

# The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 230

The crowd looked at Alex Rockefeller's wrist, and lo and behold, it really was a Patek Phillippe watch.

Yet, the clothes on his body were cheap, mass-produced merchandise. The watch didn't match his look at all. And then, they came to a realization.

Alex wasn't a doctor but a conman who managed to trick Cheryl with his fake watch and identity. As the prettiest doctor in the hospital, Cheryl was wildly popular among the male doctors.

"I have never seen a conman who could scam his way into a hospital's meeting! Get out, we don't want you here!"

"Isn't that right? Doctor Coney, you have to be careful of whom you talk to!"

"You know what, we have no right interfering in your personal life. But, it's outrageous that you bring non-medical personnel into the conference room!"

A doctor, whose opportunity of being the department head had been shattered by Cheryl, could not stop criticizing.

Alex looked at his wristwatch, not realizing that it would become a target of derision.

"This is genuine."

He looked around and said to Cheryl, "Forget it. Why don't we check the patients out instead of wasting time here?"

He stood up and got ready to leave.

Indeed, he wanted to get done with the whole affair as soon as possible. After all, an exciting journey awaited him at Landison Hotel.

“Check the patients? Gosh, did I hear you correctly?”

Clarence kept going on, “Cheryl, where did you meet this strange man? You should keep your distance!”

“He is no conman, and the watch is genuine! The point is, he’s an exceedingly accomplished medical practitioner. Even my grandfather pays his respects to him!”

The crowd was at a loss for words.

Clarence laughed. “Accomplished? An accomplished fraudster, I’d say! Everyone here is a professional in the medical field and can identify the authenticity of his skills at a glance. You are too naive, Cheryl, how dare you use the name of your grandfather all for this fraudster! If he knew about this, he would be very mad with you!”

“I’m done with you! ” Cheryl stomped her feet and called out to Alex, “Let’s go!”

“Stop! Only certain people can attend to the patients, and he sure isn’t one of them!” Clarence was livid to see them holding hands. “Our team calls the shots now, and I forbid you from seeing the patients! Get out of my sight!”

He pointed at Alex with rage burning in his eyes.

The doors to the conference room opened the moment Lucifer North entered, followed by an old man and two middle-aged men.

Alex stood right in front of the doors when they opened, surprised to see who had arrived.

It was Wallace York.

Lucifer entered and started announcing in excitement, "Please welcome America's imperial doctor, the man whose hands have raised the dead... Doctor Wallace York! Starting now, he will be leading the response team!"

Everyone present stood up and clapped as hard as they could. Wallace's reputation spoke for itself and his presence felt like a dream to some in the room.

With a smile across his face, Wallace was just about to speak when he noticed Alex. His eyes lit up as he ran up to him and said, "Sir, fancy meeting you here! It is an absolute honor to work with you!"

The silence that followed was crushingly suffocating.