

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 592

Drawing two drops of blood from an ordinary person was like taking half the person's life. For a strong and healthy male, drawing two drops would possibly make him slump on the ground as if he were paralyzed.

Although Qin Jun's health and fitness levels were far superior to that of an ordinary person's, he was still at risk for severe injuries.

After going through the procedure with his aunt twice, Qin Jun prepared to get started.

To be on the safe side, Qin Jun decided to perform the acupuncture in his medical center. When Kong Fanlin heard of the procedure that Qin Jun was going to perform, he firmly opposed it.

"That's insane! Mr. Qin, you must be crazy. You shouldn't do such a thing even for your own relatives. This is basically trading one life for another!" he exclaimed.

Qin Jun smirked, "Trust me, I won't be sacrificing my life for his. My medical skills are far better than what you know."

Anyone who heard what Qin Jun had just said would definitely scold him for being arrogant. After all, Kong Fanlin has earned the title of Master in the field of Traditional Chinese Medicine!

Nevertheless, Kong Fanlin knew deep inside that Qin Jun wasn't exaggerating. He indeed had great ability in medicine.

After having worked with Qin Jun for some time, Kong Fanlin had developed a sense of respect and admiration for him.

Qin Jun had deep insights when he dealt with diseases that were rare and difficult to treat. When it came to common ailments, he was on an entirely different level from other doctors.

For example, Qin Jun would use more than ten different methods to treat a common cold. On the other hand, western medicine would only use one approach to treat a common cold.

In Traditional Chinese Medicine, each type of cold had to be treated with a different method. To Qin Jun, a simple common cold came in a few hundred varieties.

Such medical skills could only be honed by the best masters.

After making all the necessary preparations, Qin Jun lay down on a surgical bed.

Kong Fanlin was a little nervous. His palm started sweating as he held a needle in his fingers.

“Mr. Qin, why don’t you do it on your own?” he asked anxiously.

Drawing blood was a procedure that required exceptional skill. In theory, Kong Fanlin possessed such skills, but he had never actually carried out the procedure before.

Qin Jun answered, “Don’t worry, there is an acceptable margin of error for this procedure. If anything goes wrong, I will guide you. I feel more at ease with you around.”

Performing acupuncture on himself would be more prone to error due to the angle of his eyes. It would be more accurate if Kong Fanlin did it for him.

Kong Fanlin took a deep breath and said, “Alright, I’ll do it then.”

He then held the needle with both hands and pierced it in Qin Jun's chest.

For a Master of Traditional Chinese Medicine, performing acupuncture with one hand was the norm. However, given that he held the needle with both hands this time, it was obvious that he was nervous and paying close attention.

When the needle pierced his skin, Qin Jun didn't feel anything, indicating that Kong Fanlin had pierced his acupoint accurately.

Kong Fanlin pierced and released the needle nine times. Although he was only using one needle, he was sweating profusely out of anxiety.

Suddenly, Kong Fanlin held the needle and said, "Mr. Qin, it's time to draw your blood."

Qin Jun nodded without showing any sign of fear.

When Kong Fanlin quickly pulled out the needle, there was a small drop of blood on its tip.

This drop was smaller than the usual drop of blood, and its color was very light. It was suspended from the bottom of the silver needle so delicately that it would drop if the needle was shaken gently.

Nevertheless, Qin Jun and Kong Fanlin both knew that the drop of blood wouldn't drop no matter how hard the needle was shook.

Kong Fanlin placed the needle in a special container and took out a second needle as he wiped the sweat on his head.

"Mr. Qin, I'll go ahead with the second needle now!" he said.