

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

Chapter 9 - 9 9 Prodigy Son

9: Chapter 9: Prodigy Son 9: Chapter 9: Prodigy Son At noon, when Fang Bai returned home, his mother Yang Mei had already prepared the meal and was waiting for him.

“Mom, can you include some meat in the meals from now on?”

During the meal, Fang Bai looked at the two plates of vegetables and a dish of pickled vegetables on the table and scratched his head, saying, “It’d be best if it’s beef or mutton...

um, I’ve been exercising recently, and I need to replenish my energy.”

He had already started his body training plan, and the intensity would gradually increase, as his physique improved, his appetite would definitely increase, especially with the need for meat to replenish his expended energy.

Yang Mei and her husband Fang Gang exchanged glances, and both of their expressions darkened.

“Eating meat every day, won’t you get tired of it?”

How about this...

we eat it once every three days.”

As Yang Mei spoke, her eyes became slightly red, and she sighed softly.

It wasn’t that she didn’t want to let her son eat more meat, but the family finances were tight, compelling them to be economical with their daily living expenses.

If they followed her son’s wishes, providing beef or mutton for every meal, their household wouldn’t be sustainable.

Fang Bai devoured his bowl of rice in no time and then heaped another large bowl, smiling, “Mom, we don’t have money at home, right?”

No problem, I’ll find ways to earn money in the future, and you just need to be responsible for buying and cooking the meat for me.”

Yang Mei was startled, “Where will you, a student, earn money?”

“Fang Bai, although our family is poor, we must have integrity and cannot engage in any dishonest activities!” Fang Gang said sternly.

“Don’t worry, Dad, I won’t do anything bad.”

After the meal, Yang Mei went to wash the dishes while Fang Bai sat in the yard chatting with his father Fang Gang.

“Dad, I’ve been studying the ancient medical books we have at home, and I’ve had some insights into acupuncture and massage.

I believe that with the gradual treatment of acupuncture combined with massage, it is very hopeful for you to stand up again,” Fang Bai said as he squatted in front of his father, examining his legs.

A moment later, he looked at his father’s legs and slowly spoke.

“Hm, looking at those ancient medical books at home is fine.

But as for my legs...

sigh, they're beyond cure!

So many famous doctors in the country have said it's impossible..."

Fang Gang shook his head and gestured dismissively, his tone filled with sadness.

"Dad, I'm not busy right now; let me give you a massage and see what you think of my technique."

As he spoke, Fang Bai rolled up his sleeves and began to massage his father's legs.

"I think I have a talent for medicine..."

oh, I mean traditional Chinese medicine.

My acupuncture and massage skills are self-taught...

Dad, I want to open a traditional Chinese medicine clinic in the city just like you did.

What do you think?” Fang Bai said while massaging his father.

At first, Fang Gang didn’t pay much attention as his son massaged him, but his expression gradually became more serious.

His son’s massage techniques were far from those of a beginner; instead, they resembled those of an old traditional Chinese doctor with decades of medical experience.

The kneading and pressing were skillful.

It was a pity that his legs had lost sensation and couldn’t feel the intensity of the massage—truly regrettable.

“Is this really self-taught?”

Fang Gang looked at his son as if seeing him for the first time, his face full of disbelief.

Fang Gang knew that his son’s major at medical college was Western medicine, and it surprised him that Fang Bai had taken up studying traditional Chinese medicine on his own.

For Fang Gang, who came from one of the Prominent Clans of traditional Chinese medicine, this brought both joy and a touch of melancholy.

Fang Bai nodded and smiled, “Dad, is my massage technique passable?”

Fang Gang said, “Passable!

More than passable!

Stronger than mine...

If you can master the intensity, opening a massage clinic is definitely feasible!

However...”

His tone changed as he continued seriously, “Still, focus on your Western medicine studies.

Forget about opening a traditional Chinese medicine clinic...

sigh, nowadays traditional Chinese medicine is in decline, no matter how well you study it, there's not much of a future...

I am a case in point..."

Fang Bai didn't argue but took out a box of silver needles he had been reviewing the night before from his room, rolled up his father's pant legs above the knee, and said, "Dad, let's give my self-taught acupuncture skills a try..."

Fang Gang watched his son sterilize the silver needles and insert them one by one into his legs, unable to help himself from laughing and joking, "You rascal, are you preparing to experiment on my body?"

Go ahead, it's not like my legs are any good anymore, do whatever you want!"

Fang Bai inserted the needles swiftly, accurately locating the acupoints.

In the blink of an eye, the silver needles were inserted into Fang Gang's Quchi, Hegu, Zhongwan, and Zusanli acupoints without a hint of deviation.

"Okay, seeing your acupuncture technique, you've even surpassed me in the art.

Good lad, you've really outdone yourself."

Fang Gang couldn't stop praising his son for the acupuncture and massage skills he displayed, which were beyond the reach of many veteran traditional Chinese doctors.

"If my son really opens a traditional Chinese medicine clinic, and we both work together, business might boom...

But Fang Bai's mother would definitely oppose it...

Sigh..."

As Fang Gang was lost in thought, he suddenly felt a thread-like stream of warmth enter his body and quickly shoot toward the damaged spinal nerves in his waist.

Stimulated by this stream of heat, Fang Gang suddenly felt a tingling and painful sensation in his legs that had been paralyzed for months as if they were electrified.

Although the sensation was very faint and temporary, it sent Fang Gang into a frenzy of joy.

“Dad, did you just feel a bit of numbness and pain in your legs?”

“Hmm.”

Seeing his son holding a silver needle and smiling at him, Fang Gang suddenly burst into tears.

Fang Bai knew why his father was so excited.

Ever since the car accident months ago that left his father paralyzed, they had spent no small amount of money and sought out numerous doctors in the hope that his father could stand and walk again, but to no avail.

Nearly all the doctors had told his father, “You’ll have to spend the rest of your life in a wheelchair.”

At first, his father didn’t believe it, but after trying various therapies without any sensation in his legs, he finally fell into utter despair.

But now, with just a few small silver needles, his son had allowed him to feel that long-lost tingling and pain after many months.

How could he not weep for joy?

As a traditional Chinese doctor with many years of practice, Fang Gang knew that feeling in his legs was an excellent sign that there was still a possibility of healing.

“Dad, from now on, every noon, I’ll perform massage and acupuncture for you.

Maybe in three to five months, you’ll be able to stand up like a normal person again.”

Seeing his father in tears, Fang Bai put away the silver needles and wiped the sweat from his brow, unable to help but laugh.

The session of acupuncture and massage wasn’t long, but it had taken a tremendous toll on Fang Bai’s vital energy, making him feel as exhausted as if he had just run a marathon, to the point of nearly collapsing.

“What are you father and son doing?”

After finishing her kitchen work, Yang Mei walked into the courtyard and saw her son squatting in front of her husband’s wheelchair, one crying and the other laughing, which made her quite puzzled.

Fang Gang took a wet towel from his son and vigorously wiped his face, then let out a long sigh of relief.

“Wife, I never believed in geniuses before, but now...

I do!”

“Rambling on about gods knows what...

I don’t understand what you’re saying.”

“Our son is a genius!”

“That’s for sure.

Just look at who gave birth to him!”

“If our son switches to studying traditional Chinese medicine and, after graduating, opens a clinic...”

“Stop right there!

Fang Gang, I won’t let our son follow in your footsteps!

Whatever he studies, he can’t go into traditional Chinese medicine!”

“What’s wrong with traditional Chinese medicine?

It gives hope for healing my legs...”

“Your legs?

Wait a minute...

What exactly happened?”

“Heh heh, our son...”

Fang Bai could probably guess what his parents were going to say next, but he no longer had the heart to listen.

He turned and went into his room, lay down on the bed, circulated the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” to adjust his breath, and began to recover his overly depleted vital energy.