

# FURY IMMORTAL DOCTOR

## Chapter 6 - 6 Qingxuan Enslaved Forever

"You're insane!" Shen Qiang exclaimed in shock, immediately followed by rage.

The breathtaking Empress fixed her gaze firmly on Shen Qiang and angrily said, "I am insane, for the reigning Empress of Huaxia, to actually believe you could save Huaxia!"

Shen Qiang fell silent for a moment, then shouted in anger, "Then why kill her!"

Tears suddenly streamed down the face of the breathtaking Empress, her eyes reddened as she said fiercely, "Without Cutting Immortal Roots, Breaking Immortal Fate, Soul Transfer, did you think she could reach your side?"

Shen Qiang was stunned.

At this moment, the tearful Empress, with even redder eyes, shouted fiercely, "Shen Qiang! I don't understand your character, or know your world, but I want you to understand, you are our last hope."

"Today, not only does Qingxuan need to Break Immortal Fate, but the remaining hundred strong people of Huaxia also need to sacrifice their lives to death, just to barely crack open a seal, to bring you the Medical Saint's inheritance!"

Shen Qiang was dumbfounded, staring blankly at the furious Empress with reddened eyes.

Then he shifted his gaze towards the others in the plaza.

Only then did he notice that at this moment, a hundred strong people had already encircled him.

"A mere mortal body, for the sake of Huaxia's legacy, to die is to die."

"Hahaha, in eighteen years, another hero will arise."

"To die for Huaxia, I would have died a worthy death."

"Your Majesty, why bother with more words? As long as Huaxia has a chance to pass on, as long as our descendants can exist in this world, even in death, we are willing to make the sacrifice."

"Your Majesty, give the order!"

Shen Qiang stood there dumbfounded, watching them, his heart filled with doubt, and yet there was a faint sense of déjà vu, a touch of emotion.

"Seal!" the Empress commanded, forming a hand seal with one hand.

A bright light rose from Qingxuan's beautiful head.

Then, the breathtaking Empress opened two boxes.

She placed a Jade Scroll, a seed resembling an olive, and the bright light condensed from Qingxuan's head, in front of Shen Qiang.

Afterwards, she slowly backed away.

Shen Qiang kept his eyes on her, and saw that apart from tears, and sadness, what was more abundant in her eyes was determination.

"Begin!"

The breathtaking Empress, now standing back, ordered.

Around the square, a great number of people knelt down simultaneously, whether they were palace maids or soldiers clad in armor.

"Farewell to the generals!"

In a moment of sorrowful shouting, a commanding voice arose once again.

But this time.

Shen Qiang clearly saw, at the outskirts of the plaza, many ordinary-dressed citizens also kneeling on the ground.

A seven- or eight-year-old boy, with a runny nose, was bawling, shouting something toward this direction.

Women with tears flooding their eyes, praying to the heavens.

All of it, in this moment, seemed incredibly real, causing Shen Qiang, who had always believed he was dreaming, to go blank.

"Brothers, what are we waiting for? Come, let's send General Qingxuan and Shen Qiang back to where they belong!"

"Right!"

"Charge!"

With a roar.

In just a blink, Shen Qiang felt the earth and sky spin and shake.

And almost at the same time.

Shen Qiang also saw one after another, the burly strong people burst and faded away.

"Shen Qiang! Don't forget the agreement you have with me!"

Hearing the voice, Shen Qiang turned his head sharply, and caught sight of the breathtaking Empress; her eyes reddened, sparkling tears twirling in her eye sockets, but she stubbornly tried not to let them fall.

"Of course, I will remember."

Boom!

In an instant, the world was plunged into darkness.

I had no idea how much time had passed.

In Shen Qiang's mind rang Qingxuan's crisp, efficient, yet somewhat cold and haughty voice, "Master, master?"

Shen Qiang slowly came to his senses, immediately visualizing Qingxuan kneeling before him, her figure that could be considered perfect.

"You're not dead!"

Shen Qiang was shocked.

At that moment, Qingxuan lifted her head to reveal a face that could be described as perfect, yet it did not show the slightest hint of emotional fluctuation.

"Qingxuan has undergone Soldier Disintegration, leaving only the soul to reside in the master's Sea of Consciousness, ready to obey the master's commands at any time."

Shen Qiang was a bit confused and subconsciously responded with an "oh."

But at this time, Qingxuan suddenly frowned and said, "The master has never practiced cultivation, and the energy channels have already set. If you rely on self-cultivation, I'm afraid there will be no progress within ten years. Qingxuan will now cleanse your marrow and open up your governor and conception vessels for you."

Shen Qiang didn't understand the first part, but he did understand the part about opening the governor and conception vessels and couldn't help but exclaim with joy, "Go ahead, I've always wanted to become a master."

"Very well, please wait, master."

And with that said,

Shen Qiang felt lightness in his body.

Then, to his astonishment, he could clearly see the enchanting and graceful figure of Qingxuan, as though shrunken, moving about within his own body.

Arms, upper body, lower body, thighs.

Under her traversal,

Shen Qiang did not feel the kind of tearing pain in the energy channels as described in novels, only feeling a warm current flowing throughout his body, which was even more comfortable than taking a sauna.

Furthermore,

With the surging of the warm current, Shen Qiang could feel even more clearly that not only did his body feel warm, but all the pores in his body seemed to open up like blossoming flowers.

The comfort radiating from inside out was simply ineffable.

This state continued for an indeterminate period.

With a jolt in his mind, Shen Qiang ceased all movement.

"Master, your governor and conception vessels are now open. Due to the great loss of strength caused by Soldier Disintegration, Qingxuan no longer has the power to assist the master in Foundation Establishment," she explained.

Gazing at Qingxuan in his mind, her face flushed red and her nose slightly sweaty, Shen Qiang excitedly said, "Thank you for your efforts."

Qingxuan was startled, bowing her head and replying, "To serve the master is this servant's duty."

"This title as a 'servant' is not good," frowned Shen Qiang.

Qingxuan looked up, her expression one of astonishment as she said, "Master, Qingxuan, having Broken Immortal Fate and severed the Immortal

Slaying Root, has come after undergoing Soldier Disintegration and is bound to be your servant forever. If the master does not want Qingxuan, then I have no choice but to meet death."

Shen Qiang was stunned, "Isn't that a bit much? To be a servant for all eternity is so tragic?"

Qingxuan was equally astonished, "Master has inherited the Medical Saint Inheritance and holds a lofty status. Even the Empress Yong Zhen must treat you with respect. To be able to serve you is a blessing Qingxuan has cultivated over many lifetimes."

Upon hearing this, Shen Qiang laughed, "Really? Being my servant is a blessing?"

Qingxuan earnestly responded, "Of course, if Qingxuan were not exceptional, I might not even have the qualifications to follow you, even if I desired it."

This left Shen Qiang stunned for a moment, but thinking of that disappointed and envious buxom girl, he eventually came to terms with it.

At that moment, the somewhat weary Qingxuan spoke respectfully, "Master, having undergone Soldier Disintegration, my strength is greatly reduced. After opening up your governor and conception vessels, I urgently need to rest. After I have rested for a while, the master can command Qingxuan to do anything."

"You would do anything I command?" Shen Qiang's eyes lit up.

Qingxuan nodded, "As the master commands, this servant shall not refuse."

With eyes sparkling, Shen Qiang immediately ordered, "Alright then, take off your clothes."

Qingxuan's face flushed crimson, her skin fair and figure graceful, but after taking a deep breath, though she was shy to the point of barely being able to maintain her composure, she still used her fair and slender jade hands to slowly remove her clothing.

Chapter 7: Breaking Bad

Pfft!

Shen Qiang, sitting against the wall, suddenly spurted nosebleed, startling the officer who had just arrived on the scene.

"You're badly hurt, hurry, we'll take you to the hospital."

Having regained consciousness, Shen Qiang got up. Although his nose was still bleeding and his shirt was soaked with blood, he felt not only mentally alert but also filled with a sense of power throughout his body.

"It's nothing, I am a doctor, it's just a nosebleed, not a big problem."

"Really?" The officer looked at Shen Qiang half-believingly and said, "Then tell us about the situation."

In an instant, Shen Qiang's face turned cold. Be it the Empress of the Immortal Realm or the inheritance of the Medical Saint, even Qingxuan with her snow-white skin, tall and toned figure, and shy and charming demeanor couldn't obscure a fact.

That fact was that Director Wang of the oncology department had someone to sabotage Shen Qiang.

Shen Qiang was aware of this.

But without evidence, it was unrealistic to expect, based merely on his own words, that the officers would trouble Director Wang.

Moreover, if Director Wang dared to do so, it certainly wasn't over.

Although Shen Qiang never sought trouble, he was never afraid of anyone either. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, was his way of dealing with the world.

So after a moment of silence, Shen Qiang smiled slightly and said, "Oh, I encountered robbers, there were four of them, three tall guys and one skinny one."

The officer took notes and asked, "What else? Do you recognize them?"

Shen Qiang shook his head and said, "I don't know them. You can investigate the details, but right now I am very tired, I need to go back and rest."

The officer nodded, "Okay, then leave your contact information, we'll reach out to you once we have any progress."

Shen Qiang gave them his phone number and place of work before leaving.

But as soon as he took a step, Shen Qiang immediately felt a snapping sound like popping beans in every bone of his body. Not only that, but the previously warm and comfortable sensation instantly turned into a searing and ripping pain.

It was as though his entire body was being torn apart by some unknown force.

Endure it!

Just hold on, home is very close.

Shen Qiang reminded himself.

But at that moment, every step he took made him tremble with an immense pain that burst forth from inside.

By the police car, the officer finished taking notes and got into the vehicle.

The officer at the wheel looked up and let out a surprised exclamation upon seeing Shen Qiang's figure illuminated by the headlights.

The passenger-side officer raised an eyebrow curiously, "What's wrong?"

"Strange... I feel like this robbery victim is getting taller with every step he takes."

"Impossible, you're just tired and seeing things. Once we're off duty, go home, cuddle your wife, and have a good sleep," the passenger-side officer said laughingly.

But before he could finish speaking, he too was stunned when he turned his gaze back to Shen Qiang's retreating figure and exclaimed in shock, "What the hell, how is that possible!"

Because in the narrow alleyway of the urban village, under the illumination of the car headlights, Shen Qiang, with each step he took, had his trousers rise by about 5 millimeters.

One step, two steps, it didn't look very noticeable.

But after a dozen steps, Shen Qiang's ankles were already exposed beneath his trouser cuffs.

What was more shocking for the two in the car was that this situation continued until Shen Qiang disappeared from the light of the headlights, at which point his trousers, which had originally covered his ankles, had become stylish capri pants!

He struggled back to his rented apartment.

Shen Qiang locked himself in the bathroom.

The severe tearing pain had ended, and the dirt from washing his marrow and purifying his sinews was washed away by the water, snaking its way down the drain.

Looking at his own reflection in the mirror,

Shen Qiang's eyes were filled with surprise and shock!

His height had increased by at least fifteen centimeters! It could even have been twenty centimeters!

His body, once lacking in exercise and flabby, now showed not a trace of extra flesh.

The lines were smooth, yet his muscles were not overly bulky, giving him a well-proportioned, robust, and slender appearance that radiated masculine charm.

Not only that, the washing machine—usually immovable even when pushed—was effortlessly picked up by Shen Qiang with a mere hand, and its weight of around two hundred kilograms felt as light as a feather.

"Is this the result of 'cleansing the marrow and refining the veins'?"

Shen Qiang returned to his bedroom with eyes full of excitement, and after lying on the bed, he focused his mind back inside his head.

Qingxuan was currently sitting cross-legged and resting inside Shen Qiang's mind, as beautiful as a jade sculpture.

Taking a deep breath, Shen Qiang focused his attention on the Plague Seed that looked very much like an olive.

The seed was dark green and black, suspended in mid-air, apparently unremarkable.

So, Shen Qiang's attention turned to the Jade Scroll of the Medical Saint Inheritance.

Boom!

In an instant, powerful fluctuations turned Shen Qiang's brain blank.

Then, memories unfolded like a scroll, flooding into Shen Qiang's mind like a torrent, much like downloading movies.

Medical skills, acupuncture techniques, prescriptions, chants, True Qi massages, manipulative therapy, meridians, acupoints, poisons, the experience of practicing medicine, and a plethora of information about various rare diseases and exotic treasures were just the basics.

As the influx of information continued, the contents of the Medical Saint Inheritance became more extensive.

From simple Spiritual Medicine to the finest Immortal Pills, from Qi Cultivation and Nourishing Life to Ascension to the Immortal Realm.

From healing the sick and saving lives to killing thousands with a flick of a finger.

The variety of techniques and experiences was more than profound!

Besides, at the end of this influx of crazy information were three sets of mysterious Cultivation Techniques.

One was called the "Longevity Technique," which promised Immortal Path and eternal life if practiced.

The second was called "Mixed Arts," which contained various skills that seemed more like Talent cultivation, such as "Precision", "Power", "Wind Walk", "

And the third, the "Heavenly Eye" technique, was a bit strange. Its purpose was to determine the age, quality, and origin of medicinal materials, but the technique was incomplete.

The first level was named Observing the Micro.

The second level was named Insight.

The third level had only the title "Heavenly Eye."

This made Shen Qiang certain that the "Heavenly Eye" technique within the Medical Saint Inheritance was indeed incomplete.

What was even stranger was that once all this information had settled into Shen Qiang's mind, he was astonished to find that the entire inheritance contained no Divine Skills specifically designed for combat!

This was simply too weak!

But almost at the moment Shen Qiang thought this,

a fierce reprimand echoed from within the information of the Medical Saint Inheritance, and memories of a pale-faced man emerged.

"Silver Needles can save lives or take them! When used correctly, they're medicine; when misused, they're deadly poison! We, the Divine Doctors, are naturally also Poison Masters. Killing someone is as easy as turning one's hand!"

"Typhoid can annihilate a city with a snap of the fingers; cholera is unstoppable! Even the Nine Heavenly Immortals would not escape death in the face of my Devouring Immortal Poison!"

Chapter 8: Super Strong Stability

Shock!

Because the inheritance of Medical Saint said it well, for doctors, killing people is really easy.

Therefore, Shen Qiang didn't dwell on this aspect, but instead checked the cultivation of the Longevity Technique.

The Longevity Technique has five realms, reaching the highest allows one to ascend to the Immortal Realm.

The first realm is called Refining Essence into Qi.

It is divided into three sub-stages, namely Body Refinement, Spiritual Movement, and Qi Condensation.

At this point, Shen Qiang had his governor and conception vessels opened by Qingxuan, and his True Qi was abundant within his body.

Not only did his stature grow much taller, but his muscles also became very smooth.

However, Body Refinement is the first stage of Immortal Cultivation.

As the saying goes, Marrow Generates Blood, Blood Produces Essence; weak bodies have deficient essence, while strong bodies have abundant essence.

Therefore, in this regard, Shen Qiang naturally put his heart into it.

But the most crucial core of the entire inheritance was still Medical Skill.

Not to mention fully absorbing it for personal use, just understanding this aspect, Shen Qiang awoke to find the day had already dawned.

Getting up.

Although he had been busy all night, Shen Qiang's spirit was not only not fatigued but also more vigorous than ever.

It seemed to be the effect of cleansing the marrow and cutting the vessels.

Finding a pair of jeans he had bought before but never worn because the legs were too long, Shen Qiang stood before the mirror and was astonished to discover that not only had every part of his body grown taller.

Even his skin color had changed significantly.

The previous Shen Qiang had slightly dark skin with a yellowish face.

Now, not only was Shen Qiang's complexion fair, but there were also some noticeable changes in his appearance.

The most obvious was his previously unkempt eyebrows that now not only separated but also became like two sharp swords, and his eyes were filled with Spiritual Energy, making Shen Qiang much more handsome, as if he had been reborn.

But staring at his reflection in the mirror, Shen Qiang had no time to be narcissistic, because he suddenly realized that Director Wang's instigating people to retaliate against him was probably just the first step.

Given his character and style, there was likely trouble coming for the surgery of the family of the young woman who had given him a chance at the Immortal Fate.

So, after changing his clothes, Shen Qiang hurried down the stairs.

Passing by the early market in an urban village, just in time for the breakfast rush, and since it was still early before work time, Shen Qiang went to buy a bowl of hot porridge that was just out of the pot.

Just as he turned around with the porridge, he didn't notice a very short girl, about seven or eight years old, behind him.

Their bodies collided, and it seemed the bowl of hot porridge was about to spill on the little girl's face.

The people around buying porridge immediately exclaimed.

"Child, get out of the way!"

Almost at the same moment as the cries erupted, Shen Qiang felt a warmth in his body, the abundant True Qi inside him immediately started circulating rapidly, and his wrist just slightly quivered.

The porridge in his hands not only stabilized immediately, but not a single drop splashed out.

This surprised Shen Qiang and then thrilled him.

"I didn't expect that after opening the governor and conception vessels, my hand could stabilize to such a terrifying extent!"

The crowd, who were startled a moment ago, breathed a sigh of relief and no longer paid attention to Shen Qiang.

If they were attentive enough, they would have noticed that Shen Qiang, carrying a full bowl of porridge, moved through the crowd like a butterfly threading through flowers. Despite the full bowl and his fast pace, not only did the porridge in the bowl not spill, it didn't even quiver.

After breakfast.

Shen Qiang contentedly went to the hospital.

Upon reaching the lobby of the hospital's inpatient department, Shen Qiang encountered Zhao Hui.

Upon seeing Shen Qiang, she was stunned and exclaimed, "Shen Qiang, you seem to have grown taller. And your skin has gotten so much better. I didn't see you for just one night, and it feels like you've transformed from a loser to a hunk."

Shen Qiang smiled, and before he could speak, Zhang Liwei, who was holding a bunch of flowers, said in astonishment, "I remember you weren't taller than me before, but now I actually have to look up at you. Where did you buy those height-enhancing shoes?"

Shen Qiang smiled and said nothing, just glancing at his reflection in the glass wall of the lobby.

The jeans that should have been trimmed for shorter legs were now just the right length, making his legs look slim and long. The previously somewhat loose white shirt now looked quite sharp and well-fitted.

"Your physique is almost catching up to a model's, and what's with your face? How many Black Chicken White Phoenix Pills did you consume? Even a young girl's face isn't as tender and fair as yours, did you start taking estrogens?" Zhao Hui was astounded.

Shen Qiang laughed, "Would you believe me if I said I was born beautiful?"

Zhao Hui pouted, "Ghost would believe that."

At this time, the other interns had also gradually arrived, and everyone was exchanging their internship experiences by the staircase, just waiting for the time to start work.

Although many were sneaking glances at Shen Qiang, none of the obviously incredulous interns brought up anything about the medical qualification examination.

It was almost eight o'clock.

The intern doctor who was on duty last night, Kong Yuanliang, came down from upstairs and excitedly rushed to Shen Qiang, exclaiming, "Wow, impressive my brother! I heard you slapped the head of the oncology department, Director Wang, last night, and he even said he was willing!"

The many interns around immediately focused their eyes on Shen Qiang.

"Really?"

"That's insanely awesome!"

"How is that possible? He's the head of the department, letting an intern slap him and he says he's willing?"

"Young man, that's not how you brag."

"Exactly. Forget someone like Shen Qiang, an intern. With Director Wang's Medical Skill and his status, even the dean wouldn't dare to scold him, let alone slap him."

Facing everyone's speculative doubts, Shen Qiang just smiled without saying a word. After all, Shen Qiang did much more than slap the director; last night, Director Wang was on his knees, begging with tears and snot, even willing to give his daughter if Shen Qiang nodded.

At that moment, Kong Yuanliang got impatient and frowned, "You guys know nothing, just wait until you start work and you will find out. The entire hospital is already buzzing with the news!"

Chapter 9: With the Justice in My Heart

The interns whispered among themselves, their discussions abuzz.

Shen Qiang paid no attention to what they thought and headed straight upstairs.

Upon reaching the Tumor Surgery department and coming out of the stairwell, Shen Qiang immediately noticed the nurses, who usually ignored him, were now staring at him.

Not only were their eyes excited, but they were also smirking and trying to hide their smiles.

When he approached the nurse's station, a young and beautiful nurse in a pink uniform and a white nurse's cap handed Shen Qiang a bag of breakfast milk, smiling, "Good morning, Doctor Shen, I'm treating you to breakfast."

This made the usually ignored Shen Qiang feel somewhat uneasy. He hurriedly replied politely, "I've already eaten, but thank you."

The young and beautiful nurse chuckled, "Really? Don't be shy if you haven't eaten."

Another nurse in her thirties laughed, "That's right, Doctor Shen, please don't be shy. Her milk is hot, others can't even get it if they want to."

The face of the young and beautiful nurse flushed with a blush.

Shen Qiang laughed.

Just then, an anxious female voice suddenly came from the direction of the director's office.

"Director Wang, we agreed last night that my husband would have surgery today, and all the pre-surgery preparations are done. How can you just cancel like that?" The voice was filled with anxiety, and it sounded familiar.

Shen Qiang recognized it at once, it was the beautiful young wife who had given him the Water Grass Agate Pendant.

"Are you the doctor, or am I the doctor? Canceling surgery is a very normal thing to do; it's a decision based on the patient's condition," Director Wang's voice was cold, sounding righteous and stern.

Shen Qiang's expression turned cold, and he turned towards the director's office.

In the office, on Director Wang's desk, there was a bowl of open congee. On the sofa beside him sat Wu Guoxi, the associate director of Tumor Surgery who was mentoring Shen Qiang, and Doctor Liu, who was in charge of another group of interns and was a confidant of Director Wang.

The beautiful young wife was holding a child, with an old woman whose hair was graying and legs were slightly bowed standing beside her. Her hands were full of calluses and cracks, clearly a woman from the countryside.

"Director Wang, by canceling the surgery, aren't you pushing my husband towards death?"

Looking at the anxious beautiful young wife, Director Wang, his face bearing the signs of a bruise, laughed, "Our Tumor Surgery department's schedule is fully booked; the earliest your husband's surgery can be arranged is in three days."

While sipping his congee with a smile, Director Wang then said, with raised eyebrows and pride, "If you think it will delay the treatment, you can transfer to another hospital. But even in other hospitals, it would take at least two to three days to schedule the surgery."

Upon hearing these words, tears streamed down the beautiful young wife's face.

At that moment, the old woman stepped forward nervously, her voice trembling, "Doctor, please show some compassion. He's the only child we have. We've sold our house and land. If he's gone, it would be the end of our family."

Director Wang continued to eat his congee, laughing without responding.

His confidant, Doctor Liu, corrected her with contempt in his eyes, "What doctor? He's the head of our Tumor Surgery department! You can't even get the title right; you should call him Director Wang."

The old woman was taken aback but quickly pleaded, "I misspoke, Director Wang. Please, can you do the surgery for my child today?"

Director Wang laughed and said, "I'm aware of your family member's condition. How it's arranged depends on the situation. Go back and wait for news."

Upon hearing this, the old woman's tears fell steadily, and then she knelt down in front of the director's desk, pleading through her tears, "Director Wang, I beg you, please operate on my son. Our family will never forget your kindness."

Director Wang, as if he saw nothing, scooped another spoonful of congee with delight and glanced at the beautiful young wife, "I bought too little of this side dish this morning."

Doctor Liu immediately laughed, "Director, I have salted duck eggs from Six River, would you like one?"

Director Wang nodded with a smile, "Go get it, I have quite the appetite today!"

Doctor Liu was just getting up, laughing.

Shen Qiang, who had been watching at the door, walked into the director's office with a grave expression and quickly pulled the old woman up from her knees, his voice cold as he said.

"Why beg such scum?"

The beautiful young wife, holding her child, broke into tears upon seeing Shen Qiang, sobbing, "Doctor Shen, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked you to let that bastard off!"

Shen Qiang comforted her, "It's alright, dry your tears. I, Shen Qiang, guarantee that your husband's surgery will definitely take place today!"

Slap!

Before Shen Qiang could finish, Director Wang's spoon loudly hit the table, and he then said in a cold, angry voice, "What right do you have to say such a thing? You're not even a doctor at this hospital; what can you guarantee?"

The old woman was stunned.

Doctor Liu, who was standing by, sneered, "Shen Qiang, don't forget, you're just an intern."

Doctor Liu's words, like a bucket of cold water, quickly extinguished the glimmer of hope that had just sparked in the old woman's eyes.

But just then, Shen Qiang, with a steely look in his eyes, stepped forward and declared, "You ask me what right I have to say such a thing? Then let me tell you!"

"It's because I still have a conscience. It's because I still know what medical ethics are. It's because in my chest, Shen Qiang, there is still justice!"

With those words, an air of unyielding righteousness stirred in the room.

Director Wang, pale-faced, looked at Shen Qiang with a shocked expression.

In his eyes, all the interns at the hospital were seen as worthless, doing the dirtiest and most tiring work without receiving a salary, and instead having to pay the school.

They would tolerate scolding and hardship, even act subservient, all for a favorable evaluation during their internship, not daring to utter a word in complaint.

But now, as they faced each other, Shen Qiang stood unwavering, like a mountain crushing down on Director Wang, making it hard for him to breathe.

The beautiful young woman beside him not only saw hope rekindled in her eyes but also murmured to herself as she looked at Shen Qiang, "With the righteousness in my heart! This is a real man! Sister, I found you a good boyfriend, you must cherish him in the future!"

The elderly lady was even more emotionally moved as she grabbed Shen Qiang's arm and spoke through her tears, "Young doctor, even if my son can't make it, I will be grateful to you for the rest of my life."

Hearing the old lady's words, Director Wang suddenly snapped back to reality and roared furiously, "Your so-called righteousness counts for nothing! In the Tumor Surgery department, I, Wang Bofu, am the embodiment of justice! Without my go-ahead, forget about having that surgery!"

Shen Qiang took a step forward and calmly said, "Whether a patient needs surgery or not is not for you alone to decide, and I refuse to believe that everyone in Bikang Hospital agrees with you!"

Director Wang laughed maniacally, "I'm the Director, what I say goes here!"

But just then, the Vice-Director of Tumor Surgery, Wu Guoxi, who had been sitting in the office all this time without uttering a word, suddenly spoke up, "Director Wang, this patient's situation is indeed urgent. If it's really impossible to arrange the manpower, then let me perform the operation."

Director Wang's eyes bulged, and then he furiously said, "Old Wu, are you backing Shen Qiang up?"

Wu Guoxi slightly furrowed his eyebrows, and said, "I have no relation to Shen Qiang, why would I back him up? Some things are being observed, both by humans and the heavens above."

Director Wang sneered, "Old Wu, you're less than a hundred days from retirement, why not just sit in your office and drink tea?"

Wu Guoxi said coldly, "I also wanted to coast through my days until retirement, but Shen Qiang's words woke me. You can certainly throw your weight around in the department, but I cannot, therefore, extinguish my conscience."

Director Wang's expression turned ugly as he scoffed, "Fine, very good."

He then turned to the pretty young woman and said, "You're lucky, an old doctor about to retire is willing to operate on your husband. He has cervical spine problems and hasn't entered the operation room for over a year. His hands tremble even when he drinks tea."

The pretty young woman looked somewhat at a loss upon hearing this.

At that moment, Wu Guoxi said, "I am aware of the risks of the surgery, and it's not your place to question my medical skill."

Director Wang scoffed with a chilling smile, "Apart from you, there are no available surgeons."

Glancing at Shen Qiang beside him, Wu Guoxi said gravely, "A simple stomach tumor excision surgery – I can perform it even with the help of interns."

Director Wang's face turned cold as he said sharply, "The operating rooms are all booked. If you plan on operating in the lobby on the first floor, be my guest."

"The teaching operating room is well equipped and perfectly suitable for such surgery," Wu Guoxi said evenly.

Director Wang laughed and said, "Fine, if you're willing to do it, you do it, but let me put this ugly statement up front; even if you make a mistake during surgery, you'll bear all the responsibility."

Wu Guoxi said, "Can do, I'm clear on that."

Hearing this, Dr. Liu laughed on the side. He glanced at Shen Qiang and mocked, "Director Wu, it seems you're aware of the recent professional medical exam fiasco where only Shen Qiang qualified in the entire province."

Seeing the beautiful young woman who had long been aware of this news, her gaze towards Shen Qiang became full of trust.

Director Wang coldly said, "What use is theory without practice? Interns like Shen Qiang have only learned some book knowledge. Once they're actually in the operating room, they can't even hand over a hemostat correctly."

"Exactly," Dr. Liu added with a chuckle. "Being a doctor, the knowledge from books is just the foundation; what's more important is clinical experience. There are plenty of people with good exam scores, but those who truly become renowned 'Doctors' are few and far between."

"Director Wu, you were so eager to take on this patient, mostly because you think Shen Qiang's grades are good, and with your guidance, he could almost manage the surgery."

"But don't forget, it's a joke to think of wielding a surgical knife without years of hard work."

"Is his hand steady enough?" Dr. Liu mocked with a smile. "Don't let him accidentally puncture the patient's bladder with one cut."

Hearing this, Director Wang laughed out loud: "Indeed, to practice the steadiness of my arms, I even hung sandbags on them and have trained hard to this day to achieve my current skill."

"With an intern like Shen Qiang, who trembles even when holding a spoon to drink soup, if you expect him to assist you and complete the surgery, it's no different from plotting to kill a patient."

Wu Guoxi said with a very unsightly expression and in a cold voice, "Shen Qiang is an intern under my supervision. Whether he's capable or not has nothing to do with you."

Director Wang scoffed mockingly, "A cramping old man teaching a trembling student, indeed, like master, like disciple."

Wu Guoxi raised an eyebrow, "Don't forget, Director Wang, you started as an intern too."

After speaking, Wu Guoxi ignored Director Wang and turned to Shen Qiang, "Shen Qiang, you personally inform the instrument nurse; the surgery for the patient in bed 3, room 16 has been moved to the teaching operating room. And while you're at it, help prepare a bit."

Realizing Wu Guoxi was worried about Director Wang tampering with the procedure, Shen Qiang immediately nodded and strode out.

At that moment, Dr. Liu, who stood aside, laughed and said, "Shen Qiang, I'd advise you not to participate in this surgery. Otherwise, once you're on the operating table, if you're shaking like a sieve, it'll be quite a sight for everyone."

Shen Qiang, who had already reached the doorway, stopped in his tracks. He slowly turned around and said very calmly, "If you want to see me make a fool of myself, then you should come."

Dr. Liu was taken aback. The ridiculed Shen Qiang was extremely calm, almost without a ripple of emotion, and this left Dr. Liu's face of mockery frozen in place.

Almost at the same time, everyone present was shocked to see Shen Qiang, who turned his gaze towards Director Wang, suddenly reveal a hint of scorn at the corner of his mouth.

"And as for Director Wang, I remember telling you last night that if you dared to pull any tricks, I would definitely take away everything you hold dear, and you should know that my words are absolutely not a joke."

In that instant, the arrogant Director Wang was stunned. After three seconds of silence, he stood up and said sternly, "Shen Qiang, do you, an intern, dare to threaten me here?"

Shen Qiang laughed, and as he walked away, he said, "Threaten? You're not worthy of that. This is just a notice that you'll pay the price for everything you've done."

