

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 525

After saying so, Qin Jun then removed her left sock and shoe, scooped the garlic paste up with his hand and pressed it on the arch of her left foot.

Hiss...

Indeed, there was no pain at all. There was only a cooling sensation on her foot.

The garlic were not taken out from the refrigerator. They were placed in room temperature. Who would have expected that mashed garlic, when applied on the arch of the foot, could be so cooling and refreshing to the touch?

On a scorching hot summer day like this, such a treatment was quite comfortable.

The female reporter laid on the chair and closed her eyes.

Just then, Owen sneered, "What are you doing now? Massage? Aren't TCM practitioners just a joke to be acting like this? Her nose is injured. What is the use of massaging her feet? There are so many doctors and media personnel around. Are you going to create some sensational news?"

After Owen had commented, the female reporter lifted her head and touched her nose.

She exclaimed, "Hey! My nosebleed seems to have stopped!"

After a minute or so, the female reporter stood up and used a tissue paper to wipe her nose. Indeed, there was no more blood.

All the reporters were stunned at that moment. The foreign reporters were also surprised to see the end result of the treatment administered by Qin Jun.

She was experiencing a nosebleed, but instead of treating the nose, she was treated by applying garlic paste on her foot instead. Besides, it was such a simple method. It was truly magical!

The female reporter was also very surprised. She could understand the magical touch of TCM practitioners only after personally experiencing it.

Owen's expression darkened and attempted to focus the attention on himself again, "He was just lucky. She ate the medicine I gave just now and it took effect on her by the time he applied the garlic paste on her foot."

Owen's words made people grew doubtful of him.

The explanation sounded familiar.

When Owen's brother fainted earlier, that was exactly what Ma Hanxing said but Owen shot the explanation down with criticism and sarcasm.

He did not find it shameful now that he had actually cooked up such an excuse to defend his position.

Owen made a proposal upon seeing that everyone was in disbelief.

"Since all of you do not believe me, how about having another round of competition between Western and Chinese medical approaches?"

Right after he mentioned this, many reporters grew excited at the prospects of a competition. They brought out their cameras again and directed them at Owen and the other TCM practitioners.

Western and Chinese medical approaches seemed to clash in treatment methods, which had become a global topic of discussion. Many Western doctors liked the idea of challenging TCM practitioners because they were too illusory and their practices were not very clear. However, such a competition in the presence of the public was quite rare.

Such a competition was difficult to organize, unless they could find two people who shared the same medical symptoms. Only when both Western doctors and TCM practitioners were to begin their treatment methods concurrently could they assess the effectiveness of their methods.

If not, it would be exactly like what happened earlier. No one would be able to fully ascertain whose medical approach was more effective in treating the symptoms.

This time, Owen would be representing Western medical approach. Since he was causing a commotion at TCM Street, this would be a piece of sensational news.

Ma Hanxing and the other TCM practitioners also wanted to take the opportunity to compete with Owen.

“So tell me, how are we going to compete?”

The corners of Owen’s mouth curled into a smirk, “I happen to have a pair of patients under my charge. They are twins. They also have the same symptoms. How about taking them as our patients for our competition?”

Ma Hanxing furrowed his brows. He was worried that Owen was up to some mischief. What if the patients were to side Owen and say some unfair things in favor of Owen after going through the treatment?

However, it was going to be a challenge finding a pair of twins who share the same underlying symptoms.

Qin Jun laughed and said, "Since you are willing to compete, then we will follow suit."

"Great!"

Owen flashed a mischievous smile unknowingly, then he took out his phone to dial the patient's number.