

The Beauty 105

Chapter 105 Western Medicine

Stephen quickly walked up to him, and as he saw the data displayed on the equipment, his expression changed abruptly.

"94? It's that high? The people we've tested before generally scored between 60 and 70, and those over 80 are few and far between, let alone reaching 90."

"What do you think would happen if we injected her with the new drug?"

"The higher the data, the better the fusion with the drug. Given her condition, if we inject our new drug, not only could she regain the use of her legs, she might even..." Stephen paused and glanced at the figure of Nanrong Wanqing on the hospital bed, speaking softly, "Mr. Zhu, we have never tested this new drug on a woman before. This woman's data is so high; she could be a prime test subject. In my opinion, we should perhaps..."

"Shut up." Zhu Hong said coldly, "Stephen, remember my words, she is not a test subject, she is the woman I'm going to be with in the future. You'd better not harbor any thoughts about her, got it?"

"Yes, I'll remember that." Stephen quickly lowered his head, a fleeting strange light flashing through his blue eyes.

"Alright, once the examination is finished, wake her up immediately."

Time passed by, second by second.

In the hallway, Ling Chen checked his phone, Nanrong Wanqing had already been inside for nearly an hour.

It's just a checkup; why is it taking so long.

Thinking this, he stood up and walked to the door that was tightly shut, reaching out to knock. However, before his hand could touch it, the door opened from the inside.

Seeing Nanrong Wanqing being wheeled out by Zhu Hong, Ling Chen reached out to take over the wheelchair, asking, "Chairman, how did it go?"

Zhu Hong smiled, "Wanqing's leg injury isn't a big issue. Just now, Dr. Stephen said he is 70% confident he can cure her." His gaze softened as he looked at Nanrong Wanqing's delicate features. "I've said before that I will make sure you can stand up. I never go back on my word."

"Thank you." Nanrong Wanqing's lips curved slightly, revealing a faint smile, her bright eyes filled with excitement.

Ever since her legs had become disabled, she had seen countless doctors but none had confidently told her that her legs could be cured. However, Stephen's words had rekindled hope in her heart.

"Wanqing, keep this bottle of medicine safe, take one after dinner every day, and persist for a month." Zhu Hong handed her a transparent bottle filled with white pills the size of fingernails.

Zhong Wei glanced at it and asked, "What medicine is this?"

"Dr. Stephen is planning to perform surgery in two months, these pills can improve Wanqing's constitution, consider it a pre-surgical preparation. Don't worry, this medicine has no side effects."

Zhong Wei nodded, took the bottle, and stashed it in his pocket.

Back at the Nanrong Family home, Ling Chen patted Zhong Wei on the shoulder, "Captain Zhong, that bottle of medicine from earlier, let me take a look."

Without suspicion, Zhong Wei casually tossed the medicine into his hands and said, "You're living with the Chairman, from now on the Chairman's medication is your responsibility."

"No problem."

In the room, Ling Chen shook the medicine bottle in his hand, then opened the cap, poured out a pill, and sniffed it close to his nose.

However, he had studied traditional Chinese medicine and never delved into Western medicine, so he didn't know much about this kind of drug. Since he was convinced something was off with Zhu Hong, he wouldn't let Nanrong Wanqing take such medicine casually.

After some thought, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

Dial tone... Dial tone...

"Hello?"

Hearing the voice on the other end of the phone, Ling Chen's face immediately brightened with a smile, "Xiaozhu, what are you up to?"

"I'm not doing much, just reading at home. I heard you're back at the Nanrong Family, is everything okay?"

"What can go wrong with me? Anyway, when will you be back in East Sea City?"

"Maybe in a week. What's up?"

"I need your help with something. You're a professional in medicine, I have some Western medicine here that I'd like you to check out, to see if there's anything wrong with it."

"I seldom study Western medicine, how about this - I'll introduce a friend to you, an expert in that field, he's actually in East Sea City. I'll give him a call in a bit, you can go straight to him."

"Alright, that'll be great, I'll treat you to a meal next time I come over."

After the call, it didn't take long for Zhu Xiaozhu to send over a message with the doctor's address and phone number.

Ling Chen packed his things and made his way to Tang Yuan's room. Upon entering, he saw him on the phone, his face serious, and Ling Chen knew without asking he was contacting headquarters.

Seeing him come in, Tang Yuan whispered a few words before hanging up disgruntledly, "You couldn't knock before entering?"

"What's there to be afraid of, do you think I might overhear some secret?"

"Out with it, what do you want?"

"What, I need a reason to visit you?"

"Fine, fine, I won't beat around the bush with you, I have to go out. Oh, by the way, are you free tomorrow?"

"What for?"

"Don't ask so many questions, you'll get a call from me, we're going to meet someone."

Ling Chen was curious, "There are people in East Sea City both of us know?"

"Don't ask too much," Tang Yuan said impatiently. "Why the endless questions? I'm leaving!" With that, he fished a briefcase from under the bed and left the room.

This guy... Ling Chen shook his head with a smile, thinking he was certainly up to some 'bad business.'

Since he had originally planned to ask Tang Yuan to accompany him to see the doctor but Tang Yuan was busy, he had to go alone.

The next day.

Shortly after noon, Ling Chen received a call from Tang Yuan. Remembering the arrangement from the previous day, he promptly said goodbye to Nanrong Wanqing and headed to the door alone.

Once in the car, Ling Chen glanced at Tang Yuan in the passenger seat and asked, "Where to?"

"Qingyun Martial Arts Hall."

"Oh... Huh?" Ling Chen paused for a moment, "Why are we going to the Martial Arts Academy?"

He secretly wondered if they were going to meet He Ziyun.

"Once we get there, you'll know."

Seeing Tang Yuan wouldn't say more, Ling Chen, filled with curiosity, slowly drove onto the road.

Half an hour later, they arrived outside Qingyun Martial Arts Hall. Before they even got out of the car, Ling Chen's eyes were already narrowed.

Currently, there were two Hongqi sedans parked outside the Martial Arts Hall. The cars themselves weren't special, but their license plates were, ending in 003 and 002; clearly, government-issue plates.

In addition, there were eight men in suits standing at the entrance, each with an earpiece and a bulge at their waists, obviously carrying guns.

From the looks of it, it seemed a VIP was visiting Qingyun Martial Arts Hall.

Upon their arrival, a few of the suited men immediately walked over, positioning themselves in front of the driver and front passenger doors.

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