

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 370

“This can’t continue! Dad hasn’t eaten anything in the past few days, yet he’s still vomiting non-stop. At this rate, he won’t be able to last!”

Old Master Feng retched a few more times before red spewed out of his mouth. It was blood!

The sight of blood had everyone shocked to the core.

“Doctors! What should we do!”

Several Western Medicine doctors were standing nearby, dressed in white lab coats with face masks covering their mouths. Cold sweat dotted their foreheads.

When it seemed like Old Master Feng was done vomiting, they stepped forward to examine him.

“Mr. Feng, we still don’t know why Old Master Feng is vomiting. However, we do know that he has a tumor in his stomach. Worse comes to worst, we could remove it and see if that helps.”

By right, the patient should not be having such serious symptoms even with him being in the first stage of stomach cancer. He had not eaten anything in the past two days, yet he was still vomiting, even if he drank water only.

They had hooked him up to an IV drip so that he would get the nutrients he needed, but that was not a long term solution.

Feng Shuqiang’s asked tersely, “What’s the success rate of the surgery?”

The doctors glanced at each other for several seconds before one spoke up, "Around twenty percent or so."

Feng Shuqiang's eyes narrowed. "What! You expect me to allow my father to undergo a surgery that only has a success rate of twenty percent? Are you mad?"

The doctor replied in a frustrated tone, "President Feng, we don't have any other options. Old Master Feng is already coughing up blood, which means he's having internal bleeding. If he doesn't undergo surgery, he might not even last three days. At least he might have a chance to live if he decides to have the surgery."

At the doctor's words, Feng Shuqiang's vision swam and he came close to fainting. His voice was weak as he answered, "L-let us think about it."

Old Master Feng's children gathered around, discussing whether to allow their father to do the surgery or not. With such a low rate of success, they were worried he might die on the operating table.

Just then, Wang Yishui called.

Feng Shuqiang answered the phone. "Old Master Wang."

"Shuqiang, how is Uncle Feng?"

"He's not doing too good. The doctor says he has to undergo surgery but the success rate is only twenty percent."

"What!" Wang Yishui was stunned, "Dr. Qin said that?"

Frowning, Feng Shuqiang asked, "Who is Dr. Qin?"

“Huh? I asked Dr. Qin to head over and have a look at Uncle Feng. He’s a miracle doctor. Hasn’t he arrived yet?”

Wracking his brain, the younger man finally replied, “I think he already came, but Zhiping said he did not look like much so he sent him away.”

Wang Yishui was speechless for several moments. “You...Mr. Qin may be young but his medical skills are top-notch! I used to have ankylosing spondylitis and he cured it in two weeks! No other doctors I’ve been to had been able to help me but he did. You fools!”

Feng Shuqiang’s expression fell. “A-alright. Don’t worry, Old Master Wang. I’ll send Zhiping over to invite him here right now.”

Hanging up, he turned to his son. “Zhiping, quick, bring Dr. Qin over here. Your Uncle Wang says he’s a miracle doctor. Make haste, boy!”

Feng Zhiping furrowed his brows as annoyance flared in him. He looks so young though! Miracle doctor, my ass!

Nevertheless, his father had spoken, so he had no choice but to do as he was ordered.

He left the house, driving towards Xuanyuan Clinic as fast as he could.

Stepping inside, he immediately spotted Qin Jun. His face was chilly as he said gruffly, “Let’s go.”

Everyone was confused as they stared at the man. Kong Fanlin frowned as he asked, “Who are you talking to?”

Feng Zhiping pointed at Qin Jun.

“Him. Isn’t he some sort of miracle doctor that can cure my grandpa’s sickness? Stop wasting time and let’s go!”