

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 227

Spending the night in a Presidential Suite as an apology? Wasn't that a thinly-veiled invitation for them to get intimate?

Two more months to their first wedding anniversary, but he had yet to do it.

He could pretend not to bother, but as a man, how long could he keep his act up?

"Sounds good!" Alex replied eagerly. "Should I get us some stuff?"

"Stuff? What do we need?" Dorothy Assex asked coyly.

"Of course! Well, some protection... Or perhaps, there is a, you know, kink you want to try out?"

"I... Uhm... I gotta go. Here's the address, come quick! I... I love you." Dorothy's heart was fluttering madly as she spoke those words, which she had never said before.

Alex almost squealed in joy. He wanted to be at the Landison hotel as quick as his car could take him. However, he promised Cheryl Coney to check in on the patients. "Darling, do you mind waiting for a while? I have some matters to attend at home. I will be there latest, by, say, nine-thirty?"

"Okay!"

Dorothy gingerly placed her phone down on the table and gently touched her flushed face.

She immediately began packing for the night's stay at the hotel, like sensual lingerie she would be wearing later at night.

Alex arrived at Premier Hospital thirty minutes later. Cheryl seemed a little pale and drained.

Immediately, she led Alex to the ER unit. "Two hours ago, we received three more patients of similar conditions. Things are not looking good for them. Just today, two of the patients stopped breathing all of a sudden without any warning signs."

Alex followed right behind her without saying anything. A huge crowd gathered in front of the ER unit, holding various gadgets and equipment in their hands. They were reporters and journalists from various media companies in California. The exposure of this case attracted plenty of attention and became the headline of several news reports.

It was the talk of the town and erupted all over social media, with people demanding the urgent arrest of the ones responsible.

"Wait a minute, Alex. You should put a mask on."

Cheryl stopped abruptly in her tracks and took out a mask. She put it on for Alex and said, "There are a bunch of reporters in front. Some of them are quite shady. We don't want to get tangled in their questioning. Also, we have some families of the

patients here who are a little emotional. Just follow me."

She grabbed his hand and strode forward.

It was worse than what Alex imagined. The reporters immediately swamped onto them, as a woman in the crowd unexpectedly yanked Cheryl's mask off.

She was instantly recognized.

“Isn’t that the granddaughter of James Coney, the miracle doctor of California? Doctor Coney, can you tell us what is going on now?”

“Doctor Coney, we heard that two patients passed away this afternoon. How bad is the illness?”

“My daughter is inside. Can I see her?”

These were a few of the more reasonable questions among the outrageous ones.

“Doctor Coney, is this man your boyfriend?”

“Is he a doctor too?”

“When are both getting married?”