

Chapter 1862 Save A Life With Silver Needles

Jasmine was unwilling to accept the outcome, her eyes welling up with tears as she pleaded earnestly, "Please don't give him up! He is still young!"

The doctor, accustomed to the ebb and flow of life, paid no heed to her, readying himself to depart.

In this critical moment, Trevor seized the initiative, placing a comforting hand on Jasmine's shoulder.

"I possess some knowledge of medical procedures. I can assist your colleague in stemming the bleeding. There might be a chance to save him!"

The doctor halted in his tracks upon hearing Trevor's words. He turned and rebuked, "Even the most seasoned doctors can't manage this. How can you claim such skills? Don't pretend to be an expert. You bear no responsibilities at all."

The doctor viewed Trevor as a braggart, harboring no trust for his abilities as he sneered in response.

Yet, Jasmine had confidence in Trevor's abilities. Clinging to this lifeline, she said resolutely to the doctor, "I trust him! Please allow my friend to try."

Seeing Jasmine's agreement, albeit begrudgingly, the doctor stated, "This is a hospital. We can't simply permit anyone to enter the operating room. If that were the case, what need would we have for doctors?"

Anxiety overwhelmed Jasmine, leading her to avoid further discussion with the doctor. She disclosed her identity and declared firmly, "This is my military license! A military officer is undergoing emergency surgery in that room. Please don't obstruct us!"

The doctor glanced at the military license with surprise, apprehension evident as he observed her military rank. Nevertheless, he held his ground, insisting, "If you're insistent, then sign a waiver. You're permitting him to enter to save a life. Which medical school did he graduate from?"

Trevor, uninterested in explanations at this juncture, responded coldly, "I'm not a medical student, but I possess medical skills."

With that, he expertly disinfected himself, donned surgical gloves, and promptly entered the operating room.

Upon the operating table lay a young man, his complexion pallid. The monitor displayed a heart rate significantly below the norm, and the abdominal wound continued to bleed despite the nurses' persistent efforts.

Trevor scrutinized the young man's condition with utmost seriousness. He drew several deep breaths and began to extract silver needles to staunch the bleeding.

Methodically, he inserted the needles into specific acupuncture points, ensuring precision in every injection.

Trevor, wholly engrossed in his task, was also drenched in sweat.

Meanwhile, the doctor reentered the operating room. His incredulity surged as he witnessed Trevor employing silver needles to halt the bleeding.

"Are you kidding me? You're not even a medical student. You intend to save a life with silver needles? You might be causing harm. If he dies, it's on your shoulders. This is unrelated to our hospital!"

Trevor paid no heed to the doctor, finally exhaling a sigh of relief when he completed the task.

The doctor, astonished to find the young man's blood volume had significantly reduced, realized that he had been saved.

In shock, he stammered, "Well... How do you make it?"

Trevor, staring at the flabbergasted doctor, snorted in disdain.

"Humph! You are a loser who couldn't do anything! We nearly lost a soldier who defends our country because of you. You're unworthy of being called a doctor!"

Trevor's frustration, perhaps fueled by Luisa's lack of awakening, manifested in his harsh words, casting a pall over the hospital.

After venting his anger, Trevor carefully extracted the bullet with tweezers and instructed the doctor, "Why are you still standing there? Come and sew the wound! "

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The doctor, his face flushed with embarrassment, hurried to comply and meticulously tended to the wound.

As long as the blood supply remained intact, the young man would be saved.

Trevor exited the operating room.

With the successful operation, Jasmine expressed her gratitude to Trevor, saying, "Thank you for being here today; or it could have been extremely perilous."

The doctor, now burdened with remorse, offered a quiet apology, admitting, "It's entirely my fault. Your medical skills surpass mine by far."