

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 228

Surrounded by so many people, Cheryl Coney found it extremely difficult to navigate out of the crowd. She yelled but to little effect as some even tried to take advantage of the chaos to touch her inappropriately.

Alex Rockefeller let out a soft grunt, immediately releasing his Chi in a three-meter radius around his body. Nudged by a strong, invisible force, the crowd was pushed aside as they cleared the way for Alex and Cheryl.

Upon entering Cheryl's office, Alex suddenly remembered that his phone was running out of battery. Afraid that he could not contact Dorothy later, he asked Cheryl to charge his phone.

Moments later, a nurse came rushing by.

"Doctor Coney, the experts are here. Assistant Director Rashford wants you to attend the meeting."

"Will be there." Cheryl then turned her gaze toward Alex. "Why don't you come with me too?"

Alex had no objections.

Before they left, Cheryl put on a doctor's gown on Alex so he could pretend to be her assistant.

There were a dozen people present in the conference room when they arrived. They were busy talking to one another and heeded no attention to Alex.

He picked up Cheryl's note and began reading.

A middle-aged man with a beer belly came striding in. He let out a loud cough and only spoke when he got the attention of the room. "Let us welcome the experts from Michigan!"

And immediately, he started clapping.

Alex was caught by surprise. Why did the man start clapping even before the entrance of his guests?

"He is the assistant director of Premier Hospital, Doctor Marcus Rashford," whispered Cheryl.

In came seven people with a tall, young man walking in front. He was in his late twenties, wore black-rimmed glasses, and had a suit on. He was rather attractive as well and reminded many of a certain Hollywood star.

Alex and Cheryl followed the crowd, clapping their hands as well. That said, they were still deep in a discussion about the patients and their mysterious illness. Alex wanted to see the patients personally to make his verdict.

The young man came onto them and looked at Cheryl with a smile.

"Clarence, it's you!" Cheryl was somewhat surprised to see him.

Clarence Fawl was Cheryl's course mate in medical school, and they seemed to share a decent relationship, judging by her reaction.

Clarence looked at her with his gentle gaze and smiled, "It's been a while, Cheryl. We will catch up later."

The interaction attracted plenty of attention.

He then went up in front as Assistant Director Rashford began introducing the expert team. Of course, he spent the most time introducing Clarence. Apparently, he held a double-doctorate from a prestigious medical school overseas and was also an important medical society member. Including those, he had received plenty of awards and was now the department head of a Michigan hospital. Anyway, he was a high achiever with countless awards and accolades.

It came as quite a shock for the people present as they looked at him with a renewed sense of respect.

Clarence seemed to be humble, but he looked at everyone with pride in his eyes. Resting his gaze on Cheryl, he silently promised that he would do whatever it took for Cheryl to become his bride.

To his dismay, Cheryl's attention wasn't on him. Instead, she was busy whispering with a man.

Lightly pinching the man with an embarrassed expression on her face, she looked like she enjoyed the interaction very much.

Clarence's expressions blackened, and he blurted all of a sudden, "Cheryl, can we know what you and your colleague are discussing right there? It's now brainstorming time on how to save the lives of the patients, and I can think of no better way to start it without you!"