

He's breathing?

Everyone turned and looked at the ventilator.

He really is breathing!

When the doctors got here, Old Man Zhu's vital signs had already deteriorated so much that he was barely breathing. Even his heart was about to stop.

Things were further delayed when they went outside to notify his family, so he should have already stopped breathing by now. Yet, with a simple press on the chest by Qin Jun, he was breathing again?

Everyone present was stunned and dared not walk up.

As the saying goes: A true professional can discern the truth as soon as he gets onto the job.

The acupuncture movement looked simple, but in fact, it required a high level of medical knowledge and a very strong physique to do it. No ordinary person could achieve such a feat - not even the TCM practitioners who were currently standing here.

Qin Jun turned his head and glanced at Liu Bufan coldly, “Irrelevant people should just shut up while I'm saving a person's life.”

“You...!”

Liu Bufan was infuriated. Irrelevant? He was a head physician, but Qin Jun just called him irrelevant!

Before Liu Bufan could say something, Zhu Yong entered the room and said coldly, “Dr. Liu, this young

fellow is treating my father. You'd better not interrupt.”

Hearing those threatening words coming from Zhu Yong, Liu Bufan held his tongue. He clenched his fists as he glared at Qin Jun.

Fine. But when you fail to save him, I'm pushing all the responsibility onto you!

With Qin Jun performing acupressure with his two fingers, Old Man Zhu could now breathe steadily. Then, he opened the bag he was carrying and took out a transparent glass container along with a pair of forceps. He lit an alcohol-laced cotton ball on fire and quickly placed it inside the glass cup before taking it back out.

He flipped the cup over and placed it over the patient's left chest.

Fire cupping?

In the Chinese community, fire cupping was a common practice. For health purposes, even bathhouses would have people performing such an activity, let alone a hospital.

But it was commonly done only to maintain one's health. Such methods were hardly effective in treating the sick - especially not those with major illnesses.

Old Man Zhu is already suffering from conditions that require surgery; what good would cupping do?

“Such pious claptrap!” Liu Bufan mocked in a low voice.

Even Western surgery wouldn't be able to cure him. What can you do by cupping?

The glass cup remained on the patient's chest for a few seconds.

Then, Qin Jun slowly loosened his right hand's grip.

White mist began to form inside the transparent glass cup!

Immediately, the cup began to move around on the patient's body!

Without any external force, the fire cup was 'moving' around on the patient's body on its own!

The scene caused everyone's jaws to drop.

The several TCM practitioners' eyes widened as they looked at each other in disbelief.

“This is...”

“The Wind Chasing Cupping Therapy?”

Since ancient times, there have been many methods used by TCM practitioners to treat illnesses. Among them, fire cupping, acupuncture and traditional Chinese medical massages were courses that had to be taken.

However, due to the incompleteness of ancient texts, little knowledge on fire cupping had been passed down. Most TCM practitioners focused on researching acupuncture and Chinese pharmacology.

A high-level cupping technique like the Wind Chasing Cupping Therapy was simply like a legend to them. Even experts barely had a clue on how it worked.

The acupuncture act had managed to awe-struck doctors and left them utterly speechless as they

gaped quietly at the man as he performs his treatment.

And finally, upon seeing the Wind Chasing Cupping Therapy, the crowd was reverential; they held their breath unknowingly, for fear that they might disrupt the young man!

The cup moved slowly on the patient's body in an irregular direction.

Then, Qin Jun took out a small, rolled up cloth bag. It slowly unfolded to reveal a row of silver needles!

Qin Jun speedily picked out three needles.

Holding the needles between the fingers of his right hand and with a movement of the wrist, they landed swiftly and pierced directly into the acupoints with pinpoint precision.

“That's some amazing acupuncture skills!”

Many factors such as the needle itself, strength, accuracy and speed determined the effectiveness of acupuncture.

In such an emergency, Qin Jun's acupuncture was quick and precise. The TCM practitioners present understood the concept well, but they could never achieve the same effect as Qin Jun if they were to put it into practice.

Especially when the young man made it look so easy.

One, two, three, four, five needles!

After five needles were used, the fire cupping stopped.

Cough, cough...

Old Man Zhu suddenly began to cough.

At the same time, the nurse who had been monitoring his condition the whole time yelled, “His heartbeat has returned to normal!”

Everyone looked over. It really has!

The TCM practitioners' eyes widened.

“The Five Yin-Yang Needles! This is the Five Yin-Yang Needles as spoken of in the books!”

The Wind Chasing Cupping Therapy and Five Yin-Yang Needles - what amazing skills!

The elderly doctors became numb from amazement. They had never expected to witness such miracles,

more so in a young doctor!

The young surpassed the old!

Qin Jun removed the needles and put the cup away and rubbed them with a white cloth from his bag.

“Grandpa Zhu has been saved, but it'll still take a long time to cure the root of his illness.”

He then turned to one of the doctors there and said, “I'll prescribe his medication. Take note as I list it out.”

“Okay, okay. Go ahead.”

This doctor was a well-known TCM practitioner, but had no complaints about being treated like an assistant by the young man; rather, he listened respectfully.

“Three maces of fleece flower root. Two maces of mustard seeds. Five maces of black nightshade...”

After listing the prescription, Qin Jun continued, “Aside from the decoctions, Grandpa Zhu has to come in for a check-up once a month. The usual Western check-ups must go on. He'll also need TCM pulse diagnosis. When checking his pulse, keep watch of his deep pulse and replete pulse. If his symptoms get better, you may reduce the medicine dosage appropriately.”

After he finished speaking, Qin Jun looked at the few TCM practitioners present.

“Did you get everything that I've just said?”

“Yes, we got it!”

At that moment, the renowned elderly TCM

practitioners were like a group of elementary school students in front of Qin Jun.

Qin Jun packed his bag and carried it over his back.

“I'll be off now, Uncle Zhu. I'll drop by and visit another time.”

With that, Qin Jun walked away.

“Hey! Young doctor...”

Just as Zhu Yong wanted to stop Qin Jun to ask him more questions, Old Man Zhu began to cough and show signs of consciousness. Zhu Yong quickly rushed over to his father.

Meanwhile, Liu Bufan stood there with his face completely reddened.

He had called the young man a brat and a crack doctor.

He had declared upfront that no one could cure a disease if he couldn't.

Yet, this young lad came in, performed some acupressure, cupping therapy and acupuncture. Within ten minutes, the patient came back to life!

The most insulting thing was, throughout the entire process, Qin Jun didn't even look at him - not even when he left.

Not even a word of sarcasm.

It was clear that to the young man, he meant absolutely nothing. Yet, he had thought of himself as a prominent figure.

Liu Bufan felt as though he had been dealt a huge slap and was completely humiliated. His entire face burned and all he wanted to do at that moment was to find a hole to crawl into.

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