

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 330

“You are wishing for my mother’s death, aren’t you?” Nancy Carter was livid.

“I was just stating the truth.” Alex Rockefeller heeded no attention to Nancy. “Now that I am here, she will live.”

“Who knows if you are deceiving us?” Nancy retorted.

Meanwhile, Wallace Yoke checked the old lady’s pulse again.

For three full minutes, he remained motionless with a solemn expression on his face. Finally, he shook his head. “I am sorry, I don’t think I can do anything here.”

Alex told Hailey Lawson, “Why don’t you leave everything to Doctor Yoke and me? Wait for us outside the bedroom.”

“Sounds good.” He escorted a scowling Nancy and Zack out. Hailey left as well.

Jim Sabinsky wanted to remain and help, although, in actual fact, he was waiting for a chance to expose Alex’s ruse.

“Sure, why not?” Alex grinned.

Three men and an old lady were the only ones left in the bedroom.

"I am actually protecting you by not letting you treat her," Alex told Jim.

He pointed at the old lady, seeing Jim's skeptical reaction. "How many people do you see on the bed right now?" he asked.

"Just one?" Wallace answered in a confused voice.

Jim snickered, "I suppose you saw two instead? Sir, why don't you get your eyes checked?"

Wallace glared at his student, albeit having the same thoughts as well.

Alex let out a soft chuckle as he focused his Chi onto his fingertips before directing it straight to the bed.

"Say, how many do you see now?"

They shifted their attention to the bed and let out an instant cry of terror, with Jim shivering and almost peeing his pants.

The old lady was still lying motionless in bed, but beneath her neck sat a dark figure of a kid, dripping with water.

No, it was not a kid. It was a little demon!

Wallace gulped nervously, asking, "Is this the rumored diabolical reaper, Mr. Rockefeller?"

“Master, I think that is nothing more than mere folklore. Ghosts do not exist in our world. This is just an illusion!” said Jim.

Wallace smacked his student on the head.

“What do you know? There is more to this world than we will ever understand! The diabolical reaper really exists. I witnessed one in my younger days. Instances of its appearance had also been recorded in various literature passed down through the generations. Unfortunately, I was never allowed to learn the art of shamanistic healing,” Wallace said with a tinge of regret in his reply.

Jim asked, “If that is the case, this old lady right here is not sick. She is just possessed.”

“She is ill, anyway. The demon possessing her is sucking the life out of her as we speak,” said Alex.

“Can we save her?”

“Of course! Easy!”

Alex walked toward the bed with a smile on his face and tried to yank the little demon away. It shrieked and attempted to flee, only to have its path blocked by Alex.

Instead, it turned around and ran toward a screaming, terrified Jim.

Alex waved his hand as the little demon was ensnared, possibly by an invisible net.

He suddenly realized an emblem on the little demon pointing in a direction to the front-right.

“It has an owner. Interesting. I wonder who that is?”