

URBAN ROMANTIC DIVINE DOCTOR

Chapter 15, The Beautiful Physician

Xu Wendong felt a jolt in his heart; he never expected Chen Zhiyuan to ask who Xu Wenjian was. Without a moment's hesitation, he quickly replied, "He is the director of sales at Guokang Medical. He called earlier to say I should find you and follow you as an intern."

"So, it's Xiao Xu!" Chen Zhiyuan suddenly realized, recalling a call from a hospital leader about arranging an intern.

He glanced up and down at Xu Wendong and casually asked, "Have you ever studied medicine before?"

Xu Wendong, feeling anxious, replied, "My grandfather was a doctor in our village. I learned some things from him since childhood."

Chen Zhiyuan chuckled dismissively, "Just a village doctor. What could you possibly learn from him?"

Xu Wendong instinctively clenched his fists, an invisible anger rising within him. His grandfather was the most important person in his life, and he would never allow anyone to belittle his grandfather's presence.

Even though he was a village doctor, in Xu Wendong's heart, he was akin to Hua Tuo and Bian Que.

Chen Zhiyuan lit a Soft China cigarette from the desk with an arrogant look, "Your name is Xu Wendong, right? Don't mind if I'm blunt: with your current abilities, you're not enough to become an intern at our hospital, let alone follow me."

Xu Wendong's face changed. He thought finding Chen Zhiyuan at the hospital would make him readily agree to teach him medicine, but he never expected to hear such words.

Chen Zhiyuan changed his tone, "But since your brother vouched for you, I'll oblige." With that, he picked up the desk phone and dialed a number, "Dr. Ding, could you come over?"

Moments later.

A woman in her thirties, tall with long black hair and striking features, opened the door. She wore rimless glasses and had a delicate face, bright eyes, and fair teeth, exuding an unearthly beauty.

"Director Chen, did you need something?" she asked politely.

Chen Zhiyuan smiled, then looked at Xu Wendong, "Didn't you say you lacked an assistant? I've found one for you today. His name is Xu Wendong and he'll be your assistant from now on."

Then, he turned to Xu Wendong, "Xu Wendong, this is Dr. Ding Yao. She's from the provincial hospital and highly skilled. You should learn well from Dr. Ding, understand?"

Xu Wendong nervously glanced at Ding Yao, "Hello, Dr. Ding."

A trace of disdain flashed in Ding Yao's eyes, then she turned to Chen Zhiyuan and said, "In that case, let Xu Wendong learn by my side. If there's nothing else, I'll head back." With that, she turned and walked out.

Chen Zhiyuan said, "You should go too."

"Oh, okay." Xu Wendong obediently followed Ding Yao to her office.

Ding Yao sat at her computer desk, her pretty face cold as ice, "Xu Wendong, you can stay by my side, but you better behave, watch more, ask less, and preferably act mute. You must get my permission for anything. If you listen and behave, I'll give you full marks on your internship report, understand?"

"Yes!" Xu Wendong knew Ding Yao didn't like him, but for him, who he followed wasn't important; it was important to work at the hospital.

At that moment, a young nurse ran over, panting and anxious, "Dr. Ding, Dean Meng called and said you need to get to the emergency room immediately."

"I know," Ding Yao got up and swiftly headed outside. Seeing Xu Wendong standing in a daze, a trace of displeasure flashed in her eyes, "What are you standing there for? Grab the medicine box and come with me!"

"Oh, okay." Xu Wendong quickly picked up the delicate and small medicine box by the desk and followed Ding Yao.

As they descended the stairs, they encountered several other hospital doctors, including Chen Zhiyuan, who had also been notified to head to the emergency room.

"Director Chen, what's happening? Why are we needed in the emergency room?" a middle-aged doctor asked curiously.

Chen Zhiyuan said uncertainly, "I suppose it must be someone important!"

During their conversation, they reached the hallway of the emergency room and saw several hospital executives anxiously accompanying a dignified middle-aged man in his forties.

Xu Wendong did not recognize this person, but the others were shocked because this man was none other than Li Zhenfeng, the First Secretary of Qingyuan County.

Though they expected an important figure, they never imagined it would be him—the top official of Qingyuan County!

Beside him stood a young woman of eighteen or nineteen in a white dress. With anxious eyes, she glanced toward the emergency room, her restless pacing mirroring her agitation.

"You're just in time," Meng Changhai, the hospital's dean, addressed his doctors concisely about the patient's condition: "Old Master Li is already eighty years old. He had a heart bypass surgery twenty years ago, but yesterday, his stent suddenly shifted, compressing the heart, causing him to fall into a coma."

"The Western medical plan is to perform open-heart surgery, but considering the patient's advanced age, the procedural risks are high. Do you have any methods to revive him without surgery?"

These words filled the hospital doctors with a sense of powerlessness. Treating with traditional Chinese medicine involves nurturing, a prolonged process. While they might have solutions for other conditions, they felt helpless in this situation.

Everyone knew that the best option was timely surgery, but due to the patient's age, even a minor surgery posed significant risks.

"How can so many of you fail to come up with a single plan? You're no different from worthless wastes!" Meng Changhai was furious. He knew that failure to revive Old Master Li would mean not only his own replacement but also a reshuffle of all hospital leadership.

Li Zhenfeng looked at the hospital doctors with a mournful expression, "I understand my father's condition. I no longer hope for his full recovery, but I just want him to wake up, even if only to utter a few dying words. I would be satisfied. I hope you can help me one last time." He said as he bowed to everyone.

Chen Zhiyuan, anxious, replied, "Secretary Li, we also want Old Master Li to revive, but with the heart compressed, the brain's nerves are immediately affected. We're truly helpless!"

Li Zhenfeng felt a surge of despair. He just wanted to exchange a few final words with his father, but this seemingly trivial wish suddenly became so remote and unattainable.

From behind the crowd, Xu Wendong stepped forward, a mix of tension on his youthful face, "I can help Old Master Li pull through!"