

# Ghost Doctor 1997

## Chapter 1997: Supply of medicinal materials

Gu Xiangyi's eyes flickered. He glanced at Feng Jiu and asked, "Ghost Doctor isn't familiar with the Volcano Forest?"

"No, I haven't been here for long." She shook her head.

"The Volcano Forest is the forest where most people go to experience. But, deep inside the forest, there's a large volcano that has been erupting once every three months. Although the eruption is dangerous, the molten rocks from the underground contain precious materials. That special material can even melt the ground, let alone human's flesh."

"At that time, I was only splashed by a few small molten rocks. I used medicine, but it was ineffective and made the wound more and more serious."

Feng Jiu nodded and told the two of them. "This wound has worsened and infected the bone. If it is not dealt with as soon as possible, losing this hand is just a small matter. It is even very likely that your life will be lost."

She looked at Gu Xiangyi and explained. "If you haven't been taking medicinal pills to suppress the internal heat in your body, the internal heat caused by this wound alone would have poisoned and attacked your heart."

When they heard this, the father and the son were shocked. It's really because he took medicinal pills to remove poisonous heat. Since the wound festered and inflamed, if the poisonous heat couldn't be expelled from the body, it would be forced into the body. If those pills to remove poisonous heat weren't available, he would not still be alive.

As far as they knew, no one who had been scalded by the molten rocks had ever survived and they had come here to try. After all, there's a glimmer of hope that he could survive.

"Please save him, Ghost Doctor." Patriarch Gu said in a hurry.

Feng Jiu smiled. "Patriarch Gu should know the rules here."

"I know. In addition to the medicine order, there must be the equivalent amount of gold coins and three 500-year-old spirit herbs, all of which I have brought." Patriarch Gu answered quickly, taking out the three spirit herbs from the space.

To their surprise, Feng Jiu shook her head when she saw those three spirit herbs. "Although these three are indeed 500-years-old, they are not what I need. They are also not the necessary medicine to cure the Young Master's injury. So, your spirit herbs are useless to me."

Hearing this, Patriarch Gu turned pale. He looked at Feng Jiu, then at Gu Xiangyi. For a time he had no idea what to do. These spirit herbs were precious collections of his family. They were all rare spirit herbs

that had reached 500 years maturity. It was very difficult to collect them. Now, these were not the spirit herbs she needed. Then...

Gu Xiangyi listened with a frown. He looked at Feng Jiu and asked. "Ghost Doctor, are you sure you can cure my injury?"

"Of course." Feng Jiu smiled and nodded.

"Then, what are your conditions? I will never refuse as long as I can do it."

When he heard his son's reply, Patriarch Gu finally reacted. He looked at Feng Jiu and promised. "As long as Ghost Doctor can save my son, my Gu Family will never forget this great kindness. If you have any orders in the future, I will not refuse."

Feng Jiu shook her head and looked at Gu Xiangyi with a smile. "Don't be so serious. I just need you to do one thing for me."

"What is it? The Gu father and son were surprised.

"I know that your Gu Family is in the spirit herb business. What I want are only the spirit herbs that we at the Heavenly Pill Tower regularly use every month. You will deliver all those to us. Of course, you won't lose money price-wise. All you have to do is help us collect the spirit herbs and supply them to us."

#### **Chapter 1998: The wound was treated**

"Just, just that?"

Patriarch Gu was somewhat in disbelief. Was she telling them to be the Heavenly Pill Tower's spirit herbs supplier? Having a partnership with the Heavenly Pill Tower was a great thing, not just for them, but also for any family in the spirit herbs business.

But, what surprised them more was that it only took her half a day to learn that they were in the medicine business. Thinking of the three 500-year-old spirit herbs he had just taken out, he blushed with shame.

Although the three types of spirit herbs were not easy to obtain and were part of their precious collection, it's not difficult for a medicine supplier like their Gu Family. They only needed time.

However, the other party didn't haggle. Instead, they brought such a partnership opportunity forward. It made him think of himself as a villain.

Feng Jiu smiled. "I want the best spirit herbs. But, you can't give me random ones. Besides your Gu Family, I still have another source of spirit herbs. However, if the business expands, we must not run out of herbs."

Gu Xiangyi listened and nodded. "This is not a problem. I will personally supervise all the spirit herbs for the Heavenly Pill Tower."

“Very good.” She nodded with satisfaction. “Come in with me!” She turned around and walked to another vacant room.

Gu Xiangyi followed. When Patriarch Gu was about to follow in, he was stopped. “Patriarch Gu, please wait here!”

When they’re inside, Feng Jiu motioned him to lie down on the bed. While taking out a knife from the space and disinfecting it, she explained. “The rotting flesh on your wound has to be removed first before putting the medicine. Otherwise, the medicine is of no use. The process of removing the carrion from the wound is a bit painful. You have to endure the pain.”

“Mm.”

Gu Xiangyi replied with a hum. He lay down on the bed and didn’t move until a sharp pain struck. His body tensed up immediately and sweat dripped from his forehead.

Leng Hua stood quietly, watching his masked mistress remove the rotting flesh bit by bit until the wound was clean. As all the carrions were removed, a fist-sized hole appeared in the shoulder. Because of the poisonous heat, the bone colour was black. His mistress was holding a sharp knife and scraped the black bone until the black poisonous heat was cleared and then applied a transparent light green ointment to the wound.

The cold feeling penetrated into his flesh and blood, making Gu Xiangyi exhale lightly. It also helped gradually ease his wound’s stinging pain. The numbing pain disappeared and only the icy cold feeling remained. He felt that his right hand’s fingers that previously numb gradually regained their senses.

After cleaning and disinfecting the knife, Feng Jiu put it away and washed her hands. Then, she took off her mask and stood up. “I have finished treating the wound and applied the ointment. This is a plaster to regenerate muscles and relieve pain. After you go home, use it once every morning and evening. It will take about half a month to cure the wound.”

“Thank you so much.” He got up and sat down, turned his head aside to look at the medicated wound on his shoulder.

“Leng Hua, bandage his wound.” Feng Jiu ordered him and soon walked out of the room.