

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 181

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 181-At first, the seniors and leading authorities in medicine didn't want to get involved in this. After all, they were all busy with scientific research. To them, time was even more valuable than gold, so why would they be willing to waste time watching a cock and bull story that couldn't possibly come true?

However, Matt and Felix had donated a lot of money to local medical foundations and medical research institutes over these years for the purpose of tax evasion. At their spoken requests, these people had no choice but to agree to be present at the scene for fear of offending them.

The instant the bigwigs in medicine accepted the invitation, it caused a huge sensation in Cleapolis. Even those who weren't part of the medical community got wind of what was going to happen.

The next day, many news outlets began to ride on the hype of this matter, filling the headlines with eye-catching news titles like 'A 20-Year-Old Youth Claimed He Could Bring the Dead Back to Life! Could This Be a Hoax?' 'A Major Breakthrough in Medicine? Could a Man Who'd Been Paralyzed for Over 10 Years Have a Chance to Stand on His Feet Again?' and 'Traditional Medicine Reduced to Clown's Vaudeville? Is the Passing on of Knowledge in Traditional Medicine Necessary?'.

Seeing the articles on the news websites, Matt and Felix grinned from ear to ear in pleasure. The greater the hype, the better! The more people know about this, the more humiliated Kingsley will be, and the happier we'll be!

At first, those leading authorities in medicine didn't take this to heart. At this moment, however, they could no longer sit still upon seeing that the news media had begun to sensationalize the passing on of skills and knowledge in traditional medicine. As a result, they all declared that they would personally teach the conceited and ignorant young man a lesson to restore the name of Qustia's traditional medicine.

For a time, Hill Crest Hospital's hotline was almost overwhelmed by calls from all the associations, research institutes, medical centers, and development committees. Not only that, but countless letters from all walks of life also came flooding in.

Upon seeing this, Jeffred, the director of Hill Crest Hospital, was close to tears with worry. At the thought of how over 100 leading medical experts and authorities, as well as his fellows in the medical community, would be visiting his hospital tomorrow, he felt that his head was going to explode. Of course, he didn't believe that Kingsley had such capabilities, but he dared not say anything at the thought of the Larsons and the Foxes' wealth and influence. Leaning back in the sofa, he sighed sorrowfully to himself. Hill Crest Hospital will probably become the laughing stock of my fellows in medicine after the exhibition tomorrow. I wonder how long I can stay in my position as hospital director...

On the other hand, though, Kingsley was completely unaware of all of this. He was still at home, pondering how to smoothly capture the website's administrator and the other three members of Earthworm.

It wasn't until Alice came over in the evening with food she had bought for him that he finally heard about this from her.

Seeing Kingsley sitting cross-legged on the sofa in a completely unperturbed manner, Alice couldn't help but say anxiously, "Kingsley, how could you not be worried at all? Do you know how many people are gonna be there tomorrow to watch you make a fool of yourself? I saw people from TV stations and news websites waiting outside when I left the hospital just now! If you don't hurry up and find a way soon, you'll become a universally condemned blowhard tomorrow!" Upon speaking of this, she took a deep breath and continued with a terror-stricken expression, "It's okay if you're only defined as a blowhard. If they charge you with profaning traditional medicine or medical quackery, you're gonna have a criminal record!"

Seeing the worry written all over Alice's clear, big eyes, Kingsley let out a chuckle. "Alice, do you disbelieve me that much? I'm really sure that I can cure Mr. Johnson."

"Are you taking me for a fool?" Alice raised her eyebrows in anger. "I'm a doctor! Even if I specialize in cardiac surgery, I can tell at a glance whether or not that patient can be cured!"

"What if I can cure his paralysis?" Kingsley leaned over to Alice. "Alice, how are you gonna reward me?"

Alice's anger vanished in an instant when she saw how Kingsley asked her for a reward. Poking his forehead affectionately, she replied in resignation,

“You’re already an adult, but now you look just like when you were asking for sweets as a boy.”

“I’m not asking for sweets! I’ve got to ask for something else. He he...” Kingsley said while leaning closer to Alice. Sniffing the mixture of disinfectants and her unique body scent, he continued with a cheeky grin, “Seriously, Alice, if I can cure him, how are you gonna reward me?”

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Thinking that Kingsley was joking, Alice said with a smile, “If you’re really capable of such a huge feat, I’ll give you whatever you ask for.”

“You said that yourself, Alice!” Kingsley suddenly jumped out of the sofa. “I’ll skip dinner tonight. I’ve got to go back to my room to make preparations!”

At first, Kingsley had just wanted to cure Joshua step by step, restoring the senses in the latter’s body first before gradually letting him get to his feet. By doing so, not only could he avoid drawing the attention of others, but he could also prove his medical prowess to Helen at the same time. As for whether the others would think that he was talking big, he didn’t take it into consideration at all.

However, the situation was different now. Alice had promised to do whatever he would ask of her as long as he could cure Joshua tomorrow. Getting such a promise from the cold and aloof Alice was simply as difficult as winning the lottery. To prevent Alice from going back on her promise on the excuse that Joshua hadn’t recovered yet, Kingsley decided to use everything he had learned all his life to cure Joshua once and for all.

After returning to his room, Kingsley took a long ivory box out of a backpack that he had brought with him from Coliree Island. The ivory box was a gift from his godfather. He slowly opened the box, in which nine shiny gold needles lay quietly—the shear needle, the rounded needle, the spoon-like needle, the sharp-edged needle, the sword-like needle, the round-sharp needle, the filiform needle, the long needle, and the large needle.

His eyes gleamed as he looked at the nine needles. He mumbled to himself, “Gorgion’s Nine Needles have been lost for a long time. Tomorrow, your

strength and marvelousness will be shown to the world once again!”

The next morning, Kingsley and Alice drove to Hill Crest Hospital together.

Before getting out of the car, Kingsley put on a black face mask.

Puzzled, Alice asked, “What are you doing? Why are you wearing a face mask?”

Kingsley replied with a chuckle, “I don’t want to have those pedants all over my *ss later on.”

Alice didn’t understand what Kingsley meant, though. “Alright, cut it out. That’s enough,” she said anxiously. “Let’s hurry and go to Reene’s ward so that we can discuss how to deal with the matter today.” With that, she opened the car door and stepped out of the car first.

However, as soon as she stepped out of the car, she gasped in shock at the sight of the scene before her. “What in the world...”

There were over 100 vehicles of various models in the parking lot, including normal sedans, high-end sports cars, and luxury cars. Not only that, but these vehicles even included a dozen ambulances from other hospitals in Cleapolis!

“Cleapolis Medical University Hospital, Samaritan Hospital, The First Affiliated Hospital of Cleapolis’ College of Traditional Medicine...” Alice’s pretty face blanched at the sight of the hospital names on the ambulances. “Even people from the West Point Military Hospital are here. This is gonna make a huge splash this time...”

Meanwhile, the entrance to the outpatient building nearby was blocked by a dozen news trucks. Countless reporters were waiting outside the entrance with cameras in their hands, preparing to vie with one another for firsthand news information.

Thanks to Matt and Felix’s premeditation, this incident shocked the entire medical community of Cleapolis. How could these reporters miss such a hot piece of news? The news media’s reckless coverage of the event caused the hype surrounding it to grow even louder, thus resulting in the huge spectacle at this very moment.

Seeing how the gray-haired elderly professors and scholars stepped into the hospital with the help of their students and apprentices, Alice only felt her skin crawl. “W-What should we do? How did it get to this point?!”

“These people have nothing else to do, I guess.” Kingsley shrugged. “Let’s go and see how Reene has been recovering first.” He was busy mapping out the plan to exterminate the spies yesterday, so he didn’t come to the hospital to visit Reene. Therefore, he couldn’t care less about these people, who were here just to watch the spectacle. At this moment, he just wanted to go to Reene’s ward to check on her condition.

Kingsley walked straight up to Reene’s sickbed as soon as he and Alice entered her ward. “How are you feeling now, Reene? Does your wound still hurt?”

“No, it doesn’t hurt anymore. Kingsley, what is happening out there? I heard from Cecilia that you’re gonna cure a patient or something?”

Sitting at Reene’s bedside, Cecilia also asked hesitantly, “That’s right, Kingsley. Did something happen? I heard from my dad that something happened between you and my—”

Before she could finish her sentence, however, Kingsley interrupted her with a smile. “Nothing. It’s just that a bunch of people are here to watch the spectacle because they’re bored out of their minds.”

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 183-Even though Matt had something to do with the tragic fire 17 years ago, Kingsley wouldn’t take it out on Cecilia because of that. After all, she and Alice had been taking turns looking after Reene these days. He wasn’t as incompetent as to vent his anger on an innocent lady. Moreover, he didn’t want the close friendship between Reene and Cecilia to be affected because of him.

Upon hearing how Kingsley made light of the problem, Alice argued anxiously, “How could you say that they’re bored out of their minds? Many of them are medical heavyweights of Cleapolis!” As she spoke, she came to Reene’s bedside and grabbed Reene’s hand. “Reene, Kingsley is too stubborn. He insists on brazening it out and curing a paralytic patient. You’ve got to talk him out of this!”

Before Reene could speak, though, there was a sudden knock on the door.

The next instant, Alan pushed the door open and came in. “Kingsley, why are you only here now? I’ve been searching for you all day yesterday!” His head was still swathed in bandages after being injured with a baseball bat by Louie earlier on. “Kingsley, you’ve gotten yourself into huge trouble this time!” He looked panic-stricken. “I know that you have profound knowledge of traditional medicine, but this matter is very serious. It might affect your future!”

Alan had cherished Kingsley’s gift for medicine ever since he saw how the latter stopped his bleeding by hitting his acupuncture points. Because of that, he wanted to take Kingsley in as his student and recommend that he join the Cleapolis Society for Research in Traditional Medicine. In his opinion, as long as Kingsley was willing to work his way up one step at a time, he would definitely become a highly-skilled doctor who was famous throughout Qustia. However, before he could take Kingsley in as his student, the latter had caused such a huge fuss! He said bitterly, “You’re cutting your future short, son! The bigwigs in the field of medicine are all here today. If you leave a bad impression on them, you’ll have a hard road ahead of you!”

“Don’t worry, Professor Gershwin. Firstly, I have no plans of joining the field of medicine in the future. Secondly, I’m certain that I can cure Joshua.” Kingsley smiled a faint smile. “Those people don’t matter at all, so you don’t have to worry about me.”

“You...” Alan was stunned. “Why aren’t you gonna continue to develop your career in medicine? You’re so gifted in traditional medicine, after all.”

Kingsley replied solemnly, stressing each word, “That isn’t where my ambitions lie.” He was Ares, the God of War who protected hundreds of millions of Qustian citizens. Even if they were now in times of peace, he still had to hold onto his weapon and stay vigilant at all times to keep Sweoyan spies from infiltrating Qustia. He had learned traditional medicine not to use it as a tool to seek undeserved fame and reputation, but to protect his country and people better.

Seeing the determined look in his eyes, Alan let out a sigh of disappointment. “Well, it can’t be helped...” He took a while to regain his composure. Then, he spoke again, saying, “Kingsley, the hospital director wants me to inform you that due to the overwhelming number of people being present today, you’ll be performing medical treatment in Sunshine Auditorium at the outpatient building instead.”

Kingsley sneered. "Since they want to watch it, I'll let them have a good look at it. It's time to restore the name of Qustian traditional medicine, anyway!"

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Hill Crest Hospital had stopped receiving patients for today in order to receive the medical bigwigs invited by Matt and Felix. At this moment, the outpatient building's Sunshine Auditorium was packed with all kinds of well-dressed medical professionals.

Jeffred's forehead was covered in sweat as he was busy directing the hospital's staff members to continue moving chairs over from the conference room. Meanwhile, the gray-haired elderly scholars had taken their seats and were whispering among themselves as they discussed the event today.

"Mr. Ragland, I never thought you'd be here on invitation as well," said a man in his fifties who wore a pair of black-rimmed glasses. He was Ronald Duncan, the chairman of Foundation for Development of Traditional Medicine.

The old man sitting across from him was Scott Ragland, the president of Cleapolis Society for Research in Traditional Medicine, who was also the most prestigious among those who were present today. He let out a snort with a grave expression, saying, "To think that somebody caused such a huge sensation by bluffing under the pretense of traditional medicine! Am I gonna watch our fellow countrymen label traditional medicine as mystical hocus-pocus instead of teaching this brat a lesson myself?"

Ronald nodded. "You're right. Our country's traditional medicine has been passed down for thousands of years. How could we let such a rascal blacken its name?!"

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 184-Sitting beside them, Blake Hemsworth, the president of the Cleapolis Acupuncture Society, joined in the conversation. "That's right! And besides, he claimed that he'd be using traditional acupuncture. I'd like to see how he's gonna perform acupuncture on the patient!"

Upon hearing his words, those medical bigwigs immediately chimed in, "That's

right. I'm afraid nobody in Cleapolis can outdo Mr. Hemsworth when it comes to acupuncture skills!"

"Mr. Hemsworth, with your discerning eyes, you'll certainly be able to tell what that brat is capable of at a glance!"

Just then, Matt arrived at the scene as well. Folding his hands at the bigwigs, he said loudly, "Thank you everyone for taking time out from your busy schedule to come here. Today, we must strip the fame-seeking conman of his disguise so that he'll no longer be able to continue to commit fraud under the pretense of traditional medicine!"

As he spoke, the cameras kept flashing at the back of the crowd, just like during a press conference.

Ronald, the chairman of Foundation for Development of Traditional Medicine, asked, "Where is Mr. Felix Jacob? Why hasn't he arrived yet?"

"Mr. Jacob can't join us today because he's got something else to deal with," Matt explained. "But if that brat fails to cure the patient, he'll definitely do everything he can to bring that d*mned charlatan to justice!"

In reality, Felix wasn't here because he didn't want to come head-to-head with Kingsley. The assassin he had hired last time had vanished without a trace. At such a critical moment, he dared not come head-to-head with Kingsley again. Therefore, he decided to give instructions from behind the scenes and let Matt execute the plan out there.

At this moment, Jeffred finally had everyone taken care of. Wiping his sweat away, he came up to Matt and whispered, "President Fox, are you trying to make Mr. Nicholson's medical skills famous all over the world, or are you trying to ruin him?" At first, he had thought that Matt had gone to the trouble of inviting these bigwigs for the purpose of seeking backing for his nephew-in-law. However, after hearing what Matt had said just now, he suddenly realized that something was amiss. It was clear that Matt was trying to ruin Kingsley!

Matt darted a look at him. "Mr. Church, this is none of your concern. I have my own plans!"

"It's not a question of whether or not this is my concern." Jeffred slapped his thigh right away. "As you can see, all the hospitals in Cleapolis have sent people here; even people from the military hospital are here! It's fine if you

want to ruin Kingsley, but don't drag me into this!" he said while pointing at the onlookers on the second floor, the third floor, and the fourth floor who were leaning on the railings and looking down. Then, he continued with a sorrowful sigh, "Look! These people have nothing to do with this, but they're here to watch the event, and there are more of them than our hospital's patients and doctors combined! If there's any negative news coverage, won't I be implicated as well?!"

Matt patted him on the shoulder. "Don't worry. I've talked to these reporters beforehand, so they won't vilify your hospital."

Upon hearing this, Jeffred finally put his mind at rest. "I-In that case, I'll have the patient brought over."

After Matt nodded assent, Jeffred called Larry, the head of the hospital's general surgery department, asking the latter to bring Joshua to the Sunshine Auditorium.

Sitting in his wheelchair, Joshua couldn't help breaking into a cold sweat in nervousness at the sight of the dense crowd before him. He had never faced such a situation before!

At the sight of this, Leroy bent down and comforted him, saying, "Don't worry, Dad. Mr. Nicholson will surely cure you of your illness. You have to trust him!"

Upon hearing his son's words, Joshua gradually recovered himself. "I trust him! I trust him!"

At the same time, Matt took out copies of Joshua's medical examination report and lumbar spine CT scans, distributing them to everyone. He had made dozens of copies of the original documents after getting them from the doctor in the general surgery department.

Upon getting their hands on Joshua's medical report, everyone commented on it, saying, "T-This is clearly a long-time illness. How could he possibly have the chance to be cured?!"

"That's right! Not even the most sophisticated technology in modern medicine could help him get on his feet, right?"

As soon as the person said so, someone let out a snort from a corner of the crowd. “Ha! Qustians like to talk big, don’t they? They always make a mystery out of something that is unrealistic at all!”

Everyone looked back to see a dozen blonde and blue-eyed Mitterans sneering with looks of disdain on their faces. They were the top experts Matt had hired from Mittera to treat Helen’s heart disease.

Upon hearing their words of mockery, Scott, the president of Cleapolis Society for Research in Traditional Medicine, smacked his hand down on the armrest of his chair. He said angrily, “Look! This is the consequence of misusing traditional medicine to deceive the public and gain fame! Not only do our fellow countrymen not believe in traditional medicine anymore, but even these foreigners dare to insult us!”

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 185-All the faces of these elderly medical scholars turned livid with rage. They were somewhat embarrassed by the fact that they had been taunted like this by a bunch of Mitterans on Qustian soil.

Just then, someone from the Society for Research in Integrated Traditional and Modern Medicine spoke. “It’s wrong of you to say that, gentlemen. Both modern medicine and Qustian traditional medicine have their own merits.”

“Ho ho... What kind of merit does Qustian traditional medicine have? Why don’t I know that?” retorted Hewlett Taft, the man leading the team of Mitteran experts. He continued disdainfully, “Do you think you can cure diseases by drinking some plant decoction and jabbing needles in the skin? What a colossal joke that is!” Crossing his legs, he added contemptuously, “Do you know what this kind of behavior is called in Mittera? It’s called witchcraft!”

“How dare you!” Infuriated by his words, the elderly scholars trembled all over and breathed heavily with rage. If it weren’t for the sake of decency, they’d have come to blows with these Mitterans right away!

Scott, in particular, was frothing at the mouth. He said angrily, “How outrageous! This is outrageous! How dare you make such insults about the medical skills that have been passed down in Qustia for generations!”

“We aren’t insulting anything! We’re just telling the truth!” Hewlett replied

arrogantly while raising his chin. "If you guys really have guts, just cure the person using the so-called traditional medicine, you pieces of trash!"

What the heck?! As soon as he said that, the few elderly experts in traditional medicine flew into a rage, and so did the reporters and the onlooking citizens. They yelled loudly, "Get out of Qustia, you bunch of foreigners! We don't welcome you all! Screw you!"

Hewlett threw his hands up with a look of contempt. "Ha! Is that all you Qustians can do, relying on your numbers? Cure the person if you can!"

Scott, Ronald, and the others exchanged glances with bitter looks on their faces. What could they do? Joshua's injuries were beyond repair.

Hearing how everyone was still clamoring in a frenzy of rage, Scott turned to look at Blake, the president of Cleapolis Acupuncture Society. He asked, "Mr. Hemsworth, your acupuncture skills have reached the acme of perfection. May I ask if you're confident of curing the person?" Believing that Kingsley was a conman, he had no choice but to place his hopes on Blake.

"Well..." Blake licked his dry lips. "Forgive me for being blunt, but no one can help the patient get back on his feet unless there's a miracle..."

Upon hearing his words, everyone looked utterly disappointed.

However, Hewlett said with a guffaw, "Haha! You guys are simply incapable of that! It's not that I'm looking down on you guys. If you guys can help him get on his feet, I'll eat his wheelchair!"

The instant he said so, the dozen Mitteran experts immediately roared with laughter. "Haha..."

Just as everyone looked as black as thunder, an icy voice reached everyone's ears. "What a huge appetite you have, Mitterans! Well, in that case, I'll grant this wish of yours!"

Everyone immediately looked in the voice's direction, only to see a tall and dignified figure coming their way with big strides. He was wearing a face mask that revealed a pair of dashing eyebrows and sparkling eyes that were full of pride and righteousness.

The man was none other than Kingsley himself. Following behind him were Alice, Cecilia, and Alan, who were very furious upon hearing Hewlett's sarcastic remarks just now.

Clenching her teeth, Alice asked, "Kingsley, didn't you say you're certain that you can treat the patient? Show these foreigners what you're capable of, then!"

"Got it, Alice," Kingsley replied with a smile before coming to Joshua's side. Seeing the man's ruddy complexion, he couldn't help but nod in satisfaction. "Don't worry, Mr. Johnson. I'll definitely let you stand up again today!"

What? His words caused an immediate uproar in the audience.

"What? So he's the one who claims he's gonna cure the paralytic patient?"

"How old is he this year? Has he even graduated from college? How could he have the nerve to talk so big?"

Everyone's eyes showed disbelief when they saw Kingsley's youthful appearance.

Hewlett looked Kingsley up and down before yelling at the latter in a condescending tone, "What did you just say, you piece of trash? You're gonna grant my wish? That's too conceited of you! If you can't cure the patient today, I'm gonna publish a paper in The Banner Chronicles to expose the quackery of Qustian traditional medicine after I go back to my country!"

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 186-Hewlett was one of the top medical experts in Mittera. If he were to state publicly in the world-renowned Banner Chronicles that Qustian traditional medicine was a hoax, they Qustians would definitely lose face as a result—unless they could refute him with strong evidence.

At the thought of this, Scott said to Blake, "Mr. Hemsworth, you've got to find a way! We mustn't let these foreigners blacken the name of our traditional medicine!"

Blake looked troubled with a bitter taste in his mouth. "I... I..."

Just as he was stammering without being able to say a complete sentence, Matt stepped forward and said loudly, "Please calm down, everyone! Perhaps the Nicholson brat can really make it!" Well, the purpose I've made this such a grand occasion is to smear Kingsley's reputation and make him the people's enemy so that he can never gain a foothold in Cleapolis. Won't my and Felix's plan come to nothing if Blake takes action? he thought to himself. Therefore, he hurriedly stepped forward and motioned everyone to watch Kingsley's performance first.

Seeing that Matt had spoken, the medical bigwigs led by Scott fell silent. After all, they were invited here by Matt and Felix, so they couldn't steal the show from Matt and spoil his plans.

The dense crowd upstairs gradually fell silent as well. After all, they had squeezed in to watch the spectacle. Seeing that Kingsley was now ready to perform acupuncture, they looked on with anticipation as to how he was going to make a fool of himself. To these ordinary citizens, even if Kingsley was unable to cure Joshua, those gray-haired and sage scholars surely had a way to do so to prevent the Mitterans from laughing at them. Therefore, after the excitement, most of them quietly looked on.

Blake could tell what everyone was thinking, but he felt so depressed that he was on the verge of tears. For the very first time, he felt that it wasn't a good thing to be counted on. I'm already over 60 years old this year and will retire in a few years' time. Why would I be made to do something entirely beyond myself?! Am I really gonna lose my reputation?! he lamented to himself.

Just as he was keeping his grievances to himself, Kingsley ran his eyes over everyone at the scene with a smile. He said impassively, "Since everyone wants to take a look at Qustian traditional medicine, I'll show what I'm capable of!" As he spoke, he took the ivory box containing Gorgion's Nine Needles out of his pocket.

The instant the box was opened, the nine gold needles inside it gleamed faintly all at once.

No one knew how precious the nine gold needles were, except for Blake, who knew the grades of different acupuncture needles better than anyone else after having spent all his life researching traditional acupuncture. As a result, the depressed look on his face vanished in an instant. "T-Those needles..."

Seeing the drastic change in his facial expression, Matt couldn't help but smile sinisterly. As expected of Mr. Hemsworth, the Cleapolis Acupuncture Society's chief expert. He must have noticed at a glance that Kingsley's needles aren't of standard quality! he thought to himself.

The others had the same idea as Matt did.

For a time, a myriad of expressions crossed the faces of everyone at the scene. Some looked disdainful, while some looked scornful; there were also some who looked furious and some who were gloating...

It was truly a vivid panorama of all kinds of people.

Kingsley didn't care about these people's expressions, though. Instead, he and Leroy worked together to move Joshua onto the operating table that had been prepared beforehand. After that, he took out a seven-inch-long needle and said to Joshua, "You don't have to be nervous, Mr. Johnson. You may feel somewhat numb or sore during the process, but it'll be over after you put up with it."

Joshua nodded vigorously. "I can put up with it. It's okay even if I have to endure excruciating pain as long as I can get back on my feet!"

"Okay! Here we go!" Kingsley replied. Then, he let out a deep bellow with a sudden gleam in his eyes!

At this moment, he began to perform acupuncture, inserting the needle into the acupuncture point GB-34 of Joshua's body. Then, he lightly flicked the needle's handle—which had a dragon engraved on it—in a flash with his fingers.

The needle vibrated slightly, producing a faint buzz. Buzz...

Before the sound could fade, Kingsley quickly ran his hand over the ivory box, and the 3.6-inch-long filiform needle appeared between his fingers.

Twisting the needle with his fingers, he then inserted the needle into the acupuncture point BL-30 of Joshua's body by one and a half inches. Holding the needle gently in his right hand, he pulled out, reinserted, and twisted the needle slightly at short intervals, causing the needle to vibrate slightly.

“Ah...” Joshua couldn’t help but moan in pain as beads of sweat oozed from his forehead. His moan of pain seemed particularly abrupt in the silent Sunshine Auditorium.

Only then did everyone who had been fascinated by the sight of the scene come to their senses.

“Holy cow! I felt like I was dreaming just now and was spellbound by his technique...”

“Me too. I don’t know what was going on, but I completely forgot what I was doing!”

Meanwhile, Scott, Blake, and the few other bigwigs in traditional medicine opened their mouths agape, looking stupefied as though they had all lost their minds. “W-What is this weird technique?!”

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 187-Scott gave an audible gulp with all his might. He wasn’t profoundly skilled in acupuncture, but as the president of Cleapolis Society for Research in Traditional Medicine, he had seen many acupuncture experts perform on patients. Even so, he had never seen such a strange and unusual technique before. The fact that the gold needles had vibrated and buzzed after being inserted into the acupuncture points simply turned his world upside down. Turning to look at Blake, he asked in a whisper, “Mr. Hemsworth, h-have you seen this technique before?”

“No, I haven’t...” Blake furrowed his brow with a look of puzzlement. “I’ve spent most of my life researching traditional acupuncture, but this is my first time seeing someone who can perform acupuncture with such fluid movements. And besides, this acupuncture technique seems to be—”

However, before he could finish his sentence, Matt said with a sneer, “Haven’t you guys noticed it yet, everyone? This brat doesn’t know anything! He’s simply jabbing the patient’s acupuncture points randomly, which is why you guys can’t tell what he’s doing!”

The instant he said so, everyone nodded repeatedly in agreement.

“That’s right. It’s obvious at a glance that this brat is putting on a show; he isn’t

treating the patient at all!”

“Even Mr. Hemsworth has never seen such an acupuncture technique. Seems like he’s undoubtedly a conman!”

The doctors from other hospitals also tried to get a word in.

However, Blake was still knitting his brow with his eyes full of shock and uncertainty. He hadn’t finished his sentence just now. He had wanted to say that the acupuncture technique Kingsley was using seemed to be the long-lost Gorgion’s technique, which he had read about in a tattered ancient book that had belonged to his teacher. If the technique were to be used to its full potential, it could bring the dead back to life, and prolong the person’s lifespan!

Seeing Blake’s expression, Ronald asked, “Mr. Hemsworth, what’s wrong with you? Are you feeling unwell or something?”

“N-Nothing...” Blake slowly shook his head after coming to his senses all of a sudden. He laughed at himself inwardly. I must’ve been crazy. How could such a young man possibly be using the long-lost Gorgion’s technique? Even my teacher, who is already over 100 years old, had only heard of it from his teacher’s teacher! At the thought of this, he let out a sigh. If Gorgion’s technique still exists, there’s no way those foreigners could have the opportunity to yell at us on Qustian soil.

Upon hearing Blake’s sigh, Hewlett said with a sneer, “Ha! Old man, do you also think that your trashy traditional medicine is useless?”

The other Mitteran experts guffawed arrogantly as well. “Haha...”

However, before they could stop laughing, they heard a doctor from Cleapolis Rehabilitation Research Center say in horror, “L-Look! H-He’s moving!”

Everyone looked in the direction he was pointing and looked at Joshua, only to notice that his right toes really gave a slight wiggle!

What?! In an instant, the whole room was in an uproar. A person who had been paralyzed for over ten years due to lumbar spinal injury was now able to control the movements of his toes! In an instant, the entire Sunshine Auditorium was shocked and thrown into an endless frenzy!

“Gasp... Am I seeing things?! Did that patient really move his toes?!”

“Oh, my God! This is simply as miraculous as reviving someone from a vegetative state!”

“How miraculous! What a miracle in medicine—a miracle that can only be performed with our country’s traditional medicine!”

Even Scott rubbed his eyes with all his might for fear that he was hallucinating.

Ronald took off his black-rimmed glasses and wiped them hard before carefully putting them back on. “I-It’s true!” He stared at Joshua’s feet without blinking. Then, he asked Blake in a quavering voice, “M-Mr. Hemsworth, what the hell is going on? C-Could you explain it?”

However, Blake turned a deaf ear to Ronald’s question as his eyes were bulging out of their sockets. This is really the long-lost Gorgion’s technique!

While the medical bigwigs were astounded, Matt fell from his chair right away with his face ashen. “T-This can’t be possible... How could this be possible...”

Sitting next to him, Helen had been sitting still in silence at first. However, when she saw the scene at this very moment, she trembled all over with excitement. She was so excited that she nearly had a heart attack!

Just then, a young and impetuous intern from Cleapolis Medical University Hospital suddenly rose from his chair and barked loudly at the stupefied Mitterans, “Did you see that?! That’s our country’s traditional medicine! Now you bunch of savage white chimpanzees have learned something, haven’t you?!”

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 188

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 188-The Mitterans were boiling with anger over what they heard as their fair faces instantly grew as red as the reddest rubies.

“Why are you all so pleased with yourselves?! That patient’s movement earlier might have just been a reflex action!”

The other Mitterans echoed the point made. “That’s right! The patient hasn’t recovered at all! As long as the patient isn’t standing on his own two feet, we

won't acknowledge Qustia's traditional medicine!"

"True! We'll even sue you for throwing mud at our dignity! How dare you call us white chimpanzees?! You bunch of yellow swines!"

Being the targets of the Mitterans' insult, everyone present was fuming with rage as the prior excitement they had instantly vanished.

Although Hewlett's words were hard pills to swallow, the others couldn't deny the slightest possibility that the movement Joshua did were mere reflexes. After all, the patient was still not standing on his own yet. Until then, no one could possibly predict what the final outcome would be.

"Were we celebrating too soon? Will a miracle really happen?"

"Ugh, I really hope that the patient will be able to stand up in the end. That'll show those Mitterans!"

"Yeah, don't just get our hopes up like that..."

After listening to their discussion, Matt became much more composed and secretly sighed in relief. "In the first place, the chances for such a miracle is..."

Simultaneously, Kingsley was getting into the final phase as the nine gold needles—that looked like they had grown wings—kept circling around at his fingertips. In the next second, the needles all flew to the various acupoints on Joshua. However, whether the needles were pricking, kneading, flicking, or twisting at the acupoints, even the ones present couldn't comprehend.

Nevertheless, they were all captivated by the impressive display of Kingsley's technique as they subconsciously held their breath. Among them, only Matt coldly snorted before he whispered dismissively, "Such petty tricks! You might as well make juggling your main career!"

Following that, as a bead of sweat from Kingsley's forehead dripped down onto the ground, he said to the patient, "Mr. Johnson, the next will be the most crucial part of the treatment. You'll have to endure it no matter what!"

Joshua clenched his teeth and nodded in response. "I'm ready! Do it!"

Immediately after Joshua's answer, with the exception of the round needle, Kingsley had the other eight gold needles between each of his fingers and spread them in the shape of a fan.

The respective acupoints Kingsley targeted were ST-36, ST-40, ST-37, GB-39, ST-41, Liv-3, and SP-6.

He planned to insert the needles into the various acupoints following the stomach meridians starting from top to bottom of Joshua's body. Right now, it was as though Kingsley's fingers had wills of their own as each of his fingers was handling the needles delicately. With a twist of the needles as they left his fingers, they flew as though they were birds spreading their wings.

At this moment, Joshua suddenly jerked and twitched, as though he was in a seizure. His eyes started to turn upward, while he started to foam traces of blood at the corners of his mouth.

"Ahhhh!" Joshua howled with his screams filled with agony, giving the others present goosebumps.

"Endure it! Just another three more minutes!" bellowed Kingsley.

As though he was practicing the very saying: 'out with the old, in with the new,' Kingsley severed Joshua's stomach meridians and reconstructed them with the Gorgion's technique. This moment was the very reason why he told Joshua to get a medical checkup and nutrition shots.

Those who lacked both inner vitality and a weak constitution would not be able to bear the pain of having one's meridians severed.

However, the others who were watching did not know this fact. As they looked at how ghastly Joshua's appearance had become due to the extreme pain, they all spoke up in fear.

"This is bad! The patient's going to die!"

"Good heavens! He's going to kill him!"

Even the other doctors from other hospitals shouted, "Where are the doctors from Hill Crest?! Hurry up and save the patient!"

Jeffred was about to send his staff to help save the patient but was prevented from doing so by Matt. “Director Church, don’t be in such a hurry. It’s not the time yet.”

Jeffred couldn’t stop having cold sweats as he looked at Joshua—who had curled up into a ball from the pain—howling in agony with screams much more intense one after another. “President Fox, what is the meaning of this? If we don’t hurry and save the patient now, it’ll be too late for him!”

Smiling slyly, Matt replied, “If it really were too late by then, it’ll be a fortunate accident on our part!”

“President Fox, what are you saying?! It’ll be an accident that stains our hospital’s reputation!”

“Director Church, don’t worry! Should that man lose his life here, the one who will suffer from that man’s death is that Nicholson brat! I will help you clean up anything negative related to the hospital from this!” said Matt with joy figuratively bursting out from his heart.

For Matt, should Joshua really die under Kingsley’s acupuncture treatment in public, then it would be more than just a disgrace to Kingsley’s reputation. All Matt had to do was cooperate with Felix a little, and Kingsley would be spending the rest of his life behind bars.

Jeffred wanted to speak up but held his tongue in the end. To him, the death of a patient mattered little, as long as he could keep his position as the director of the hospital.

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 189

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 189-With Jeffred taking no action and only continued to sit indifferently in his seat, the surrounding doctors, as well as the crowd, were on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

“Hurry up and save that man! Will Hill Crest Hospital choose to let that man die?”

“This is murder! Murder, I say! Quick, call the police! Catch that man! That man is a murderer!”

As Alice and Cecilia listened to the surrounding clamor, their faces grew as pale as a sheet. Cecilia—who was trembling slightly at this point—asked, “What should we do now...? Did Kingsley really kill that man...?”

“No! He’s not that irresponsible!” replied Alice. Although Alice was secretly panicking herself, she still chose to put her trust in Kingsley. Turning her gaze to Alan beside her, Alice asked with her voice trembling, “Professor Gershwin, since you’re the expert here, what do you think is happening to the patient? Why did he start convulsing and vomiting blood?”

“H-His meridians seem to have been severed...” As soon as he said that, he immediately shook his head and denied his own statement. “B-But, that can’t be... If so... that man should be dead by now... I’m sure it’s just my eyes playing tricks on me... Yeah, that has to be it...”

Just like Alan, Blake was full of doubt as well. Based on his experience, he could clearly see that Kingsley did indeed sever the patient’s meridians. However, he couldn’t understand the reason for Kingsley’s action. To add to that, he couldn’t figure out how Joshua could still scream at the top of his lungs even after having his meridians severed. Pinching himself nonstop on his thighs, and as if he was in a meltdown, he muttered, “No, that can’t be right. That doesn’t make any sense...”

The other white-haired experts present were utterly confused at this point as well as they witnessed the shocking scene unfolding before them. What they had witnessed had them doubt everything that they had studied all their lives.

“Hahahaha... It must be pathetic to be a citizen of a trashy country like Qustia!” Hewlett scoffed loudly, “You can’t even guarantee the very basic human right to life! That makes you Qustians no better than slaves! In Mittera, you can even smell the sweet scent of freedom in our air!”

Saying that, Hewlett stood up and shouted to the reporters standing at the back of the crowd, “Come! Get this filthy moment on film! Let the whole world see just how the Empire of Qustia—”

However, it was midway through his sentence that he realized something was not right—he realized Joshua’s screams of agony had stopped deafening their ears.

Everyone held their breath instantly. Whether it was the ones who were angry, the ones who were ridiculing others, or the ones who were doubtful, everyone

was dumbfounded at what they were witnessing. Even the reporters—who were taking photos of the situation—had stopped what they were doing, and stood there dumbfounded as though their souls had left their bodies.

Feeling unease creeping inside him, Hewlett turned his head slowly to find Joshua—who was wiping the sweat off his own forehead—sitting up while holding onto the surgical bed. One could tell that Joshua was feeling excited based on how much he was trembling.

Kingsley—who was standing beside Joshua—smiled faintly before he said in a gentle manner, “We’ll be done after this last needle.” With the needle between his two fingers, he flicked it into the acupoints located at Joshua’s lumbar spine.

“Buzz—”

Sharp buzzing sounds flooded the room the moment Kingsley inserted that needle, which caused everyone present pain in their ears, as they felt as though the blood inside them were resonating with the sharp buzzing sound.

When the buzzing had died down, the needle came flying out of Joshua’s waist. Seeing that, Kingsley immediately caught the needle with his two fingers and kept it back in his ivory box. Thud! With the ivory box snapped close, all nine gold needles were returned to their place.

Following that, the crowd had their pupils shrunk to the size of a pin as they watched in shock over how Joshua moved his leg ever so slowly onto the ground. Each and every one of them held their breath and were afraid to even blink, fixing their eyes on Joshua as they watched what he would do next.

In all honesty, one could easily infer what would happen next. After all, a man who had been paralyzed for more than ten years could now move his own two legs on his own. That was evidence enough as an indication of what was to come. However, not one person among the crowd spoke up; they merely waited. All of them wanted to feast their eyes on the miracle unfolding before them.

With the faint sound Joshua made when his legs stepped onto the smooth marble floor, the auditorium turned dead silent. It was merely a soft step, but one that seemingly weighed a ton, landing squarely on the crowd’s hearts.

Seconds passed before Joshua finally took his first step and stood firmly in the middle of Sunshine Auditorium. The moment he did, the crowd erupted in shock. Everyone waved their arms wildly with a mixture of excitement and shock on their faces.

“Incredible!”

“This is unbelievable!”

“A patient who had been paralyzed for more than ten years actually stood on his own!”

Crash!

Looking at Joshua standing firmly, Matt became weak in his knees and fell to the ground along with his chair.

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 190

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 190–

Matt was stunned. Never had he thought that Kingsley would be able to cure Joshua’s illness. However, no one cared about Matt’s thoughts because their eyes were fixed on Joshua.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! That guy actually stood up!”

“There’s no doubt about it! That patient has been cured!”

“Oh heavens! Our country’s traditional medicine is awesome! It is truly our national treasure!”

At that moment, someone commented, “It’s true that ancient healing is great, but isn’t... that young man even greater?!”

Those words alarmed everyone. In an instant, everyone’s eyes were on Kingsley.

“He’s the God of Medicine! No, no, no. He’s a real god!”

“It’s a pity he’s wearing a mask. We can’t see his face!”

“What nonsense are you saying? Do you think that the God of Medicine would let us ordinary people see his face?!”

Everyone fell into a discussion as they guessed Kingsley’s identity and why he would have such superb medical skills.

Meanwhile, as the topic of everyone’s discussion, Kingsley casually placed his ivory box back into his pocket. Then, he said to Joshua, “How do you feel, Mr. Johnson? Are you feeling uncomfortable anywhere?”

After taking a few small steps, Joshua teared up as he sobbed, “No, I don’t feel uncomfortable, but it’s all so unfamiliar to me... The feeling of being able to stand up is so strange...”

At that moment, Leroy walked up and kneeled with Joshua before Kingsley. Then, the two respectfully bowed a few times. “Mr. Nicholson, you’ve cured my father’s paralysis. I, Leroy Johnson, have nothing to repay your kindness! I can only promise to serve and be loyal to you for the rest of my life!”

Beside him, Joshua echoed, “That’s right. You’re the Johnson Family’s savior! How will we ever repay your kindness...”

Kingsley helped them to their feet and said, “It’s nothing. You don’t have to thank me.”

Once the stunned elderly researchers heard that, they almost spat out blood! Nothing?! The skills they saw as a miracle were just nothing in Kingsley’s eyes!

Suffering from a coughing fit, Scott stammered, “W-Who is this guy? Does anyone know him?”

Ronald shook his head. “I’ve never heard that there was a master of traditional medicine in Cleapolis...”

Meanwhile, Blake’s eyes were brightly lit as he commented admirably, “I don’t care who he is. I want to have him as my teacher!”

Scott, Ronald, and the others were left speechless.

Then, Scott whispered, “Mr. Hemsworth, what are you talking about? Isn’t your teacher Old Master Todd? Isn’t he from a family of great medical practitioners?”

“Exactly. Since ancient times, it has been a taboo for people in our industry to change teachers!” Ronald looked shocked as he continued, “If Old Master Todd were to hear that, you’d be in trouble!”

“It doesn’t matter.” Blake said something even more shocking while shaking his head, “That person knows the long-lost Gorgion’s technique, so even if my teacher were here, he would also ask that guy to be his teacher!”

Boom!

When those words came out, all those gray-haired elders felt like their heads were about to explode!

Gorgion’s technique?! The method that man used was the legendary Gorgion’s technique?!

The other researchers never doubted Blake’s words because Blake’s teacher was Old Master Todd, who was from a family of great medical practitioners. There was no way Blake would have mistaken that technique for others!

After taking a hard gulp, Scott felt his face tremble. “No way... Then, I want him to be my teacher too!”

With a flushed face, Ronald rubbed his hands while shouting, “Oh my God! I’ve waited for over thirty years, and my teacher has finally appeared!”

Instantly, all the elderly researchers were getting excited!

After all, the legendary Gorgion’s technique was rumored to have the ability to bring back the dead, and it could also change a person’s fate! Who wouldn’t want to learn such a technique?!

The president of the Academic Committee of Traditional Medicine jumped up from his chair and shouted, “Mr. Nicholson! Mr. Nicholson! I want to be your disciple!”

The primary lecturer of the Cleapolis University of Traditional Medicine wasn’t going to be outdone and shouted, “Me too! I want to be his disciple too!”

The president of the Clinical Research of Acupuncture kneeled on the ground.
“Mr. Nicholson! Please accept me as your disciple!”

Even a senior researcher from an orthopedic hospital threw away his stethoscope and shouted, “I’ve learned medicine for half my life, but I couldn’t fully cure a patient with lumbar disc prolapse! I’m done! I want to learn traditional medicine from the master himself!”