

Dragon Husband 1860 -

Chapter 1860 Borrowing Needles

As we all know, the silver needle is like life for a doctor.

The most common doctor, usually the silver needle never leaves the body.

And everyone also knows that everyone uses silver needles differently, and even the silver needles they are used to using are different.

Moreover, looking at the prescriptions Wiliam had prescribed before, most of them involved silver needles. Obviously, he was also a traditional healer.

But now, Wiliam has to ask someone else to borrow a silver needle.

This is ridiculous.

What is he trying to do?

Could it be that the previous Ten Pavilions and Hundred Answers were really just talk on paper?

Even the face of the living ghost changed instantly, as if thinking of something.

He immediately stood up and said, "I think everyone is tired. Why don't we take a ten-minute break and continue with the second stage of activities after ten minutes."

The smile on Xinglin Bodhisattva's face grew even stronger.

Everything was within his expectations.

This kid, he doesn't even have silver needles, how can he be a doctor?

He nodded, "Okay, let's adjourn the meeting for ten minutes. I hope Wiliam, you can borrow your usual silver needle."

When he said the last sentence, he looked strange.

Everyone could hear what he meant.

The people at the scene rested in place, and the order gradually became chaotic.

There was a hint of sinisteress in the eyes of Master Miaoshou, and he walked in one direction and called a person to a place where no one saw it.

Not a single person noticed the action of the master of the hand.

And the one-handed ghost immediately pulled William aside and asked in a low voice, "William, what are you doing?"

William looked calm and composed, "I borrow a silver needle, is there a problem?"

William's Long Live Demon Lotus has fallen, isn't he here to find a way to restore Long Live Demon Lotus?

So he didn't have any silver needles for the time being. Is it wrong to ask someone to borrow silver needles?

Reasonable.

However, the one-handed ghost said depressedly: "Do you know how much misunderstanding your words have caused people? Everyone must think that you are just beeping, but you can't handle it, what should you do now?"

"Will it work, don't you know if you try it?" William said indifferently.

His current mind is on that magic root medicine.

This trip has an unexpected harvest, not bad.

It seems that after this game is over, he will immediately try to open the spiritual root.

I just don't know what kind of spiritual roots I will awaken.

Looking at William's appearance, a living ghost sighed helplessly.

He seemed to understand something.

However, he still comforted himself in his heart, that a person can write such an amazing treatment method in such a short period of time, it is enough to be famous for the ages.

How can he be so demanding that he is omnipotent?

People always have shortcomings.

William should have spent his whole life on the study of medical science, which is nothing in itself.

He is still a master of medicine!

Thinking about it this way, the one-handed ghost is a little relieved.

He took out his own set of silver needles and handed it to William, "Do you think my silver needles are still suitable?"

The silver needle of the living ghost in one hand glowed with bright blue light, and it was obviously not ordinary.

But William just glanced at it, flipped it over and put it away, "It's nothing, it's just a small problem, it's fine."

Seeing William's indifferent appearance, he was even more certain in his heart.

Even this personal thing is so sloppy, it should be the same with whatever it is.

That's it.

He patted William on the shoulder and said, "Okay, just do your best, you have already amazed the world today, they want to continue to make things difficult for you, don't even think about it! With me here, not only will you be safe today. It's okay, I can still grow lotus step by step!"

William smiled and thanked him politely.

After he finished speaking, he was about to leave.

The one-handed ghost behind him suddenly thought of something, grabbed William, and said in a low voice, "I'm serious, later on, you must not act on your will, do it if you can, and give up if you can't. But don't mess around and give patients to..."

"What?" William had a faint smile on his face.

The expression of a living ghost in one hand froze, with a look of hesitating to speak, and finally let go of William's hand helplessly, and said, "It's nothing, just take it easy anyway."

William took a deep look at the one-handed ghost, stopped talking, and walked outside.

Ten minutes passed quickly, and the order at the scene was restored.

Everyone was staring at William.

Xinglin Bodhisattva smiled and said, "How is it? Is it alright now?"

William shrugged, "Okay."

After speaking, he walked towards the first pavilion.

In a blink of an eye, people were already standing in front of the patient in the first pavilion.

The patient was lifted from the bed and sat on the bed.

William flipped it over and showed the silver needle of a living ghost.

He was about to give the needle when Xinglin Bodhisattva said loudly, "Wait a minute, I still want to make the rules clear. The method you want to use must be the answer you just wrote, so that they can confirm each other."

William smiled and said, "Then I don't seem to have a choice?"

Because everyone has heard it before, most of the answers written by William are that the medicine and the silver needle cooperate with each other, or even add internal force, and the three cooperate.

Pure medicine and pure silver needle therapy are few and far between.

Because everyone knows that the difficulty of treatment with pure silver needles is multiplied.

And when Xinglin Bodhisattva said this, William really had no choice.

Because each pavilion in William only wrote about one type of sterling silver needle therapy.

And there was no medicinal herbs for William at the scene. Obviously, on the one hand, time did not allow, on the other hand, it was also deliberately done by Xinglin Bodhisattva.

This is to forcibly increase the difficulty, to let William cross the single-plank bridge.

The first-hand living ghost obviously knows the mind of Xinglin Bodhisattva, but he has already preconceived a stereotype and thinks that William is not good at actual combat, in fact, it does not matter to prepare medicine.

"Hoho, since you wrote it yourself, you must have enough confidence. I am looking forward to this." Xinglin Bodhisattva said yin and yang strangely.

"Okay, I don't care." William squeezed the silver needle and felt the texture of the silver needle. He already had a firm grasp in his heart.

“Hahaha, good! I like your refreshing energy! We are waving to you as soon as we read the treasure of the sect of the immortal prison! I hope you are this lucky person! Let’s start!” Xinglin Bodhisattva reiterated the temptation, and then Give the place to Wiliam.

But he was standing behind Wiliam, staring at the silver needle in Wiliam’s hand without blinking, not wanting to miss the moment when this kid was so ugly.

And Wiliam let out a sigh of relief, and suddenly the silver needle of his finger shot at the patient like a blue flower!

As urgent as electricity, brilliant as stars!

Breath of the audience, stop!