

King Hall 71

Chapter 71 Ah-Biao's Accident

After watching for a while, Wen Rou seemed to think of something and appeared somewhat self-conscious. She lowered her head and seemed lost in thought again.

A while later.

Mu Jinyu opened the bathroom door, humming a tune as she stepped out. While toweling her damp hair, she spoke to Wen Rou with her head lowered, "I'm done bathing, you go take a shower."

"Okay," Wen Rou said, her mood now adjusted and her expression back to calm. She replied and went to her own bedroom to get a change of clothes, and then headed to the bathroom to shower.

Mu Jinyu didn't pay attention to her but finished drying her hair and took the hairdryer she had just bought to blow-dry her hair.

His hair wasn't very long, and it was mostly dry after a few minutes of blow-drying. Setting aside the hairdryer, Mu Jinyu walked to the kitchen and took out the watermelon, grapes, strawberries, and other fruits he had just bought from the refrigerator's fresh-keeping compartment.

After washing the grapes and strawberries, Mu Jinyu tasted a few—they were quite sweet. He then picked up a kitchen knife, sliced the watermelon in half, served one half in slices on a plate, and scooped out spoonfuls from the other half for himself.

Having prepared and placed the washed and cut fruits on the coffee table in the living room, Mu Jinyu lay back on a sofa, scooping the watermelon with a spoon, indulging in the juicy treat.

He was thoroughly enjoying his watermelon when suddenly, his phone rang.

He had just bought the phone today, and only a few people knew his number—Wen Rou, Wang Zhengbiao, and Gu Xiyan, just these three people.

Mu Jinyu had been looking forward to enjoying his watermelon and hadn't thought of getting up to answer the phone, but the persistent ringing finally made him put down his watermelon with impatience, and he got up to get his phone.

Glancing at the incoming call, it was from Wang Zhengbiao.

Seeing Wang Zhengbiao's name, Mu Jinyu suddenly remembered that he had called him when he went to see the house at Seaview Garden that afternoon, but he hadn't answered at that time.

Mu Jinyu had assumed Wang was busy and couldn't pick up the phone, thinking that once he was free and saw the missed call, he would call back to ask what Mu needed.

But he hadn't expected this call to come only after 6 p.m.

With a bad feeling creeping up, Mu Jinyu hastily answered the phone.

"Hello, is this Doctor Mu?"

As soon as the call connected, a voice, cold yet laced with urgency, came through the phone.

It wasn't Wang Zhengbiao, and it sounded vaguely familiar.

Mu Jinyu responded, "This is me, who are you? Where's Ah-Biao?"

The woman urgently explained, "I'm Mei Yinxue, the woman you saved yesterday from the car accident. Ah-Biao is in trouble, his life is hanging by a thread. Doctor Mu, can you come to save him? I can pay whatever it costs!"

"His life is hanging by a thread?!" Mu Jinyu, who had been about to lie back down on the sofa with his phone in hand, suddenly tensed up. He straightened his back quickly, his lethargic eyes flashing a sharp look, and he asked in haste, "Where are you now? I'll be right there."

"I'm at..." Seeing Mu Jinyu agree to come, Mei Yinxue's tone eased with relief, and she quickly gave him her address.

"Alright, wait a moment, I'll be right there..."

Mu Jinyu finished speaking, noted the address, hung up the phone, and then went into his room to change his clothes.

In his bedroom, he frantically pulled clothes from the wardrobe to put on, all the while thinking about Wang Zhengbiao's situation.

No wonder, when I called him at noon, he didn't pick up. He must have been in danger already. Given their situation of living on the edge, he was probably being chased and hacked at that time?

Seeing my call, he must have thought I was just a Divine Doctor, unaware of my martial arts skills, and not wanting to involve me, he chose to ignore my call, planning to find a way out, settle his men, and then come to me for help.

Unfortunately, he might have found a way out, but he was severely injured. Given his tough guy demeanor, he probably thought he could withstand the pain and didn't want to bother me over what he considered minor injuries.

After all, my favors aren't easily owed, and my fees are quite expensive.

Then, he endured until evening but ultimately couldn't hold on any longer. When he was at his limit, their Big Sister hurriedly contacted me.

Mu Jinyu felt that her guess was probably very close to the truth, and even if some details were off, the general situation was likely the same.

"Ah, why bother?" Mu Jinyu changed her clothes, shook her head slightly, and sighed, feeling that Ah-Biao was really making life harder for himself.

Although there wasn't much of a relationship between us, Ah-Biao had handled quite a few minor troubles for me. If he got into trouble and called me, I'd definitely go to save his life without a second thought.

Not like the family members of the Xu family, who were always irksome. Even if they ran into trouble and asked me to save them, or even if they brought the person to me, I might not necessarily lift a finger to help.

That's the principle of reciprocating sincerity with sincerity.

Unfortunately, some people never understand.

Mu Jinyu put the Silver Needle into her pocket, opened the bedroom door, ready to call out to Wen Rou that she was leaving, when she saw Wen Rou had already finished bathing, dressed in pajamas, holding a hairdryer, about to dry her damp long hair.

Before Mu Jinyu could speak, Wen Rou saw that she had changed clothes, a flicker of surprise in her eyes, didn't press the hairdryer's power button, so as not to interrupt their conversation with the noise, and asked, "Are you going out?"

"Yeah, a friend is in trouble. You should just stay home, eat some fruit, watch TV, and go to sleep early. I don't know when I'll be back, so don't wait up for me..."

Mu Jinyu didn't stop to answer, opened the bedroom door, saw Wen Rou but didn't look back as she headed to the entrance to change shoes, instructing as she did so.

"Oh, I understand. Go and come back early, and be safe," Wen Rou said softly, without asking Mu Jinyu what she was going to do.

"Got it." Mu Jinyu finished changing her shoes, opened the security door, dashed out, and with a bang, closed the door behind her.

Wen Rou watched the security door, a vague worry for Mu Jinyu in her heart. His hurried departure didn't seem like it was for a trivial matter, recalling how he defeated those thugs the night before, she guessed he might be heading out to fight.

"Sigh..." She withdrew her gaze, looking at the fruit that had been washed and cut on the coffee table, Wen Rou sighed with a sense of melancholy, unable to say much, she could only pray for Mu Jinyu's safe return.

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Mu Jinyu hurried out, left the residence complex, and onto the main street, hailed a taxi, reported the destination, and sat in the backseat, wondering what exactly Ah-Biao's condition was, and if he could hold on until she got there to save him.

She has claimed to save lives for ten million yuan, anything from late-stage cancer to an hour after the last breath – she would save a life for ten million yuan...

But that was an exaggeration. Under some circumstances, she could achieve that, but if someone's head was chopped off, or their heart was stabbed through, no matter how sublime her medical skills, how could she bring them back?

One could only hope Ah-Biao's condition wasn't that severe.

Mu Jinyu sighed lightly.

Chapter 72: What are you doing?

Under Mu Jinyu's constant urging, the taxi driver sped up quite a bit, and in no more than an estimated fifteen minutes, they arrived at a small clinic where Mei Yinxue and the others were currently located.

Yes, it was a small clinic, not some big hospital.

Mu Jinyu guessed that it must have been because they had gunshot wounds or something similar which prevented them from going to a large hospital for treatment, forcing them to stay at a small clinic instead.

After paying the fare, Mu Jinyu got out of the car, not even minding the money he had unexpectedly had to shell out, and hurried into the clinic.

"Stop there!"

"What are you doing, halt!"

Mu Jinyu had just reached the entrance when several large men in suits, seeing him charging over like a headless fly, changed their expressions, raised the swing sticks and rebar in their hands, and began threatening him to stop his approach.

Wearing a plain white long dress, without makeup or jewelry, Mei Yinxue still appeared absolutely stunning. She anxiously awaited Mu Jinyu's arrival at the door and, upon seeing him, joy immediately spread across her face.

When she heard her subordinates shouting, her expression changed slightly, fearing their actions would irritate Mu Jinyu and cause him to leave in disgust. She kicked them one by one, sending them sprawling, and scolded, "What are you all yelling about? This is Doctor Mu. Next time, keep your eyes peeled and treat him as you would me!"

"Yes!" The men who had fallen didn't show any displeasure and respectfully agreed.

Afterward, they looked up at the approaching Mu Jinyu and apologized continuously, "Divine Doctor Mu, sorry, we did not recognize you and shouted rudely at you. Please be magnanimous and don't take it to heart; even if you want to punish us, please save Brother Biao first. We won't run away; we will stay right here waiting for your decision!"

Mu Jinyu didn't bother with their nonsensical talk and waved his hand dismissively, saying, "It's fine, you were just worried about an enemy attack, weren't you? I won't blame you. Just be more careful next time."

Having said that, he turned to Mei Yinxue and said, "Come on, let's go see Ah-Biao."

Upon seeing Mu Jinyu, the anxiety and panic in Mei Yinxue's eyes had dissipated considerably, clearly trusting Mu Jinyu's medical skills immensely. She then raised her hand to invite him, saying, "Okay, thank you for your righteous intervention. I will remember this great kindness forever."

Mu Jinyu followed Mei Yinxue into the clinic.

The clinic was not large; at the moment, the hallway and rooms were filled with dozens of people, each severely injured. The more critically wounded were lying on hospital beds, emitting faint moans.

As Mu Jinyu walked by, he noticed the look in Mei Yinxue's eyes when she saw them—filled with guilt, frustration, and struggle. Her lips moved slightly a few times, but ultimately, she remained silent.

Mu Jinyu guessed that she probably wanted him to help them too, but perhaps fearing his temperamental nature, she dared not speak up and had to suppress her guilt, focusing instead on getting him to treat someone more important to her, Ah-Biao.

Seeing this, Mu Jinyu sighed to himself slightly. Was his temper really that strange? Why did everyone seem so afraid of him?

"After seeing Ah-Biao, I'll have a look at the others," Mu Jinyu said, not really wanting to see them suffer continuously from their ailments.

Upon hearing this, Mei Yinxue was initially stunned but soon realized what he meant and immediately her cool, helpless eyes lit up. She turned to look at the calm-faced Mu Jinyu and smiled, "Thank you for your noble act, Divine Doctor Mu. Rest assured, I will not shortchange you for your services."

Mu Jinyu nodded slightly, not dwelling on the matter of payment, as saving lives was more important at the moment.

Following Mei Yinxue, they turned left and right, and finally, she stopped in front of a tightly closed door and gently knocked.

"Knock, knock, knock."

"Come in."

A calm male voice came from inside.

Hearing the response, Mei Yinxue dared to reach out and twist the doorknob, opened the door, and then gestured with a hand, saying to Mu Jinyu, "Doctor Mu, please go ahead."

Mu Jinyu didn't mind who went first and directly stepped into the hospital room.

The hospital room, typical of those found in hospitals, was filled with the unpleasant smell of disinfectant.

In the room, there were five people: two in white lab coats and masks, likely doctors of this small clinic, and two other men standing, whom Mu Jinyu had some recollection of; he had seen them at the scene of the car accident yesterday—they must be Mei Yinxue's trusted subordinates, on par with Wang Zhengbiao.

As for the last person, naturally, it was Wang Zhengbiao lying on the hospital bed, covered with a white sheet, his face pale as paper, and his breathing extremely weak.

As Mu Jinyu entered, everyone in the room immediately directed their gazes at him.

The two trusted subordinates of Mei Yinxue, having witnessed Mu Jinyu's miraculous medical skills yesterday, showed a hint of joy and quietly sighed in relief, sensing that with the Divine Doctor here, there might be hope for Wang Zhengbiao.

The other two, the doctors who had made Mei Yinxue knock as a sign of respect, scrutinized Mu Jinyu as soon as he appeared, but when they realized he was only in his early twenties, maybe even younger, their brows instantly furrowed.

Before Mu Jinyu and Mei Yinxue could speak, the elderly doctor with graying hair pulled off his mask, revealing a face full of deep wrinkles, and spoke, "Ms. Mei, is this the so-called Divine Doctor you risked stopping the patient from being transferred to River City First Hospital for treatment to invite here?!"

The tone of the elderly doctor was full of skepticism, disappointment, sadness, and sorrow.

Upon hearing this, Mei Yinxue's face suddenly changed, and she was about to explain how skillful Mu Jinyu's medical skills were...

But Mu Jinyu, dissatisfied, turned to him and said, "Oh? You talk so confidently, yet the patient is still gasping for breath on the bed. It seems your medical skills are not as great as your mouth?"

"You?!" The elderly doctor instantly became furious, glaring at Mu Jinyu, and said, "Young man, show some respect. I was saving lives when you weren't even born!"

"Don't try to play the senior card with me; I never fall for that," Mu Jinyu said without any desire to waste more words with the old doctor. Saving the patient was the priority. He retorted and then stepped towards Wang Zhengbiao, who was lying on the hospital bed.

"You?!!"

The elderly doctor was beside himself with anger, his body trembling. He glanced at Mei Yinxue, who had opened her mouth but didn't speak up for him, and he immediately understood her stance; she was letting this arrogant young man try to save Wang Zhengbiao.

He snorted coldly and said to another doctor, "Shuyao, let's go!"

"Okay." Shen Shuyao responded, sharing no good feelings towards Mu Jinyu, and was about to leave the room with her grandfather when, out of the corner of her eye, she saw Mu Jinyu reaching to pull off Wang Zhengbiao's oxygen mask. She was taken aback, turned her head back sharply, and yelled:

"Hey, what are you doing?"

Chapter 73 How could that be?!

"What are you doing?" Mu Jinyu initially couldn't be bothered with them, but upon hearing the woman's clear and pleasant voice, despite it being thinly veiled with anger, there was a distinctive charm to it, he replied, "Saving a life!"

Shen Shuyao was so anxious she couldn't speak, but Shen Changchun's eyes widened as he ran toward the sickbed while loudly scolding,

"Saving a life?! The patient is extremely weak now, can't even breathe on his own, and you tear off his oxygen mask, how is that saving him?!"

However, since he was already walking his granddaughter out the door, even though he noticed Mu Jinyu's shocking action and wanted to stop it, it was too late.

Wang Zhengbiao's oxygen mask was unceremoniously ripped off by Mu Jinyu, causing Mei Yinxue and the two subordinates standing aside to inadvertently flinch, but they remained silent.

Mu Jinyu didn't pay them any heed, and after removing Wang Zhengbiao's oxygen mask, he reached out to lift the snow-white blanket, then started undoing Wang Zhengbiao's hospital garment, revealing his well-built chest and the simply bandaged wound that was still oozing blood.

As he was walking over with Mei Yinxue, Mu Jinyu had already understood Wang Zhengbiao's condition briefly. Wang Zhengbiao's life-threatening injury was caused by a bullet that hit his left chest, where the human heart is located.

Although the final trajectory of the bullet was off and didn't directly hit Wang Zhengbiao's heart, it was lodged near the cardiovascular meridian. That area had a lot of blood vessels, and any careless movement of the bullet could lead to Wang Zhengbiao bleeding out.

Therefore, even though Mei Yinxue eventually brought in Shen Changchun, a professor at Jiangnan Medical College, and the head of River City First Hospital, after examining Wang Zhengbiao's condition, he could only shake his head in resignation, saying it was difficult to save him.

They would have to take him to a hospital where they would have a slight chance of saving him, but the road was long, and he probably wouldn't make it amidst the bumps and jostling.

Seeing that even Shen Changchun was uncertain, Mei Yinxue had no choice but to bite the bullet and invite Mu Jinyu over.

However, without various sophisticated instruments at their disposal, they found it difficult to treat Wang Zhengbiao, but Mu Jinyu was different from them.

Thinking this, Mu Jinyu tore off the bandage that was still oozing blood from Wang Zhengbiao's chest and took out a silver needle from his pocket. After channeling True Qi through it to sterilize, he started puncturing needles into Wang Zhengbiao's body.

Seeing Mu Jinyu's actions, Shen Changchun's eyes bulged, and he exclaimed in disbelief, "Traditional Chinese Medicine?! Acupuncture?!"

After saying that, he trembled with rage and said, "This is nonsense!"

In his more than fifty years of medical practice, he had never seen a doctor use acupuncture to save a gunshot victim; it was simply unheard of.

With swift movements of his hands, Mu Jinyu inserted needles rapidly, creating a blur of motions. Even though his state of mind meant that Shen Changchun's constant grumbling couldn't distract him, he still replied impatiently, "That Ms. Mei something, chase this old man away, please. Don't let his babbling disrupt my treatment!"

Mei Yinxue's brow twitched at being addressed by Mu Jinyu in that manner, but he didn't respond verbally. Instead, he gestured to Shen Changchun and Shen Shuyao, inviting them, "Please, step outside!"

Seeing that Mei Yinxue didn't stop Mu Jinyu's reckless actions and was even asking him to leave, Shen Changchun looked furious and disappointed as he said, "You all, what you're doing is absurd, someone can die from this!"

He spoke with despair, and ultimately, he was escorted out by Mei Yinxue's men, while Shen Shuyao gave Mu Jinyu a complex look, shook her head slightly, and followed her grandfather out.

Without another word, Mei Yinxue led everyone out, then also carefully stepped out and closed the door gently, worried about disturbing Mu Jinyu's treatment.

With everyone gone, only Mu Jinyu and Wang Zhengbiao were left in the sickroom. Mu Jinyu's mindset became even more composed, his hands steady and free of any tremor as he started to temporarily block the blood vessels at the location of Wang Zhengbiao's heart to prevent massive bleeding to death once the bullet was extracted.

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Outside the sickroom.

Shen Changchun stood in the corridor, supported by his granddaughter Shen Shuyao, his hands trembling uncontrollably at the thought of the situation in the ward, his heart ice-cold.

Initially, it was Wang Zhengbiao who got shot and was injured; through the help of his trusted aides, he narrowly escaped with his life. Unable to be rushed to a nearby hospital, he was brought to the small clinic run by his granddaughter. However, her medical skills were limited, and the clinic lacked sufficient equipment. Anticipating that rushing him to the hospital now would be too late, they urgently called for him to drop everything and come here.

After rushing over to the small clinic and examining the patient carefully, he realized something was wrong. The bullet had hit the patient in a very dangerous location; if a regular doctor attempted surgery, it was highly likely that the patient would die on the operating table.

Even if he were to perform the surgery himself, at his River City First Hospital, endowed with those precise instruments, he only had a sixty percent confidence of saving Wang Zhengbiao's life...

And in this small clinic, he was unable to treat the patient.

At that moment, he suggested that they quickly transfer the patient to the River City First Hospital he managed. Although it was too late for them to contact him, and the patient had already lost a lot of

blood, coupled with a somewhat distant journey that could jostle the patient, he estimated that the surgery's success rate would be around forty percent.

But to try was to have a chance; perhaps, a miracle might occur.

However, his suggestion was rejected by Mei Yinxue. She said she knew a Divine Doctor, and if they could get him to come, maybe they wouldn't need to hope for a miracle to save the patient's life from the Grim Reaper's hands.

At the time, hearing Mei Yinxue's words, he thought that given her status, she wouldn't make empty promises, so he somewhat looked forward to the arrival of this Divine Doctor, to broaden his horizons.

But what kind of person turned out to be the Divine Doctor? A green youth, using acupuncture to save someone shot by a bullet; what use could acupuncture possibly have in such a situation!

Shen Changchun was filled with regret at that moment, feeling like an old fool for believing Mei Yinxue and thinking she really knew some Divine Doctor. Now, her recklessness was about to let a patient die right before his eyes.

His hands trembling, he glared at Mei Yinxue, who also looked somewhat tense, and he spoke with a quavering voice that could not hide his rage, "Ms. Mei, you're playing with people's lives!"

Shen Changchun's eyes were full of disappointment; he had not expected Mei Yinxue to be someone who disregarded the lives of her subordinates.

"Professor Shen, please believe me and have faith in Doctor Mu. He definitely can save Ah-Biao," Mei Yinxue said with resolute conviction.

"Right, we all trust Big Sister's decision and believe in Doctor Mu's medical skills," the two who were blocking the doorway, subordinates of Mei Yinxue, also chimed in agreement.

"A babe in the woods, beyond instruction!" Seeing their reaction, Shen Changchun shook his head in disappointment, ready to leave.

Wang Zhengbiao's condition was already critical; he had not been rushed to a major hospital in time, the oxygen mask had been torn off by that reckless individual, followed by a flurry of haphazard needle punctures. Even if they sent him to his hospital now, it would be too late to save him.

There was no point in him staying here any longer.

Just at that moment.

The door to the ward suddenly opened.

"It hasn't even been three minutes!"

Shen Changchun checked the time; only about three minutes had passed. Could someone's life be saved so quickly? He couldn't believe it and assumed that since the door was opening now, Mu Jinyu was about to come out to apologize to everyone, saying, "Sorry, I did my best."

However, just as he was about to let out a sneer, ready to mock Mu Jinyu and Mei Yinxue thoroughly, his expression froze as if he had seen a ghost the moment he turned his head and caught sight of what was happening inside the ward.

"How is this possible?!" he exclaimed in disbelief.

Chapter 74 Bystanding

"This is impossible?!"

It wasn't only Shen Changchun who was incredulously exclaiming, his granddaughter Shen Shuyao also had her beautiful eyes wide open, watching the shocking scene inside the hospital room with disbelief.

Wang Zhengbiao, who had been essentially sentenced to death by them, was not only no longer at death's door but instead he had rosy cheeks, was full of energy, and had jumped off the hospital bed, twisting his waist left and right as he exercised on the floor.

It was as if the patient who had just been struggling on the brink of life and death wasn't him at all.

"How is this possible?!"

The grandfather and granddaughter simply could not accept the reality before their eyes.

They could not believe that a patient who had been unable to breathe on his own could be taken off his oxygen mask, pricked with a needle a few times, and then revert to the state of a normal person.

This completely overturned their worldview!

If someone had pledged just five minutes ago that a patient who had been shot near the heart, with only a 40% chance of survival through surgery, could be brought back from the brink of death in three minutes without the use of a scalpel or any other sophisticated equipment, just by acupuncture, and that the patient would be bouncing around lively,

they would have certainly slapped that person and called them crazy, accusing them of daydreaming!

But now, the fact had unfolded before their eyes, and even if they were unwilling to believe it, they had no choice but to accept that Mu Jinyu, whom they had considered a charlatan rather than a "Divine Doctor," had truly performed a miracle...

With three minutes of acupuncture, he brought a critically wounded patient back to the healthiest state.

"How did you do it?!"

Shen Changchun was so shocked he couldn't speak, while Shen Shuyao quickly recovered and excitedly stared at Mu Jinyu with gleaming eyes, urgently asking.

"Because I am the 'Divine Doctor.'" Mu Jinyu glanced at her and said calmly.

Wang Zhengbiao, who had also just regained his composure from the shock, hastily patted his chest and promised, "Doctor Mu, you saved my life, and for such a great favor, words are not enough. I'm a simple man and may not have much to say, but if you ever need anything, just order Ah-Biao around. I absolutely won't shirk, even if it means going through fire and water!"

At that moment, Wang Zhengbiao was extremely grateful that after meeting Mu Jinyu again today, he had followed Big Sister's advice and been very polite to him all along, enduring even when Mu came across as arrogant and overbearing.

Whether it was about taking 1.1 billion from him at the casino, or keeping his subordinates in check, or having his brother-in-law apologize to Mu, he had completed these tasks despite some dissatisfaction in his heart.

And his efforts and behavior finally paid off. When his own life was hanging by a thread, Mu Jinyu personally came to his aid, saving his life and leaving no lingering illness or hidden ailment.

He felt a secret fear and relief. Luckily, he had listened to Big Sister, and hadn't offended Mu Jinyu. Otherwise, he would have truly been doomed.

"You don't need to go through fire and water for me." Mu Jinyu looked back at him and said indifferently, "Treating an illness is a million, saving a life is ten million. Give me ten million yuan, and we can call it even."

"This..." Wang Zhengbiao said with a wry smile upon hearing this.

Mei Yinxue and her two trusted associates also showed strange expressions upon hearing this. As far as they were concerned, having Wang Zhengbiao owe them a life was worth much more than ten million yuan. How could ten million yuan possibly be enough to offset such a favor?

They believed that Mu Jinyu would definitely understand this fact, so why would he not want their debt of gratitude, and instead just choose to take a bit of money?

They don't understand!

Mu Jinyu, however, didn't care whether they understood or not and walked directly out of the ward, asking, "Those other seriously injured subordinates of yours, do you want me to take action? The price is the same, one million to treat an illness, ten million to save a life."

"Yes, yes, yes..." Mei Yinxue thought of what Mu Jinyu had just said—that after healing Wang Zhengbiao, he would also help look at the dozen or so seriously injured brothers—and quickly called out.

For her, ten million yuan for a life was simply too good of a deal. If they died, the compensation she would give to their families would definitely be more than that amount.

So, what was there to hesitate about?

Mu Jinyu nodded and, paying no attention to Shen Changchun and Shen Shuyao, began to walk towards those wards he had seen earlier.

Seeing this, Shen Changchun knew that he was going to save more people. His turbid old eyes twinkled, and he quickly said, "This... young brother, could you allow this old man to observe? I absolutely won't speak up and disturb you..."

Mu Jinyu ignored him, continuing to walk forward. Then he found a ward with one of the most seriously injured patients and walked in, leaving the door open behind him.

Shen Changchun and Shen Shuyao exchanged a look and, having made up their minds, also began to walk towards the ward.

"Please stop, both of you." Mei Yinxue stopped them.

"This is my clinic." Shen Shuyao said, pulling down her mask to reveal a beautiful delicate face that was no less beautiful than Mei Yinxue's, and spoke angrily, "And another thing, Sister Mei, what did I say to you when you brought people here for me to save? What are you trying to imply now?"

Shen Changchun also advised, "Ms. Mei, we mean no harm. Although the young brother didn't agree to my request, he also didn't refuse, so it's an implicit consent, right? We'll just stand at the door and

observe, definitely not making a sound to disturb him. Besides, aren't you... the slightest bit curious how he uses the Silver Needle to save people?"

At his words, Mei Yinxue's expression shifted slightly. She also thought of the time when Wang Zhengbiao and a few others were ambushed and rushed over here, and how Shen Shuyao had helped to save them without a second word and also contacted Shen Changchun to come over for the rescue.

And what Shen Changchun said—she was very curious about Mu Jinyu's methods as well. As for how Mu Jinyu saved her yesterday, she had no recollection since she passed out. Today, she would have gotten the chance to see for herself if it hadn't been for Shen Changchun's outburst, causing her to miss the opportunity.

So, she was indeed very curious about how Mu Jinyu could save a critically injured patient with just a few silver needles.

She believed that Mu Jinyu wouldn't be easily disturbed when saving people; otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to save her life amidst the chaotic accident scene yesterday in just a few moves.

But if he didn't want people to observe, she would never dare go against his words.

But...

In Wang Zhengbiao's ward, he had clearly asked everyone to leave, but just now, he indeed hadn't said yes, but he also hadn't said no to being observed, right?

After thinking it over, Mei Yinxue said, "Fine, we can go take a look, but we can only stand at the entrance, not step inside the ward. And if Doctor Mu shows any displeasure, we must leave immediately. Can you do that?"

"We can, we can!" Shen Shuyao nodded like a pecking chick.

Even though she was being told such terms in her own little clinic, she didn't feel the slightest displeasure. Instead, she thought it was great to have the opportunity to observe Mu Jinyu's miraculous medical skills.

Chapter 75: Return to Origin Acupuncture Technique!

Seeing that both Shen Shuyao and Shen Changchun nodded in agreement, Mei Yinxue also turned around and walked toward the ward where Mu Jinyu was currently located.

Carefully arriving at the entrance of the ward, Mei Yinxue stopped, turned back, and quietly cautioned them, "Just hide behind me and watch, don't stand alongside me."

"Okay," Shen Shuyao and Shen Changchun nodded, then followed behind Mei Yinxue.

Mei Yinxue slightly moved her feet and came to the entrance, then peeked into the ward.

Shen Shuyao and Shen Changchun, shrinking behind Mei Yinxue, also peeked inside.

Their position was tactically chosen; if Mu Jinyu, who was busy inside the ward, turned to look their way, he would only see Mei Yinxue blocking their view. As for the two behind her, only the corners of their clothes would be visible, leaving him unable to guess who they were.

Mei Yinxue, standing at the door, felt quite clever about this arrangement after all, Mu Jinyu had never said not to watch from the side, so peeking from the doorway should not provoke his anger, right?!

Even if she miscalculated and he ended up angry, since it was her first time doing such a thing, unlike Shen Shuyao and the others who had angered Mu Jinyu before, he likely... wouldn't be too upset with her, right?

Mei Yinxue knew that doing this still involved great risk; it could very well sever her relationship with Mu Jinyu.

Yet Shen Shuyao had just mentioned it, and indeed, when she was brought under Mei Yinxue's orders for emergency care, he had spared no effort to save her. With such a great favor owed, she could only help them watch as best as she could.

The three, each with their own thoughts, cautiously peeked into the ward.

They saw Mu Jinyu sitting on the edge of the bed, asking a few men with relatively minor injuries to help stand up a burly man who had been recently saved by Shen Shuyao but was still very weak and probably needed a long recovery period to recover.

Then, with the men supporting the burly man with his back to him, Mu Jinyu picked up the silver needle. Needle after needle he plunged fiercely—a flurry of movements so fast that it made Shen Changchun and Shen Shuyao's heads spin.

"Damn, what kind of needle technique is that? It's making my head spin."

Shen Shuyao muttered under her breath.

Hearing this, Mei Yinxue's brow furrowed slightly, and she turned back to glare at her.

Shen Shuyao then sheepishly smiled and dared not speak any further.

However, she still found Mu Jinyu's mysterious needle technique puzzling.

She had some knowledge of traditional Chinese medicine and was familiar with certain acupuncture methods and human acupoints, but the techniques and acupoints Mu Jinyu used were not any of those mentioned in the textbooks.

More importantly, typically when others performed acupuncture, they would insert the silver needle into a specific acupoint on the patient for a designated period. But Mu Jinyu? He would just pierce someone briefly, then quickly withdraw the needle.

It looked like he was merely jabbing the flesh.

It didn't seem like he was targeting any actual acupoints and practicing acupuncture.

This baffled Shen Shuyao, who then wondered how such a fierce barrage of stabbings could revitalise a dying man to become lively like a dragon and tiger?

However...

The truth proved,

that Mu Jinyu was just that incredible.

But three minutes later, the originally pale man, who looked so ill he might need to lie in bed for half a year, suddenly opened his mouth after Mu Jinyu withdrew the silver needles, and gently exhaled a long, condensed breath of white air.

That stream of air swirled like a long sash, causing the curtains to flutter slightly.

Of course, the wondrous white mist that the burly man had managed to muster lasted only ten seconds before it gradually dissipated, never to emerge again.

During those ten seconds, everyone had widened their eyes, watching as the man's originally pale, bloodless face visibly gained a healthy red hue with astonishing speed.

"Phew!" When the white mist vanished, the burly man opened his eyes and looked at Mu Jinyu with immense gratitude, saying, "Divine Doctor, you truly are a divine doctor..."

Mu Jinyu's expression remained calm. He nodded slightly and instructed, "Later, go exercise your body and see if there's any discomfort. If yes, let me know. Also, remember to eat more meat in the next few days as it will be beneficial for your recovery. Soon, I will prescribe a medicine for all of you that you'll need to take in the coming days to replenish your elemental Qi."

"Alright, I've got it." The burly man nodded.

Then, Mu Jinyu went on to treat some others in the ward with minor injuries.

Actually, these people had quite minor injuries and would probably recover in a week or two, but Mu Jinyu treated them anyway.

It wasn't because Mu Jinyu was so generous and desired to benefit the world, but because a patient meant one million yuan, and he wouldn't pass up free money.

After finishing the treatment and giving a few more instructions, Mu Jinyu turned and prepared to move to the next ward to continue making money.

Mei Yinxue and the two others who were peeking from the doorway quickly retreated to a corridor nearby, daring not to look further and pretending they were just squatting idly and chatting.

As Mu Jinyu left the ward, he glanced at them, said nothing, and went on to the next ward on his own.

He certainly had noticed their earlier sneaking around but chose not to bother with it. After all, they couldn't learn his skills just by watching, but if they could master his miraculous acupuncture technique just from observing, he would indeed admire them.

Once Mu Jinyu had gone, Mei Yinxue and the others felt relieved that he hadn't scolded them.

They didn't immediately follow Mu Jinyu to the next ward to spy but instead went into the previous ward. They looked around, particularly at the strong man who previously couldn't even move a finger, now vigorously performing various intense exercises, their eyes filled with shock.

"Big Sister, why have you come over? I'm fine now,"

said the burly man warmly as he saw Mei Yinxue come to see him, chuckling "heh" a bit as he shook his head.

Before Mei Yinxue could speak, Shen Changchun impatiently asked, "How are you feeling now, any discomfort at all?"

The burly man knew Shen Changchun and Shen Shuyao since they had also helped treat him. Hearing Shen Changchun's question, he shook his head and replied naively, "Not at all, I feel very healthy with no discomfort, just..."

"Just what?" Shen Shuyao asked.

The burly man touched his stomach and said, "Just very hungry. Really hungry. I feel like I could devour a whole cow."

"Yeah, I feel extremely hungry too!"

The others chimed in as well.

Shen Changchun and Shen Shuyao frowned, filled with puzzlement.

Why did a few needles from that guy heal their injuries immediately, but the only side effect was hunger?

They couldn't quite grasp the underlying principle.

Since Mei Yinxue wasn't medically trained, though she was equally astonished, she didn't feel as deeply as the others and reminded them, "Then, you should follow what Doctor Mu said, eat more meat since it's good for your recovery."

"Eat more meat, it's good for your recovery..."

Upon hearing Mei Yinxue's words, a realization suddenly dawned on Shen Changchun, his eyes lighting up with joy as he exclaimed, "I get it now, that's the legendary Return to Origin Acupuncture Technique!"

Chapter 76: Famous Scenic Spots and Dangerous Buildings!

Shen Shuyao heard Shen Changchun's call and hurriedly asked, "Grandfather, what is the 'Return to Origin Acupuncture Technique'?"

A look of surprise and joy mingled in Shen Changchun's eyes, and after his chest heaved for a few times, he slowly exhaled a breath of turbid Qi, calming his emotions, and then he slowly began, "You've heard of 'Elemental Qi,' haven't you?"

Since Shen Shuyao was a graduate of the Jiangnan Medical College and had grown up under the influence of her grandfather, she naturally understood these theories and immediately replied, "Elemental Qi is a term in traditional Chinese medicine. It is the most fundamental and important Qi of the human body, the original driving force of human life activities. Traditional Chinese medical theory holds that Elemental Qi originates from the Essence Qi of the Innate and the refined essence of food and water acquired thereafter. The 'Nanjing' also refers to it as 'Origin Qi'."

"That's right," Shen Changchun, whose shock had subsided, nodded and continued, "The birthplace of Elemental Qi is the Innate Essence stored in the kidneys, and the Elemental Qi generated by the Innate Essence arises at the Gate of Life. The 'Nanjing: Thirty-six Difficulties' states: 'The Gate of Life... is where Origin Qi is anchored.' The Innate Essence in the kidneys is endowed by the reproductive essence of one's parents and exists during the embryonic period. After birth, it must be nourished and supplemented by the essence of food and water transformed by the spleen and stomach, in order to generate an ample amount of Elemental Qi."

Seeing that Mei Yinxue did not fully understand, Shen Changchun further explained, "To put Elemental Qi in terms of modern medicine, it can be divided into normal thinking responses, good sleep, good appetite and digestion, the ability to run and not panic, no coughing or shortness of breath, smooth Qi flow, good complexion, and a clear voice..."

"These manifestations of immunity are the original driving force from within the human body—Elemental Qi. There is a saying in traditional Chinese medicine: 'When Qi gathers, life is created; when Qi is strong, health prevails; when Qi weakens, one becomes feeble; when Qi disperses, death ensues.' Traditional Chinese medicine believes that Elemental Qi is the essence of life, the Origin of Life. When Elemental Qi is abundant, health abounds; when Elemental Qi is damaged, illness arises; when Elemental Qi is depleted, death follows..."

"Elemental Qi determines the entirety of life; that is, when Elemental Qi is plentiful, the immune system is strong, thereby overcoming diseases. If the body's Elemental Qi is deficient or weak, it cannot generate enough antibodies or immunity to triumph over illnesses, thus leading to death."

Saying this, Shen Changchun pointed at the several robust men who looked somewhat astonished and said, "They were originally snatched back by us and, though their lives were saved, they were still in a state of great illness and severely depleted Elemental Qi, needing to lie in bed and slowly recuperate for a period of time before they could replenish their Elemental Qi..."

"Yet just now, the Young Divine Doctor, in administering the 'Return to Origin Acupuncture Technique,' was employing an extraordinary acupuncture method created by a Divine Doctor of old, specifically for human Elemental Qi. This acupuncture technique is incredibly profound, not requiring those with severely drained Elemental Qi to lie in bed and rely on the daily consumption of food essence to recuperate their health; instead, it uses an exquisite technique to stimulate the patients' acupoints, allowing their dissipating Elemental Qi to swiftly recover..."

After briefly describing the specific principles, Shen Changchun paused and added, "Of course, this method of rapidly supplementing Elemental Qi does have some harm to the human body, but as long as one takes the unique healing prescription and consumes plenty of meat and Qi-Blood nourishment daily, the patients generally won't suffer any lasting side effects."

After listening, Mei Yinxue nodded thoughtfully and said, "So, that's why Doctor Mu just now urged them to eat more meat daily, as it's good for their recovery, and he mentioned he would give them a uniform prescription to drink in the coming days, to help restore the Elemental Qi they've depleted?!"

Shen Changchun nodded and said, "Right, that healing prescription is meant to be used in conjunction with the 'Return to Origin Acupuncture Technique,' ensuring that patients won't be left with irreversible side effects from the forced recovery of Elemental Qi by the stimulation of the technique."

After explaining, Shen Changchun fell back into a state of shock and murmured incessantly, "How could this be possible? How old is he? How could he possess such terrifying medical skills and master the 'Return to Origin Acupuncture Technique,' which has long been lost..."

When Shen Changchun had earlier questioned Mu Jinyu's intentions to treat Wang Zhengbiao, it was not out of contempt for him, but because traditional Chinese medicine is entirely different from Western medicine.

In Western medicine, there are some geniuses who, in their twenties or thirties, have become the chief physicians and specialists of hospitals; but that is because Western medical diagnosis and treatment mainly rely on medical equipment and laboratory findings to determine the cause of diseases, followed by specific treatments.

As long as one has mastery of those clinical data and indicators, even if one's clinical experience is not particularly extensive, they can still prescribe treatments for patients by the book.

But Chinese medicine is different; it primarily employs the "Four Diagnostic Methods" of observation, listening, questioning, and pulse-taking to explore the root causes of a patient's illness.

Western medicine does not treat people as whole beings but rather as a combination of parts, whereas Chinese medicine emphasizes the "Unity of Heaven and Man," highlighting the harmonious unity between humans and nature. It views people as integrated systems, prioritizes preventive medicine, and has developed a therapeutic system comprising moxibustion, acupuncture, cauterization, and medication.

The first three are basically physical therapies, causing minimal harm to the body. When it comes to medication, although there are only slightly over a hundred safe medicines, myriad prescriptions can be created through different combinations. Even for the same illness, each person might receive a unique treatment, truly adhering to the principle of patient-centered care.

Therefore, age is highly valued in Chinese medicine. The older the practitioner, the more experienced they are presumed to be at treating ailments, which is why elderly Chinese medicine doctors become more sought after as they age.

Young Chinese medicine doctors, on the other hand, generally would not have patients dare to seek treatment from them.

However, Mu Jinyu overturned his belief that the older the Chinese medicine practitioner, the more popular they became.

"It shouldn't be like this, ah. He's clearly so young, he should have no experience in practicing medicine, so why does he know the 'Return to Origin Acupuncture Technique'? Why does he..."

Shen Changchun fell into a state of confusion, muttering incessantly, still struggling to accept this reality.

"Heh... What's so hard to accept? 'One leaf obstructs the view of the entire forest!'"

Suddenly, a detached voice emanated from the doorway—it was Mu Jinyu.

Upon hearing this, Shen Changchun's body shuddered, and he turned his head to look. Mu Jinyu was already standing at the entrance, looking at them indifferently.

It turned out that while they were conversing, Mu Jinyu had already made a round inside the small clinic, treating all of Mei Yinxue's subordinates in need of medical attention, and then returned.

Naturally, he had also overheard Shen Changchun's shockingly unbelievable and incredulous words.

Seeing Shen Changchun looking back at him, Mu Jinyu's expression remained cold as he said indifferently, "Do you know? There are many buildings in this world that have stood for a hundred years. Some of them are preserved and protected at great expense, eventually becoming historical landmarks and cultural heritage...

"However, others, despite also being centuries old, are destined not to become landmarks or cultural heritage but to become dangerous buildings that people will tear down!"

As he spoke, Mu Jinyu fixed his gaze on Shen Changchun, let out a sneer, and said, "And people like you are destined to be those dangerous buildings that will be torn down!"

Chapter 77: Apologizing and Becoming a Disciple!

"What did you say?!" Shen Changchun, upon hearing Mu Jinyu's words, was furious and, pointing to himself with disbelief, said, "Are you saying I'm like a dilapidated building that's about to be demolished?!"

"Otherwise?" Mu Jinyu shrugged his shoulders and said leisurely, "Many people always think too highly of themselves, believing they are above all others, their achievements great and renown spreading far and wide, destined for the history books, to be immortalized for eons..."

"But—"

Continuing, Mu Jinyu paused, then scoffed disdainfully, "But let's admit it, you bunch of old fogeys, from the beginning to the end, have only hindered the progress of young people, relying on your so-called years, using your so-called rich life experience to forcefully meddle in others' development, killing the infinite possibilities of the youth..."

"People like you are like teetering old buildings, doomed to be dismantled by those who come after, doomed to be forgotten, worthless..."

"No one will write epics for you. You won't become historical monuments, because you're conservative, clinging to your flaws without understanding your own depth or value, and yet you still act as if you're superior, relying on your age, thinking you're something special?"

After finishing, Mu Jinyu couldn't be bothered to argue further with the likes of Shen Changchun, walked into the ward, bypassed him, and spread his hands towards Mei Yinxue, "Thirteen patients, ten treated for ten million yuan, three lives saved for thirty million yuan, a total of forty million yuan. Hand it over."

Mei Yinxue had planned to forge a good relationship with Mu Jinyu after he had finished saving her subordinates, but after he rebuked Shen Changchun, she dared not attempt to ingratiate herself with him, and with a somewhat awkward smile, she quickly took a blank check from her bag, scribbled forty million yuan on it, and handed it to Mu Jinyu.

She had originally planned to write one hundred million yuan, but remembering Mu Jinyu's attitude after he had just saved Wang Zhengbiao, she feared that giving him more money might be overdoing it, and thus didn't dare to write a higher amount, staying honest with the agreed forty million yuan.

Mu Jinyu took the check Mei Yinxue handed over, glanced at it, and showed a satisfied smile, "Efficient. If there's business like this in the future, remember to call me. A million for treatment, ten million for a life-saving procedure, expensive prices for good deals."

Having said that, he turned to leave, ready to go home and chat with Wen Rou.

"Divine Doctor, wait a moment."

Just as Mu Jinyu was about to leave, Shen Changchun, whose expressions had been fluctuating, couldn't hold back and called out to him.

"Anything else you wish to instruct?!" Mu Jinyu stopped in his tracks and looked back at him impatiently.

Shen Changchun's face regained its calmness, and he slowly walked up to Mu Jinyu. Then, under the incredulous stares of everyone, he bent his slightly hunched back and sincerely apologized, "I'm sorry, Divine Doctor. After your just rebuke, I've profoundly realized that I do indeed have many old habits: overestimating myself, resisting change, holding on to flaws, and relying on old age. Seeing Ms. Mei reject my diagnosis, turning to invite a Divine Doctor who was so young, I grew somewhat angry out of embarrassment and regarded you with prejudice. That was my mistake, please forgive me..."

Everyone in the ward stared, eyes widening in disbelief.

What in the world?!

Shen Changchun was apologizing to Mu Jinyu?

This stubborn old man, this celebrated doctor and professor from Jiangnan, was actually bowing and apologizing to Mu Jinyu.

Had they seen wrong?

Mei Yinxue and Shen Shuyao rubbed their eyes. When they looked again and saw Shen Changchun was still bending at the waist in front of Mu Jinyu, they realized they had, in fact, not been mistaken.

Shen Changchun had indeed bowed and apologized to Mu Jinyu.

Shen Shuyao opened her rosy and cute cherry lips wide, her eyes gaping at the scene of Shen Changchun apologizing. The shock in her heart was much greater than that of Mei Yinxue and the others.

She had not anticipated that her grumpy and obstinate grandfather, after being harshly criticized as a building waiting to be demolished, instead of getting angry or starting a fight, had actually apologized to someone.

If this matter were to get out, I'm afraid the whole medical community in Jiangnan would be picking up their jaws off the floor.

The people in the ward were stunned. Mu Jinyu, the object of the apology, naturally couldn't help being a little surprised himself. Originally, he thought that the old man had stopped him to continue arguing, but unexpectedly, the man had the courage to admit his faults and apologize to him in front of everyone.

After a moment of surprise, Mu Jinyu's face also lifted with a faint smile, and he reached out to help Shen Changchun to his feet, saying, "Alright, to err is human, to forgive divine, so I forgive you."

Shen Changchun straightened up in response, and seeing that Mu Jinyu had forgiven him, a smile spread across his aged face. He opened his mouth, ready to say something.

But Mu Jinyu had glanced at the time and said, "Alright, it's getting late, I should be heading home."

With that, he turned to leave.

Seeing Mu Jinyu's decisive action, Shen Changchun's inner turmoil and hesitation were instantly suppressed. He didn't dare to exchange words with Mu Jinyu in a roundabout way and abruptly knelt down with a thud, pleading to Mu Jinyu:

"Doctor Mu, I have always been dedicated to medical skills, and I have never tolerated even a speck of dust in my eyes. That's why, seeing you young and so full of confidence earlier, I doubted you. But now, after witnessing your skills, I realize that there are always higher mountains, and I am merely a frog at the bottom of a well. I've found a clearer direction for my stagnant medical skills, so, today I'm bold

enough to ask to become your student, humbly requesting that you, Divine Doctor Mu, take me as your disciple and teach me your medical skills..."

Shen Changchun had a lot to say, and he was very straightforward, hoping that Mu Jinyu would take him as a disciple and teach him medical skills.

The onlookers in the room were once again shocked by this scene.

My God, wasn't this a bit too absurd?!

The director of River City First Medicine, the associate professor at Jiangnan Medical College, was actually kneeling before a young man of about twenty years old, and even asking to be his student?!

Although everyone knew that Mu Jinyu's medical skills were excellent, even being called a Divine Doctor, Shen Changchun was not lacking either. His status and reputation were all well established; he had no need to diminish his own to become a student of Mu Jinyu!

If their roles were reversed, with Mu Jinyu asking to learn from Shen Changchun, that might have been somewhat more acceptable to them.

Upon hearing Shen Changchun's words, Mu Jinyu paused once again and turned to look back at Shen Changchun kneeling on the ground, gazing eagerly at him. From those desirous eyes, Mu Jinyu knew that Shen Changchun was not joking.

—No one would joke about their own reputation like this.

He really was serious about wanting to become Mu Jinyu's student, willing to lower his status and kneel to learn medicine.

At his age of over seventy, kneeling down to someone as young as himself and asking to be taken on as a disciple—if word of this got out, people who did not understand the depth of his own medical skills would surely deal a heavy blow to Shen Changchun's prestige and status!

He must have understood this, yet he still chose to do it anyway.

Only because...

He truly loved medical skills and genuinely wanted to learn more exquisite medical skills to better heal patients and benefit society as a whole.

In other words, he did not wish to become a dilapidated building torn down after a hundred years, vanished into the dust of history—he wanted to become a historical landmark!

Mu Jinyu was somewhat moved by this sentiment.

But he knew that he couldn't really teach him anything.

In the end, he simply shook his head lightly.

Chapter 78: Does My Granddaughter Meet Your Requirements?

Mu Jinyu shook his head, saying, "I can tell that you are serious. You truly wish to acquire superior medical skills and to better treat patients, to prevent many from dying needlessly because of your own helplessness, to choose only to close their eyes and wait for death. You want to benefit society, and to be honest, your attitude truly moves me. But I really cannot teach you..."

Mu Jinyu was not holding a grudge against Shen Changchun's previous attitude, nor was he using it as an excuse on purpose. He simply had no way to teach Shen Changchun anything because Shen's age was indeed too great. It was essentially impossible for him to learn Jinyu's medical skills.

His medical skills were tied to a specific cultivation method he possessed. Without the True Qi cultivated from that method, it was impossible to perform such miraculous healing.

Therefore, even though he was deeply moved by Shen Changchun's attitude, he still could not teach him.

If it were his granddaughter Shen Shuyao, although her age was also somewhat advanced, there was still a slim chance that she could learn his cultivation method.

But as for Shen Changchun, there was truly no way.

The bystanders in the ward were dumbfounded upon hearing Mu Jinyu's refusal.

Originally, they thought it incredible enough that Shen Changchun had knelt to Mu Jinyu, seeking to apprentice himself to learn medicine. But now, Jinyu's refusal was even more unbelievable to them.

Good heavens, did he know whom he was refusing?

That was a figure comparable to Mount Tai and the Big Dipper in Jiangnan's medical community!

If Shen Changchun became his apprentice, once word got out, it might deeply damage Changchun's reputation, but for Jinyu, it would tremendously elevate his own status, making him instantly famous throughout Jiangnan Province.

In time, countless wealthy individuals suffering from incurable diseases would flock to him with hefty sums of money.

He would become the most sought-after Young Divine Doctor in Jiangnan.

Yet he actually...

refused such immediate recognition, status, and wealth.

"This..." Shen Changchun too was staring at Mu Jinyu in disbelief.

He thought that Mu Jinyu was still holding a grudge over his earlier haughty attitude that came with age.

Therefore, he did not wish to accept him.

Or perhaps, did he think that Changchun had ulterior motives, intending to learn under him only to take revenge after mastering his medical skills?!

But he really did not harbor the latter notion.

Initially, when Jinyu accused him of trading on his old age and condemned him as a crumbling edifice destined to fall, he was indeed angry. But on second thought, Jinyu's words were not without merit.

When he first saw Mu Jinyu appear, he did indeed look at him through the eyes of prejudice, with arrogance born of being a veteran, dismissing his medical skills based on his own years of experience in medicine before Jinyu had even made a move to prove himself.

If it were someone else, they would be angry too. All the more so since Mu Jinyu was a Divine Doctor.

So, if he was in the wrong, then apologizing was the right thing to do.

His apology and request to be an apprentice were not meant to curry favor insincerely, only to learn Jinyu's medical skills and then turn back to deal with him.

In fact, if it were any other issue, his own stubborn and prideful nature probably would not have allowed him to lower his face to apologize to Mu Jinyu.

But the skill Jinyu displayed in medicine was simply too shocking for him, making him eager to learn it immediately.

To allow his own stagnant medical skills to reach higher levels.

This urgent desire was not for fame, nor for status, nor for money.

But it was for himself, so that when countless patients with terminal illnesses looked at him eagerly, longing for a cure, he wouldn't have to shake his head helplessly, but instead could nod and tell them, "I can save you!"

However...

Now all of this had drifted away from him with Mu Jinyu's shake of the head!

Shen Changchun looked at Mu Jinyu with disbelief and asked urgently, "Why? Can you tell me why? I truly want to learn your miraculous medical skills, and I have no ulterior motives. As long as you teach me, I will agree to any condition."

He earnestly said, "If it's money, I can give you all I have, including my house; if it's status, I can find a way to make you a professor at Jiangnan Provincial Medical College; as for women, I can introduce you to some of the most beautiful women in Jiangnan, even my granddaughter... She's beautiful too, you saw her, right? I can introduce her to you as well..."

Towards the end, Shen Changchun's words became somewhat incoherent, revealing his excitement and urgency.

"Grandfather, what nonsense are you speaking?!"

Meanwhile, Shen Shuyao, upon hearing her grandfather's words becoming more and more outrageous and turning the conversation towards herself, blushed, stamped her foot lightly, and gave Shen Changchun a reproachful look, her tone annoyed and embarrassed.

After speaking, she couldn't help but steal a glance at Mu Jinyu, seeing his face was as fine as jade, his beauty rivaling that of Pan An, unmatched in poise and elegance, causing her heart to beat furiously, as if a panicked fawn was hidden inside.

Shen Changchun, however, didn't indulge his granddaughter's coquettish behavior and looked straight at Mu Jinyu with a pleading gaze, similar to those of his patients diagnosed with incurable diseases, who displayed a look of despair mixed with a last glimmer of hope after he had declared them beyond help.

They hoped he would say there was still a chance for them to be saved.

And now, he was hoping Mu Jinyu would say, he agreed.

Mu Jinyu met Shen Changchun's beseeching gaze and felt a mix of emotions, finally shaking his head and saying, "I'm sorry, I really can't teach you. Honestly, it's not that I'm purposely making it difficult for you, but to learn my medical skills one must meet very stringent criteria, being young and in good health, to have even a slight chance of learning."

These words were somewhat cruel, and after hearing them, Shen Changchun's face turned pale, his body trembled, and he nearly fell.

He looked at the ground with a bewildered expression, a wave of despair washing over him.

Previously, he thought the older one got in Chinese medicine, the more valued they became. He had doubted and looked down on Mu Jinyu because of his youth.

But now, Mu Jinyu had told him that his miraculous life-saving medical skills couldn't be learned by an older person; they were meant for the young.

If this was true, what an irony that would be!

Yet, from Mu Jinyu's sympathetic gaze, he realized that what Mu Jinyu said was indeed the truth.

Shen Changchun let out a bitter smile, stared at his wrinkled hands that were covered with age spots and mumbled, "The irony of fate, the irony of fate..."

Mu Jinyu, seeing him deeply affected, shook his head slightly and sighed, saying, "I'm truly sorry to have disappointed you."

After speaking, he didn't know what else to say or how to console him, shook his head slightly, and decided it was better to leave.

But seeing him about to leave, an idea suddenly struck Shen Changchun, and he quickly said, "Divine Doctor Mu, since you won't take me as your apprentice and your requirements are for someone young, surely my granddaughter fits your criteria, doesn't she?"

"Grandfather, what are you saying? I don't want to become his apprentice at all!" Shen Shuyao, hearing Shen Changchun's words, was a bit stunned, and after recovering, she stamped her foot again and spoke in annoyance.

Mu Jinyu then took a careful look at Shen Shuyao.

He hadn't paid much attention to her before, but now upon closer inspection, she was indeed very beautiful, with skin as smooth as porcelain, her features like a painting, a delicate mouth and nose, and a graceful demeanor that was characteristic of a Jiangnan woman.

She must be around twenty-two or twenty-three years old.

To have such a beautiful lady as his apprentice?!

Mu Jinyu felt that this was quite exciting.

Chapter 79 Mei Yinxue, Mei Yinxue!

Shen Shuyao glanced at Mu Jinyu sizing her up, noticed a slightly odd look in his eyes, and felt a tiny frisson of apprehension. She glared at him and said, "What are you looking at me for? I won't take you as my mentor, so you can give up on that idea!"

"Shuyao!" Shen Changchun did not allow her to be so presumptuous and sternly rebuked her.

"Grandpa..." Shen Shuyao weakened her tone as she tugged at Shen Changchun's arm.

Mu Jinyu, seeing this, touched his nose somewhat awkwardly.

Well, a provocation was one thing, but this was too much to handle.

Better to let it go.

Mu Jinyu shook his head gently and said, "Forget it, actually my medical skills aren't as mystical as you imagine, and I've only recently completed my apprenticeship as well. This little bit of skill I have, I would rather not mislead the younger generation by sharing it."

"How can you call such abilities trivial? How could they possibly mislead the younger generation..." Shen Changchun hurriedly tried to persuade him.

Unfortunately, Mu Jinyu had made up his mind and still wasn't prepared to take Shen Shuyao as his apprentice, remaining firm in his decision.

On the side, Shen Shuyao felt a sigh of relief, but couldn't avoid a small sense of loss.

Women are always like this, when someone is eager, they never take it seriously, but when someone ignores them, they can't help but feel resentful and complain.

Shen Changchun repeatedly tried to convince Mu Jinyu, but seeing that Mu Jinyu remained unyielding, even growing a bit impatient, did not pursue the topic further.

Feeling regretful, he came up with another idea and proposed, "Since Divine Doctor Mu, you are unwilling to take Shuyao as your disciple, it seems her aptitude is inadequate and she is not destined for such fortune. Then... would you accept my invitation to join River City First Hospital as a chief physician? You don't need to come in every day, just to have your name there, and maybe you could occasionally visit to treat patients that leave our hospital at its wit's end?"

Standing on the side, Shen Shuyao's eyes widened upon hearing her grandfather's proposal.

Good heavens, what's gotten into Grandpa today?

For a guy whose medical skills are just 'not bad,' is all this really necessary?!

To actually invite him to become a chief physician at their hospital, isn't that a bit overblown?!

A chief physician — what rank of doctor is that? That's the highest professional title currently available for doctors, an advanced level position.

What merits does he, Mu Jinyu, have to make her grandpa beg on his knees for apprenticeship and then shamelessly invite him to their hospital as a chief physician?

Shen Shuyao felt the world was changing too fast, leaving her feeling quite unsettled.

Meanwhile, Mei Yinxue and the others who were watching felt surprised as well, but they didn't have much trouble accepting it.

Having been conditioned by a continuous series of twists, they felt nothing was strange anymore; what Shen Changchun might say next felt like fair game to them.

If he said in the next second that he wanted to give his granddaughter in marriage to Mu Jinyu, they wouldn't find it odd at all.

"A chief physician at the hospital?!" Mu Jinyu was slightly surprised to hear Shen Changchun's proposal, revealing a tinge of interest.

But ultimately, perhaps thinking of something else, his expression dimmed and he shook his head, "Forget it, thanks for the kind offer, but I don't have such lofty ideals to cure all the patients with serious ailments. Right now, I just want to make some money and not be that so-called benevolent doctor that everyone admires."

He refused again.

Shen Shuyao's eyes widened in disbelief, yet inside, she felt it was somehow expected.

After all, he had already turned down Grandpa's request three times.

As for Mei Yinxue and the others who watched Mu Jinyu reject the offer again, having become numb to it all, they found his refusal utterly predictable; him accepting would have actually been the surprise.

Even as Doctor Shen felt that his skin was quite thick, being rejected time after time eventually became uncomfortable for him. He looked at Mu Jinyu, opened his mouth intending to say something more.

Mu Jinyu waved his hand and said, "No need to say more. If I have time, I will visit your hospital and help treat some people, consider it as doing a good deed. But I will not take a position at your hospital."

Having said that, Mu Jinyu, regardless of how much Shen Changchun tried to persuade him, didn't pay him any heed and walked straight towards the exit, intending to leave the place.

Mei Yinxue naturally wanted to see him off, and she turned to the dispirited Shen Changchun with a look of apology. "Professor Shen, Doctor Shen, please have a seat, I'll go see off Doctor Mu."

After speaking, she hurried after him.

Meanwhile, Shen Shuyao stood to one side, her eyes fixed on the sorrowful figure of Mu Jinyu as he left. Her gaze was filled with longing, resembling a new bride who was neglected by her husband at the side during their wedding, filled with grievances that soared to the heavens.

A few burly men who had just recovered in the ward saw Shen Shuyao's extremely wistful expression and shuddered, tentatively asking, "Doctor Shen... are you alright?"

"What could possibly be wrong with me?!"

Shen Shuyao snapped, turning to glare at them impatiently.

...

Shortly after Mu Jinyu left the ward, Mei Yinxue caught up with him.

"Divine Doctor, are you heading back? Let me see you off, then," she offered.

Mu Jinyu turned and glanced at her.

Mei Yinxue was still dressed in a simple white dress today, which could not conceal her stunning beauty and cold, dazzling aura.

She wore hardly any makeup, her face pale, with a morbid whiteness, while her lips were painted in an extremely bright lipstick.

That sight was like a proud plum flower standing defiantly amidst the harsh frost and snow, having drunk blood, blooming with a desolate beauty.

Alone in her splendor, and brilliant in her desolation.

"Mei Yinxue, Mei Yinxue..."

Mu Jinyu murmured to himself, smiled, and nodded, "Hmm."

The two walked side by side down the corridor and then out to the main hall. Mu Jinyu approached the counter, leaned on it, and said to the cashier, "Excuse me, could I have a pen and a piece of paper?"

The cashier, having discerned Mu Jinyu's importance from the respectful attitude of the people around, quickly handed over the requested items.

Not knowing what Mu Jinyu intended to do, Mei Yinxue just stood by and waited.

Mu Jinyu wrote quickly, and within about a minute, he handed the note he had written to Mei Yinxue and returned the pen to the cashier.

"What is this?" Mei Yinxue asked as she took the note.

Mu Jinyu replied, "A prescription. If they drink the concoction for a few days, it will help Ah-Biao and the others recover faster and prevent any complications. I mentioned this to you before."

Mei Yinxue looked at the prescription written in Mu Jinyu's neat handwriting and realized he had actually remembered this detail, something she herself had forgotten. A warmth spread through her heart.

Then, as if recalling something, she shifted her gaze from the paper, suddenly lifted her head, and looked at Mu Jinyu with a teasing expression, "What about me?"

"What about you?" Mu Jinyu looked at her, puzzled.

"You saved my life yesterday, but I've also been greatly weakened. Why didn't you write me a recuperative prescription?" Mei Yinxue said, somewhat annoyed, but with a hint of coquettish anger in her eyes, losing her usual cold aloofness and displaying a girlish charm.

Chapter 80: An Encounter with an Assassin!

"Are you still holding a grudge because of the slap I reflexively almost gave you when I woke up? I didn't even hit you, why be so petty?"

Mei Yinxue rolled her eyes seductively, making Mu Jinyu's heart skip a beat.

Suppressing the restless heat in his heart, Mu Jinyu spread his hands helplessly and said, "How could I? You've given me a Thousand-year Ginseng. How could I still hold a grudge over that?"

Mu Jinyu explained, "The reason I didn't leave you a prescription is simply that your body is in excellent condition. You've consumed a lot of tonics over the years which weren't completely digested and still linger in your body. Under the action of my Silver Needle, those residual medicinal effects were

stimulated and released, instantly replenishing your Elemental Qi. So, you don't really need any recuperative prescription to replenish your spent Elemental Qi. You're already brimming with it."

"Is that so..."

Mei Yinxue leaned on the counter with one hand supporting her cheek, her eyes slanting towards Mu Jinyu with a look of skepticism.

Mu Jinyu felt somewhat overwhelmed, turned his head away, and said, "Yes, that's right. I've already given you the prescription. If you don't believe me, you can make one yourself and try drinking it. But if you end up with a nosebleed, don't come looking for me. Alright, that's it then. I'm leaving."

"I didn't say I didn't believe you, really." Mei Yinxue chuckled softly, withdrew her hand, and straightened up, thinking Mu Jinyu was quite naive.

Seeing that Mu Jinyu was really about to leave, she added, "You didn't drive here, did you? Let me give you a ride."

"Oh, right..." Mei Yinxue's words reminded Mu Jinyu of something. He turned back to look at Mei Yinxue and pointed with his hand, "You've paid the consultation fee, but you haven't reimbursed me for the travel expenses yet."

Mei Yinxue: "..."

She stared at Mu Jinyu dumbfounded and said speechlessly, "You've made forty million from me, and you're sweating the small stuff?!"

"One thing at a time." Mu Jinyu asserted, "You should know, typically I don't make house calls; patients come to me. But just now, one call from you and I got dressed and came right over. You can forget the favor, but you have to reimburse the travel expenses."

Mei Yinxue rubbed her forehead, exasperated, "Alright, alright, you win. How much? I'll pay you double."

"Thirty yuan," Mu Jinyu replied immediately. "No need to double it, rules are rules."

"Alright already." Mei Yinxue, not wanting to hassle over the small amount, nodded and said, "I don't have cash on me. Can I transfer it to you via WeChat?"

"WeChat?" Mu Jinyu looked confused.

Seeing his expression, Mei Yinxue's eyebrow twitched a few times, and she asked, "You don't have WeChat?"

"No, what's that?" Mu Jinyu inquired.

Mei Yinxue briefly explained it to him.

"Oh, I see," Mu Jinyu said, enlightened. He then handed his phone to Mei Yinxue, "Alright then, help me set it up. I just bought this phone today and don't really know how to use it."

Mei Yinxue wordlessly took his phone, grumbling as she downloaded, registered, logged in, even adding herself as a friend, then transferred the thirty yuan before handing the phone back to Mu Jinyu.

"The money has been transferred. Just tap on 'Receive'," Mei Yinxue leaned toward Mu Jinyu, showing him how to accept the payment. [Google search Novel_Fire\(.\)net](#)

Smelling the faint scent coming from Mei Yinxue, Mu Jinyu felt somewhat unsettled as he tapped on 'Receive', then subtly moved away from her, "Done, I've got it."

Mei Yinxue, aware of Mu Jinyu's slight attempt to avoid her, chuckled inwardly but didn't tease him any further. Smiling, she said, "Then let's go, I'll drive you back."

The two walked out of the hospital to the parking lot. Mei Yinxue raised her hand and pointed to a Maybach, her chin lifting slightly, "Right over there."

Mu Jinyu also didn't recognize the car, walked over, and was about to pull the car door open.

But sensing that something about the atmosphere was off, he stopped his hand, frowning.

At that moment,

an elderly street sweeper, just happening to sweep towards them, approached as Mei Yinxue prepared to open the driver's side door.

"Whoosh!!"

A dazzling blade light suddenly appeared under the dim street light, exceptionally brilliant and spectacular, thrusting directly towards Mei Yinxue's throat.

"Be careful!"

Mu Jinyu, innately sensitive to danger, had felt something amiss while preparing to open the car door, and now, as the sword light flashed, he instantly embraced Mei Yinxue, pulling her away from the stabbing light, while with a flourish of his hand, several Silver Needles appeared, shooting towards the Assassin, whose body was no longer stooped!

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!!"

The street sweeper Assassin, having straightened his back, hadn't expected his deadly sword strike to be thwarted by Mu Jinyu. He was slightly surprised and then, faced with the Silver Needles Mu Jinyu flicked towards him, he smirked disdainfully.

With a flick of his wrist, he drew a long sword from his broom and waved it, creating several fierce sword blooms, intending to split the incoming Silver Needles.

However, to his surprise, the degree of cunning in the Silver Needles flicked by Mu Jinyu far exceeded his expectations.

He managed to split two of the Silver Needles, but the last one took advantage of his moment of vulnerability and accurately hit one of his acupoints.

Thus, his body shuddered, the terrifying murderous aura and the burst of Qi Force vanished, and he collapsed.

"There's an Assassin, protect Sister Mei!"

Only then did the sturdy men at the door realize something was wrong, shouting loudly several times as they rushed over.

Mei Yinxue was remarkably composed, leaning against Mu Jinyu's chest without any panic or fear of having narrowly escaped death, but rather, she slightly lifted her head, her lips as red as blood coming close to Mu Jinyu's ear, and murmured softly:

"Whew, thank you, Doctor Mu, you saved my life again tonight..."

The breath of Mei Yinxue was as fragrant as orchids, making Mu Jinyu's ear ticklish—of course, his heart even more so. He felt quite uncomfortable and pushed Mei Yinxue away, asking, "Are you all right?"

Mei Yinxue steadied herself, slightly annoyed at Mu Jinyu's apparent cluelessness about flirtation, adjusted her emotions, then turned back to him with a bright smile: "Of course, I'm fine, with you, Doctor Mu around, how could anything happen to me?"

She didn't ask why Mu Jinyu was so skilled; that wasn't her place to question.

She was always clever.

Besides, it was hardly surprising that Mu Jinyu had astonishing medical skills and knew Martial Arts, despite his young age.

Mu Jinyu saw her still in the mood to tease him, his brow slightly furrowed, thinking she probably had her own way of handling things even if he hadn't intervened.

With a self-mocking laugh, Mu Jinyu said, "It seems I was overthinking..."

Mei Yinxue was taken aback, quickly waved her hands, and said, "I didn't mean anything by it, I am truly grateful for your intervention. Although I have some means of self-protection, just now, in the heat of the moment, if you hadn't stepped in, I might not have survived."