

# The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0809

Winston Zeller was the head doctor in Michigan Premier Hospital and was also an honorary professor at Michigan Medical University.

In all of his forty years of being a doctor, he had seen all sorts of patients, but he had never seen one as strange as the patient in front of him now. He watched as the man gulped down mouthfuls of soil that Abel had dug from downstairs.

The young man ate the soil with gusto as though it was a luxury meal.

“Does he have a mental disorder?”

“Or does he have pica?”

Abel’s face twisted ugly, and he looked at Winston and asked, “What do you think of my son’s condition?”

Winston shook his head apologetically and said, “This is the first time I’ve seen a case like this. How long has this condition been going on?”

Abel explained the entire matter, but of course, leaving out information related to everyone’s identity. In order to conceal that they were Missouri’s Coleman family, he and Jerome had worn masks to hide their faces. As for Tristan, he was covered with filth all over his face and hair. He was filthy, and he smelled terrible. With him in this state, probably even his mother wouldn’t have recognized him.

By the time Abel was done with his explanation, Tristan had finished eating the soil. When he was aware again, he immediately started to vomit.

Winston took note that when Tristan was awake and aware of himself, he had a deep hatred for the fact that he had eaten mud and was greatly suffering from it.

After thinking for a long time, he shook his head and said, “The situation of this patient is very rare, everyone. I suggest doing a CT scan of his brain to see if we can find anything.”

The one thing the Colemans did not lack was money. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were forked out, and the hospital staff immediately placed them on priority and took special care of them.

Not even twenty minutes later, the results were out. There was nothing wrong with his brain, and he was in good physical condition too... Since Tristan was an Earth Expert level warrior, his physical fitness was much better than an average person. There was only one problem, and that was that his stomach was filled with mud and it needed to be flushed out.

No one would have imagined that halfway through the gastric lavage...

Ding!

An hour had reached.

Tristan started howling loudly, thrashing, and pushing the doctors and nurses away violently. He crashed through the glass window, jumping down from the third floor, and coincidentally landed right in a flowerbed.

The people who were walking around the area were shocked, thinking that someone had fallen from the building. Then, they saw a young man, his back arched as he kneeled forward in the soil, feasting on it like a wild beast.

Everyone was stunned.

Roar!

“Whoever it was that had the audacity to harm my son, I want his body torn to pieces!”

Boom!

Abel slammed his fist through the wall beside him, blasting a hole through it. The entire hospital was rocked from the impact.

\*\*\*

Elsewhere, Alex had rushed back to California.

However, he had also received a call from Xyla, her voice gentle and kind as usual, with a soft accent as she spoke, “Alex, I really have fallen for you, you know? Did you know that my third brother scolded me? You’ve dug a real deep pit for me, saying that Zendaya stole your things, and I really believed you. In the end, it was you who had stolen her heart, as well as her body. Tell me, aren’t you a big liar?”

It was obviously a question, but coming from Xyla, it sounded more like she was coquettish with him.

“Aunt, you’ve misunderstood. I didn’t steal her body,” Alex replied.

“I’m not blind, and I saw everything.” Recalling the scene and thinking about how she had thought she would go blind from it, her heart had panicked, and so did her body.

“Aunt, that’s really not right. You should forget about it, or you won’t be able to find a boyfriend in the future.”

“Why?”

“You’ll think that the others are too small.”

“...”

Xyla was stunned for a long while before finally understanding what Alex meant by ‘small’.

“Bah! You’re a rascal!” she hissed.

The scene that she had stumbled upon flashed through her mind unwittingly again, and she couldn’t help but be surprised, secretly thinking that it was impossible, right? But then she quickly realized that she had been dragged down again, and she hurriedly changed the topic. “Tristan Coleman suddenly has a strange disorder, that he has to eat mud every now and then. You... Do you know anything about this?”

“Eat mud? What the heck? I don’t know!” Alex didn’t intend to admit it, and his feelings about the entire matter were too turbulent after all. If he were to admit it, he probably wouldn’t have any more friends. “But, I heard something else. Tristan is going to marry Zendaya because of her Yin energy through her Red Pill, and she’s an excellent furnace.”