

The Girl CB 961

Chapter 961 The Master Showed Up

Brett nodded and signaled them to open the door.

After the guard opened the door, Brett turned to whisper to Nikita before entering it. "Mr. President is inside, and there are several cabinet experts. After a while, they will give the president a diagnosis and treatment together with you."

The president had his own personal medical team around him.

They were the experts in the cabinet.

Those experts were equivalent to the president's family doctors, living in the manor with President, always ready when President needed.

They were also an elite team selected from The National Hospital.

They had the same teacher as Dr. Charles.

Nikita said nothing, pressing her lips.

After Brett told her, he pushed open the door and went in first.

"Don't be overly thoughtful." Charles lowered his voice and explained, "It's not because he doesn't believe your medical skills, but because those experts have a better understanding of the daily situation of the president. They can better help you."

Nikita looked down at Charles. "I haven't said I want to operate on him yet."

“Yeah, yeah.” He nodded quickly. “Can you feel the president a pulse first?”

His tone was quite humble.

The attitude was also quite humble.

Frank saw this silently, restraining his impulse of recording this scene with his phone.

She raised her eyebrows, her hands in her pockets, walking into the room slowly. “I also charge for feeling the pulse.”

Her voice was not loud, but she didn’t deliberately lower it.

Brett heard her words ‘charge for feeling the pulse’ and paused.

Dr. Charles kept up with Nikita’s pace and said flatteringly, “Of course, please rest assured that you will never do for nothing.”

“As long as you can cure the president, no matter how high the price you ask, it is ok.”

Brett also turned his head and nodded. “Dr. Charles is right. As long as you can cure the president, the price is up to you.”

“Let’s have s check first.” Her tone was not serious. “The price of the diagnosis is set after it.”

The room was very big.

But there were few furnishings inside, so it looked very empty.

At a glance, Nikita saw a man lying on the only big white bed in the room, several old men in white coats standing by the bed. They were discussing something fiercely.

After seeing Brett, they stopped arguing.

Brett walked over to look at President who closed his eyes on the white bed, frowning. "How is President now?"

"The situation is very good." An expert sighed, "We must have a craniectomy immediately to get the blood out of his brain."

"The operation can't be delayed any longer." Another expert looked serious. "We must have a surgery for the president at once."

"The place where there is congestion can't be operated. Another expert frowned and said, "Even after craniectomy, it is useless."

"But craniectomy must be done." Several experts argued about whether to do surgery again. "If the congestion can't be discharged. Mr. President's life will be in danger!"

"Then you tell me. Even if we open his brain, who dares to take it out? Do you dare?"

Chapter 962 She is questioned again.

The two experts who advocated the surgery stopped talking.

Take the blood clot out?

They don't dare.

"Do you dare?" The expert who felt that there was no need for surgery turned around and asked another one. "Can you?"

“How can I...” The expert who was questioned changed his face and quickly waved his hand. “I dare not take this responsibility.”

“So all of you dare not? So you also feel that there is no need for surgery?”

The experts were silent again.

In fact, they also feel that there is no need for surgery.

If the blood clot can't be taken out after opening his brain, it is useless.

But if they don't perform an operation, there is no other way to remove the blood clot out of his brain.

Performing a surgery is the only way.

But because of the great risk and difficulty, they have hesitated for a long time, and no one dared to do this craniectomy.

“Brother Charles said that there was a very skillful doctor who may be able to do this operation?” When they were so worried that they didn't know what to do, an expert turned his head and looked at Charles,

like a drowning man suddenly grabbing a life-saving straw, and his eyes shone. “Brother Charles, where is the doctor you mentioned? Have you found him?”

Several other experts were also recalled of this matter.

They looked eagerly at Charles.

“Yes, brother Charles, have you found the doctor?”

These experts were selected from the National Hospital after Charles. They all called him Brother.

When they were worried about the operation, Charles told them that a disciple of Lemuel was quite skillful. Old Mr. Lambert has lain on the bed for years in a vegetative status, and all of them were unable to cure him, but that doctor cured him just after acupuncture once.

That procedures of acupuncture have long been lost in ancient books. They were fortunate enough to witness the whole process of needling by the doctor. It was not exaggerated to describe it as magic.

Moreover, Malcom's heart attack was also cured by the doctor before.

That heart surgery was also extremely difficult.

At that time, if it weren't because of the doctor, Malcom might have...

Therefore, they think that the doctor may be the only hope for the success of Mr. President's craniectomy.

Later, Charles went to find the doctor.

They stayed in the manor to take care of the president so that they could stand by at any time.

Now Charles and others were back.

The doctor didn't come back with them?

Several experts also saw a strange but beautiful look.

They were also amazed for a moment, but they didn't have any thoughts to pay attention to it at this time, though she was an angel from the heaven.

So when they saw Nikita, no one took her seriously.

No one wondered why she appeared in the president's room.

"This is the doctor that Dr. Charles invited back." Brett introduced Nikita to several experts. "You can tell the doctor about President's

conditions now."

"What?!"

After Brett introduced, several experts were stunned. An expert directly pointed to Nikita, frowning, with a serious look.

Chapter 963 A Slap on the Face

After Brett introduced, several experts were stunned. An expert directly pointed to Nikita, frowning, with a serious look, saying. "Brett, it's not good to make such jokes with us, is it?"

The other experts didn't speak, but their expressions and eyes on the faces were almost the same.

They turned unbelievable, doubtful and then contemptuous.

Finding a little girl and telling them that this was the so-called doctor?

Who will believe it?

This little girl was still wearing a high school uniform. They have been looking for the doctor for so long, but they actually got a high school student?

How can he see them as fools?

Even he treated them like this. Mr. President is in an urgent situation now. Are they not afraid that the Cabinet will scold them?

“It’s not a joke.” Charles stood up and said with a serious expression. “The doctor is very young, but her medical skills are definitely far above all of us. I witnessed her ability with my own eyes. It won’t be false?”

“It’s all about the life of the president. Do you think I can joke about this kind of thing?”

Charles was a very proud old man.

However, if he was convinced by others, he would put down his face. He would not be unwilling to admit the gap between himself and others.

Although Nikita was quite young, and she was even younger than his youngest granddaughter...

Since he witnessed how Nikita finished the acupuncture that has been lost in the ancient Chinese book, Charles has become her fan. He can’t tolerate others’ doubt about her.

Even his brothers who worked with him for decades couldn’t.

He has witnessed the strength of the doctor with his own eyes.

He will not allow anyone to have even the slightest doubt about the medical skills of the doctor.

“Now that Charles witnessed her skills in person, I believe her.” Brett looked at the pale and haggard president on the bed, then made a decision and said, “Tell her about the conditions of the president.”

Several experts looked at each other, and despite Charles’ assurance, their eyes were still full of doubts and distrust.

The little girl looked too young.

Although there was not an absolute relationship between medical skills and age, the age mattered.

This group of people who were in the present position has been in the medical profession for at least several decades.

But Charles just said that this little girl’s medical skills were far above them?

This was too exaggerated.

The experts in the National Hospital were proud and even arrogant. They didn’t agree with Charles’ thoughts. But now that Brett made the decision, they had to obey the order.

During the president’s coma, everything was handled by his special assistant Brett.

In addition, they also wanted to see if this little girl was really skillful.

As the saying goes, gold is not afraid of fire.

Actions speak louder the words.

Let them see what level this little girl has.

“Well, we’ll do as Weiss says.” An expert went aside, took an inspection list and handed it to Nikita.
“Little girl this is President’s report. Have a look.”

He called her ‘Little girl’ instead of “Doctor’.

Chapter 964 They never heard.

Obviously, Nikita was not recognized as a “Doctor” in his eyes.

Nikita’s face looked emotionless, her eyes on the report passed by experts, but she didn’t receive it.

The expert handed it and waited for a while. He saw Nikita didn’t accept it, so he frowned impatiently,
“Little girl, you...”

Nikita went straight past the experts. In face of their stunning eyes. she said, ‘There is no need to see it for it is useless.’

Several experts frowned stunningly, their faces livid.

She was too arrogant.

How dare she say the result was useless?

Does she know who they are? How dare she be arrogant in front of them?

She completely didn’t take them seriously.

The expert who handed in the report just now immediately turned livid and said unhappily. “Little girl, you have a big tone. Well, since you think the result we checked has no reference significance, I’d like to take a good look at what different results you can diagnose.”

The rest of the experts didn't speak, but they all looked at Nikita with a bit of disbelief on their faces.

They also wanted to see what different conclusions can be diagnosed by this arrogant little girl!

Standing by the big white bed. Nikita slightly lift her eyes at that expert who was saying and then took back her eyes, without replying.

She sat down by the bed, raised the president's exposed hand, and pressed it gently with her fair and beautiful fingers.

Seeing her still using four basic ways of diagnosis of Chinese traditional medicine to check President, experts looked at her contemptuously. The one who just handed the record sneered at her. "Feeling the pulse? You think the exquisite equipment is useless. Is feeling the pulse better than the professional instruments?"

Brett standing aside also frowned.

Just feeling the pulse was a bit unconvincing.

Is she not wasting their time?

"Brother Charles, are you sure she is really reliable?" The rest of the experts also frowned. "Mr. President's situation is critical. Can this little girl do it?"

Charles stared at them. "There is no need to question her medical skills. I know what's going on in your mind. I also once questioned her medical skills as you did. You just wait to see, and soon you will know, like me, how wrong your current ideas are!"

They had a disapproving expression on their faces.

Everyone thought that he was probably confused by her beauty.

So he stood up for her.

Just looking at the little girl's way of diagnosis, they knew she was a rookie.

How can the pulse show the brain damage?

They have never heard that.

Nikita has felt President's pulse for almost eight minutes and the loosed.

Then she opened his eyelids and looked carefully.

After a few minutes, she turned around and looked up at Brett: "The brain hemorrhage is a bit serious. You have to lead out the brain. congestion immediately. Otherwise, once the blockage occurs, his life will be in danger."

Chapter 965 A Slap on the Face

The doctor is right." Brett nodded. "Mr. President's brain is really seriously damaged.

"Oh, you can know this even don't need to check his pulse.' The expert aside disdained her. "I thought you might be really skillful for you said the result was useless. It seems that I think too much."

it is because of brain damage that the president needed craniectomy to remove the blood clot.

Who doesn't know this matter?

Do they need her to have a check before telling them?

Other experts also said in an ironic tone. "Yeah, this doctor just said what we have got. Mr. President needed a surgery to open his brain for it was damaged."

“This pulse feeling is a bit redundant.”

Brett was still polite but also suspicious. “Doctor, can you do the surgery for him?”

“There is no need for surgery.” She ignored the cynicism of those experts, her face calm and his voice light. “The congestion can be evacuated by acupuncture. The operation is too difficult and risky, so it is not recommended. By means of acupuncture, the risk can be reduced by half.”

“Acupuncture?” Brett was stunned. “Is the acupuncture using needles as Chinese traditional medicine said?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

Brett didn’t know much about acupuncture. After listening to her words, he turned to look at Charles. “Dr. Charles, is it feasible only by means of needles?”

“Of course it works!” Nikita turned excited after he heard Nikita wanted to use acupuncture. “Her skills of acupuncture is quite excellent. If she says it is feasible, it must be.”

Since saw Nikita curing Old Mr. Lambert by means of needles last time, he and other doctors were long for having another chance to see her skill

Even if they can’t learn it, they still want to see it.

He thinks it’s good to only have a look.

After all they can’t only see needling that has been lost from Nikita.

If she gave the president this treatment later, they would appreciate her superb needling again.

“Absurd! Mr. President’s brain damage is so serious that it is ridiculous to say that brain congestion can be evacuated by acupuncture!”

“I have never heard of it since I became a doctor. I have never heard that brain damage could only be cured by acupuncture.”

“Weiss, please think twice before making the decision. Mr. President is noble. How can you hand his life to a little girl who always bragged?”

The experts objected strongly.

Brett frowned, and his eyes also showed hesitation.

“But you all say that even if you give the president a craniectomy, you can’t take out the blood clot from his brain. What the doctor said is to use acupuncture to dissolve the brain congestion. I think we can have a try. After hesitating for a moment, Brett decided to let Nikita try.

“But...”

“If you don’t agree. Do you have a better way? If so, you can also have a try.” Brett looked at the one who was talking.

His face was stiff, and he couldn’t speak immediately.

“And you?” Brett looked at several other experts again. “In addition to craniectomy and acupuncture, can you come up with other ways?”

The rest of the experts look at each other, saying nothing.

Chapter 966 A Slap on the Face

“Since you have no other way, listen to the doctor.” Brett turned to look at Nikita, saying in a polite way. “Doctor, do as you said.”

Others still wanted to oppose it. Brett said directly. "You dare not operate on Mr. President, and you have to stop others from treating him. If you delay his treatment like this, can you afford the consequences?"

Then they stopped preventing.

Naturally, he can't afford the consequences.

Brett looked back and turned to Nikita. "Please."

She slowly took down her black backpack slung on her shoulder. As she unzipped the backpack, she said. "Five hundred million dollars."

Brett paused. "What?"

"My treatment fee." Nikita slowly took out a black wallet with silver needles from his backpack. "I can cure him. Give me 500 million medical fees, and pay in a lump-sum on the spot."

Brett turned stunned again.

She also said before that he would charge medical fees.

But he didn't expect that she would charge 500 million.

"Five hundred million?" The rest of the experts also muttered, "It's so much. Isn't this fishing in troubled waters?"

Nikita took out a black wallet, look at several people with cold eyes, and said in an understatement: "So, you think the president's life is not worth 500 million?"

“We didn’t say that. As long as you can cure the president, it’s fine to give you a billion.” Bunyan, the person in charge, has a great opinion on Nikita, so his tone of voice is not very good. He said, “What if you can’t cure him?”

Nikita narrowed her eyes, slowly took out a long silver needle from the black wallet, without looking at Bunyan. Her voice was calm, saying: “I can’t cure it, I won’t charge.”

Bunyan was about to say something, but was stopped by a look from Brett.

“Doctor, are you going to start acupuncture treatment for Mr. President now?” Brett looked at the silver needle with cold awn between the fingers of Nikita, asked.

“Hmm.” Nikita nodded and sat back to the bed. “I don’t want to hear any noise or be watched by any other people during my treatment. Mr. Brett, I need a quiet environment, otherwise I will be distracted once I am disturbed. It may cause some bad consequences.”

After Nikita speaking, the experts standing next to Brett were uneasy.

Obviously. Nikita said that the miscellaneous people are them.

Bavis pondered for a few seconds, then nodded, “OK, FIL do it right now.”

‘Bunyan, please go out and wait first.” Brett said to the experts around him, “You have been busy for most of the day. go out and have a rest.” “Hum, we didn’t want to stay and see it. It’s just some crooked ways to deceive people. Who cares! Let’s go!” Bunyan was the first to turn and leave angrily.

The rest of them, with dark faces, turned and walked out of the room.

“Doctor, you can rest assured that I will definitely keep my mouth shut during your treatment and promise not to make any noise to disturb you.” When Dr. Charles saw that other doctors had been cleared, he quickly said aloud, “I will stay and help you. If you need any help. Just give me a command.”

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“Then I also want to stay to help her.” Even Dr. Charles wanted to stay. Frank also looked forward to have a look at the magic acupuncture described by Charles.

Nikita lift eyes at them, saying nothing.

Charles immediately walked behind her and smiled pleasantly. “Doctor, just tell me if you need.”

“Not now, maybe later.” Then she looked down, inserting the silver needle into President’s temple.

Then, She took out of over a dozen silver needles from her black bag and inserted them into various acupoints on the top of his head quickly. Her moves were quick.

Every needling only took her one second, so over a hundred needles were inserted Into Presidents’ body quickly.

On his head, fingers and soles and behind his ears. The size of those needles was as large as an adult’s palm. After she inserted, only half of those needles could be seen.

Within a few minutes, the tall and burly man lying on a big white bed was covered with silver needles, which looked shocking at first glance.

Brett has never received such treatment before.

Although he once heard of acupuncture and moxibustion of Chinese traditional medicine, he neither know much about nor trust it all the time. When he fell sick, he never resorted to Chinese traditional medicine.

In addition, in recent years, there were quite a lot of swindlers in the circle of Chinese medicine, so this circle had a bad reputation. When it came to Chinese medicine, the first impression about it was that it was unreliable.

Brett also thought it was unreliable.

It is because Charles said Nikita's medical skills were excellent that he allowed her to cure President. Otherwise, he would not agree with such treatment.

Now looking at the president covered with needles, Brett couldn't help worrying. "Do you need to put needles all over his body only for evacuating blood in his brain?" asked he

After Nikita finished the acupuncture, she wiped her fingers with handkerchief taken from her bag and then turned to look at Brett. "Many acupoints in the body are linked with the brain."

Brett looked toward President on the bed still worriedly. "Have you done now?"

"Yes." Nikita gently nodded.

Brett asked again. "If it goes well, can the congestion in the president's brain be evacuated? After the brain congestion is evacuated, can the president wake up?"

"Generally, after half an hour, he can wake up."

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"Generally, after half an hour, he can wake up."

Brett was startled.

"Mr. President will wake up in half an hour?"

"Yes," said Nikita whose tone was understated. "Half an hour at most."

"At most. You mean..."

“He’ll wake up in half an hour at most.”

Brett was shocked again. As President’s special assistant, he always hid his emotions. But at this moment, his shock was totally showed on his face. “You mean Mr. President can wake up earlier?”

Compared with people standing aside, shocking and unbelievable, Nikita was as calm as usual. “Yes.”

Brett was so shocked that he could not spit out a word.

Even the medical team of the cabinet and experts of the National Hospital could handle President’s illness.

But this little girl who was still in high school, could evacuate the blood clots deep in the president’s brain through acupuncture without operation. She even could let President wake up within half an hour.

If the blood clots in President’s brain is really evacuated, and he wakes up within half an hour, she will be a real master.

‘Can the president really wake up in half an hour?’ Charles suddenly got a cup of water and handed it to Nikita. “So you successfully evacuated his blood clots in his brain?”

Nikita’s needling skill she did just now was different from what he saw previously.

Although he knew little about acupuncture...

He can distinguish the difference of needling between two times.

Nikita cast a light look at this flattering old man and took the water to sip some. Then she said slowly. “Whether the evacuation is successful or not, it will take a while to know.”

“But...”

Brett suddenly turned nervous by her “but”, and he quickly asked, “But what?”

She sipped some water again, then she replied slowly. “But needling I just used is simple. It would have a decent amount of success.”

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Simple?

Brett was relieved after she said so.

But after seeing the president whose body was full of needles, he still has some uneasiness in his heart.

Although the doctor said President would wake up in half an hour...

Is it true?

Experts all thought President’s condition was urgent. They even spent a long time to discuss the treatment plan, but no one dared to operate on him

Can this young doctor cure him only with a set of needles?

In the hallway outside the president’s bedroom.

A team of experts of the cabinet stood at the door with cold and dignified looks.

The door was closed.

They stood outside and couldn't see anything.

"It's ridiculous. How can Brett let such a young girl who doesn't know anything treat Mr. President? If something happens to Mr. President how can he afford it?"

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"Yes, he's too hasty. It's nothing if the little girl can't cure the president. I'm afraid that she will treat him indiscriminately and make the damage to his brain more serious."

"Shall we stop her? I'm really worried about Mr. President."

"I don't know what happened to Brother Charles. He is not afraid of any problems caused by the little girl and he is also punished?"

"I don't trust her. If we don't prevent her right now, we'll also be involved when President is in danger." Bunyan then pulled the door and was about to enter the room, his face livid.

As soon as one foot stepped in, he heard Brett's surprised voice.

"Mr. President is awake, Mr. President is really awake!"

Bunyan raised his head shockingly.

The room was relatively empty.

Standing at the door, Bunyan saw Brett stride toward the big white bed as he said excitedly. "Mr. President, you're awake. Thanks god."

Dr. Charles and Director Frank also walked over excitedly.

Only the girl sitting by the big white bed, with an indifferent look, was carefully disinfecting every silver needle that had just been taken out.

She didn't even cast a look at the extremely noble patient on the big white bed.

It seemed that nothing could not compare with the silver needles in her hands.

In her eyes, even a president was inferior to the silver needles in her hands.

"Ahem," A weak cough sounded, and then a hoarse but dignified middle-aged man's voice sounded.
"Brett, what's wrong with me?"

Hearing the middle-aged man's voice, Bunyan's eyes popping with shock, he could not move as if his feet dragged by iron.

He stood at the door shockingly and unbelievably.

That's President's voice...

Mr. President has been awake?

So that means that the blood clots in his brain have been evacuated?

That means that the little girl named Nikita really cured the president with a set of silver needles?

But... how is it possible!

She only spent less than half an hour.

Then Mr. President is awake?

Several experts behind Bunyan were also stunned.

Their faces were all full of incredible shock.

“Mr. President is awake?!”

“But, how can it be so quick...”

“Without craniotomy, only with acupuncture alone can she evacuate the blood clots deep in the brain and make the president wake up so quickly. This... this is incredible.”

“How is it possible? Is Chinese medicine acupuncture so powerful?”

They got stunned for a few seconds and heard the weak voice of President coming from the room.

“Where is the doctor who cured me?!”

want to meet him.”

Nikita was replying Sheehan’s messages with her phone.

He knew that she was curing patients and asked her about the progress, but he didn’t know whom he cured.

When Nikita just replied him, she heard Brett’s polite and respectful voice over her head. “Doctor, President wants to see you.”

Brett was also polite to Nikita before.

But he was polite because of his courtesy, and he would be like that to everyone.

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But now he was sincere.

He had no doubt about Nikita's medical skills anymore.

She is a real master.

Not the liars he heard before.

He was dubious about Chinese traditional medicine and didn't have much hope for this treatment, but from this moment on, his impression of it changed completely.

After all, thanks to its acupuncture and moxibustion, Mr. President can wake up, which can prove that Chinese medicine is really powerful, and there are indeed masters in this field.

"Wait a minute." Nikita was still carefully wiping the silver needles in her hands, with her head down.

Brett looked at the silver needles, and her lips moved as if he was about to say something, but finally he didn't say.

Although the doctor is young, she seems to have seen big scenes.

When the president wants to talk to her, she is also in no hurry. Not only does she not show the slightest flattery on her face, but she is still indifferent and prudent. She is young, though, she looks as if she can dominate everything.

Brett had never met anyone like her.

Anyone in front of President is jittery and cautious.

It's the first time he has seen such an indifferent attitude to President.

Charles and Frank saw her moves. There were also some mixed feeling on their faces.

She is...

Quite individual.

The experts stood at the door with mixed emotions.

It is also the first time that they have seen a person ignoring President.

They even didn't dare to imagine such thing.

None of them dared to do so like her.

Nikita asked Brett to wait, so he had to do as she said.

The president who has woken up in the big white bed was also waiting.

All people in the room were waiting.

The girl was still wiping her silver needles slowly. After almost ten minutes, she disinfected and put them back in the black wallet, and then put it back in her backpack she brought.

Brett, who was waiting beside her, was so anxious that his head was sweating. After she finished her moves, he can't wait to ask. "Doctor, President's still waiting for you."

Only others waited for President.

For the first time. Mr. President was waiting for someone else.

Nikita zipped up her backpack, then slowly stood up and walked towards the president who was closing his eyes on the big white bed.

No sooner had she reached the bedside than the president opened his eyes.

He was still very young. When he took office he was only in his early forties. A man like him who was still very attractive. Although he was ill now, his nobility and elegance can be completely shown, his eagle eyes still dark and sharp.

Compared with Brett, he was more oppressive.

Louis William looked up and down at Nikita.

Beside the big white bed, the girl looked down at his inquiring eyes without fear, also observing him.

This was a confrontation between strong people.

Neither she nor he was weak.

They were observing each other.

Moments later, both of them took back their eyes.