

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 523

“All of you TCM practitioners are not very capable. You seem to be so eloquent but actually all your reasons are merely excuses!”

“You!”

Ma Hanxing was so angry that he almost scolded Owen.

Everyone at the scene knew that the patient fainted due to a heatstroke.

Administering acupuncture was the fastest method to counter the effects of a heatstroke. If the patient was sent to the hospital to receive Western treatment, he would probably need to be given an IV drip by that time. By then, one could clearly differentiate whether taking an IV drip or administering acupuncture would take longer.

Depending on the kind of illnesses, Chinese medical treatments certainly do not pale in comparison to the Western treatments.

Qin Jun and the other practitioners were also aware of this. Ma Hanxing was definitely not lying just to shirk his responsibilities.

Acupuncture was indeed like what Ma Hanxing had mentioned. Some illnesses and symptoms could be treated promptly whereas some required patients to have a period of rest and recovery after administering a medical procedure.

Such was also the case for Western medical treatment methods.

That meant that the treatment response was not dependent on the medical skills of the doctor, but the patient himself.

It was impossible for Ma Hanxing to have failed in his treatment for a patient who had succumbed to a minor heatstroke.

Owen had caught hold of Ma Hanxing's brief moment of ineptitude and used it as leverage to begin his slander of Chinese Medical treatments.

Owen pointed at the silver needles laid out on the table. He picked them up so that the cameras could focus on them and continued talking.

"Look at these few broken needles. How is it possible for them to be used to treat a patient's illness? Is there magic in them? Who believes that these needles are capable of treating illnesses? This is really a huge insult to modern medicine!"

Qin Jun could no longer stand hearing Owen as he continued to sputter nonsense.

"Do you believe that this silver needle is capable of making you kneel down?"

Qin Jun came up front and the cameras directed themselves at him.

Owen was taken aback for a moment, and snorted in disdain. He held the silver needle in his hand and bent it effortlessly.

"How is this fine needle capable of harming anyone? Or even saving someone? It is merely a performance tool used by all of you to deceive others! Stop embarrassing yourselves!"

Qin Jun sneered, "Since you said that it is a performance tool, then how about allowing me to show you something?"

After saying so, Qin Jun picked up a silver needle and landed it gently on the back of Owen's hand.

It was such a fine needle that left not a single trace of pain when it pierced through Owen's skin.

Owen snorted, "My muscular body is not afraid of..."

Before he could finish talking, Owen's legs gave way all of a sudden. He fell on his knees, and kneeled in front of Qin Jun.

At that moment, all the cameras directed at Owen focused on him kneeling on the floor.

Everyone was shocked. They did not expect to see that a fine needle like that had such a tremendous effect on someone.

All the reporters surrounding Owen were stunned and speechless. Owen himself was also at a loss for words.

Owen was extremely embarrassed to be kneeling in front of Qin Jun in public. He tried his best to stand up, but to no avail. Owen had no strength to stand up and it seemed that both of his legs had lost complete control.

Owen was furious, so he pulled out the silver needle from his hand.

However, there did not seem to be any effect even after the needle was removed. Owen continued to be on his knees as both his legs had lost all sensation.

“What are you doing! What have you done to me! Help me to get up quickly!”

Ma Hanxing, Doctor Xue and the others looked on with scorn. Master Qin is still the best. One needle is all it took to get you down on your knees. Are you still going to look down on us, who are TCM practitioners?

Qin Jun did not bother with him. Owen continued to kneel for a few minutes and struggled with all his might. He was finally able to stand up after he regained some feeling and movement in his legs.

“All of you... all of you are really vicious. I hereby conclude that TCM practitioners are unable to treat illnesses! They will only do harm to people!”

After Owen had said his piece, a reporter rubbed her nose and exclaimed, “Ah, I’m bleeding!”

The female reporter was shocked to realize that she was bleeding.