

Chapter 688

All the doctors looked at the patient hold the hammer firmly. Dr. Johann exclaimed subconsciously, "It's incredible!"

Dr. Johann had seen the patient many times. For a long time, in Dr. Johann's eyes, this disease was not curable and could only be controlled by drugs. He never thought that it could be cured in this way!

The scene of the patient's Solar Meridian spurting out blood was a bit horrible, but the result made him particularly happy.

"Doctor... I... Am I cured?" The patient was very excited.

Over the past three years, he had often worried that his arm might get totally numb one day. He suddenly felt powerless, which made him be careful in his daily life. He didn't dare to drive, didn't dare to fetch heavy things, out of fear that something would happen. This had caused a lot of trouble in his life. At this moment, he had a completely different feeling. Unlike the way he looked when Dr. Johann had treated him, he had an intuition that his arm might have been completely cured!

Looking at the patient's hopeful expression, Henry shook his head and said, "Chinese Medicine is just a type of medicine, it is not magic. How could you be cured so fast?"

"Ah?" Hearing this, the patient's excited look immediately faded.

A few European doctors behind Dr. Johann heard this and couldn't help showing a trace of complacency on their faces. If traditional Chinese medicine could really cure people in this way, then it would mean that Western

medicine was far behind. But now it seemed that traditional Chinese medicine was not as powerful as they imagined.

Henry took the heavy hammer from the patient's hand and put it in his other hand. He again took the silver needle and fiercely stabbed the patient's Tianquan acupoint. "Of course, it can't be cured after one treatment. You have been treated for too long. Every week, come to get acupuncture and inform the doctor about your situation. Every Chinese medicine doctor knows how to check this issue. Come once every three weeks. After three treatments, you will be able to recover. After that, your illness won't recur."

After Henry said that, he pulled out the silver needle with a rush. The Tianquan acupoint of the patient spat out blood again. As the blood gushed out, the patient was able to control his hand.

Henry gave President Ma a wink, and President Ma immediately understood and took out the gauze to stop the bleeding.

Henry continued, "During this period, you have to avoid spicy food and alcohol, and eat some high-protein food, understand?"

"Got it! Got it!" The patient nodded repeatedly. It would only take three treatment for the patient to recover. Just a bit over two months. The doctor said that his illness would not relapse during this period. The patient who had lost hope now regained his hope.

The several European doctors, who had been complacent just now, turned pale again when they heard this. Dr. Johann, who was standing at the front, looked at Henry with admiration. In his eyes, this was simply an incurable disease, but it was cured by the young man in front of him with two needles.

In the Chinese medicine team, a middle-aged male doctor took a business card and handed it to the patient. "I am a doctor here. Before you come, remember to call me in advance."

"Okay! Okay!" The patient took the business card with excitement, and at the same time, he gave a thumbs up. "Chinese Medicine is really great. I will give you good publicity. China really deserves its reputation, and it's better than our Western Medicine."

Henry shook his head with a smile and said, "It's OK to promote, but that doesn't mean that Chinese Medicine is better than Western Medicine. It's just that when treating your disease, Chinese Medicine has more advantages than Western Medicine."

Henry's words made Dr. Johann feel ashamed and lowered his head.

Master Lewis, President Ma, and others were all full of smiles, thinking that Henry came in time. If it were not for Henry's timely appearance, they would have been surpassed by these Western Medicine doctors in this exchange. Looking at what these European doctors had just done, they could all think of what they would say if they won.

Today's "exchange" between doctors, with the arrival of Henry, ended the battle giving the victory to traditional Chinese medicine.

Several European doctors left with pale faces. The patient was so excited that he directly shared his joy on social apps.

Dr. Johann walked to President Ma and the others and bowed deeply. "Doctor Ma, I am very sorry for what I have done before. I know that there is a saying in Chinese that says that listening to wise words is better than studying for ten years. Today I understand why. The

medicine shouldn't be divided into two parts and should have no boundary. Everything we do should be for the patients."

Henry looked at all this with a smile on his face. It seemed that Dr. Johann was not the kind of unreasonable person. It was just the difference in culture that had made him think that traditional Chinese medicine was not good. Now after seeing the magic of traditional Chinese medicine, Dr. Johann had put aside his deep-rooted thoughts.

President Ma waved his hand and said, "Doctor Johann, it's a great blessing that you can think this way. The medicine's goal should be curing people. I hope we can cooperate more in the future."

"Definitely, definitely!"

President Ma and the others exchanged a few polite words with Dr. Johann and then left.

"Magical doctor, it's all thanks to you this time." As soon as he got out of the ward, Lewis said to Henry with a grateful face, "If it weren't for your sudden appearance, we would have had no idea what to do."

"Master Yan, you were just misled by the information." Henry shook his head. "If you didn't hear about muscle spasms at the beginning, you would have found a way to treat it."

Lewis and others heard Henry's words, looked at each other several times, and shook their heads secretly. They were clear that Henry's words were to save their own face. If it was their own medical skills, even if they knew that the symptoms of the patient were caused by the blockage of meridians, they would not have any good methods to cure him in such a short time, let alone use the needles on spot.

The middle-aged female doctor no longer despised Henry as before. She said to Henry, "Little brother, your medical skills really make me admire you. If I was in that place, I would never think of a way to make the patient's blood and Qi flow to dredge the meridians."

Another middle-aged male doctor said, "Even if I could think of it, I would be afraid to act the way you did, little brother. Make the patient hold a hammer by himself. I could only use some old ways. What you've done today really surprised me."

Henry smiled and said, "In the field of traditional Chinese medicine, all changes are the same. In order to reach the goal, we can find a way."

Several doctors were very glad that there was such a young man in the Chinese Medicine industry. There was hope to carry forward.

When several doctors still wanted to say something, they saw a young Chinese man striding towards them.

"Master Yan, bad news. Something happened over there!"

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Chapter 689

Several doctors immediately laid their eyes on the young man who was running over.

"What's wrong? Calm down." Lewis said.

The young doctor who ran over pointed to the side with a look of anxiety and said, "There are too many people over there to asking for a consultation. Doctor Ding can't manage to check all of them. Hurry up and go and have a look."

Hearing this, Lewis immediately raised his foot. "Let's go and have a look."

"Asking for a consultation?" Henry was puzzled.

President Ma said to Henry, "Magical doctor, I'll explain to you while walking."

The group headed in the direction of the clinic.

President Ma told Henry on the way to the hospital that the international medicine exchange was held in several places. In addition to President Ma and other people, there were also many other doctors who were engaged in other projects.

President Ma was talking about exchanging ideas, but everyone understood that this was a competition.

"Doctor Ding graduated from the best traditional Chinese medical institution in China. This time, the clinic is divided into two consulting rooms of traditional Chinese medicine and Western medicine. Each room has one doctor for consultation."

When President Ma finished his words, they had already arrived at the clinic.

The clinic was very large. At the moment, there were two

tables in the hall. On each table, there were a man and a woman, who were both in their twenties, sitting together. They were very young.

Among them, the male doctor with a Western face wore a listening device. His facial features were angular and he was very handsome. He was a typical western handsome man. In front of him, there were about a dozen people in line.

At another table sat a female doctor with a Chinese face. She had beautiful facial features and long hair. Sitting there, she gave people a sense of calmness. In front of the female doctor, there were nearly 30 people in a queue, waiting for the consultation.

The female doctor put her hand on the patient's pulse. First, she felt the patient's pulse for a minute. Then she looked at the patient's body and gave him a prescription.

Behind the two consulting doctors stood several assistants who were responsible for filling the patient's prescriptions.

"President Ma, it seems that there are more people willing to see doctors of Chinese Medicine than those of Western Medicine." Henry glanced at him and said.

"It's not like that." President Ma shook his head and said, "This consultation part depends on the speed and accuracy of the consultation. It seems that Western medicine is much faster than ours."

As for Western medicine, doctors only needed to ask the patients what symptoms they had, and they could directly prescribe the medicine. If it was a slightly more serious one, they needed to use the listening device, which was very fast. The time it took for a Chinese doctor to measure the patient's pulse was enough for a Western doctor to write out the prescription. It was much more tedious for Chinese medicine.

Western medicine used already produced medicine. They were all formulated medicines in a shape of capsule or tablets. It was very convenient to fill the prescription, while traditional Chinese medicine needed to weigh every gram of medicine.

After listening to President Ma's words, Henry asked with some confusion, "The consultation of traditional Chinese medicine is slower than Western medicine itself. After all, both sides are treated in two directions. Western medicine is famous for its fast treatment effect. What is there to communicate about?"

President Ma sighed, shook his head and said, "Although we know this, the public is not clear about it. Magical doctor, I'm ashamed to say something like this. This exchange contains a lot of commercial elements, so we need to communicate with each other in every aspect."

"Okay." Henry touched his nose. He could understand what President Ma said. Moreover, although this exchange was held in the traditional Chinese medicine hospital, it was still located in Europe. If others wanted to communicate this way, they had to do so. If they didn't want to compete, then they had to admit defeat. In this case, the media reporters would have a lot of things to write.

It could be seen that in the seat for consultations, the smile on the handsome male doctor's face was getting brighter and brighter, while the forehead of the female doctor from China was getting more and more sweaty. Looking at the patients' number growing in front of her, the female doctor was also anxious. Under the influence of this anxiety, she did not improve her speed, and the efficiency of the consultation was getting slower and slower.

"Master Yan, what should we do?" The young male

doctor who called everyone over asked anxiously.

Lewis and others shook their heads. "There is no other way. The speed of traditional Chinese medicine's consultation is slower than Western medicine itself. This is a fact. Doctor Ding is already a top talent of the younger generation. Her speed is quite famous in domestic hospitals."

"But..." The young male doctor opened his mouth but did not know what to say. His face was very gloomy. Before communication, the European doctors had said a lot of unpleasant words. If they really won, who knew what they would say later?

Henry looked at Dr. Ding for a few seconds and said, "Due to the state of Doctor Ding, it is no longer suitable for her to continue the consultation. Her wrist is trembling slightly, and the accuracy of measuring pulse becomes lower and lower. This will affect her judgment. Let me do it."

"You?" When the young doctor heard this, he looked at Henry suspiciously.

At those words, a look of glee formed on Lewis's face. "Magical doctor," he said, "I'll have to trouble you then."

Henry strode over to Doctor Ding and stood behind her.

Just in front of Dr. Ding, there was also a patient sitting down.

"What symptoms?" Dr. Ding asked. Her voice was very soft, but at the moment there was a hint of anxiety.

The patient sat down and did not speak, but pointed to his throat and uttered a "ah ah ah" sound.

"Come, reach out your hand." Dr. Ding held her right sleeve with her left hand, and stretched out two fingers of her right hand, indicating the patient to stretch out his hand and let her measure his pulse.

"You don't need to do that. When he opened his mouth, you could see the gashes in his throat. There are red, swollen, ulcers and secretion in his throat. He can't speak now. It's not caused by internal diseases. It could be caused by burns or external injury." A faint voice rang out from Dr Ding's back.

Doctor Ding had been anxious about the patients who lined up in front of her. She did not realize that someone was standing behind her. She turned her head and took a look. When she saw a young man, she frowned on the spot and still put her fingers on the patient's pulse. A minute later, she told the patient to open his mouth again. Her diagnosis was exactly the same as what Henry just said.

Doctor Ding had just seen the strangeness in the patient's mouth, but she was afraid that the pain could be caused by fever. Therefore, in order to be sure, she measured his pulse. After all, the two diseases were similar and easy to misdiagnose.

Dr. Ding thought for a moment, picked up the pen and wrote down the prescription. When she had just written half of it, she saw that a pack of medicine had been wrapped up and placed in front of her.

Henry's voice came from behind Dr. Ding again. "The wound has not healed yet. Drink a small amount of cold water. Avoid tobacco, alcohol, spicy liquor, and spicy food. Keep your mouth clean. Take these medicines with 500 ml of clear water and boil it until it gets to 200 ml. Eliminate the residue. Three times a day. Take them after lunch. They'll take effect in two days."

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