

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 229

Everyone instantly looked toward Cheryl Coney and Alex Rockefeller.

As a doctor of the hospital and head of wards, they knew who Cheryl was. As for the man beside her, however...

“I don’t think I have seen this doctor before. Have you?”

“No, is he new here?”

Of course, with Cheryl being James Coney’s granddaughter, she wasn’t worried at all that Alex’s identity would be exposed.

Nevertheless, Clarence Fawl looked at Alex with an unfriendly gaze. “I suppose you know something, my friend? Can you tell us what it was, and perhaps introduce yourself?”

Alex shook his head. “I have not seen the patients, so I have no comments.”

“Since you have not seen them, I wonder why you’ve been allowed to attend the meeting? This is an emergency meeting, and we do not want any distractions,” said Clarence with feigned surprise.

Meanwhile, assistant director Rashford went right up to Alex’s face and stared him down. “Who are you? Do you work here?”

“No, I do not,” Alex answered.

“Well then, how did you get in here? Oh, I know! You’re trying to win Doctor Coney’s affection, right? The audacity of youngsters these days scares me. Anyway, get out!”

Everyone else in the meeting had a weird expression on their face as the corner of their mouths twitched.

With a flushed expression, Cheryl got up on her feet instantly. “Assistant Director Rashford, I brought him in to help us with the discussion of the treatment.”

“Oh?” Marcus was taken aback by surprise. He knew that James was Cheryl’s grandfather and wanted to let the whole issue slide.

Clarence, however, did not. “I see. Then you must be an excellent doctor! May I know where you ply your trade?”

Obviously, the nature of his question was out of malice. It was an effective tactic, though, putting Alex under the spotlight and inciting the people to criticize him.

Just as Cheryl was trying to come up with an excuse, Alex said, “I do not work in a hospital.”

He thought better of lying.

“Are you a medical researcher then?”

“No, I am not”

“Or perhaps a professor, or even just a top student in medical school?”

“No.”

Cheryl was anxious. She tugged on Alex’s shirt, motioning him to stop talking and to let her handle the interaction.

That, however, only served to deepen Clarence’s jealousy.

He had always liked Cheryl and had his attention on her for quite a while now, his efforts all this while was so that he could finally attract her attention. Perhaps she would reciprocate his feelings if she saw how successful he’d become.

Yet, she’d rather whisper in somebody else’s ear.

“My good sir, are you a conman?” The smile on Clarence’s face vanished as arrogance and extreme disdain crept into his eyes. “You think you are a millionaire just by wearing a Patek Phillippe on your wrist? Cheryl, you are too innocent, be careful not to fall into his trap!”