

Tang Sisi nodded. “Understood.”

Fu Nanhua and Tang Sisi worked together to perform first aid in full blast. The crowd were all at the edges of their seats, worrying about the patient.

Chest compression. Heart rate check. Rescue breathing...

With the limited resources available, Fu Nanhua exhibited his rich clinical experience. He was quick, yet he didn't rush anything. He did everything in a swift and orderly manner.

However, he could only manage to ease the patient's symptoms a little. Despite all his efforts, the patient was still unconscious, and he looked like he was near death.

“Doctor Fu, how's my father doing? You must save him.” The old man's daughter was anxious and nervous.

Fu Nanhua rubbed the fine beads of sweat that had gathered on his forehead, and frowned. “The patient had sudden cerebral infarction that led to intracranial hemorrhage and this caused insufficient blood flow to the heart. He is currently in shock and his situation is critical.”

He added, “He needs surgery immediately, otherwise the outcome could be disastrous. Now, we can only hope that the ambulance gets here soon.”

The atmosphere suddenly became tense.

Fu Nanhua felt dejected. He was an expert and an experienced doctor. However, he still needed a surgical platform and tools to exert his medical skills. Now, he didn't have a single scalpel, so how was he supposed to perform surgery?

With a cerebral infarction and massive hemorrhage of this scale, even with the right tools, the patient might not have a ten percent chance of surviving, let alone in a condition like this.

In the forty years that he had practiced medicine, it was the first time that Fu Nanhua felt panic yet powerless. This feeling of having things out of his control was unbearable.

At this moment, Tang Sisi walked over with a gloomy expression. Gripping the phone, she said, "There is news from the hospital. There was an accident along the way that caused a gridlock. The ambulance will be delayed by twenty minutes."

It was as if dark clouds had suddenly appeared.

Fu Nanhua's face suddenly changed. Given the patient's condition, every second mattered. They didn't have twenty minutes to spare.

"Wait wait wait. We've waited for so long and this is the outcome? What kind of doctors are you two?!" The old man's son was emotional and angry. In a state of anxiety, he put the

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unconscious old man on his back and roared, “We don’t need the ambulance. I’ll carry my dad to the hospital myself!”

Fu Nanhua immediately shouted, “Careful!”

On the man’s back, the old man suddenly coughed violently. Then, his head tilted sideways, and he stopped breathing.

“D-Dad, what wrong? Please don’t scare me.” The old man’s daughter knelt on the floor and cried heartily, blaming herself.

Fu Nanhua went over to check the patient, before he gave a helpless sigh. “The patient has passed away.”

Tang Sisi stomped her long, beautiful legs, and said angrily, “The biggest danger, as far as patients with bleeding brains are concerned, is that they cannot be simply moved around. The slightest mistake could put their lives in danger. My grandfather worked so hard to give him a chance at life, but then you all went ahead and doomed him.”

The son and daughter blamed themselves so much that they slapped themselves on their faces in regret.

The crowd pointed and sighed; the atmosphere felt desolate.

“Alright, Sisi, don’t blame them. At the end of the day, it was because we fell short that this

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disastrous ending happened.” Fu Nanhua waved his hand. He had a terrible expression on his face, like he was blaming himself.

He bowed to the old man and gave the son and daughter a few thousands in cash. With pain in his voice, he said, “Please accept this and put the old sir’s affairs in order.”

Although the rescue attempt had failed, Fu Nanhua’s noble character and compassionate heart had won the respect of the crowd. They all looked on with touched and respectful gazes.

“The patient still has hope.”

At this moment, a magnetic male voice rang from among the crowd.

A few hundred pairs of eyes, including Fu Nanhua’s, all searched for the speaker.

Chu Feng walked forward, before saying calmly and confidently, “The patient only appears to be dead. There is still hope.”

Before this, he was observing from a corner, searching through the ‘Collection of Mystical Healing’ for an appropriate treatment method. Finally, he found a solution.

Appeared to be dead? There was still hope?

As soon as he said that, there was an uproar.