

The Beauty 43

Chapter 43 Xiaozhu Administers Acupuncture

Afterward, he came to East Sea City and from then on, lived incognito, only wishing to be an ordinary person.

Pushing his thoughts aside, Ling Chen took a deep breath and cast everything else out of his mind.

There was no need to mention the past. Since he had chosen to leave, he should wave goodbye to his former life.

Finding the place where Zhong Wei had parked, he got into the car and said, "Let's go."

"Do you want to come to the hospital with me to see them?"

"Alright."

Liang Zhao Hui and several other members of the first team were all recuperating at the hospital. He should at least pay a visit, considering they were teammates.

Twenty minutes later, the Range Rover stopped in front of City People's Hospital.

Ling Chen bought some fruit on the street; it was customary to bring something when visiting patients.

The Nanrong Family cared a lot about these injured team members, having arranged for them to be in special care wards with personal attendants. When Ling Chen and Zhong Wei arrived, the team members were watching TV in the ward, chatting and laughing.

"Captain Zhong."

"Captain Zhong..."

Seeing Zhong Wei come in, everyone greeted him.

However, as Ling Chen appeared behind Zhong Wei, the faces of the team members suddenly became somewhat uneasy, especially Liang Zhao Hui.

He originally looked down on amateurs like Ling Chen, often mocking him behind his back, but ended up facing a serious setback. If he had heeded Ling Chen's advice earlier, perhaps they wouldn't have ended up like this, causing the death of a teammate.

Ling Chen sensed the awkwardness of the others, knowing they still harbored some grudges against him. Clearing his throat, he took the initiative to greet everyone.

"Brothers, I'm sorry, I've been quite busy these past few days and only found time to come see you all today."

"Mr. Ling, you're too polite."

"You coming to see us is already a joy; why did you bother to buy all these things?"

Once Ling Chen started speaking, the others followed suit. They were all grown men with military backgrounds, straightforward in character and without much duplicity.

In just a few moments, everyone's conversation became lively.

"Liang, how are your injuries?"

Liang Zhao Hui managed a wry smile: "The doctor said there's no major problem."

Ling Chen took the initiative to talk, giving him face, and Liang was not ungrateful.

"Ling Chen, about what happened last time... I..."

"Why bring up the past? Liang, you just focus on recovering and try to be discharged as soon as possible. The chairman's safety is too much for Captain Zhong and me; we still need your help."

"I will."

Liang Zhao Hui looked at him gratefully, unsure how to begin apologizing, but Ling Chen's words undoubtedly relieved his embarrassment.

After chatting casually with the team members for a while, a rush of hurried footsteps suddenly sounded from outside the hospital.

"The patient is having another episode, hurry up and call Miss Zhu over."

Hearing the words 'Miss Zhu,' Ling Chen couldn't help but turn his head towards the door. For some reason, upon hearing 'Miss Zhu,' he immediately thought of that softly graceful woman, Zhu Xiaozhu.

Last time at Qingyun Martial Arts Hall, Ye Liangyong seemed to have mentioned to him that Zhu Xiaozhu was a doctor.

Could it really be her?

With that thought in mind, he stood up and said, "Captain Zhong, you all chat first, I'm going to check it out."

Stepping into the corridor, he saw several individuals in white coats rushing into the adjacent ward, with the occasional sound of a patient's cries of pain echoing out.

Ling Chen stepped outside the hospital ward, peering through the glass window, and a slender, beautiful silhouette immediately caught his eye.

It was indeed her!

At that moment, inside the ward, a man in his forties was lying on the hospital bed, struggling nonstop with great strength; several nurses couldn't hold him down, and one in a white coat was even pushed to the ground.

Zhu Xiaozhu wanted to check the patient's condition, but the patient kept thrashing about, preventing her from proceeding.

"Let me help you."

The voice arrived, and Zhu Xiaozhu turned her head, only to see Ling Chen walking over.

"Mr. Ling?"

Her memory was not bad; she recognized Ling Chen with a single glance.

Ling Chen grabbed the patient's hands in one swift move, firmly pinning them to the head of the bed, and pressed down on the patient's body with his other hand, immobilizing him.

"Miss Zhu, it's your turn."

Zhu Xiaozhu responded, quickly stepping beside him to begin taking the patient's pulse.

The two of them were standing close together, and Ling Chen suddenly felt a fragrant breeze; the mix of virgin and body scent was slightly intoxicating.

Seeing the pulse-taking technique used by Zhu Xiaozhu, Ling Chen's heart stirred, and he couldn't help but say, "Miss Zhu, did you learn traditional Chinese medicine?"

Hearing this, a hint of curiosity gleamed in Zhu Xiaozhu's clear eyes.

"Do you know about traditional Chinese medicine?"

"I know a bit."

The secret manual he was taught from not only contained mental methods for martial arts but was also all-encompassing, recording medical, divining arts, and much more—essences passed down by the ancients.

The so-called traditional Chinese medicine comes from the ancients, profound and vast, and represents the essence of Chinese medicine. However, it is nearly lost today. Even if it exists, it is passed on singularly through a lineage. Because traditional Chinese medicine is more obscure and difficult to understand, very few can master it.

For Zhu Xiaozhu to grasp traditional Chinese medicine at such a young age was indeed extraordinary. No wonder Ye Liangyong compared Zhu Xiaozhu and Nanrong Wanqing side by side; both are rare and exceptional women.

"His condition is very serious; we must treat it immediately. Mr. Ling, please help me remove his clothes."

Ling Chen nodded, and in just three swift moves, he removed the patient's clothing, then turned the patient over, face down, back facing up.

"The rest of you, please leave."

"Yes, Miss Zhu."

The physicians did not dare delay, aware that Zhu Xiaozhu disliked being disturbed when administering acupuncture. They quickly led the nurses out of the ward, leaving only Ling Chen and Zhu Xiaozhu.

Seeing the patient ready, Zhu Xiaozhu took out a needle case, placed it at the bedside, and withdrew a fine silver needle. Without needing to be told, Ling Chen had already brought an alcohol lamp to her side.

Zhu Xiaozhu gave him an approving glance and, after sterilizing the silver needle, she focused on the patient's body. Holding her breath and concentrating, with a slight tremble of her delicate wrist, the silver needle swiftly descended.

Observing her actions, a look of amazement appeared on Ling Chen's face.

After the silver needle entered the patient's body, it vibrated at a high frequency. To achieve this, the person applying the needle must have trained in Inner Strength.

Unexpectedly, this woman, gentle as water, had also practiced inner martial arts, which hinted that her background might be quite extraordinary.

He Gu, Qu Pool, Outer Gate.

In the blink of an eye, three silver needles had been inserted.

Sanyinjiao, Yanglingquan, Zu Sanli.

Six silver needles shot out in succession; Zhu Xiaozhu's fair forehead, white as jade, was now covered in sweat beads.

Ordinary Chinese medicine practitioners use an Acupuncture Book, mainly focusing on silver needles. But Zhu Xiaozhu's Acupuncture Book emphasizes the synergy of Inner Strength and silver needles, which complement each other to achieve the greatest effect. Each silver needle contained powerful Inner Strength, which helps to stimulate bodily functions.

However, this acupuncture technique greatly drains physical strength. Having inserted just six needles, Zhu Xiaozhu's face was already pale, with sweat streaming down, evidently running out of steam.

Ling Chen, unable to bear watching, hesitated and said, "Miss Zhu, perhaps you should rest for a while."