

## Chapter 8 Chapter 8

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Michael's two fingers seemed to have strange magic. As his fingers rubbed, the prickling pain slowly receded like the tide. After a while, Diana's blackened eyebrows slowly relaxed.

Before long, she heard Michael's teasing voice, "Five minutes have passed. Are you going to sleep on my chest?"

Only then did Diana realize that his hands had been removed from her head. The intense stinging pain had completely disappeared. Something replacing it was a burst of refreshing, unspeakable relaxation.

Her face was slightly red and she hurriedly left Michael's chest. She said in surprise, "How... how did you do it? Could that aura be Qi Art?"

Certainly, it wasn't Qi Art but inner energy. However, Michael didn't intend to explain this to her.

"You can understand it as Qi Art. Your headache is caused by the slight dislocation of your head's Sanyang Meridian due to the head injury, which resulted in obstructed blood circulation in your brain! I used the... Qi Art to fix the meridians and dredge your blood vessels there. So the problem is solved."

Michael said slowly, "Traditional Chinese Medicine is problem targeting. As long as you know what the cause is, most of the time, it doesn't take much time to solve the problem. Or it is just reckless work."

"For example, for bone dislocation, with internal or external medicine, no matter how long it takes, the effect is limited, but the problem will be solved once in several seconds if we relocate the bones with our hands."

"Chinese Medicine is broad and profound. It has a long history and many

methods, which ordinary people have never heard of. When they hear something that they can't understand, they say that Chinese Medicine is a charlatan. Actually, they are just ignorant!"

When Michael spoke, he looked at Freya, apparently, he was talking about her!

Freya just said that traditional traditional medicine was a swindler, which made him very uncomfortable.

In fact, the medical skills in Michael's mind were beyond the scope of traditional traditional medicine. For example, treating people with inner energy was not ordinary in traditional traditional medicine.

But this didn't prevent him from feeling proud of it!

He really hated Freya, who was arrogant and did not know much about traditional traditional medicine.

Freya's face turned pale from Michael's mockery, but she could not refute it.

Diana looked a little embarrassed. Just now, she had also considered Michael to be a swindler in her heart.

Yasmin looked at Michael who was talking with fervor and assurance and rubbed her eyes. She thought that everything in front of her was an illusion. Michael really knew how to cure diseases, and he was so awesome!

How many secrets did this kid have?

Since he was so powerful, then why did he come to the "Yond Bar" to be a small waiter? What was his purpose?

"Miss Shang, is your headache really cured?"

Kyle swallowed his saliva and said unbelievably.

Diana nodded and said, "In the past, every headache will last for more than ten minutes. I tried various means, not to mention stopping the

headache, but I could not even ease it. Now my head is not painful at all, and it has never been so relaxed as it is now. Obviously, as he said, the problem has been solved."

"You should keep your word, shouldn't you?" Michael asked.

Diana knew what he was referring to, so she looked at Freya and said, "Ten slaps, bear with it."

What?

Freya's face turned green. She didn't want to bear it, but she couldn't refuse it. She had just promised him. If she ate back on her word now, she would offend Diana!

The Song family couldn't afford to offend her!

What else could she do?

Freya looked at Kyle for help. Kyle's face was gloomy, but he didn't say anything.

Michael sneered and looked at Yasmin, "Yasmin, go slap her! Ten slaps, slap her hard!"

"Me?" Yasmin pointed at herself with some hesitation.

"That's right! As long as I'm here, no one can bully you, Yasmin. If she dares to slap you, then return it ten times over now!" Michael said with a stern expression.

Yasmin felt warm in her heart and walked to Freya.

Freya stared at her angrily, her eyes full of threats!

Pa!

Yasmin hesitated for a moment and slapped Freya in the face. Although there was a slap, her strength was not strong.

She looked at Freya, and from the corner of her eye, she saw that Kyle was also staring at her coldly. After so many years of experience, her heart was filled with fear of the Song Clan. When she waved her hand,

her power was insufficient. It was as if she didn't have any confidence in front of them.

Pa!

Pa!

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One slap after another, but Freya did not even have a mark on her face.

"This is the last slap. Didn't you eat or didn't drink enough? Is that all you've got? You're born cheap and you're as small as a rat hiding in a stinking ditch!"

Freya was so proud of herself that she even mocked her in return.

A hand reached out from behind Yasmin and grabbed her fair, soft hand.

"Yasmin, I'm here. You don't have to be afraid of her."

Michael's palm folded with Yasmin's from the back. Then he pushed and slapped Freya hard on her face, making a crack!

Freya let out a scream and was slapped so hard that she slumped to the ground. Her left cheek was red and swollen, with blood gushing out of the corner of her mouth and two teeth falling out.

"Remember what you promised before!"

After speaking to Diana, Michael pulled Yasmin out of the room.

"Bad boy, how long do you want to hold my hand?" After walking out of the villa for a distance, Yasmin said coquettishly.

It was only then that Michael noticed that he was still tightly holding Yasmin's little hand. He released her hand with a faint smile and scratched his head. "Yasmin's hand is really small. I just forget this when I hold it in my hand."

Yasmin charmingly rolled her eyes at him. It sounded like he was flirting with her.

"You are now a traditional medicine practitioner. Can you cure scars?"

Yasmin hesitated and asked the question she really wanted to know.

"Scars? Of course there's no problem! Yasmin, do you have any scars on your body? Why haven't I seen them?"

Michael was puzzled at first, and then saw a layer of blush on Yasmin's beautiful face. He understood that the scars should be in a more secret place and said,

"I can cure scars. If you want to achieve the best therapeutic effect, you'd better let me see the specific situation of scars. Only in this way can I apply medicine to scars!"

Yasmin blushed. How could she let him look at the position of the scar? However, women all loved to be beautiful and she wanted to make that scar disappear. And that scar was left by the guys of Song's family when she was kidnapped in a car accident.

Every time she saw this scar, she would think of that nightmare-like day and hoped that the scar would disappear faster.

"Follow me."

Yasmin wasn't a woman of hesitation, so she quickly made a decision. With a slight blush on her face, she led Michael toward her car.

Michael looked at Yasmin's blushing face and felt that she was too beautiful to be refused. He couldn't help but feel a few ripples in his heart.

