Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 7. Doctors won’t knock on your door.

"Miss, we should head back. The Old Master is anxiously waiting for the White Dragon Grass to save his life!"

With everything taken care of, Mrs. Xue took the two hundred dollars handed to her. SMACK! She slammed the money on the counter in front of Lin Fan. She then turned and began to hurry Yuan Youwei.

The two had ventured out late at night to fetch the medicine themselves. On their return journey, however, their location was leaked by a traitor, and they were nearly killed.

"Mr. Lin, I must ask you to reconsider. The Yuan family will absolutely not treat you poorly," Yuan Youwei said, biting her red lip, still unwilling to give up.

The Yuan family was already besieged by troubles from within and without, closely watched by all the major powers in Haicheng. Lin Fan was not only a superb doctor but also a remarkable martial artist—a truly rare talent. A man like him could not be overlooked!

"...I want that White Dragon Grass. In return, I can act to save the Old Master."

At that moment, Lin Fan, who had been silent for a long while, finally looked up at Yuan Youwei, his pupils constricting slightly.

White Dragon Grass! One of the three miraculous herbs his mother had sought for years... and he had just stumbled upon it by chance?

He suppressed the surging excitement in his heart and said calmly, "However, I must keep vigil for my mother. I cannot leave."

As he finished speaking, Yuan Youwei’s eyes lit up. "So, what are you proposing?"

Before she could continue, it was Mrs. Xue who interjected with dissatisfaction.

"Simple. You bring the Old Master here," Lin Fan said earnestly, ignoring their stunned expressions. "It's better for everyone that way."

W-what? Have Yuan Tianguang, the head of Haicheng's four great magnates, come here in person?

"You... you're being completely unreasonable!" Mrs. Xue lost her composure again, so angry her chest ached, her fists clenching with a crackling sound. If she didn't think she would lose a fight against Lin Fan, she would have loved nothing more than to teach this insufferable man a harsh lesson.

"That... might be difficult, Mr. Lin. My grandfather is already critically ill; it's not suitable for him to be moved about," Yuan Youwei said, her own hopes dimming. She hesitated for a moment before shaking her head in refusal.

It wasn't just that she couldn't accept it; her family would likely think it was absurd. Moreover, Yuandao Capital was in a precarious position. If someone with ulterior motives managed to photograph the Old Master in his sickly state, the company's stock price would plummet, and the situation would become uncontrollable.

"Exactly! A man of the Old Master's status, how could he possibly condescend to come see you? You're dreaming!" Mrs. Xue glared at Lin Fan with utter disdain, as if her gaze alone could burn holes right through him.

"A doctor does not make house calls. Shouldn't a patient come to see the doctor?" Lin Fan shook his head and stated calmly. "Besides, in my presence, there are no great personages, only the relationship between a doctor and a patient."

He pocketed the two hundred dollars and prepared to walk to a nearby convenience store for a pack of cigarettes.

"Miss, let's just go!" Mrs. Xue urged as she and Yuan Youwei followed Lin Fan out of the clinic. "This man is wild and untamable! Who knows if he's harboring malicious intent, daring to scheme for the Old Master's life-saving herb!"

They watched him amble toward the small store at the end of the alley, and Mrs. Xue's expression grew even more grim.

That White Dragon Grass cost the Yuan family tens of millions at an overseas auction, bought specifically for the Old Master's critical condition. How could we possibly give it to a stranger?

"Have someone investigate Mr. Lin. The more detailed, the better," Yuan Youwei said, her expression complex as she withdrew her gaze.

Surrounded by her entourage, she rushed to the Yuan family estate on the outskirts of the city. After getting out of the car, she grabbed the wooden box containing the White Dragon Grass. Heart pounding with anxiety, Yuan Youwei, along with Mrs. Xue and the others, hurried toward the Old Master's room.

But before they were even close, they heard the faint sounds of wailing from deep within the manor.

Her heart sank like a stone. Yuan Youwei's face turned pale, and she broke into a run, her high heels clattering on the pavement.

"Youwei, why did you only just get back? The Old Master has... he's already passed away!"

The room was crowded with members of the Yuan family, all weeping bitterly before the bed where an old man lay with his eyes tightly shut. A middle-aged man with bloodshot eyes turned and demanded loudly of Yuan Youwei.

As if struck by lightning, Yuan Youwei's delicate body trembled violently.

He's gone? How could he pass away so suddenly?

"Doctor Jiang, didn't you say my grandfather could last at least three more days!" she cried out in shock and anger. Pushing through the crowd to the bedside, she grasped the old man's hand, which was already growing cold. She spun her head around and glared at a white-haired old man with a goatee standing amongst the family members.

"Director Yuan, man's plans are no match for Heaven's will," sighed the old man known as Doctor Jiang, his expression oddly calm. "I did my best. You should begin preparing the Old Master's funeral arrangements."

"No! My grandfather can't die! You have to save him!" Yuan Youwei shrieked, clenching her fists as she lost control.

"Please forgive my incompetence," Doctor Jiang replied, his face darkening as he coldly shook his head.

"Second Sister, I wanted to recommend a female divine doctor for Grandfather from the very beginning, but none of you would let me!" At that moment, a young man with dark circles under his eyes stepped forward, pointing an accusing finger at Doctor Jiang in grief and indignation. "And you! You swore that no one in all of Haicheng could save my grandfather but you, and you refused to let me bring her here!"

"Young Master Yuan, you should watch what you say. Are you trying to slander the reputation I, Jiang Wanqiu, have built over decades of practicing medicine? You're just a mere boy!" Doctor Jiang huffed, preparing to storm off with a flick of his sleeves.

But Yuan Youwei raised a hand to stop him.

"Taozi, who is this female divine doctor? Contact her immediately and ask her to come!" Yuan Youwei urged her cousin, Yuan Tao, ignoring the subtle shift in Doctor Jiang's expression.

"Her name is Lin Suxin. I... I don't know where she lives. A friend just introduced me to her to treat... the cauliflower-like growths I had down there," Yuan Tao explained, his face flushing with embarrassment as he braced himself. "You all know I can be a bit of a libertine, so I carelessly got myself infected."

"But Doctor Lin cured me with just a few prescriptions. Her medical skills are practically heaven-defying, far better than some braggarts!" he declared loudly, his gaze fixed on Doctor Jiang.

"Utter nonsense! Young Master Yuan, you were most likely swindled by a charlatan from the Jianghu," Doctor Jiang retorted, his old face twisting as if he'd swallowed a dead fly.

"Do you have her phone number? Call it now, try it!" Yuan Youwei pressed again, having no patience for Yuan Tao's past indiscretions.

"Her phone is off. I haven't been able to reach her for days..." Yuan Tao's voice trailed off as he lowered his head under the intense stare of the crowd.

At his words, a shadow fell over the faces of everyone in the Yuan family. Yuan Youwei bit her lip so hard it nearly bled, her heart feeling as if it had been plunged into an icy abyss.

"Hmph. Can't even be contacted. If that's not a swindler, what is?" Seeing their despair, a smirk touched Doctor Jiang's lips. He gave a perfunctory salute to Yuan Youwei and said indifferently, "Now, please settle the consultation fee. I am a very busy man; my appointments are booked until after the New Year, and I have no more time to waste."

Yuan Youwei was speechless, the veins on her pale neck bulging with rage.

You, Doctor Jiang, took complete charge of my grandfather's treatment, preventing anyone else from intervening. And now that you've let him die, you expect to just take your enormous fee and walk away scot-free?

As Yuan Youwei was consumed by grief and fury, Mrs. Xue approached her, her expression grave. "Miss," she said hesitantly, "doesn't that name, Lin Suxin, sound familiar? I feel like we've heard it somewhere before..."