

MRS. HUO IS A CRYBABY

Chapter 11: If You Believe Me, I Will Save Him

When Song Jingwan heard what was happening she let out a bitter laugh. She pushed open the car door, stepped out, and said, “How could she know anything about medicine, she’s just being stubborn. Let me persuade her.”

In reality, Song Jingwan wanted Song Yaoyao to accidentally kill someone and have her reputation completely ruined.

She ran over to stop Song Yaoyao and apologized to the middle-aged man. “Sorry Sir, my sister’s never studied medicine before. She has no idea how to save a person. For the sake of the old gentleman’s safety, you should think about it carefully!”

“Who said I can’t?” Song Yaoyao asked as she looked at the middle-aged man, “The choice is in your hands. If you believe me, I will treat him.”

The young lady was clearly still young, but her eyes looked trustworthy.

At this point, there was nothing that the middle-aged man could do, so he took a deep breath and nodded his head. “I believe you!”

Song Jingwan felt happy inside, but a look of disappointment appeared on her face, “Yaoyao! That’s a life you’re talking about! How can you treat a life like a game?”

“Are you done with your act?” Song Yaoyao lifted her head, “If you’re done, then please move aside and don’t delay me from saving a person.”

The middle-aged man also felt that Song Jingwan was being a nuisance, “Miss, if there’s nothing else, please make way.”

Song Jingwan’s face turned green and pale. She pointed at Song Yaoyao and said, “Fine! If you kill someone, I will ignore you!”

Song Yaoyao rolled her eyes. “Get lost...”

After saying this, she crouched down beside the old man and said, “Lie him down horizontally and listen to my instructions.”

She focused, grabbed the old man’s hand, and carefully felt his pulse. At the same time, she found the acupuncture points that connected to the old man’s heart and gently pressed on them.

Jiquan, Shanzhong, Zhiyang...

The most important thing about massaging an acupuncture point wasn't just in locating it. The technique was crucial.

Song Yaoyao pursed her lips. Her forehead was already covered in sweat. She was focused and calm, and she had a reassuring aura that slowly eased the middle-aged man's fears.

One minute...five minutes...

Just as the onlookers thought the old man was dead, his body suddenly twitched, his eyes flew open, and his breathing slowly stabilized.

"Oh, my god! She actually saved him!"

"He's alive! This girl has some skill!"

Song Jingwan's back stiffened and she dug her nails into her palm. How was this possible?

When did Song Yaoyao learn medicine?

As she listened to everyone's endless praise, she remembered how she confidently claimed that Song Yaoyao didn't know any medicine. Now that she had been slapped in the face, her cheeks felt like they were burning in pain.

But it didn't stop there. Soon, all the people that were criticizing Song Yaoyao turned their attention toward her.

"What motive did you have earlier? She clearly knows medicine, yet you were holding her back! That's a life we're dealing with!"

"I know, right? Lucky the doctor didn't listen to her; otherwise, the old man would have been in trouble!"

Song Jingwan did not look pleased. As she listened to the complaints, she clenched her fists.

No! She couldn't allow Song Yaoyao to get the better of her!

"This was just a coincidence. The old gentleman was fine to begin with! If you don't believe me, you can ask her. We grew up together. I've never seen her touch medicine!"

Huo Ningxi paused and furrowed his brows.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged man broke down in tears as he hugged the old man. "Father! You scared me to death! I told you to rest at home, but you refused to listen to me! If something happened to you, what would I have done?"

This scene was heartbreaking. If a sensitive person saw it, they would have already turned around to wipe their tears.