

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 32

The slap startled Cheryl. It made her cheek burn up.

And the worst part was what Claire had said. Cheryl knew that she was innocent—she was just a doctor, nothing else. Why did she have to endure such treatment?

Claire's loud yelling caught the attention of numerous nurses and families in the hospital.

Cheryl was pissed off. "Please mind your words, madam. Please do not spout such nonsense."

Claire was an extremely hot-tempered woman, the type to hold a grudge and get revenge.

She swung her hand again, slapping Cheryl across the face. Cheryl couldn't even dodge it.

Claire yelled, "Bullsh*t! Mind my words? Anyone would know that you're the one who should mind your words! Seducing someone else's husband like the sl*t that you are, and even hugging in public like this! Why don't you just admit to being a shameless sl*t? I saw everything! There's even saliva on your clothes! You guys just aren't naked yet..."

Everyone was looking at them now, gossiping softly.

Cheryl was so triggered she felt like bursting in anger.

Alex was still in a daze just a while ago. But he snapped back to reality and pulled Claire aside.

"Mum, don't accuse Dr. Cheryl. We didn't do anything. I... I was just too sad and wanted a hug."

“Sad and wanted a hug? So you’re saying that you’d get in bed with her if you’re sadder, huh?” Claire said. Suddenly, she noticed that the Love in a Fallen City necklace was hanging around Cheryl’s neck.

Her expression darkened. “And if you say you’re not cheating, what is she wearing around her neck then? You lied to me yesterday. You said you gave it to a five-year-old girl. What is that then? Is she a five-year-old girl? You jerk, you’ve been living off of us and yet you’re here clinging to another woman. What kind of man are you?”

Alex wasn’t in the mood to quarrel. He yelled with reddened eyes, “Can you just stop this please? My mom is dying, she’s dying! Can’t you see?”

He brought his hands to his face and wiped his tears.

Claire turned to look at Brittany. Lacking sympathy, she huffed, “She’s better off dead. She’s no different from being dead now anyway.”

“What did you say? I dare you to say that again!”

“Sure, I’ll say it again! I said, since your mom is better off dead, she won’t be a burden then!”

With a loud smack, Alex slapped Claire hard across her face.

Claire was very taken aback by his actions.

She burst into fury, lunging forward to fight Alex. “You bastard! How dare you slap your mother-in-law, you piece of trash! Karma’s going to get you for this! You should just die along with your mother! I’ll have my daughter divorce you as soon as she comes back! I won’t tolerate you and have your ungrateful ass under my roof. Get out of our lives!”

She scratched Alex, forming lacerations on his body.

Alex's blood boiled with anger. He pinned her to the wall and swung his fist towards her direction.

Claire screamed in horror. With a loud thud, she realized that Alex's punch landed on the wall instead.

She pushed Alex away immediately, running for her life.

Alex's knuckles were now bleeding profusely—it was an awfully gory sight.

He suddenly felt numb and flopped to the ground with a pained expression.

Blood was seeping into the black ring he was wearing, but no one noticed.

A dim light shone through the ring and entered Alex's body in a flash.

"Ah!" Alex could feel immense pain in his head.

He screamed out loud as the pain engulfed his consciousness.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Did he faint from crying too much?"

“Oh what a pity, Alex is such a filial child!”

Everyone chattered in the back. They couldn't bear seeing Alex like this as they all knew what type of person Alex was.

As for Claire, no one believed any of the accusations she had made.

“Alex? Alex!” Cheryl rushed to Alex and knelt down beside him. He wasn't moving at all. She then urged the crowd to give them some space and carried him onto a bed with the help of a few other nurses.

One of the nurses asked, “Dr. Coney, what happened to him?”

Cheryl replied, “It could be that he couldn't accept his mother's fate. Let's just let him rest here for a while.”

Alex was in an unconscious trance. His consciousness seemed to have entered some weird space. A blurry figure appeared in front of him, and whispered into his ear, “I am Blaine Rockefeller, the God of Medicine, your ancestor.”

“What? God of Medicine? Hey, hey, what are you saying? What ancestor?” Alex was in shock.

“You're wearing the black dragon ring, and you have my blood in you. How am I not your ancestor?” The voice said. “The black dragon ring is something we leave to our descendants. With your blood, I hereby gift you a chance of a lifetime: the Ultimate Book of Medicine. With the breath of the gods, you, as my successor, are to deliver all sentient beings from suffering...”

“Huh? What skills?”

Alex was slightly taken back, yet a large amount of information rushed into his mind before he could even react. He could feel a strong gush of energy flowing through his entire body. Alex felt as if he was surrounded by ocean water.

Suddenly, there was a stinging pain in his head. He jerked up from the bed with a scream.

He rubbed the back of his head. He felt as if he just had a strange dream.

However, he realized that he really received the Ultimate Book of Medicine.

“Holy sh*t, was that all real?” Alex murmured in disbelief.

“Right, what was that black dragon ring the guy mentioned?”

“Could it be the ring that dad gave me?”

He immediately looked for his ring and realized that it had shattered into pieces.