

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

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“Teacher Qin, I’ve come to apologize,” Fang Bai walked to the edge of Qin Yaorao’s office desk, bowed deeply, “I was wrong in class today.

I made a mistake.

Please forgive me!”

Fang Bai knew that his behavior in class today had enraged “Fairy Spirit Qin.” To quell her anger, he had to present the most sincere attitude.

Fang Bai’s apology to Qin Yaorao was not a result of Su Linglong’s persuasion, but rather his own consideration.

For one, in the memories of this body's original owner, Qin Yaorao was a diligent and dedicated teacher, worthy of being a role model.

Fang Bai always held great respect for her.

Secondly, Fang Bai didn't want his parents to know about this matter.

After all, it was not something to be proud of, and they would be very upset if they found out.

To keep it from them, the only way was if Qin Yaorao kept silent.

If not for these two reasons, how could Fang Bai, who in his previous life was the proud Immortal Emperor, easily bow his head to someone?

Just as Su Linglong said, Qin Yaorao was a person with a frosty exterior but a warm heart.

Seeing Fang Bai actively come to apologize with a sincere attitude, her expression softened somewhat, and most of her anger dissipated.

“You know you’re wrong?”

Where did you go wrong?”

Qin Yaorao tossed the teaching plan onto the office desk and looked at Fang Bai indifferently.

“I shouldn’t have slept during class, argued with you, and shouldn’t have...” Fang Bai listed several “charges” against himself, then with an expression of deep regret and remorse, “Teacher Qin, starting tomorrow, I will strive to improve, listen attentively, study hard, and make progress every day, and not let down the expectations of my parents and you!”

Qin Yaorao was not a narrow-minded person.

Upon hearing this, she nodded slightly as a sign of forgiveness and then earnestly began to impart educational advice to him.

“Fang Bai, I’m also aware of some recent events in your family.

But I think you should not give in to despair; instead, you should double your efforts to study and later repay your parents...

Don't you agree?"

"Yes, I will definitely bear Teacher Qin's teachings in mind..."

As Fang Bai spoke, his gaze suddenly fell on Qin Yaorao's cold, yet delicate face, and he furrowed his eyebrows.

"Fang Bai, what are you looking at?"

Seeing Fang Bai staring fixedly at her face, Qin Yaorao adjusted her glasses on her straight nose and asked with some annoyance.

"Teacher Qin, you are ill..."

After saying this, Fang Bai couldn't help but scratch his head.

Just a moment ago, he had said the same thing to Su Linglong and resulted in a misunderstanding.

Now, looking at Teacher Qin with her eyebrows fiercely furrowed, she seemed on the verge of an outburst too.

Fang Bai felt somewhat wronged; why didn't anyone believe him when he was telling the truth?

It wasn't that Fang Bai saw illness in everyone he encountered.

After all, humans, who consume a variety of grains, are bound to have some health issues to some degree.

The only difference is whether the issues are major or minor, and Fang Bai's eyes were akin to "Fiery Eyes," capable of discerning many illnesses just by looking.

Buddhism speaks of "the Buddha ferrying those who have a predestined affinity." In Fang Bai's view, there is also the belief of "treating those who are predestined." Su Linglong and Qin Yaorao are both his classmate and teacher, respectively; this is a kind of destiny.

Therefore, when Fang Bai noticed they were ill, he kindly chose to give them a reminder.

Had it been a stranger, Fang Bai might have not bothered to care.

"Teacher Qin, have you been feeling troubled or restless lately, perhaps suffering from frequent insomnia?"

Before Qin Yaorao could erupt, Fang Bai quickly added another sentence.

Caught off guard by Fang Bai's abrupt change of subject, Qin Yaorao was momentarily taken aback, then blurted out, "How did you know?"

"Teacher Qin, although I am studying Western medicine, my family is a legitimate traditional Chinese medicine lineage."

Fang Bai cleared his throat and said earnestly, "Chinese medicine uses the four diagnostic methods: observation, listening and smelling, inquiry, and pulse-taking.

Seeing your spirit and complexion off, I guessed you might be having such issues."

Qin Yaorao had visited Fang Bai's home before and knew that his family indeed had a generational tradition of practicing Chinese medicine.

She felt a stir of hope in her heart and asked eagerly, "Fang Bai, your father is an experienced traditional Chinese medicine practitioner.

Does he have any effective remedies for insomnia?"

Qin Yaorao, a medical student herself, had tried various medications to no avail for her insomnia, which caused her much distress.

“Of course, there are.”

Fang Bai smiled, revealing eight shining teeth, and said, “Our family has a secret ancestral recipe for treating insomnia.

If you follow the prescription, it won’t take long to cure...

Teacher Qin, how about I bring you a few doses tomorrow to try?”

“Really effective?”

“As long as you take the medicine on time, if there’s no significant improvement in the condition after a week, then you can have me stand outside the classroom every day,”

“Alright then, I’ll give it a shot.

I'll pay you first...

how much will I need?"

Seeing Fang Bai brimming with confidence, Qin Yaorao hesitated for a moment but finally nodded.

Fang Bai hurriedly said, "The herbs are not worth much.

By the way, Teacher Qin, about what happened in class today..."

"Considering you know to correct your mistake, let's forget this incident...but don't let there be a next time!"

Qin Yaorao cleared her throat and spoke in a serious and stern tone.

"Thank you, Teacher Qin!"

After leaving Qin Yaorao's office, Fang Bai felt elated, pedaled his somewhat old bicycle, and headed home against the backdrop of the twilight sky.

Once he exited the school gates and traveled a few hundred meters, a loud argument suddenly erupted from a narrow alley on the northern side of the road.

Fang Bai slowed down and turned his head to look, spotting a familiar figure among the few people in the alley.

Zhou Dabai?

Memories surged and an image of a simple-looking, plump boy materialized in his mind.

In memory, Zhou Dabai was not only Fang Bai's neighbor but also his close buddy, with a relationship so strong that they could share a pair of pants.

Like Fang Bai, Zhou Dabai also came from an ordinary family, and they knew each other since they wore split pants, playing together from kindergarten to primary school, and from primary school to middle school, until they went to medical college and were placed in different classes.

Zhou Dabai was 1.8 meters tall, fair, and chubby, with a face that looked very genial, matching the image his name "Dabai" (Big White) suggested.

Before the soul transfer, Fang Bai, due to his introverted, honest, and weak nature, coupled with a frail physique, was often bullied at medical college.

However, whenever Zhou Dabai was present, he would stand up to protect Fang Bai with all his might.

Because of this, Zhou Dabai had been beaten more than once.

In memory, every time Zhou Dabai got beaten for defending Fang Bai, Fang Bai would cry his eyes out.

Then Zhou Dabai would pat his shoulder and comfort him, “I have thick skin and flesh; a few hits won’t hurt me, it’s just like scratching an itch through clothes.”

“But you, with your thin arms and legs, wouldn’t fare so well.

You could end up needing care for the rest of your life if you got beaten up.”

“So remember, no matter when, if someone bullies you, I, Zhou Dabai, will always stand up for you!”

“Brothers for life—we share both joy and hardship, triumph and trouble!”

Zhou Dabai's words moved Fang Bai deeply, and more than once Fang Bai quietly swore that once he became capable in the future, he would definitely repay Zhou Dabai well.

The argument in the alley grew even more intense, with several figures pushing and shoving each other, as if they were about to start fighting.

Fang Bai quickly parked his bicycle by the roadside and sprinted into the alley.

This alley was narrow and deep with poor road conditions, rarely frequented by people.

Using the dim remaining daylight, Fang Bai saw Zhou Dabai standing alone, confronting the three boys opposite him with drawn weapons and tense nerves.

Both sides had fists clenched and eyes bulging with rage, like four fighting cocks.

The boy confronting Zhou Dabai was also about 1.8 meters tall, but his body was clearly more robust than Zhou Dabai's.

The two boys beside him—one tall and one short—looked ready to kill.

“Dabai, what’s going on?”

Fang Bai walked up to Zhou Dabai’s side and asked in a low voice.

“Fang Bai?”

Zhou Dabai turned his head and saw Fang Bai, noticeably startled.

Then he scoffed and disdainfully said, “Mao Qiangdong here, he was playing basketball with me today at medical college.

When he lost, he deliberately shoved me.

I called him out on his poor sportsmanship, and he got pissed...

Heh, he’s planning to teach me a lesson now!

Fang Bai, stay back, don’t get involved!”

As he spoke, he scornfully glanced at the boy opposite him, waved his fist, and shouted loudly, “Come on, let’s fight, who’s afraid of who!”

Zhou Dabai might not have been strong in combat, but he never lacked fighting spirit; he would dare to stand up to even the Heavenly King if provoked.

Mao Qiangdong, the sports committee member of class 1 of grade 16 at Zhongzhou Medical College, was said to have a brother who was a coach at the Martial Arts School, and he also had connections with a gang outside the college.

His bad reputation was well known throughout the entire medical college, and few students dared to provoke him.

“Dabai, I’ve recently met a master and learned some kung fu from him for a few days.

Let me give it a try,”

Fang Bai patted Zhou Dabai’s shoulder and then, under Zhou Dabai’s astonished gaze, stepped in front of Mao Qiangdong.