

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 217

“Argh! ”

“Grandpa! What is going on? Are you okay?”

Colin Yowell was extremely distressed to see Keith Yowell spitting out blood, clasp ing his chest and gasping for air. His face was as pale as a sheet of paper and twisted in immense pain.

The Yowells present were frightened.

While Anna Coleman quickly turned to Wallace Yoke and asked, “Sir, what is going on? Why is he spitting blood?”

Wallace looked on gravely.

As the Imperial Doctor, he truly deserved the title. Unfortunately, Alex Rockefeller’s Seven Elements was not something any regular human being could fathom.

“Do not worry, this is the bad blood in his body. He should feel better after it is out of his system.” Wallace made a quick deduction and explained. He was revered highly and his explanation instantly soothed many worried hearts.

Anna smiled. “Doctor Yoke is indeed the Imperial Doctor we admire! See how he made Grandpa Yowell throw up all the bad blood in his body with a simple treatment. Are you feeling better now, Grandpa? What are you waiting for, Colin? Get a towel here!”

The next moment, Keith opened his mouth abruptly and spit out a huge mouthful of blood.

Anna received the brunt of it as the blood splattered on her top.

She was stunned.

“Sir, is this bad blood too?”

It did not seem like it for there was too much blood. Wallace did not reply. Hurriedly, he took out his silver needles and quickly performed another round of emergency treatment on Keith.

Yet, his condition did not improve.

Instead, blood came rushing out from his nostrils.

“Argh!”

“Doctor, doctor! You have to save my grandfather!”

Colin shouted. It was a dire situation, with Keith teetering on the edge of death.

Other people were not as polite anymore.

“I thought you are the Imperial Doctor? Are you the fraud instead?”

“Anna Coleman! We treated you well, why did you do this to us? He was doing all right before this. Not to mention, we gathered all medicinal herbs requested by Mr. Rockefeller...”

The statement reminded the people of something crucial as a person yelled. “Get Mr. Rockefeller! Quick!”

Alex gave the keys of his Aston Martin to Michelle. “I trust you will bring my car to be serviced? Let me know when it is done. I am paying so keep the receipts. Bikini told me that I can claim my losses.”

Michelle gave him a weird look. “Why do you call her Bikini?”

“Well, she was wearing one when she crashed into my car the other day,” replied Alex.

“What do you think about her body?” Michelle laughed.

Alex was taken aback by the question. He’d rather not answer it.

“Anyway, I will be going.”

“I am so sorry, Alex! Perhaps my grandfather was concerned...”

Alex waved his hand. “Don’t worry, I am fine.”

He smiled and walked away.

His first impression of Michelle was unpleasant but after several interactions, he found her to be an honest girl and someone he could be friends with.

Colin and a few others came running just moments later.

He saw Michelle, who was walking toward them, and called out. "Sis, where is Mr. Rockefeller?"

"He left since you asked him to." Michelle was slightly upset at the thought of it.

"Where did he go? Quick, we need to get him! Grandpa is not going to make it!"