

The Beauty 44

Chapter 44 Ling Chen's Medical Skills

Zhu Xiaozhu shook her head and once again pulled out a silver needle, piercing the patient's back.

After this needle, Zhu Xiaozhu's body swayed slightly, as if her feet had lost strength, and she toppled towards Ling Chen.

Seeing this, Ling Chen quickly embraced her slender waist to prevent her from falling.

"Miss Zhu, how are you?"

Held by Ling Chen's large hands, their bodies pressed closely together. Feeling the masculine scent emanating from Ling Chen, Zhu Xiaozhu's pretty face blushed and she quickly wriggled free from his grip, shyly saying, "I'm fine."

"Miss Zhu, your Inner Strength is exhausted. Continuing with acupuncture might damage your body. Let me help you."

"You... Can you do it?"

Zhu Xiaozhu hesitated. Performing acupuncture was no child's play; a small mistake could endanger the patient's life.

Ling Chen grinned and said, "Don't worry, I wouldn't joke with someone's life."

Originally often deployed on missions outside, injuries were common, so he had learned some medical skills. Although rudimentary, every technique recorded in that secret manuscript was extraordinary; even the basics were far from simple.

With that, he pressed down on the patient, pulled out two silver needles in succession, aimed, and thrust them deeply.

He Gu, Taichong.

After the last two needles were inserted, the struggling patient immediately calmed down, and his breathing gradually stabilized.

"That's it."

Ling Chen exhaled, turned his head to look at Zhu Xiaozhu, and saw her looking at him with keen interest.

He touched his face, puzzled, "Miss Zhu, why are you staring at me? Is there something on my face?"

A hint of amusement flashed in Zhu Xiaozhu's beautiful eyes as she lightly smiled.

"It's nothing, I just thought Mr. Ling only practiced martial arts. I didn't expect you to be quite knowledgeable in medicine too."

She had not reminded Ling Chen, but he knew where to place the needles, which clearly showed his medical competence was not all talk.

Ling Chen rubbed his hands, looking modest.

"Miss Zhu, please don't say that, I just know a little. I'm no match for you."

"Mr. Ling, you've also worked hard. Let's rest together, I know there's a tea house across from the hospital."

When a beautiful woman invites, naturally, Ling Chen would not refuse.

He returned to the ward and greeted Zhong Wei, then left the hospital with Zhu Xiaozhu.

Chunfeng Tea House.

This tea house, a wooden antique building, boasted a traditional and quaint environment. Despite being located in a bustling area, it offered a unique tranquility.

Zhu Xiaozhu seemed to be a regular here; as soon as she arrived, the waiter, without asking, immediately led her into a private room.

The private room had no chairs but only a long tea table, surrounded by bamboo mats on each side.

The two sat on the floor, and soon a waiter brought a set of exquisite tea ware.

Watching Zhu Xiaozhu skillfully handle the tea ware, Ling Chen couldn't take his eyes off her.

True beauty is not about looks but about demeanor. Only women with both beautiful looks and temperament can be considered top-notch.

Zhu Xiaozhu undoubtedly epitomized such women, every move exuding a gentle and intellectual charm. Being with her, all troubles seemed to vanish.

"Mr. Ling, please enjoy the tea."

Smelling the fragrant tea aroma, Ling Chen generously praised, "I didn't expect Miss Zhu to be a tea ceremony master."

"I wouldn't claim to be a master; it's just a hobby I enjoy in my spare time."

"Miss Zhu, since you invited me for tea, it means you consider me a friend. Let's be informal, stop calling me 'Mister.' I'm not used to that title either, just call me by my name."

Zhu Xiaozhu nodded and said, "My friends all call me Xiaozhu."

"Xiaozhu, I heard from Mr. Ye last time that you were supposed to return to Beijing earlier."

"The hospital had an emergency patient, so I was delayed for a few more days. After you left Qingyun Martial Arts Hall that day, Mr. He often mentioned you to me, saying that despite your young age, your talent in martial arts is quite rare, truly a rare talent. After witnessing your medical skills today, I am very curious about your training background."

Ling Chen sipped the green tea and replied, "I don't have a master; a lot of what I know is self-taught through practice. There are many commonalities between martial arts and medicine, and I just figured it out by making connections."

"Self-taught and accomplished, you are far more capable than I am."

Nonsense.

Ling Chen felt helpless inside; without some medical knowledge, he would have died abroad long ago. It's fair to say that his skills were forced out of necessity.

"Ling Chen, what are you working as now?"

"Security."

"Oh?"

A hint of surprise flashed in Zhu Xiaozhu's beautiful eyes. Having seen Ling Chen's capabilities, she hadn't expected such talent to stoop to be a security guard, which seemed somewhat like a waste.

"Judging by your ability to take on such a role, the client must be someone significant."

Ling Chen casually mentioned, "The Nanrong family from East Sea City, you must have heard of them."

"Nanrong Wanqing?"

When that name was mentioned, a flicker of special interest passed through Zhu Xiaozhu's eyes.

"Do you know her?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Ling Chen knew he had asked superfluously.

Ye Liangyong had once said, 'In the east, there's Nanrong; in the north, there's Xiaozhu.' These two famous women surely knew of each other.

"She's a well-known talented lady in East Sea City, of course, I know her. Ah, it's quite pitiful to speak of it..."

Zhu Xiaozhu did not finish, but Ling Chen knew what she meant. Nanrong Wanqing was almost perfect in every aspect, except for her paralyzed legs.

"Xiaozhu, do you think her legs can still be healed?"

"Hard to say; it depends on the situation. As I know, the Nanrong family has sought out many famous doctors, but all were helpless."

Ling Chen joked, "With your excellent medical skills, haven't they sought you?"

"They wouldn't ask for me."

"Why?"

Zhu Xiaozhu didn't say anything, just quietly lifted her teacup. Ling Chen caught on and tactfully did not continue questioning.

After another half hour of casual conversation and learning she still had patients at the hospital, Ling Chen didn't want to keep her any longer, so he stood up to say goodbye.

"Xiaozhu, when are you returning to Beijing?"

"Next week. Why?"

"Nothing, just asking. Hopefully, we'll meet again if there's a chance."

"If you have time, don't forget to visit Mr. He. He has often mentioned you since you left."

"I know, I'll make sure to visit if I have time."

Watching Ling Chen walk away, Zhu Xiaozhu's gaze slightly altered—an intuition telling her that Ling Chen wasn't just an ordinary man. Yet she wondered why such a person would choose to live a low-profile life in the city, willingly working as an ordinary security staffer.

He must have quite a story, right?

Realizing this, Zhu Xiaozhu suddenly also realized she might have taken too much interest in him. Her face blushed slightly at the thought.

Ling Chen left Chunfeng Tea House just as Zhong Wei was leaving the hospital; the two of them drove back to Nanrong's home together.