

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 32

First Public Hospital, Westridge District.

Two cabs sped along the road and stopped at the hospital entrance.

Tang Hao and the others got off the cabs and went into the hospital.

When they reached the ICU, they saw a crowd gathered in the corridors in front of a hospital room. Sobbing sounds could be heard.

President Huang led the way. Someone came over when they saw him. "You're here, Rengui!"

President Huang's full name was Huang Rengui.

"What's the situation, brother?" President Huang asked anxiously.

"How else could it be?" That person sighed. He looked anguished. "The doctor said that he might have a slim chance of waking up if it's a short-term coma. But if it's a long-term coma, there's no hope.

"Sigh! How could this happen to him? Mingxuan is a good kid! Why would he be punished like this?" President Huang lamented.

The door to the patient's room opened and some people walked out. The person in the lead was a doctor in a white robe. He wore glasses and looked to be in his forties. Following right behind him were a husband and wife.

The husband looked to be in his fifties. He had a square face and a fit body. His gaze carried an air of authority.

At present, his expression was grim and he looked haggard.

Next to him was his wife. Her eyes were swollen and she could be heard sobbing quietly.

“Is there no other way, Senior Doctor Chen?” The man asked, choking back tears. As he spoke, his body was trembling. His eyes started to glisten as tears pooled.

Senior Doctor Chen stopped walking. He sighed and said, “Secretary Lin, I’ve already told you what I should say. It’s not that there’s no hope, but that... there’s only a slim chance.

“Once someone falls into a coma, the probability of them regaining consciousness and making a full recovery is less than ten percent.

1“But that also means that there is still a less-than-ten percent chance of recovery. From today onward we will be trying different methods to rouse him from the coma. Please be rest assured, Secretary Lin, that we are doing our best to save him.”

Secretary Lin’s body teetered when he heard that, his face became paler.

His body hunched up, and he seemed to age ten years in that instant.

The woman sobbed louder and louder. Finally, she let loose and wailed.

Tang Hao could not bear to watch from the sidelines.

“Less than ten percent...” he mumbled to himself.

This was a fairly low probability.

If he were to perform his medical techniques though, the chances of success were not high either. He had never tried the technique before, and so he was not confident that he would succeed.

The cause of the coma was in the brain. His technique was to activate meridian points in the brain with acupuncture.

There was a set of acupuncture techniques in the Scripture of the Divine Herbalist named Nine Needles of the Divine Herbalist. Tang Hao had studied the technique, though he had not put it into practice.

“Secretary Lin, Mingxuan is blessed with lucky stars. He will definitely wake up.” People in the corridor comforted the couple.

“How confident are you, Lil Tang?” President Huang turned around and asked Tang Hao.

“I can’t tell. I’ll need to see the patient.” Tang Hao replied after thinking.

“Then... let me ask!” President Huang walked toward the patient’s room as he spoke.

“Sis Yun!” President Huang greeted the woman.

The woman had already stopped sobbing. Her eyes were still swollen. She lifted her head and said haltingly, “It’s you, Rengui!”

“Sis Yun, I’ve brought someone here. He’s an incredible Chinese physician. Who knows he might be able to help,” President Huang said.

Su Yun was surprised. A hint of suspicion was seen in her eyes. "Chinese physician?"

"That's right. He's a miracle worker. Would you... want to let him try?"

Su Yun hesitated.

Her first reaction was to be skeptical about this Chinese physician. Even the senior doctor had already said that there was nothing he could do. What could a Chinese physician do?

However, she was not about to give up hope in these desperate times.

"Where is he, Rengui?" Su Yun became agitated.

"Over there." President Huang lifted a finger and pointed at Tang Hao standing not too far away.

Su Yun was stunned when she saw Tang Hao. "Rengui, you must be joking! He's just... how old is he?"

Some other people standing around them were dismayed. "This isn't the time for pranks, Rengui! Isn't he just a kid?"

"Sis Yun, listen to me. He is still young, yes, but he's incredibly talented. You can ask Ol' Liu, Ol' Li and the others. They'll vouch for him," President Huang said.

"I..." Su Yun hesitated.

At this moment, Secretary Lin came over. "What is it?" He asked.

“Rengui said he brought someone here. He’s a Chinese physician, and he says that he is a miracle worker. I was thinking of letting him look at our son. What do you think?” Su Yun replied.

Secretary Lin’s demeanor changed. “Utter nonsense! How can you trust Chinese physicians? Rengui, how can you be so ridiculous?” He chided.

President Huang frowned hard. He did not expect Secretary Lin to react so intensely.

“How can you say that to Rengui? He’s only trying to help. What else do you want to do at this time?” Su Yun was angry.

“Even Senior Doctor Chen has said that there’s no cure. Do you think some no-name self-proclaimed Chinese physician can do anything to help? He must be a con artist,” Secretary Lin said.

Everyone in the corridor nodded in agreement.

“Secretary Lin is right. He must be a con artist. There’s no cure in this world for a coma yet.”

“He must be daring to try to con the Secretary!”

All of them gave disparaging comments while occasionally stealing condescending glances.

They did not know who was the Chinese physician and so they could only look in the general direction of Tang Hao.

Tang Hao frowned at their attitude.

“Never mind then, Big Bro Huang. Let’s go! It doesn’t matter to me whether Young Master Lin lives or dies,” Tang Hao said coldly.

Everyone looked at him when he spoke.

“What? So he’s the miracle doctor? Is this a joke? He looks so young! He looks like just a student!” Everyone was relentless with their comments.

Secretary Lin’s eyebrows looked almost vertical. He reprimanded President Huang with a loud voice. “Rengui, is he the supposed miracle doctor? Are you out of your mind, believing in nonsense like this?”

President Huang frowned but said nothing.

Liu Dajun was indignant at this display. “Secretary Lin, I’m afraid you might be too rash. Ol’ Huang here is only trying to help. We all got here the moment we heard the news. As for this person here, we can all vouch for his abilities.”

President Biao, President Li and the rest all agreed. “That’s right, Secretary Lin. You have yet to see what this young man can do. I’m sure you’ll agree to Brother Tang’s abilities once you see him in action.”

Secretary Lin’s eyebrows were locked tight. He remained incredibly doubtful.

He knew that these people were among the most prestigious in the district. Why were they helping this young fellow?