

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 316

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 Acupuncture 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."