

“Heart rate is only at 45. The patient's vital organs are weakening.”

“His breathing rate is decreasing. Increase the amount of oxygen!”

“Get the pacemaker ready!”

...

“It's over. Get ready to inform his family.”

At this very moment, several top doctors gathered around an operating table inside an emergency room at Donghai City's First Public Hospital. Cold sweat beaded on their foreheads as they gazed upon the dying patient in front of them.

The man on the operating table was Zhu Sandao, also known as Old Man Zhu. Being the best in Donghai, he was a formidable character and was practically like a royal.

If such a figure were to die on these doctors' operating table, they could kiss their jobs goodbye.

“What should we do? He's experiencing acute left ventricular failure and cardiogenic shock. He's having difficulty breathing. There's no way to save him.”

“We won't make it even if we perform the surgery now. The opportunity has passed. We can't bring him back anymore.”

“How about we operate on him right now!?”

“No! It's too late for that. If the patient dies on the operating table, it'd be medical malpractice on our

part. How many of you think you can handle the fury from the Zhu family'?"

The doctors fell silent. These were all Donghai City's renowned physicians, but they were now helpless.

First, acute left ventricular failure was a complicated disease that was very difficult to treat. Secondly, the illness came so suddenly that the patient arrived too late. Third, Old Man Zhu was just too old. At such an advanced age, even having appendicitis surgery would be risky, let alone heart surgery?

They had tried their best.

That was all they could say.

Even the prominent Old Man Zhu couldn't escape death.

The doctors sighed. At this point, they could only endure the wrath that is coming their way from the Zhu family.

They opened the operating room doors and delivered the news.

“Mr. Zhu, we've tried our best. Old Man Zhu is not going to make it.”

The man they called, Mr. Zhu, was Old Man Zhu's second son, Zhu Yong. He was a man in his fifties and was Zhu Real Estate's CEO.

Upon hearing the news, Zhu Yong grabbed the doctor's throat in a fit of rage.

“What? My dad was fine before entering the operating room! What do you mean he won't make it?”

Dr. Liu was so frightened that his legs quivered.

“Mr. Zhu... Old Man Zhu suffered from acute left ventricular failure. There's really nothing we can do about it because he arrived too late. Even the top physician wouldn't be able to save him. I'm sorry for your loss. Please prepare yourself for the inevitable.”

“Bullsh*t!” Zhu Yong bellowed.

He simply couldn't accept this reality. He had just enjoyed a good meal and conversation with his father, but not even two hours later, the old man was lying on the operating table?

Zhu Yong was agitated. He turned around and glared at the other doctors.

“Anyone here! If any of you can save my father, I'll pay whatever amount you ask for!”

Dr. Liu's brows furrowed. He knew Mr. Zhu wasn't just any ordinary person, but he was still irritated.

“There's no need to shout anymore, Mr. Zhu! I'm the leading heart surgeon in all the Public Hospitals here and even the entire Donghai. If I can't save him, then there's no one else who can.”

He was not wrong in saying that. Dr. Liu had always produced outstanding results in the field of cardiology. He was regarded as the top expert in the whole city. No, it should be said in the whole province.

Zhu Yong's words had made him furious. Once Liu Bufan gave his 'verdict' on a patient, there was no more hope!

Zhu Yong glared, “Can no one save him!?”

As those words fell, a cold voice came from the corridor.

“I can.”

The voice was soft, but it was penetrating. Following it, everyone's eyes landed on a young lad dressed in casual wear. He slowly walked over with a cloth bag slung over his back.

The good-looking young man had slightly messy hair and a piercing gaze. His face was nonchalant, but he had an enigmatic air to him.

Zhu Yong froze. He thought the young man looked familiar, but he couldn't remember who he was.

“What did you say!?”

Qin Jun walked towards Zhu Yong, “I said I can cure

him.”

Zhu Yong's eyes lit up, “Are you sure?”

Liu Bufan spoke without even waiting for Qin Jun to respond, “Where did this brat come from, causing a ruckus here in our hospital? How are you even allowed in here!?”

From Qin Jun's appearance and words, Liu Bufan figured the young man was a quack doctor.

He had just said that there was no more hope for the old man, but now this brat was spouting such nonsense and insisting that he could save the patient. This was like a slap to Liu Bufan's face.

Qin Jun ignored Liu Bufan and continued to speak to Zhu Yong.

“Uncle Zhu, there's not much time left. If I go in now, there might still be a glimmer of hope.

Uncle Zhu?

Zhu Yong was puzzled. The young man actually knew him, but he just couldn't remember who he was.

Time never waits for any man. Since they were already at this point, desperate times called for desperate measures. There was no harm in letting the young man try.

“OK. Get in there!”

Liu Bufan frowned. “This is not a joking matter, Mr. Zhu! He's just a brat; what would he know about surgery? If I, Liu Bufan, can't cure a patient, then no one else can. Should anything happen, I'm not going to be responsible for it!”

Zhu Yong snorted coldly, “The man is already dying; how much worse can things get? Move!”

Liu Bufan gnashed his teeth and moved aside, but his expression was completely dark.

Qin Jun took one look at him and said blankly, “Arrogance is a big taboo for medical practitioners, yet here you are referring to yourself as a top doctor when you don't even have much skill. What a quack.”

After saying that, Qin Jun walked into the operating room.

Liu Bufan froze for a long time.

“What did he say? He called me a quack? A little brat like him - calling me a quack!? Son of a b*tch!”

Questioning my skills in front of so many people? Did he get tired of living?

“No, don't let him mess around! Get in there!”

Several doctors rushed into the operating room, afraid that Qin Jun would stir up some trouble.

Upon entering the room, they saw Qin Jun standing next to Old Man Zhu. The young man put two fingers together and pressed hard onto the patient's right chest.

Acupressure?

Donghai's Public Hospital was a hospital that integrated both Chinese and Western medicine, and there were several Traditional Chinese Medicine (TCM) practitioners among the group of doctors there. Seeing the young man's methods, they were stunned.

Is this really acupressure?

Acupressure treatment was a very advanced skill. Even those who had trained in TCM for decades wouldn't dare to use it freely.

But, in dire situations, acupressure could save lives and was one of the most effective first-aid measures in TCM.

Qin Jun's movement caused Old Man Zhu to groan suddenly.

“What are you doing!? Get out of here now! This isn't a place for you to horse around!” Liu Bufan raged.

But the moment Liu Bufan was done yelling, a nurse suddenly shouted, “He's breathing! Old Man Zhu is breathing!”

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