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After all, Fu Nanhua had personally confirmed that the old man was dead.

Did this young man have some godlike ability to resurrect the dead?

The crowd started murmuring amongst themselves, but the old man's children immediately fell to their knees in front of Chu Feng, begging tearfully, "Doctor, we beg you. Save our father." A bystander would be able to see the situation clearer than those involved, so they were naturally overwhelmed to hear that their own father could still be saved.

"Since you both trust me, I will help. Get me some silver needles." Chu Feng helped them both up before instructing Yun Muqing, who remained skeptical but decided that right now, all she could do was trust him.

So, she headed straight for the supermarket's pharmacy without a word, purchasing silver needles and various disinfectants.

After that, Chu Feng wasted no time in taking the needles' packaging off and disinfecting the needles according to what he learnt from the Collection of Mystical Healing.

Tang Sisi's arms remained crossed as a condescending, prideful smile appeared on her face. "You plan to resurrect the dead with just those little needles? Ha! Even the national experts in the field of Chinese medicine may not be able to do that. As a doctor with a decade's

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worth of experience, I've never seen someone treat a patient like you do," she said, growing confident that this man was just a con man.

"All that proves is your ignorance, like a toad stuck in a well," Chu Feng shot back nonchalantly. "Lives are saved with the hands, and not with the mouth. Is that silver tongue all you got from your ten years as a doctor?"

"You—" Tang Sisi was red in the face with anger, her breasts heaving as she fumed. "If you can save this old man, then I, Tang Sisi, will become your humble disciple. I'll wash your clothes, cook your food, and become your live-in servant." Tang Sisi held her head up high, then said forcefully, "But if you can't, I'll send you behind bars. You will then get the punishment you deserve."

"Alright, deal," Chu Feng promised. He then looked at Tang Sisi with her toned thighs and impressive figure. It would be nice to have a female disciple like this. If anything, she was a sight for sore eyes even if she was just part of the living room decor.

Meanwhile, Fu Nanhua frowned and sighed with resignation; this granddaughter of his was too rash to see that there was more than meets the eye with this man.

Before long, Chu Feng was done disinfecting the needles and prepared to apply them.

Unfortunately, while he was 80 percent familiar with the Collection of Mystical Healing, he was still new to acupuncture. So, he accidentally

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dropped the needles with a clink and drew ridicule from the audience.

“Can he really do this? How is he supposed to save the man if he can’t even hold a needle right?”

“Get out of here. This is embarrassing to watch.”

“Dr. Tang was right. He is just a despicable con man.”

Tang Sisi snorted in laughter and smiled with delight. She was just about to watch Chu Feng make a fool of himself, when her smile froze on her face and she gaped at him in shock. In an instant, her shock transformed into overwhelming respect.

Chu Feng’s fingers disappeared in a silver blur and the next thing everyone knew, there were five needles stuck to the patient’s head. His needle was applied in a confident and practiced manner, while the application itself was decisive, precise and accurate. This implied Chu Feng’s knowledge of acupuncture was already on par, if not better than most of those experts in the field of Chinese medicine.

“T-This young man has a solid foundation.” Fu Nanhua’s eyes lit up with shock and respect. “His application method... Is it the Jiugong Acupuncture Method?” Immediately after, he shook his head. “Impossible. The method has been lost to history for two hundred years, unless... he’s the disciple of an unknown

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legendary practitioner?” Fu Nanhua frowned again.

Meanwhile, Tang Sisi was clearly intrigued but also hesitant when she blushed crimson. As a doctor, she was rooting for Chu Feng to save the old man’s life; as a woman with dignity, she really didn’t want to become Chu Feng’s disciple—that would be too embarrassing.

Before long, Chu Feng had applied nine needles and the old man’s pale face suddenly became pink again as he gasped for air. After that, Chu Feng aimed a hard smack at the old man’s Weishu [1] point in his abdomen, then barked, “Up!”

[1] The Weishu point is an acupuncture point on the Bladder Meridian.



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