started dripping from his forehead.

Mr. Penn looked solemn. He clenched his fist, feeling anxious.

“It’s him...”

Alda’s expression was not pleasant. After being in the medical field with her grandfather for so many years, she could naturally sense how critical this situation was. He was having a difficult time saving the man.

She then glanced at Mr. Penn. There was a flash of panic and nervousness.

“This is bad...”

Alda watched in horror.

Cyrus, who was beside them, whispered, "What's the matter?"

Alda's face was pale. She trembled as she spoke. "This old man is Zedekiah Penn, and this middle-aged man is his son, Redmond Penn. Both of them are Atralo's important figures."

When she noticed that Cyrus was confused, she explained, "If we don't save him, regardless of whether it was my grandpa's fault or not, his reputation will be ruined..."

'Important figures, huh...?'

Cyrus knew that Mr. Frank said that even if doctors successfully save a life, it did not necessarily mean that they would have a good reputation. However, if a doctor failed to save a life, he would most probably be scolded and criticized publicly.

If this man was an important figure, it would affect his reputation even more.

Truman was drenched in cold sweat. The needles in his hands were quivering.

"Dr. Cohen..." Redmond's expression was a little sour. "Why is my father's breathing getting weaker?"

"If you can't save him, tell me. I'll find another doctor straight away. If something happens to my father here..."

Cyrus looked at Redmond warily. There was a hint of dissatisfaction in his gaze. He instantly spoke gently, "Mr. Cohen, remove the needles and try again."

Truman was stunned. He removed the needles without hesitation!

Alda's expression changed. She hurriedly tugged on Cyrus' arm. "What are you doing...?"

Redmond glanced at him too. He frowned and asked in a low voice, "Who are you...?"

Cyrus looked at him and said, "I can guarantee that your father won't die. But after today, Mr. Cohen will not take any of your family members in as a patient."

Redmond's eyes widened the moment he heard Cyrus' words!

Cyrus ignored him. He said plainly, "The first needle at the mid scalp!"

Truman inserted the needle without hesitation.

Cyrus continued. "The second needle at the frontal scalp!"

Truman inserted another needle.

"The third needle at the navel..."

"The fourth needle..."

After continuously inserting sixteen needles, the old man, who had one foot in the grave, gradually started breathing steadily again. His eyes also began twitching!

Zedekiah slowly opened his eyes. The crisis had been averted.

Truman stood up slowly and let out a long sigh. He turned and shook Cyrus' hand.  
"Thank you so much for your help, Cyrus!"

There was a long silence in the pharmacy.

Both Redmond and Alda were in disbelief.

Cyrus was the only one who looked calm.