

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 33

“Hmph, how old is he? What kind of abilities would he even have! All of you, get out now!” Secretary Lin flicked his sleeves and said coldly.

“Let’s go, Big Bro Huang!” Tang Hao said, not mincing his words.

“Wait!” Su Yun shouted. “Rengui, let him see my son!”

“What are you doing?” Secretary Lin was furious.

“What am I doing? I’m trying to save our son. There’s no harm with him looking, what if he has a solution?”

“Don’t you know that all these people are swindlers? I’d be the talk of the town if news got out!” Secretary Lin’s face was red with anger.

“Let me ask you, which is more important: Your face, or our son’s life?” Su Yun shrieked. She was incredibly emotional.

“You...” Secretary Lin did not know how to respond.

Su Yun wiped her tears. She walked toward Tang Hao and said, “How should I address you?”

“My name is Tang Hao. You can call me Lil Tang!”

“Oh! Lil Tang, can you save our Mingxuan?”

“I’ll have to take a look at him first! Only after knowing his symptoms can I make a diagnosis,” Tang Hao said contemplatively.

“Alright, let’s go in! Please be quick!” Su Yun dragged Tang Hao to enter the room.

Secretary Lin followed behind into the room. His face was cold as he glared sharply at Tang Hao.

Tang Hao surveyed the room. He saw the young man lying on the hospital bed.

He looked to be in his early twenties and had a handsome face.

Tang Hao briefly looked at his body’s overall condition. Then he reached out to his wrist to check his pulse.

Finally, he touched the patient’s forehead and sensed his qi. This way, he could discern what was happening in the patient’s brain.

“How is it, Lil Tang?” Su Yun asked anxiously. She looked apprehensive, but at the same time hopeful.

About three minutes later, Tang Hao retracted his hand. He stood there and thought long and hard.

“I can cure this, but there’s only a sixty or seventy percent chance that I’ll succeed,” Tang Hao finally said.

“Sixty or seventy percent?” Su Yun looked overjoyed.

“I can’t allow it! What if something goes wrong? Mingxuan has not awoken yet but at least he is still alive, and there is always a chance that he awakens. If something goes awry, his life might be in danger.” Secretary Lin said resolutely.

“Well...” Su Yun hesitated.

This was a difficult choice for her.

Tang Hao glared at Secretary Lin coldly. “Don’t worry. Even if I fail to cure him, it won’t threaten your son’s life. I can guarantee that.”

“And what is your guarantee worth?” Secretary Lin retorted coldly.

“How will you be curing him, Lil Tang? Is it dangerous?” Su Yun asked.

“Acupuncture, of course. Don’t worry, it’s totally safe,” Tang Hao answered.

“Acupuncture?” Su Yun breathed a sigh of relief. She had heard about the wonders of acupuncture before.

“Let him try, won’t you?” She turned around and asked Secretary Lin.

Secretary Lin did not say anything. He stood there with a sullen face.

He looked at Tang Hao, then at his son on the hospital bed. His fists were tightly clenched and his body was shaking.

In his heart, he struggled with this dilemma.

On one hand, he did not believe this so-called 'physician'. On the other, he was desperate for a cure. He was not optimistic about the ten percent probability that Senior Doctor Chen had promised him.

Everyone in the room looked at him.

Four or five minutes later, he nodded and said painfully, "Let him try!"

"Oh, Secretary Lin! You can't do that! This is a hospital, how could you let them do anything they want?" A nurse said.

"If something happens, I will bear all the responsibility!" Secretary Lin said with a low voice.

"This... Oh! How can you do this! I'll go look for Senior Doctor Chen!" The nurse rushed out of the door.

"Now that Secretary Lin has agreed, then I shall give it a try. First of all, I need a set of needles. Golden needles will be the best," Tang Hao said.

"That's easy. I know an old Chinese physician who has a set. I'll hook you up with him." Liu Dajun immediately took out his phone.

He stepped outside to make a phone call, then quickly returned. "It's done. He should be here in less than twenty minutes."

Tang Hao nodded.

A short while later, frantic footsteps were heard from the corridor. Then, Senior Doctor Chen burst through the door as though he were on fire.

What are you doing, Secretary Lin? This is a hospital. You can't just do anything you like here! There is still hope for Young Master Lin. What happens if something goes wrong?" Senior Doctor Chen asked frantically.

He turned around and looked at Tang Hao. "So this is the physician you were talking about? Are you crazy, Secretary Lin?"

Secretary Lin was adamant. "Say no more, Senior Doctor Chen. I will bear full responsibility for anything that might happen!"

"This... Secretary Lin!" Sweat gathered on Senior Doctor Chen's forehead.

He looked at Tang Hao again. This was ridiculous!

How old can this kid be? He looked to be eighteen at most. How can he be an expert in medical skills? What had gotten into Secretary Lin's head that he would trust this person?

Even if he was truly talented, there was no way that he could revive a coma patient! The best Chinese physicians he knew did not boast that they had such abilities. Who was this callow child in front of them?

"A con artist! He must be a con artist!" Senior Doctor Chen gritted his teeth as he looked at Tang Hao.

Tang Hao glanced at him and said, "Senior Doctor Chen, you will soon know whether I am a con artist. If you're worried, you can stand next to me while I insert the needles."

Ten minutes later, the golden needles arrived.

Tang Hao retrieved the golden needles from the case and inspected them one by one. He picked one, aimed it at the top of the patient's skull and gently pierced it.

His hand movements were stable. The golden needle pierced the skin, through the skull and accurately hit the meridian point.

As his level of cultivation increased, his reflexes and senses and his bodily functions were enhanced. His movements now were as precise as a machine.

When the first needle was inserted, Senior Doctor Chen was still unconvinced.

His expression changed as more needles were inserted.

This young man's movements were extremely trained. He seemed to be a master of acupuncture.

'Don't tell me... he wasn't lying? Hmph! Even if he is incredibly talented, there's no way he could revive the patient!' Senior Doctor Chen smirked.

The atmosphere in the room was oppressive.

Everyone looked at the young man. They were either apprehensive or suspicious.

Su Yun, President Huang and the others had their hearts in their throats.

Tang Hao stopped inserting needles after the ninth.

He inhaled deeply, then channeled his qi into his palms. He gently massaged the golden needles to stimulate the meridian points.

Ten minutes later, the electroencephalogram started pulsing.

Then, the patient's body shook violently and started to move.

His lifeless eyes became clear as he slowly returned to consciousness.