

## **She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor**

### **#Chapter 734: 734: Calling You Grandmaster - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 734: 734: Calling You Grandmaster**

#### **Chapter 734: Chapter 734: Calling You Grandmaster**

White-haired young man?

Liam Cloud!

Hope Williams was so surprised that she couldn't speak for a moment. Liam Cloud was here too!

One chopping wood and the other fetching water?

Hope couldn't imagine these two gentlemen, who never lifted a finger for household chores, now diligently doing farm work.

"Elder, may I ask when the two of them arrived?"

The old man closed his eyes, thinking for a moment, "Your husband came the day before yesterday, and the other young man came yesterday."

Hope's eyebrows raised slightly; she now understood why Waylon Lewis left early and returned late, barely having time to answer calls.

Hope steadying her mood, looked at the elder and asked, "May I know how to address you, elder?"

"My surname is Ortiz, and my name is Zong."

"Old Ortiz?!" Hope's eyes brightened.

Old Ortiz saw Hope's surprised expression, tilted his head, and asked, "Do you know me?"

"I've heard my master mention you."

"Who is your master?"

"Joe Gray, Elder Gray."

Old Ortiz straightened up, his eyes gleaming with recognition, "You're actually Joe Gray's apprentice?"

Old Ortiz scrutinized Hope for a moment, touching his chin with a frown, mumbling puzzledly, "What's your name again, hmm... what's your name... He often mentioned you, couldn't stop bringing you up, Qin..."

"Hope Williams."

Old Ortiz smacked his thigh, "That's it, Hope Williams! Age does weaken memory, Hope, the most cherished little apprentice of that old fellow. I've heard him say your medical talents are extraordinary, the smartest pupil he's ever taught."

Hope curved her lips into a faint smile, "My master's praises are too generous."

Old Ortiz waved a hand, smiling, "I've known that old fellow since we were young; he doesn't praise people easily. Anyone he's particularly fond of must be exceptional. I've mentioned wanting to meet you before, but I never had the chance."

Old Ortiz chuckled gleefully, "I didn't expect our meeting to be in such circumstances, quite serendipitous."

Hope, "It's a privilege for me to meet someone my master reverently calls his teacher."

Old Ortiz waved a hand and laughed, "I'm old now, far from being a legend. The future of the medical field rests on you younger folks."

"By the way, that old fellow taught you Silver Needle Acupuncture, right?"

Hope nodded, "He did."

"I knew he couldn't hide anything good from his apprentice, although I taught him some Chinese medicine myself."

Hope, "Yes, my master specializes in Western medicine, but he said that much of his knowledge in Chinese medicine was taught by you."

Old Ortiz seemed intrigued, pouring tea as he spoke, "So, would you like to continue studying Chinese medicine with me? There's quite a depth to Silver Needle Acupuncture."

Hope's eyes widened, "Do you mean you're willing to teach me?"

Old Ortiz stroked his white beard with a smile, "I like clever students. At my age, finding someone smart and eager to learn is also my fortune."

Hope scratched her head in dilemma; it wasn't that she didn't want to learn, but by rights, if Old Ortiz were to teach her skills, she should respectfully call him master.

However, she already had a master, and knowing her master, he'd probably chase her with a cane in anger if she acknowledged another.

Old Ortiz discerned Hope's internal struggle and laughed heartily, "Don't worry about it; you can keep calling me Old Ortiz. I won't vie for the title of master with that old codger."

Old Ortiz rubbed his nose, "Mostly, I'm afraid he'd blame me for taking his prized pupil."

Hope was amused by Old Ortiz's words, laughing as she said, "When my master was learning Chinese medicine, he had to call you teacher, so can I call you grandmaster?"

Old Ortiz nodded, his smile deepening, and his voice, less gruff than before, "Alright, that works. It's late today; start learning from me tomorrow."

Hope nodded, "Okay."

Hope listened to the chopping wood sounds outside, pointing towards the direction, "Grandmaster, can I go out and see them?"

"What for?"

Hope was somewhat worried about the two, "Grandmaster, when can they rest?"

She was mainly concerned because the two gentlemen had no experience with farm work, fearing they might not handle it well.

"They can rest once they've finished, don't worry, they're both strong and won't be overworked."

Hope pulled a corner of her mouth, "Then I'll go out and check on them."

"Alright, go ahead."

Hope put on her shoes and ran outside.

"Hey, wait," Old Ortiz called her back.

Hope blinked, "What's up?"

Old Ortiz pointed at the bowl of medicine on the table, "Drink the medicine before it gets cold."

“Oh, okay,” Hope drank the dark medicine with a gulp, the bitterness making her scrunch up her face.

Seeing her finish, Old Ortiz nodded, “Go on.”

Hope jogged outside, opened the door, and realized she was in a bamboo grove, the breeze rustling the leaves.

A golden-furred puppy lay obediently at the cabin door, beside a fenced area separating chickens and ducks.

This place lacked the city’s noise, peaceful like an idyllic haven.

Hope followed the sound of chopping wood, walking a few steps towards the backyard.

Next to the woodpile, a man who clearly seemed out of place was rolling up his sleeves, revealing a sturdy forearm, gripping an axe, chopping with clumsy strength, and...

Missed the mark!

“Heh...”

A barely concealed laugh sounded nearby, from a man in a black shirt, sleeves rolled high, with the top two buttons undone, exposing a tempting collarbone, and his striking silver hair. He casually leaned on a bamboo pole with leisurely grace.

Waylon Lewis was probably infuriated by his laugh, his face darkening impossibly.

“Can you handle it?” Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, looking at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis pulled out the axe and tossed it to him, “If you can do better, show me.”

Liam Cloud smirked, picked up the axe, tossed the pole back to him, bent casually to grab a piece of wood, positioned it, and swung with force, only for the axe to get stuck...

“Ha.”

Waylon Lewis let out a light laugh.

Liam Cloud’s expression didn’t look pleased.