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And yet it had not occurred to him that some people were too small-minded to be measured by his own mind.

Of course, that was one of his shortcomings, and if he knew enough about the minds of certain villains, he wouldn't be mixed up like this.

“Just now?” Jiao Yuchun listened to Zheng Chenggong's words and revealed a ridiculous look, “This Mr. Ye is really a miracle doctor, it's been less than five minutes since he knocked on the doorway just now, and this is the end of treating Miss Yang?”

According to common sense, any diagnostic treatment process couldn't be completed in five minutes, especially Chinese medicine treatment.

He said this because he wanted to mock Haoden Ye for being a liar, and just now, he just used his means to make Yang Wenfei think that he was being treated.

He didn't expect that Haoden Ye's medical skills surpassed him by more than just a star, whether there was any healing effect or not, Yang Wenfei, the patient, was much clearer than him, and Haoden Ye's speed when using needles was very fast and the effect was also very obvious, how could he be a liar?

“This Mr. Ye's treatment... it actually worked quite well!” When Yang Wenfei heard him mocking Haoden Ye like this, she couldn't help but start speaking for him as well.

Jiao Yuchun's face immediately darkened, and his eyes flashed with a chill.

He had kindly reminded the Yang family, how come everyone was like a fool, was his words from a real doctor worse than Haoden Ye being a liar?

Old Mr. Yang saw that Jiao Yuchun was unhappy and glared at Yang Wenfei, blaming her for speaking for Haoden Ye.

“Oh, it seems that this Mr. Ye’s medical skills are really great!” Jiao Yuchun smiled faintly to hide the unhappiness in her heart and raised her head to look at Haoden Ye, “I don’t know which medical school Mr. Ye graduated from, the Huazhong Medical College or the Imperial Medical College!”

These two medical schools were currently the premier medical universities in Huaxia, and the best that came out here could only barely reach the level that Jiao Yuchun could see.

And Haoden Ye was obviously younger than himself, even if he was a student of these two universities, he should not have graduated by now.

Lifting up this seniority was enough to prove that Haoden Ye was not as good as himself, so that when he said that it would take three months to cure Yang Wenfei and it only took Haoden Ye five minutes, it would show that Haoden Ye’s so-called treatment was actually a lie.

Haoden Ye junior high school is still barely finished, these two universities he has only heard of, going there to study is simply extravagant, his face can’t help but reveal an embarrassed look, “I didn’t go to university, I just like medicine, and usually take time to study at home.”

As soon as this was said, Zheng Chenggong and Yang Wenfei were immediately dumbfounded.

Haoden Ye hadn’t even gone to college? Healing is still self-taught!

The two of them were both college students, and knew that although the atmosphere inside the university was loose, it was also a place to really learn knowledge.

Haoden Ye was completely self-studied, so he could learn a medical skill that would make even Professor Hua marvel, and was even more brilliant than Jiao Yuchun, the son of a famous family, the pride of heaven?

Old Mr. Yang had never seen Haoden Ye's medical skills, and when he heard this his face darkened and his tone was stern: "Fifi, why do you have to follow Success and fool around? How dare you let someone like this, who hasn't even attended a proper medical college, treat you?"

He was moved to real anger, originally thought that even if Haoden Ye was no good, he was barely a doctor, treating his own daughter was always no problem, unexpectedly, Haoden Ye even learned the medical art by himself.

Yang Wenfei's character belonged to the outwardly soft and inwardly hard type, usually looks like a lady's daughter, launched a temper is also like a tigress, for no reason by his own father scolded a sentence, the heart is also not happy.

Obviously, the treatment Haoden Ye gave himself was very effective, how could she say that she was fooling around, she couldn't care about greeting Jiao Yuchun's face, and said with a straight face, "The treatment Mr. Ye gave me is effective, I'm not fooling around!"

The old Mr. Yang, who is usually bad-tempered, but has the kind of rigidity of a scholar, saw his daughter not admit her fault, and his temper came up, and he was furious: "What is the effect? Success is really stupid and was justifiably fooled, are you infected by him too?"

Jiao Yuchun paid no attention to the father and daughter's unhappiness and didn't think that they had anything to do with the fight at all.

He looked at Haoden Ye with a contemptuous look in his eyes and chastised himself in his heart.

He was still too impetuous in this state of mind, he was obviously a son of a high family, the future hope of the medical industry, how could he still have a winning heart when he met a charlatan like Haoden Ye?

Withdrawing her gaze, Jiao Yuchun didn't even feel like paying attention to Haoden Ye anymore and said to Old Man Yang, "Old Man Yang, it's better for me to take a look at your daughter, don't let her momentary confusion delay her condition!"

Yang Lao listened and nodded quickly, "Yes, yes, this is the main thing, Dr. Jiao hurry up and take a look at my daughter."

Not wanting Yang Wenfei's temper to come up, plus the fact that she did feel the illness had disappeared now, she said with a straight face, "That won't be necessary, Dr. Jiao, since you want to prove that you are better than Mr. Ye, why don't you let Mr. Ye take a look at my father's illness!"

"It's nonsense!" Master Yang was furious when he heard this and glared at his daughter, "Who is Dr. Jiao, how can you compete with this person who has never even been to college?"

From his tone, the standard for evaluating a doctor was actually based on education.

Jiao Yuchun's face was also gloomy at Yang Wenfei's words, making himself compete with a Jianghu liar was simply a great insult to him.

However, Yang Wenfei's words had even come out, so he didn't mind letting Haoden Ye humiliate himself for once and completely expose this liar's true nature, and later on, he would see how Yang Wenfei was going to apologize to himself.

“Oh, don’t be angry old man, since Miss Yang wants to compare, let’s compare! I’ve finished treating the old man, so let this Divine Doctor Ye treat the old man!” Jiao Yuchun smiled faintly.

The old man Yang’s face turned red with anger, and he felt even more ashamed to hear Jiao Yuchun’s words, How can his daughter and son-in-law be so confused when he is such a smart person?

But what can be done about it?

If she wasn’t confused in the first place, how could she fall for Yang Chenggong, a man with a stench of bronze, and end up in this situation?

If the son-in-law hadn’t been so vulgar, and hadn’t bothered to befriend those vulgar people in the Zheng family in order to get ahead, instead of following himself to study literature and cultivate a refined taste, how could he have accomplished nothing now?

Now the daughter and son-in-law were even worse than before, before they were just confused, now they were just stupid.

I’d rather trust Haoden Ye, who doesn’t even have a degree, than Jiao Yuchun, who comes from a famous family!

What’s a degree? Education is the proof of a person’s knowledge and character, how can a person who doesn’t even have a college degree be qualified to see for himself?

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However, Jiao Yuchun had nodded, so he could no longer object impatiently, “Hurry up and look, I still want Dr. Jiao to see my daughter.”

Haoden Ye nodded lightly and circled around Master Yang with his back to his hand.

The four of them watched his movements together, and Zheng Chenggong and Yang Wenfei didn't fail to wrinkle up.

Wasn't a Chinese doctor's visit to a doctor all about looking and asking questions? Haoden Ye circled around the old man, what kind of doctoring method is this?

Jiao Yuchun had a cold smile on his lips, and his eyes looked at Haoden Ye with contempt.

At first, Master Yang still had the patience to see exactly how Haoden Ye looked at the disease, but after Haoden Ye turned twice, Master Yang finally couldn't help but get angry.

You said you're a doctor, you should always measure your body temperature and diagnose your pulse when seeing a patient.

Okay, you say you're a Chinese medicine practitioner, but there has to be a way to look around, right, and you can diagnose what disease I have by just spinning around me without saying a word?

That's not a doctor, it's just a joke!

Master Yang's face was filled with rage, "You're just circling around me and you can see what kind of disease I have?"

Hearing his words, Haoden Ye was busy stopping in a row.

It wasn't that he was deliberately pretending to be profound and not determining the disease through normal medical means.

Although he was also capable of doing so again, but Haoden Ye was down-to-earth, and if he could use the lowest level of methods to make a diagnosis that increased accuracy, he would definitely not pretend to be profound.

He was like this because he knew that Master Yang's ailment wasn't physical at all, but rather in the source of the blackness that surrounded the old man's body.

"If my diagnosis is correct, Old Master's symptoms should be weakness, as if he's carrying something heavy on his body, a weak heart, shortness of breath, and his mouth well blocked by something, right!" Haoden Ye determined the cause of the disease and immediately began to make a diagnosis.

Hearing his words, the old man's face changed slightly, and his anger abated by most of the time.

Haoden Ye's presumed illness was exactly the same as the illness he was feeling right now.

However, he wouldn't think that Haoden Ye was so powerful because of this, only that he did know a little bit of medical skills.

"You're right, what? But you've only talked about the disease, what's the root of my illness?" Master Yang's face was stern.

Haoden Ye was given a cold face by him and didn't get angry, instead he turned to Jiao Yuchun and said, "If I'm guessing correctly, Dr. Jiao's diagnosis should be yang deficiency and shortness of breath, and a weakened heart and lung function."

Jiao Yuchun listened to his words, his heart slightly surprised.

His speculation but after many years of clinical experience short legs out, because the old man's symptoms are too few, and the wind and the horse are not the same, an ordinary cry will diagnose these symptoms separately, inferred several symptoms,

unexpectedly Haoden Ye can connect several symptoms, make the same inference as him.

But such an inference, any person with long-term clinical experience, or who reads more cases can make it, it does not show how high a doctor's level is.

And how to treat such a condition would only show a doctor's true level.

Jiao Yuchun smiled slightly and said, "The most difficult thing about the old man's condition is not the diagnosis, but the treatment, I believe that since the old man has been treating his illness for so long, there should be quite a few doctors who have obtained this diagnosis."

Although Mr. Yang was knowledgeable, Chinese medicine was complex and mysterious, plus some doctors liked to make their diagnoses mysterious and mysterious, and he didn't know what other doctors' diagnoses were.

But he trusted Jiao Yuchun, and since he said so, this must be it.

"Yes, that's what many doctors say! But not one of them cured me!" Old Mr. Yang immediately said.

Jiao Yuchun had a faint sneer on his lips and looked at Haoden Ye.

"Oh, if I'm guessing correctly, Dr. Jiao's treatment method should be to first replenish Qi and blood with motherwort, angelica, collared gum and other medicinal herbs, and then after that, use acupuncture and other methods to enhance the function of internal organs, then operate on the old gentleman to remove organ and lung blockages, followed by hemodialysis to remove impurities from the blood, a two-pronged approach to treat this condition, right! "

What Haoden Ye said was currently the most effective treatment method he could think of that combined Chinese and Western medicine, and according to his speculation, Jiao Yuchun level should have done the same.

Sure enough, listening to his words, Jiao Yuchun and Old Mr. Yang's faces changed violently.

Old Mr. Yang couldn't remember all the steps, but the key terms of blood replenishment and surgery were exactly the same as what Haoden Ye said, making him very surprised, Haoden Ye's medical level was similar to Jiao Yuchun's?

The company has been in the process of developing the new product for the past few years, and the company has been working on the development of the new product.

Of course, he didn't neglect this step because of the negligence, it was because he had always despised acupuncture, and subconsciously ignored this step.

"I can't imagine that this person is somewhat capable, I wonder where he found a similar case and copied the treatment method!" Of course Jiao Yuchun didn't want to admit that Haoden Ye was better at healing than him, thinking that Haoden Ye had only encountered similar cases.

"Counting that you're still somewhat capable of knowing the treatment method, but I've already said this method, if you really can't come up with your own treatment plan, I'll count you as barely passing the test!" Jiao Yuchun sneered in her heart and began to beHaodenden Ye from the side.

"Your treatment is already very good as Dr. Jiao, it seems you still have some skills!" Old Mr. Yang's attitude towards Haoden Ye was much better, it seems that his daughter and son-in-law is not someone who looks for random people, Haoden Ye is still really capable again, but soon he changed his words, "But this does not prove that you are better than Dr. Jiao, much less that you have cured my daughter!"

“Don’t worry about it yet!” Haoden Ye smiled slightly and said to Mr. Yang, “Dr. Jiao is right, this is his treatment plan, not mine!”

Everyone’s faces changed as they heard, did Haoden Ye have a better plan than Jiao Yuchun?

Jiao Yuchun’s heart couldn’t help but lift, he didn’t believe that Haoden Ye was really capable of treating Mr. Yang again, but if he really read the better treatment plan for this disease from somewhere and memorized it on the spot, wouldn’t he still be comparing himself?

Thinking of this he hated in his heart, he was too arrogant in the past, always thinking that he was better at medicine than others, rarely reading the cases of other doctors except for the subtle cases of his own elders.

With a flash of light in his head, Jiao Yuchun smiled slightly and said, “Oh, even if your solution is different from mine, won’t the result be a cure for the old man? You might as well tell me what the root cause of the old man’s illness is!”

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This move was not insidious, he boasted that his medical skills surpassed Haoden Ye’s, but he couldn’t see where the root of Master Yang’s illness was, he could only prescribe the right medicine, how could Haoden Ye see that?

And he didn’t think that, among the cases that Haoden Ye had read, he could find out where the root of the disease was, and even if Haoden Ye knew a better way to treat it, he wouldn’t have the chance to say it, but instead would be his own problem do.

Even if Haoden Ye deduced a root cause of the disease, he only needed to point out the deficiencies in it, soon appearing himself to be superior to him?

Unexpectedly, Haoden Ye listened to his words and just smiled slightly, his eyes falling on the old gentleman to be brought on.

The old gentleman's belt wasn't an ordinary belt, but a superior satin inlaid precious jade.

The precious jades were pristine and unpretentious, and at first glance they were not very expensive, but anyone who knew what they were doing could see that this belt was worth a lot.

Old Mr. Yang saw him looking at his waist, of course he wouldn't think that Haoden Ye saw it as a belt, moving his waist: "What are you looking at my waist for, I'm not feeling anything uncomfortable here ah!"

Haoden Ye smiled slightly and shook his head, "It's not your old man's waist I'm looking at, but your old man's belt, that's the root of your ailment!"

Everyone present was stunned when they heard this, and Jiao Yuchun who was holding back to embarrass Haoden Ye was stunned for a moment, whirling around and couldn't help but laugh.

Never thought that Haoden Ye couldn't think of the root cause of his illness, but he started to bullshit!

Zheng Chenggong and Yang Wenfei's faces also instantly turned ugly, they also thought that Haoden Ye was making this up.

Old Mr. Yang had been so furious that he almost didn't jump up to hit someone, and his face was full of rage: "Outrageous, this belt of mine was handed down by my great-grandparents, and it has been on my body since I was a child, and nothing happened before, but now it's an accident? What utter nonsense!"

After saying that, he turned his head and stared at Zheng Chenggong fiercely, "Is this the divine doctor you found? Just now I thought he was somewhat capable, but now he starts talking crazy!"

Zheng Chenggong looked very embarrassed, and he didn't expect Haoden Ye to be talking nonsense at this time.

Facing the questioning eyes of the crowd, Haoden Ye just smiled and said calmly, "If I'm guessing correctly, the house that the old man recently bought doesn't have a large courtyard with a three-meter rockery, and the old man likes to watch the sunset in the courtyard in the afternoon."

Mr. Yang's face changed slightly, Haoden Ye had said not a word about his home situation!

Suddenly, Old Mr. Yang turned his head and said angrily to Zheng Chenggong, "Why are you bar our family situation to tell him what you two are up to!" He looked at Haoden Ye's godly ways and thought that Haoden Ye was planning to fool himself with superstition.

Zheng Chenggong immediately revealed a bitter look and shook his head, "I didn't say anything to Mr. Ye at all!"

His words, not to mention Old Mr. Yang, even Yang Wenfei didn't believe it.

If Haoden Ye had never been to the Yang family, how could he know what the Yang family was like?

Haoden Ye, however, ignored Mr. Yang's misunderstanding and continued, "The house you lived in when you were young is not ancestral, the general structure of the house should be wooden, there is a small river at the entrance, and it is located in the suburbs!"

Old Mr. Yang's face changed violently once again when he heard that Zheng Chenggong didn't know about the situation in his old home.

After graduating from college, he moved out of his old house before giving birth to Yang Wenfei, so even Yang Wenfei didn't know much about the situation in his old home.

"You... how do you know these things!" The voice actually carried a bit of a tremor.

Seeing their father look surprised, Zheng Chenggong and his wife couldn't help but frown.

And when Jiao Yuchun heard Haoden Ye's words, he also frowned, wondering in his heart what Haoden Ye was going to say.

Amidst everyone's gazes, Haoden Ye smiled slightly and said, "Actually, it's simple, there are twelve jades on this old man's belt, representing the twelve quakes of the Heavenly Palace, and the biggest one of them is the Wenqu Star! The belt itself is considered an auspicious object, but it has little effect on a person, but if placed in a specific feng shui bureau, he will have the magic touch!"

"The layout of the old gentleman's old house is the pattern of the mountains and rivers arching the moon, and the entire geography of the mountains and rivers is arching the old gentleman who wears the girdle, so the people who have worn the entire girdle and lived in the old house through the ages are as if the star Wenqu had descended from the earth and had very high achievements in literature!"

Hearing this speech, Old Mr. Yang's eyes couldn't help but widen.

He didn't believe in superstition, but what Haoden Ye said was really too appropriate to his own family situation.

Now that he thought about it, every generation in his family who wore this belt was from a cultural background, and he also felt that his ability to learn from a young age saved him better than his relatives of the same generation!

“What a load of nonsense!” Jiao Yuchun’s face darkened when he saw that Old Mr. Yang seemed to be impressed, “You can’t determine the root of the disease, so you use a superstition like feng shui to deceive people, and you say you’re not a liar?”

Haoden Ye looked at him with an indifferent look in his eyes, with an air of the gods looking down on ignorant mortals.

“Feng Shui is a national science, deeply rooted in the five thousand years of Chinese civilization, how can you reduce it to superstition with a single word,” Haoden Ye said lightly, and continued to Mr. Yang, “I’m sure the person who built your old house and the person who gifted your ancestor the jade pendant are the same person, the purpose of the situation to complete this subtle Feng shui pattern!”

Haoden Ye said here and sighed slightly, “It’s just a pity that feng shui is increasingly treated as a superstition, your previous generations must not have believed in this feng shui pattern, so they didn’t tell you about it, and of course you moved out of the old mansion without knowing!”

Old Mr. Yang’s heart stirred as he listened, his face reddened slightly, and suddenly he seemed to have thought of something, his gaze stern, and looked at Haoden Ye, “Then why do you say that after I moved out of the old mansion, I’m still very successful in literature?”

This sentence also woke up the crowd, and everyone looked over at Haoden Ye.

Haoden Ye smiled slightly and said, “Feng shui has sometimes a very profound effect on people, although you have moved out of your old house, you have after all been influenced by it for so many years, and your previous well-being has accumulated enough to last you a lifetime!”

His explanation was far-fetched, but it made sense, but no one questioned it.

Haoden Ye continued, “And the house you just bought is a pattern opposite to your old mansion, called a broken pattern, and in this pattern, the family’s property is scattered, good luck turns into bad luck, and the one who is most affected is you who wears the belt!”

At this point, he suddenly sighed and said, “I think the person who sold you the house is the victim of this house, but the feng shui bureau works the most every day at dusk, yet you love to watch the sunset at dusk!”