

War God 35

Chapter 35 Western Poison Little Ouyang!

"Please, Senior, accept me as your disciple!" Sun Tianyang pleaded, kneeling on the ground with a respectful and sincere attitude.

If any outsider saw this, their jaw would surely drop to the floor.

Who was Sun Tianyang? He was a titan of the medical world, an internationally renowned physician hailed by all as the Divine Doctor. It was incredibly difficult for ordinary people to secure his services, even if they begged him for treatment. Business tycoons, social elites, and medical prodigies considered it a great honor just to meet him, let alone be accepted as his disciple to learn the Way of Medicine.

And who was Lin Mu? A mere live-in son-in-law, a worthless good-for-nothing accomplished in neither literary nor martial arts. He and Sun Tianyang were as far apart as heaven and earth.

Yet, it was before this very man that the Divine Doctor knelt, begging to become his student in medicine.

"Accept you as my disciple?" Lin Mu was taken aback but shook his head. "Your medical skills are passable, but your talent is lacking. You are not yet qualified to be my disciple."

If anyone else had heard this, they would probably want to beat Lin Mu to death. How conceited can you be, Lin Mu? To say Divine Doctor Sun's talent is lacking? That he's not qualified to be your disciple? Then what kind of person would even qualify?

Sun Tianyang was dumbfounded. The Senior actually said my talent wasn't good enough? This is utterly humiliating! He, Sun Tianyang, had begun studying the Way of Medicine at age three and was diagnosing and treating patients by ten. At a young age, he was already revered as a master physician, a Divine Doctor. He had single-handedly authored several classic treatises on traditional medical theory. Who else could achieve such things? Doesn't this prove my talent is outstanding, a rarity seen only once a century? And yet, in Lin Mu's eyes, it only earned me a 'passable' rating?

Lin Mu added, "I do not walk the Way of Medicine, nor do I plan on taking any disciples. You should seek another mentor."

Sun Tianyang's face darkened, but his tone remained sincere. "Senior, it would be a pity for your profound medical expertise to go unwitnessed by a successor. I don't dare hope to become your Direct Disciple, but could you perhaps take me on as a Disciple in Name? You could assess my performance and then decide whether to accept me as an official disciple later."

Lin Mu could see Sun Tianyang's genuine desire to learn from him. Despite his advanced age, he still possessed a pure, child-like devotion to the Way of Medicine, and Lin Mu felt reluctant to dampen his enthusiasm. Moreover, Sun Tianyang's previous attitude and actions had been satisfactory.

After a moment of thought, he said, "Alright. While I am not taking disciples, if you truly wish to learn, I can teach you a few things when I have the time. Also, stop calling me 'Senior'."

Although his true age was more than enough to be Sun Tianyang's senior, that was all in his past life.

Hearing this, Sun Tianyang felt a pang of disappointment. Still, the realization that Lin Mu was willing to teach him at all was a fine outcome. After a moment, Sun Tianyang said, "In that case, I will address you as Young Master Mu from now on."

Lin Mu gave a noncommittal response. "Get up. Since you've insisted, I can't be too stingy. I'll help you remove the poison from your body."

"Ah?" Sun Tianyang was startled.

"What? You don't want me to?" Lin Mu asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No, that's not it!" Sun Tianyang waved his hands frantically, his voice filled with excitement. "Thank you, Young Master Mu! Thank you so much!"

"Hmph. Take off your upper garment and let me see," Lin Mu said coolly.

"Right now?" Sun Tianyang stared in disbelief.

"Is there a problem?"

He gave a wry smile. "Young Master Mu... you're not going to make any preparations?"

"For a mere Five Poisons Palm?" Lin Mu said arrogantly. "I can treat it with a wave of my hand. No preparations are necessary."

"Young Master Mu... you know the origin of the poison in my body?" This time, Sun Tianyang was truly shocked. Is he a deity? How could he possibly know that?

Lin Mu explained, "I observed the medicines you use. They are all for clearing heat and detoxification, specifically targeting the five poisons. Furthermore, the toxins have already invaded your limbs. Poisonous lines have appeared on your wrists, and you suffer unbearable pain whenever you circulate your energy. Given these symptoms, I can think of nothing other than the viciously insidious Five Poisons Palm that could have afflicted you with five different poisons at once."

At that moment, Sun Tianyang was completely and utterly convinced. Any lingering dissatisfaction from being refused as a disciple vanished without a trace.

"Young Master Mu is correct," Sun Tianyang said with a sigh. "Long ago, I offended a formidable enemy, the sole successor of the Five Poisons Palm. He specialized in abducting young women from good families to use for his cultivation. When I learned of this, I went to confront him. I never expected him to be so strong, and he had powerful allies besides. After a fierce battle, I was outmatched. He ambushed me and struck me with the Five Poisons Palm, and the injury has plagued me ever since. It's just a pity... that even after all that, I was still unable to save those innocent girls."

Lin Mu was slightly moved. He hadn't expected Sun Tianyang's injury to have such a righteous origin. His admiration for the old doctor's character grew. To be revered by the people as a Divine Doctor, Sun Tianyang was indeed worthy of the title.

Sun Tianyang removed his upper garment, revealing his back. A distinct palm print was branded onto his skin. It was jet-black, the lines of the palm eerily clear. Black, thread-like veins radiated from the imprint, crawling up his spine before spreading out across his torso. At his shoulders, the lines split into three paths: one surged toward the crown of his head, while the other two snaked down his arms.

"To survive a strike like this, you must have relied on more than just your own medical skills and strength. You must have consumed some kind of Earth Treasure," Lin Mu said with a frown.

Sweat beaded on Sun Tianyang's body from the intense pain, but he endured it. "I took a Detoxification Pill passed down by my ancestors. It barely managed to suppress the poison, but recently, I've found it's about to break through the suppression."

Lin Mu shook his head. "That's because your treatment method is flawed. You're lucky you haven't died already."

Sun Tianyang's face turned pale with fright. "I beg Young Master Mu to save me."

"Rest assured. Since I promised to save you, I won't stand by and do nothing," Lin Mu said. He paused, his voice turning grim. "Besides... the master of this Five Poisons Palm should be an old acquaintance of mine."

"Young Master Mu knows Western Poison Xiao Ouyang?!" Sun Tianyang exclaimed in shock.

"Western Poison Xiao Ouyang?" Lin Mu repeated, slightly surprised.

"Indeed," Sun Tianyang confirmed. "Ouyang Ming, Dongfeng Po Tian, Nangong Xiu, Beiming Qingyan, and Shen Lang are revered as the Five Great Masters: East Madness, Western Poison, Southern Butcher, Northern Blade, and Central Questioning Sword. This Ouyang Ming is the one known as Western Poison."

"What a boast!" Lin Mu scoffed. "That little crawler Ouyang Ming dares to call himself Western Poison? It seems the caliber of these so-called 'Five Great Masters' is nothing special."

"Young Master Mu, you mustn't speak so carelessly!" Sun Tianyang said hastily. "While Ouyang Ming's character is deplorable, his strength is nearly at the Grandmaster realm. For all we know, he may have already broken through in the last six months. Because he is proficient in the Five Poisons Palm and shares a surname with the character Ouyang Feng from the martial arts novels, people jokingly call him Xiao Ouyang."

Despite his hatred for Ouyang Ming, Sun Tianyang had to admit the man's talent in the Martial Way was incredibly high, and his voice was tinged with envy. But then again, Young Master Mu seems to be a Grandmaster himself, doesn't he? At this thought, Sun Tianyang felt an overwhelming sense of shame. In front of Young Master Mu, it's as if I, Sun Tianyang, am nothing at all.

"Western Poison Xiao Ouyang..." Lin Mu chuckled. "Heh. If I get the chance, I'd like to see just how much he's improved over the years."