

Chapter 692

The whole afternoon's consultation process was torture for Dr. Lance. Seeing that it was time to get off work, Dr. Lance did not stay for more than a minute. He put down the listening device and left directly.

Dr. Lance left in disgrace, which was a great relief for the young Chinese doctor. Before the consultation, Dr. Lance said a lot of unpleasant words.

"Magical doctor, thank you for your hard work." Lewis strode up. In the afternoon, Henry didn't even take a sip of water and was busy with the consultations.

When Dr. Ding looked at Henry, her beautiful eyes also showed brilliance.

The one-day exchange ended here. Henry and President Ma went out of the hospital with a lot of doctors together. Many people came to the medical exchange this time. Less than half of them had attended Henry's lecture and published academic papers. This time, when they saw Henry, they were all very excited. All of them were sophisticated doctors. When they saw Henry, they all behaved like students, which made the young Chinese doctor feel incredible.

Henry was listening to these people's conversations. They had a total of a dozen exchanges with Western medicine practitioners today. There won some and they lost some. After all, the cultural difference between traditional Chinese medicine and Western medicine was enormous. Each culture had its advantages and disadvantages. What's more, the Chinese medicine practitioners this time were all senior doctors in the field of traditional Chinese medicine. They were all experienced and knowledgeable. They were no worse

than Western medicine practitioners.

In this exchange, Western medicine had some advantages. Western medicine valued the speed of healing effect. In today's society, most patients would pay attention to the treatment effect. Instead, the treatment effect of traditional Chinese medicine, which was slow but could cure the root cause, was ignored. Fortunately, in today's exchange, Henry appeared and won two rounds for traditional Chinese medicine, which made traditional Chinese medicine slightly better today and stopped western criticism.

At the hotel in the evening, the medical association arranged a dinner. In order to celebrate today's narrow victory, everyone had dinner together. During this period, people constantly asked Henry about traditional Chinese medicine. Henry did not hesitate to answer them one by one.

"Dr. Zhang, I'd like to propose a toast to you. I had some issues with my attitude today. I'm really sorry." Dr. Ding walked to Henry with a glass of wine.

Now, Dr. Ding, without the doctor's coat, changed into a casual suit. Without the quiet temperament, she was more naughty. Looking at her current appearance, no one would associate her with a steady female doctor.

"Haha, little girl, you have to get close to the magical doctor as much as you can. You are all young people. You have many common topics." An old professor of the medical institution patted Dr. Ding on the shoulder. He stressed the word "close".

Hearing that, Dr. Ding's pretty face turned red.

Henry stood there, looking a little embarrassed.

"Come on, you old pedants, don't play tricks on the magical doctor." President Ma walked up and waved his

hand to help Henry out of the predicament. "The magical doctor is already married."

Hearing this, the old professor, who had just spoken, sighed and said, "Alas, what a pity."

The words "such a pity" made Doctor Ding blush even more.

Henry laughed and said, "Don't say that we are young people, because you don't seem to be old. Come on, I'll finish my drink first."

Henry picked up the glass and clinked it with Doctor Ding's glass, making a crisp sound, which helped Doctor Ding out of the predicament.

Dr. Ding looked at Henry gratefully. With a red face, she picked up the glass and put it on her red lips.

The evening party ended in a happy atmosphere. In the past two days, Henry, who had been watching the excavation of the stone mountain and did not have a good rest, took a good rest after the night with alcohol. The next day, he went to the hospital with President Ma and other people. The exchange was supposed to be held for two days in total.

Henry was not the representative who was responsible for this exchange. His presence was nothing more than reassurance for the doctors who came here this time. With Henry's backing, these doctors could feel at ease to show off their skills.

Henry was not idle today. Yesterday afternoon, his method of observing patients was thoroughly spread out. After a night passed, Henry saw more than 100 people standing in line as soon as he arrived at the hospital, waiting for the consultation. Moreover, most of these people in line were western people who wanted to feel the magic of traditional Chinese medicine.

Dr. Ding, standing beside Henry, saw this scene, covered her mouth and said with a chuckle, "Doctor Zhang, it seems that you are going to be busy today."

"It's worth it since so many people are interested in traditional Chinese medicine." Henry smiled and turned his eyes to President Ma beside him. "President Ma, please arrange a few people. Today, I'll check the patients while teaching you about the observation method."

"Great, great!" After hearing this, President Ma quickly nodded his head. Henry personally taught on the spot, which was very valuable. The last lecture was fully packed. Many old professors couldn't even enter the room even if they wanted to listen to it.

Doctor Ding and other young doctors were also very happy. Yesterday, they saw Henry's diagnosis at the scene and also heard about it. At this time, they were lucky to study, which could definitely bring a big improvement to them.

More than a dozen young talents in the field of traditional Chinese medicine, like obedient children, stood behind Henry, and so did Doctor Ding, carefully memorizing every word Henry said.

When a patient came, Henry told everyone from which aspect should they look at the patient's symptoms, to pay attention to what details, to dare to make bold speculations, to eliminate certain things and so on. Everyone who was there had learned a lot.

Henry's consultation speed was very fast, but it couldn't be faster than the people who came to see the doctor. The whole clinic was already overcrowded. And the reputation of traditional Chinese medicine was rapidly spreading during the process of Henry's diagnosis.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Henry just finished his

afternoon rest and continued to check the patients. As soon as he sat down, he heard an anxious voice. "Bad news. Bad news. Doctor Zhang, please go and have a look. Something is wrong!"

It was the young Chinese doctor from yesterday who called Henry.

"Doctor Zhang, there's something wrong over there. Go and have a look!"

Henry saw that the other side was so anxious, so he didn't ask much and followed the other side.

The place where the young male doctor took Henry to was the emergency room upstairs of the clinic.

At this moment, the red light was turned on above the door of the emergency room. There were a lot of people gathered there, looking anxious. There were waves of crying and shouting in the crowd.

Henry glanced around and saw several western doctors standing outside the emergency room. Dr. Lance, who had competed with Doctor Ding yesterday, was also standing here.

Different from the anxiety on the faces of many people at the door and the crying and yelling at the door, there was a smile in Dr. Lance's eyes.

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"Magical doctor, you are here. Go in and have a look." A middle-aged female doctor was waiting anxiously at the door of the emergency room. When she saw Henry, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Henry quickly disinfected his whole body and then walked into the emergency room. At a glance, he saw the patient lying on the operating table. It was an old man in his 70s with grey hair and a face full of wrinkles. At the moment, his eyes were closed and he was motionless.

President Ma, Lewis, and other predecessors of the Chinese medicine circle were all standing around the operating table, acting pretty busy.

"What's the matter?" Henry strode over and asked.

President Ma took a look at Henry and shook his head. "The patient is in a coma, and his heart stopped beating for 136 seconds."

"What's wrong with him? What happened that made him fall into a coma?" Henry went forward, grabbed the old man's wrist and put his finger on the old man's pulse. After feeling it for a few seconds, Henry loosened the old man's wrist and frowned.

President Ma quickly replied, "The patient's brain was filled with liquid, which oppressed his nerves and made him unconscious."

"Liquid pressing nerves? How did you try to solve it?" Henry picked up a silver needle and directly stabbed the patient's left chest without hesitation.

"We used silver needles to stimulate the patient's second acupuncture point and Qi. Then we pressed

Baihui acupoint to stimulate the nerve."

Hearing President Ma's words, Henry frowned more tightly, because President Ma's way of doing things was completely correct.

Henry opened the patient's mouth and looked at it for a few seconds, then opened the patient's eyelids.

"His pupils are a little scattered, give me the long needle!" Henry stretched out his hand, and Lewis immediately handed him a long needle.

Henry pinched the needle with two fingers and inserted it into the patient's Eye Window acupuncture point. The patient's pupils were scattering, but they stopped after Henry's action.

Upon seeing the needle technique, all the doctors present were shocked.

"Thirteen Deadly Needles! It is claimed to be a needle technique that can take life away!" Lewis exclaimed.

Lewis and President Ma knew that Henry could use Thirteen Deadly Needles. Henry had performed it for everyone when holding the lecture, but this was the first time they saw Henry applying it in the real world.

They didn't expect that the needle technique, which was recorded only in the incomplete records, could be used so skillfully!

When Henry saw that the patient's pupils stopped expanding, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thirteen Deadly Needles? Does it mean that you doctors of Chinese Medicine can kill the patient with one needle?" A sneer sounded from the side.

Henry just noticed that in the corner of the emergency room stood two western doctors as if they were watching a show.

"The so-called Chinese Medicine is just some trick to deceive people. Their consultation is nothing but something to fool people."

"Yes. Otherwise, how could such a good patient be killed by a Chinese medicine treatment?"

"Ha ha ha!"

The two western doctors were having a good time chatting.

"What are they doing?" Henry looked at the two western doctors with disgust in his eyes.

As doctors, the two of them stood in the emergency room. They not only did not help, but also laughed recklessly. It could be said that they had no medical ethics.

President Ma said to Henry, "Magical doctor, this patient was received by them, but they said that their medical skills can't be used to discharge brain fluid from the patient's body, so they dare not to do a craniotomy. They asked us to try to help him."

"Does this patient have a history before?" Although Henry hated the two of them, he still asked. After all, it was crucial for the patient's life.

A western doctor rolled his eyes and said, "Don't you Chinese medicine practitioners know how to check it by yourselves?"

President Ma said urgently, "The general cerebral liquid will be diluted in this way, and there was never such a case that the heartbeat stopped suddenly. If you don't tell us the patient's history, the treatment will be more difficult and the uncertainty may increase."

"Aren't your doctors of Chinese Medicine very good? And that boy can tell what disease the patient has just by looking at him. Then you can go and see yourself and

check what disease he has." The western doctor crossed his arms over his chest, as if it had nothing to do with him.

"Then please go out," Henry said coldly.

The western doctor snorted, went straight to the door of the emergency room, opened the door, and shouted at the same time, "You treat us as if we are willing to stay inside. Don't put the blame on us if you Chinese medicine practitioners kill a person."

Now the door of the emergency room was open, and the western doctor's voice was so loud that his words were clearly passed to the people around the door of the emergency room.

There was a man and a woman who immediately burst into tears when they heard the doctor's words.

"Doctor, what do you mean? What do you mean by saying that Chinese medicine practitioners killed someone?" The family member of a patient was relatively calm and asked, but his eyes were also red. He held back his tears.

"What do I mean?" The western doctor curled his lips. "Originally, the patient's brain had fluid that oppressed the nerves. The success rate for a craniotomy is 30%. Now, after a few needles of traditional Chinese medicine, the patient's heart stopped!"

As soon as the doctor finished speaking, the faces of the several people in front of him suddenly changed, and the two people who cried loudly were even paler.

"They killed him? He was killed by Chinese medicine!" Dr. Lance, who standing outside, shouted, and his voice echoed throughout the entire hall.

This voice could be said to have stirred up a thousand ripples. Many people, who were standing in other places,

walked over when they heard this news.

The western doctor, who came out of the emergency room, said, "You should be ready to call the lawyer. This time, these doctors of Chinese Medicine can't escape responsibility. They were not familiar with the situation of the patient, so they decided to treat him as they wish!"

As soon as the western doctor's voice fell, Henry and others, who were in the emergency room, suddenly attracted a burst of angry eyes.

"You quacks! You quacks! I will to sue you! Chinese medicine is bullsh*t. If anything happens to my father, you all would not be able run away!" The family member of the patient, who had been calm before, pointed at the emergency room and roared.

Henry looked at the western doctor coldly. Ignoring the shouts of the patient's family, he grabbed the door of the emergency room and prepared to close it.

"What are you doing?!"

The door of the emergency room, which was about to close, was pulled open by the family of the patient.


"What do I want to do? Of course, to save him. If you keep obstructing us now, are you willing to bear the consequences?" Henry said coldly.

"Save him? Do you doctors of Chinese Medicine want to continue hurting people? His heart has stopped beating. How can you save him? I think you just want to escape from the responsibility!" The western doctor shouted.

"That's right. I think you guys want to close the door and do something. By then, if you try to escape responsibility, do you think it will still have nothing to do with you?" Dr. Lance also spoke.

"Let me tell you. I saw you kill that patient with my own

eyes!" The western doctor's voice was loud. "This time, you must give everyone an explanation!"

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When the western doctor spoke, he was not facing Henry and others, but facing many people who came to watch because of the noise. His words were more likely to be said to the onlookers.

Listening to the doctor's words, these onlookers who didn't know the cause and effect all showed angry faces as if Henry and others had done something against the rules.

"Yes, don't you think you can avoid responsibility!" The patient's family member stepped forward, grabbed Henry's sleeve and shouted.

Henry took a deep breath, held back the anger in his heart, and said, "I'll tell you again. That patient inside is still alive, but if you continue to delay my time like this, I won't be able to him, and it will be your responsibility!"

Hearing Henry's words, the patient's family member was stunned and gradually loosened Henry's hand.

"Don't listen to him!" Dr. Lance said loudly, "He is trying to escape the responsibility now. The patient's heart has stopped for more than five minutes! The doctors of Chinese Medicine have not taken any effective rescue measures. The patient can be pronounced dead. If you let him in, you will give him a chance to make an excuse!"

Henry suddenly glared at Dr. Lance and said in a low voice, "According to what you said, is there no need to try to save him now?"

Dr. Lance was shocked by Henry's fierce eyes. He calmed down and said, "He can't be saved. What else can you do?"

"Let me tell you, it's not over!" The patient's family member just loosened his hands and grabbed Henry's sleeve again. "If it weren't for you, Chinese medicine doctor, my father couldn't have died! You must give me an explanation now!"

As soon as the patient's family member stopped talking, President Ma's voice rang in the emergency room. "Magical doctor, the needle jumped out!"

When Henry heard this, he didn't talk nonsense with the people at the door. He shook off the patient's hand and strode to the emergency room, even forgetting to close the door.

The technique of Thirteen Deadly Needles was used to stall the time. Henry had just locked the patient's life with a silver needle, but the silver needle could not keep the Qi sealed all the time.

Henry walked to the side of the operating table, opened the patient's eyelids, and the patient's pupils slowly expanded again.

"A needle!" Henry put his hand aside and said four numbers, "Four, seven, nine, twelve!"

A second after Henry said these four numbers, President Ma put the four silver needles in Henry's hand. The number that Henry said was exactly the length of these silver needles.

At the moment when he got the silver needles, Henry's hands were like phantoms, stabbing at different acupuncture points in the patient's body.

"Magical doctor, you are..." President Ma looked at the place where Henry put the needle. He opened his mouth wide in disbelief because, at the moment, all the acupuncture points that Henry pointed were the Death acupoints of the human body!

"I've said many times that when one studies medicine, he should integrate the knowledge and connect the dots. The patient's body is going to die..." When Henry said this, he reached out again. "Three, eleven, fourteen."

President Ma understood and handed the silver needles to Henry.

After Henry took the silver needles, he continued to put the needles in the patient's body while saying, "His body is dead, and he can't dredge it. This will cause the patient's oxygen to be missing quickly. What we need to do is- block!"

"Block?" President Ma was puzzled.

As Henry put the needle into the patient's heart, he reached out his hand and touched the patient's heart. "Everyone's nerves have a conditional reflection. When we block all the nerves in the whole body after death, the human nerves will reflect after being released. This is the time when the human body's function has the strongest desire to survive. Needle fourteen, fourteen, fourteen."

Outside the emergency room, the western doctor walked to the front of Dr. Lance and whispered, "Did you give him enough medicine?"

"Don't worry." A sneer tugged at the corner of Dr. Lance's lips. "Absolutely. Even God won't help this time!"

"Good." A sneer appeared at the corner of the western doctor's mouth, and he crossed his arms over his chest. "Then, let's see how these Chinese people embarrass themselves. Why does traditional Chinese medicine, a thing that should have been eliminated a long time ago, still exist?"

"Hum!" Dr. Lance looked at Henry, who was using acupuncture, with a gloomy look in his eyes. "How dare

he embarrass me?! Let's see how he will end today!"

Outside the emergency ward, the patient's family member looked at Henry next to the operating table and asked the western doctor, "Doctor, do you think they can save my father?"

The western doctor shook his head and said, "I am telling you from the professional perspective of a doctor. There is no possibility. They are just pretending now. You can already call the lawyer!"

When the patient's family member heard this, his face turned as gray as ash.

On the side of the operating table, in a short period of time, Henry had jabbed silver needles on the patient's body surface. From the beginning of blocking the dead acupoint to now, forty percent of the patient's acupoints had been jabbed with silver needles.

Seeing such a scene, Lewis and others felt incredible. Such rapid and precise acupuncture not only required a high understanding of human acupoints but also a huge consumption of mental and physical strength.

Lewis and others believed that it was absolutely impossible for them to do this.

Henry took a deep breath. It was the first time for him to try such treatment. In the past, he also did this, but he had never applied the next step.

What Henry had to do was to block most of the human body's acupoints, and then release them at the same time. He used the nerves of the human body to make the patient's heart to start beating. Before, he could not take all of these needles out at the same time.

But now, things were different.

Henry took a deep breath and the muscles of his hands bulged. From the cyclone of his abdomen, a stream of Qi

was sent out. Henry aimed at the patient's heart and slammed down with his palm.

At the moment when Henry slapped the patient's chest, a stream of airflow burst out in all directions with Henry's palm as the starting point.

Wherever the airflow passed, the silver needles that were inserted into the patient's body got all squeezed out of the patient's body.

At this moment, the old man, whose eyes were originally closed, suddenly opened them. His pupils, which had been spreading, were condensed again at this moment.

A doctor, who was standing in front of the ECG, also made a surprised voice at this time, "Yes! There is a reaction!"

The old man, who was lying on the operating table, suddenly sat up and took a deep breath.


"Pu!"

A mouthful of black blood spurted out from the old man's mouth, spilling all over the bed. The black blood emitted a strong stench, which instantly filled the entire emergency room.

Outside the emergency ward, the western doctor and Dr. Lance saw this scene, and their pupils suddenly shrank.

"How is this possible?!"

The patient's family member, who looked as pale as ash, was also pleasantly surprised.

Lewis and the others, who were in the emergency room, looked at the old man who sat up, and their eyes were full of shock! Was... was Henry a God who could bring people back to life? 

When Lewis and others looked at Henry's eyes again, they were no longer simply admiring him!