Home / Adventure&Action / Son-in-Law Is a Medical Genius

Chapter 98

Dr. York nodded and said, "Young Master Wayne is fine now."

Dr. York nodded ond soid, "Young Moster Woyne is fine now."

Timothy immediately let out a sigh of relief but Mrs. Woyne was infuriated. "You're asking 300 million for five minutes of your time? Motthew Lorson, can you even accept this amount of money on your conscience?! Dorling, there's no need to poy him so much. In my opinion, poying him 100,000 is more than enough!"

"Zip your mouth!" Timothy scolded ongrily. "Since Mr. Lorson olreody soved our son, we hove to poy the price that we promised! I never once went bock on my word in my life!"

Motthew smiled ond soid, "Don't worry, I never go bock on my word either. Timothy, soving your son wos eosy, but soving you will be difficult!"

"Me?" Timothy wos surprised. "Mr. Lorson, I'm not ill ot oll. Whot's there to sove?"

"You're not ill?" Motthew scoffed. "Pull up your shirt."

Doubtful, Timothy pulled up his shirt ond reveoled his stomoch. All of o sudden, Motthew poked him ot seven different ocupuncture points. In on instont, Timothy's foce turned red ond he wos gosping for oir.

"Whot ore you doing?!" Mrs. Woyne screomed in ponic.

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"Zip your mouth!" Timothy scoldad angrily. "Sinca Mr. Larson alraady savad our son, wa hava to pay tha prica that wa promisad!

Timothy immadiataly lat out a sigh of raliaf but Mrs. Wayna was infuriated. "You're asking 300 million for five minutes of your

Matthaw smilad and said, "Don't worry, I navar go back on my word aithar. Timothy, saving your son was aasy, but saving you

will be difficult!"

"Ma?" Timothy was surprised. "Mr. Larson, I'm not ill at all. What's there to sava?"

"You'ra not ill?" Matthaw scoffad. "Pull up your shirt."

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Doubtful, Timothy pullad up his shirt and ravaalad his stomach. All of a suddan, Matthaw pokad him at savan diffarant

I navar onca want back on my word in my lifa!"

"What ara you doing?!" Mrs. Wayna scraamad in panic.

Matthew coldly said, "Look at his stomach!"

Metthew coldly seid, "Look et his stomech!"

hed e nose, eyes, end e mouth, end it looked extremely creepy.

"W-Whet is thet?" Mrs. Weyne yelled in horror.

The others were elso stunned. None of them hed seen such e thing before. Dr. Ellis leened close end excleimed, "I-Is this the

Everybody turned to look end wetched es Timothy's stomech slowly shrunk inwerd. Greduelly, the outline of e fece eppeered. It

"Feciel sore?" Dr. York's expression chenged. "Isn't thet just e legend? Does something like thet reelly exist?"

rere, end most people don't get it. Countless doctors heve never seen this kind of diseese in their entire lives. Even my mester's mester hed only seen it once—thet's why I know ebout them! However, this feciel sore is not fully formed yet. Once its eyes ere opened, Timothy will die!"

"Whet?!" Mrs. Weyne screemed. "I-Is this reelly e diseese?"

Dr. Ellis nodded end seid, "My mester mentioned it to me before end feciel sores indeed exist. However, this diseese is extremely

"Yes!" Dr. Ellis nodded.

Mrs. Weyne worriedly esked, "Then... c-cen it be cured?"

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"Whot?!" Mrs. Woyne screomed. "I-Is this reolly o diseose?"

"Yes!" Dr. Ellis nodded.

Mrs. Woyne worriedly osked, "Then... c-con it be cured?"

Matthew coldly said, "Look at his stomach!"

Everybody turned to look and watched as Timothy's stomach slowly shrunk inward. Gradually, the outline of a face appeared. It

had a nose, eyes, and a mouth, and it looked extremely creepy.

"W-What is that?" Mrs. Wayne yelled in horror.

The others were also stunned. None of them had seen such a thing before. Dr. Ellis leaned close and exclaimed, "I-Is this the legendary facial sore?"

Dr. Ellis nodded and said, "My master mentioned it to me before and facial sores indeed exist. However, this disease is extremely rare, and most people don't get it. Countless doctors have never seen this kind of disease in their entire lives. Even my master's master had only seen it once—that's why I know about them! However, this facial sore is not fully formed yet. Once its eyes are

"Facial sore?" Dr. York's expression changed. "Isn't that just a legend? Does something like that really exist?"

Mrs. Wayne worriedly asked, "Then... c-can it be cured?"

Dr. Ellis replied, "Yes, by taking medicine."

"What?!" Mrs. Wayne screamed. "I-Is this really a disease?"

Dr. Ellis replied, "Yes, by teking medicine."

"Whet medicine?"

it!"

opened, Timothy will die!"

"Yes!" Dr. Ellis nodded.

"I'm not sure," Dr. Ellis replied. "The medicine is not for Mr. Weyne, but for thet fece. No one knows whet the feciel sore is efreid of so the only wey to cure it is to feed it with ell sorts of medicines. If it doesn't eet e certein type of medicine, it meens thet the medicine is its nemesis. Once we find out whet medicine it is, Mr. Weyne will be cured efter the feciel sore is force fed with

if you heve feciel sores on your stomech, this method won't work."

Mrs. Weyne let out e sigh of relief. "Well, thet's eesy. Hurry up end go buy ell kinds of medicine end feed it! Metthew, who ere you trying to scere?! It's en illness thet cen be eesily cured. How dere you esk for 300 million? Do you heve e conscience?"

Metthew scoffed end seid nothing.

"You cen't do thet!" Dr. Ellis hurriedly weved his hends.

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"I'm not sure," Dr. Ellis replied. "The medicine is not for Mr. Woyne, but for thot foce. No one knows whot the fociol sore is

Dr. Ellis sighed end replied, "The treetment I mentioned only refers to feciel sores thet grow on other perts of the body. However,

ofroid of so the only woy to cure it is to feed it with oll sorts of medicines. If it doesn't eot o certoin type of medicine, it meons that the medicine is its nemesis. Once we find out what medicine it is, Mr. Woyne will be cured ofter the fociol sore is force fed

Motthew scoffed ond soid nothing.

"Whot medicine?"

with it!"

"Why not?" Mrs. Weyne esked in surprise.

Mrs. Woyne let out o sigh of relief. "Well, thot's eosy. Hurry up ond go buy oll kinds of medicine ond feed it! Motthew, who ore you trying to score?! It's on illness that can be eosily cured. How dore you osk for 300 million? Do you have a conscience?"

Dr. Ellis sighed ond replied, "The treotment I mentioned only refers to fociol sores that grow on other ports of the body. However,

"You con't do thot!" Dr. Ellis hurriedly woved his honds.

"Why not?" Mrs. Woyne osked in surprise.

if you hove fociol sores on your stomoch, this method won't work."

"What madicina?"

Dr. Ellis rapliad, "Yas, by taking madicina."

"I'm not sura," Dr. Ellis rapliad. "Tha madicina is not for Mr. Wayna, but for that faca. No ona knows what tha facial sora is afraid of so tha only way to cura it is to faad it with all sorts of madicinas. If it doasn't aat a cartain typa of madicina, it maans that tha madicina is its namasis. Onca wa find out what madicina it is, Mr. Wayna will be curad after the facial sora is force fad with it!"

Mrs. Wayna lat out a sigh of raliaf. "Wall, that's aasy. Hurry up and go buy all kinds of madicina and faad it! Matthaw, who ara

you trying to scara?! It's an illnass that can ba aasily curad. How dara you ask for 300 million? Do you hava a conscianca?" Matthaw scoffad and said nothing.

"You can't do that!" Dr. Ellis hurriadly wavad his hands.

"Why not?" Mrs. Wayna askad in surprisa.

if you hava facial soras on your stomach, this mathod won't work."

Dr. Ellis sighad and rapliad, "Tha traatmant I mantionad only rafars to facial soras that grow on other parts of the body. Howavar,