

The Quest 90

Chapter 90: The Pill Master

At the same time, in the Xinglin Medical Hall, Mr. Feng had just finished seeing a patient and was sitting in the hall, enjoying a cup of tea.

Several cultivators walked in, bowed to Mr. Feng, and respectfully said, "Someone in our clan has been seriously injured; we humbly request Mr. Feng's assistance."

Mr. Feng glanced at their light yellow Dao robes embroidered with golden threads and asked, "Are you from the Qian family?"

"Yes."

"How severe are the injuries?"

One of the Qian family cultivators hesitated before replying, "It seems he was injured by a powerful fire elemental spiritual force; his flesh is charred, and his meridians are damaged, leaving him with a weak breath..."

Mr. Feng frowned, "That severe?"

"A few pill masters have tried to treat him, but they have disagreed and cannot decide on the best course of action, so we hope you could take a look. In Tongxian City, your medical skills are truly unmatched."

"You flatter me," Mr. Feng said, "We must not delay. I'll prepare and head over immediately."

Mr. Feng, known for treating everyone equally, regardless of their status or wealth, would help anyone genuinely in need, whether they were independent cultivators or from prestigious families.

Several more bows from the Qian family cultivators, and they gratefully said, "Thank you, Mr. Feng."

Mr. Feng selected several herbs, bottles of pills, and a few medicinal books to bring along. After giving some instructions to his apprentices, he followed the cultivators to the Qian family's home.

Upon arriving, he learned that the person in need was Qian Xing. Mr. Feng frowned slightly, somewhat displeased.

He had heard of Qian Xing's conduct: bullying others and being overbearing were common complaints.

However, he reconsidered; these were just rumors, and he had not witnessed them himself. Although Qian Xing was known to be troublesome, he hadn't heard of him committing any atrocious acts. He couldn't justify leaving him unaided.

The Qian family was in distress, with women crying and the elders looking solemn.

Mr. Feng sighed. As long as monks do not become immortals, they remain human, and humans must endure life's suffering and death. Although he had seen such scenes often, they still moved him to pity. He decided to help.

Inside, Mr. Feng examined Qian Xing's injuries, then discussed possible treatments with the other pill masters.

One pill master said, "Young Master Qian's injuries are severe; he needs nourishing care with wood element spiritual items and pills to gradually heal his physical body..."

Another disagreed, "Nourishing alone won't cure him. He was injured by fire elemental power, leaving residual fire poison in his body. If we don't completely remove it, it will damage his meridians and Qi sea, causing endless trouble later..."

"How would you remove it?"

"Use celestial water, along with water elemental pills. The combination of water and fire will completely eliminate the fire poison. Once the fire poison is gone, the damaged meridians and flesh will slowly recover..."

"Combining water and fire is too harsh. If the fire poison isn't removed properly, it might end Young Master Qian's life!"

...

The pill masters argued endlessly, each sticking to their views, unable to convince the others.

Mr. Feng coughed, and the pill masters immediately quieted down.

Having treated the ill in Tongxian City for over a hundred years, Mr. Feng, though seemingly without power or influence, commanded great respect.

Many monks in Tongxian City, if not treated by Mr. Feng themselves, had friends or relatives who owed their health to him. With the unpredictable Dao of Heaven, no one could be sure when they might need his help.

The pill masters knew Mr. Feng's character well and held him in high regard. Before reaching their current ranks, some had even sought his advice.

With another cough from Mr. Feng, the pill masters stood quietly to the side and listened.

"The fire poison needs to be cleared," Mr. Feng began, to the delight of the pill master who suggested it.

"But celestial water is too strong..."

"That is wise," the pill master respectfully replied.

"Nourishing is possible, but it can't be too mild; otherwise, you're just feeding the poison..." Mr. Feng continued, listing several spiritual herbs and pills, analyzing the injuries, and explaining how to use the medicine effectively, adjusting the dosage according to the symptoms' severity...

Finally, Mr. Feng said, "The art of pill-making requires exchange and debate; having your own ideas is good, but don't be too stubborn, refusing to listen to others."

The pill masters nodded in agreement.

After finishing his advice, Mr. Feng returned to his tea.

While the other pill masters quietly

discussed treatment strategies, deciding which pills to use and how to refine the medicine was still up for discussion and would take some time to finalize.

As Mr. Feng sipped his tea, he suddenly asked, "By the way, why was Qian Xing injured so severely?"

The pill masters stopped their discussion, unsure of what to say, especially since it wasn't something pleasant to mention in the Qian family's presence.

One pill master, seeing no one from the Qian family nearby, whispered, "I heard that Young Master Qian was bullying someone, and someone else intervened to help, leading to a big fight. It's rare these days, but there are still cultivators who stand up for justice."

Mr. Feng's expression grew colder as he pondered. "Do you know who the child was?"

"I'm not sure. I only heard that an apprentice from Master Chen's Artifact Crafting Shop helped, and the bullied child's surname seems to be Mo..."

Mr. Feng set down his tea cup, stood up, and swept out of the room.

"Mr. Feng..." the pill masters hastily got up to follow.

Seeing this, the Qian family members also hurried after him, urgently saying, "Mr. Feng, where are you going?"

"Back home!"

"But Young Master's condition is critical; he's relying on you..."

"I won't treat him!" Mr. Feng declared decisively.

"But... you..." the Qian family disciples were at a loss.

A deeply wrinkled, Foundation Building stage elder from the Qian family stepped in front of Mr. Feng, "Mr. Feng, please reconsider. The family head won't let you go unrewarded for curing the Young Master!"

Mr. Feng looked at the Qian family elder, "Are you instructing me on how to do my job?"

"Of course not, we only ask that you save the Young Master," the elder bowed.

Mr. Feng scoffed, "I've spent my life making pills and treating the ill to save lives, not to commit sins. What kind of person is your Young Master, deserving of my help?"

The Qian family elder was left speechless. He knew what kind of person the Young Master was, and he also knew that once Mr. Feng learned the full story, he would refuse to help.

Mr. Feng's expression was stern, "Will you let me pass?"

Despite the elder's Foundation Building cultivation, facing the gaze of a mere ninth-level Qi Cultivation stage Mr. Feng, he felt inexplicably timid and eventually stepped aside silently.

Mr. Feng shook his sleeves and walked out of the Qian family home. A few pill masters followed suit, taking the opportunity to excuse themselves. Those who could not afford to offend the Qian family reluctantly stayed behind.

A Qian family disciple asked the elder, "Elder, why didn't you stop Mr. Feng?"

The elder glared at him, "How could I stop him? My own father's life was saved by Mr. Feng years ago. How could I have the face to stop him? He didn't scold me, and that alone was him showing me respect!"