

THE GREATEST VILLAGE DOCTOR IN THE WORLD

Chapter 1 Gaining Special Abilities for the First Time

The tranquil Shiliu Village was under the fierce blaze of the summer sun, scorching the earth.

Ling Feng, with his head drooping from boredom, leaned against the doorway of his family clinic, idly cracking sunflower seeds and watching the villagers pass by.

Located in a remote gully, Shiliu Village had a sparse population of around a hundred households.

Most of the village's able-bodied men had fallen victim to a mine collapse, leaving a majority of the women as widows.

It was famously known for miles around as the Widow's Village.

When a young widow walked past him, Ling Feng's eyes followed her intensely, fixated on her swaying hips and curvaceous body, which made him visibly impressed.

This young widow was Wang Yan, whose husband had also perished in the mining disaster. She was left with a child still in elementary school. Although she was in her thirties, her supple skin and beguiling face showed no sign of her age, and her shapely figure, in particular, made Ling Feng's mouth water.

Wang Yan noticed Ling Feng's overheated stare and spat at him gently.

"What are you looking at, you rascal?"

Ling Feng didn't mind, his gaze remained unabashedly fixed on Wang Yan's tantalizing body.

"Looking at nothing at all, how about it, Aunt Wang, off to pick up your child?"

Wang Yan didn't bother with Ling Feng, she tossed her head and walked away, her round buttocks swaying.

Ling Feng didn't care and continued to watch the village women coming and going at the entrance.

As the sun set, the traffic at the doorway dwindled, and after staring out for a while and seeing no more pleasing sights, Ling Feng went back inside the clinic.

This clinic was entrusted to Ling Feng by his father on his deathbed. It wasn't large, with a counter at the front for consultations, a small bed at the back for injections and IV drips, and a two-meter-high medicine cabinet in the middle for separation.

Lounging behind the counter, Ling Feng pulled out a storybook from the drawer and flipped through it aimlessly; usually, when there were no patients, he passed the time by reading some novels stashed in the drawers.

Before he had flipped through many pages, the door to the clinic creaked open.

Hearing the noise, Ling Feng looked up and saw a delicate, slender figure standing in the entrance — it was Li Yumei, the wife of his childhood friend Zhang Hu.

Li Yumei was gorgeous, with rosy cheeks, skin white as jade, a slender waist, and a curvy, firm figure. She was unanimously considered the prettiest flower among the nearby villages. When Zhang Hu married her, countless villagers were green with envy, Ling Feng included.

Unfortunately, Huzi too had perished in the mining disaster.

Seeing that it was Li Yumei, Ling Feng hurried from behind the counter to welcome her in, taking her small hand earnestly

"Ah, if it isn't Sister Yu Mei, come in, come in. What brings you here? Are you feeling unwell somewhere?"

Ling Feng usually looked after Li Yumei quite well. Ever since Zhang Hu died in the mining accident, leaving her and their crying baby behind, Ling Feng had frequently helped them out financially.

"Um, that... that..." Li Yumei felt somewhat shy being held by the hand, gently pulling away, her head bowed and her demeanor somewhat constrained, her cheeks blushing slightly.

Seeing Li Yumei's shy demeanor, Ling Feng thought she was having financial difficulties and wanted to ask for money but felt embarrassed to speak up, he said earnestly.

"Yu Mei, if there's any problem, just say it. As long as I can help, you can count on me. Huzi was my brother when he was alive, and now that he's gone, taking care of you and your daughter is my responsibility."

Li Yumei was moved by Ling Feng's earnestness. She pursed her lips, remained silent for a while, and then spoke in a low voice.

"Brother Ling Feng, it's that... I don't have... I've run out of breast milk."

Although Li Yumei had spoken, her voice was so faint that Ling Feng couldn't hear her clearly. He simply sat beside her, leaning close, with his head next to her mouth.

"What? Speak up, I didn't catch that."

Seeing Ling Feng so close to her, feeling the warm breath of a man emanating from him, Li Yumei's heart skipped a beat. Her face flushed, she unconsciously moved to the side a bit, speaking with a mix of shyness and urgency.

"That... that, I suddenly can't express any milk!"

After Li Yumei finished speaking, she lowered her head even further, her cheeks blushing to the roots of her ears.

Ling Feng finally understood, feeling somewhat embarrassed as he looked at Li Yumei, who kept her head down in silence.

"Hey, it's okay, don't worry. I'll massage you to encourage lactation, it'll be fine in a moment," Ling Feng said, patting Li Yumei's hand to comfort her.

As he spoke, he took her into the back room, helped her lie down on the small bed, then returned to the main room and locked the clinic's doors from the inside.

Li Yumei, in the back room, heard the sound of the doors locking and felt a bit panicked.

"Come again tomorrow, another massage should sort it out."

With her face flushed, Li Yumei dressed and said shyly, "Thank you, Brother Ling Feng. How much do I owe you?"

"What are you talking about? Huzi was my brother; how could I charge my brother's wife?" Ling Feng, with a serious expression, waved his hand to indicate that Li Yumei need not worry about money.

Seeing Ling Feng's insistence on refusing payment, Li Yumei lowered her head to thank him again, then left the clinic, twisting her slender waist as she walked out.

Li Yumei hadn't gone far when she turned back to glance at Ling Feng's clinic, thinking about having to come for another massage the next day, her face blushing once more!

At night, Ling Feng closed the clinic doors and returned to the back house. He drew a bucket of water from the well and went to the bathroom, humming a tune while preparing to bathe.

In the crudely built bathroom, Ling Feng was undressing, about to hang an antique jade pendant he wore on a clothes rack, when he suddenly slipped, losing his balance and crashing to the floor. The jade in his hand snapped to the ground with a crack, instantly shattering into pieces.

"My jade!"

Ling Feng, naked, crouched in the bathroom, holding the jade now split into several fragments, trembling with distress. This jade had been passed down from his great-grandfather and was considered a family heirloom. Ling Feng had planned to pass it on to his own descendants, but now it was smashed by his own hands.

As he held the jade, grieving, he suddenly felt something was off. His palm felt unusually cool. Upon closer inspection, he saw that the shattered pieces were leaking a liquid from the crack that began to seep into his palm!

By the time Ling Feng realized what was happening, all the liquid from inside the jade had entered his body, and the piece turned completely snow white, crumbling into powder.

Ling Feng, astounded by the changes in his hand, suddenly felt his body slowly heat up. His mind was suddenly flooded with memories and knowledge that began to crowd into his brain, and then the gilded words appeared: "Shennong's Classic."

As those words appeared in his mind, Ling Feng finally couldn't withstand the overwhelming influx of knowledge and fainted.