

Doctor 121

Chapter 121: Essence Energy in the Mountains

Having traveled farther from the village until not a single person was in sight, Fang Bai felt free to fully exert himself, deploying his movement technique at full speed, with only the whooshing of the wind by his ear.

As the saying goes, distant hills look near.

Standing at the entrance to the village and gazing northward, one might think the continuous mountain range was close to the village, but in reality, to approach the mountains was to discover they were quite distant.

At Fang Bai's current pace, it took him nearly half an hour at full speed to reach the edge of the mountains.

The rugged terrain filled with rocks and stones posed no hindrance to Fang Bai; his legs moved as if he were flying, weaving through the small paths between the mountains, until he arrived at the foot of a peak two thousand meters high and finally halted.

This peak was the tallest within tens of miles around, steep and perilous.

Fang Bai took a moment to catch his breath at the base of the mountain, waiting for his True Yuan and physical strength to nearly recover. Then, leveraging the protruding rocks and vines, he used his movement technique to deftly climb upwards with agility like a monkey.

For ordinary people, this type of mountain would be difficult to summit without climbing tools, but Fang Bai, using only his hands, reached the summit in just over ten minutes.

The peak was quite flat, unobstructed by any other mountains nearby, making it suitable for practicing any cultivation technique.

At that moment, the morning sun was still blocked by thick clouds on the eastern horizon. Fang Bai sat cross-legged on a flat rock several feet in diameter at the top of the peak, facing the rising sun to the

east. He consumed three "Gathering Yuan Pills" and took out three Red Essence Stones, holding them between the palms of his hands.

Then, with focused concentration, he began to circulate the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" and started to absorb the Essence Energy from the "Gathering Yuan Pills" and the Red Essence Stones.

After one cycle of the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique," Fang Bai felt a warm glow throughout his body, as if soaking in a hot spring.

Fang Bai knew this was because the three "Gathering Yuan Pills" he had taken were beginning to dissolve; their efficacy turned into True Yuan, entering his meridians and blood, starting to flow with his life force.

At the same time, the three Red Essence Stones in his palms began to emit strands of True Yuan.

The True Yuan that spilled out from the Red Essence Stones slowly penetrated Fang Bai's palms, then seeped into his bloodstream and meridians, joining his body's circulatory cycle of True Yuan.

The Essence Energy embodied in the three "Gathering Yuan Pills" and the three Red Essence Stones was about the same; it took Fang Bai a full hour to completely absorb the Essence Energy contained within the pills and the stones.

By that time, the three "Gathering Yuan Pills" in Fang Bai's abdomen had completely dissolved and disappeared.

Meanwhile, the three Red Essence Stones that had rested in Fang Bai's palms had changed from their originally translucent and stunning appearance to a small pile of dark gray stone dust.

A gust of mountain wind blew by, and the dust-like stone chips were scattered from Fang Bai's palms by the wind.

This had been Fang Bai's first time cultivating with "Gathering Yuan Pills" and Essence Stones since his rebirth through possession in this world. Absorbing just the Essence Energy contained in the pills and stones had taken a long time, causing Fang Bai to sigh with emotion.

The reasons for this, Fang Bai knew, were his short time spent cultivating since his rebirth, his weak strength, and his narrow meridians.

These reasons significantly affected the speed at which he could absorb True Yuan from the pills and Essence Stones.

In the peak of his previous life, Fang Bai's meridians were as tough as fine gold and as wide as vast rivers; any pill that entered his stomach would instantly dissolve, any Essence Stone in his palm would turn to ash in a blink, and the speed of absorbing True Yuan was astonishingly fast—like heaven and earth compared to now.

After Fang Bai had fully absorbed the True Yuan from three "Gathering Yuan Pills" and three Red Essence Stones, the morning sun also broke through the clouds, casting thousands of rays of sunlight across the mountain range.

At this time, the Essence Energy in the mountains was several times denser than usual, and around Fang Bai's body as the center, a wispy white mist began to gather as if it were both there and not there.

This white mist, swirling around Fang Bai, could not be dispersed even by the strongest mountain wind.

The white mist enveloped Fang Bai's entire body, making him appear from a distance as if he were sitting within a thin, enormous eggshell.

These mists weren't ordinary mountain fog, but Heaven and Earth Origin Energy.

The "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" was a special Cultivation Method from the Cultivation World of Fang Bai's previous life. When Fang Bai circulated this technique, the billions of pores on his body would open to absorb and receive the Essence Energy from between heaven and earth.

The Essence Energy gathered around Fang Bai was being absorbed by his body, swirling and waiting to be devoured by it.

Bathed in the morning sunlight and the converging Heaven and Earth Origin Energy from the surrounding mountains, Fang Bai ended his cultivation after the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" cycled through forty-nine heavenly cycles. He then rose to his feet.

After assessing himself, Fang Bai felt that although he had used up three "Gathering Yuan Pills" and three Red Essence Stones without achieving a breakthrough, his senses had become sharper, and the True Yuan within his Qi Sea had clearly increased, indicating that his strength had improved significantly.

On top of the mountain, Fang Bai practiced the "Divine Elephant Eight Desolate Steps," displayed the "Dragon Soaring to the Heavens" movement technique, and with the coordination of his movements and footsteps, he executed a few rounds of the "Tiger Roar Thunder Fist." Finally, he faced the rising sun and unleashed a "Lion's Roar Sonic Wave."

As the "Lion's Roar Sonic Wave" resonated through the mountains, Fang Bai felt refreshed and invigorated. His body felt lighter, as if he were about to take flight. He knew that his next breakthrough wasn't far off.

Since there was Essence Energy in the mountains, it signified the possible presence of treasures containing True Yuan or an Essence Stone Vein. Fang Bai decided to explore after he had used up his remaining "Gathering Yuan Pills" and Red Essence Stones.

By then, his strength should have improved further, and his ability to protect himself would be stronger. If he encountered martial artists like those from Qingcheng Temple or Misty Rain Tower again in the mountains, he would handle them more easily.

Around six in the morning, Fang Bai descended from the mountain peak and returned to the village where he resided.

Upon entering the courtyard, Qiu Zhan and his daughter Qiu Mingyue were having breakfast in the yard.

Qiu Zhan's wife, Qiu Yuzhi, had apparently already eaten and had been wheeled to the west side of the courtyard to bask in the morning sunlight.

Qiu Zhan said that since his wife fell ill, she liked warmth and feared the cold. Basking in the sun made her feel a little more comfortable.

Therefore, whenever the weather was clear, either Qiu Zhan or Qiu Mingyue would wheel Qiu Yuzhi out to enjoy the sunlight.

Qiu Yuzhi's complexion seemed a shade worse than the day before, and her spirit more listless.

After glancing at her, Fang Bai sighed inwardly, knowing that the "Man-Eating Flower" poison inside this woman had accumulated to a terrifying degree and could erupt at any moment.

If the toxins weren't expelled before they erupted within Qiu Yuzhi's body, her life could end abruptly at any time.

Qiu Zhan ate his meal while looking at his wife, his gaze filled with sadness, infatuation, anger, and regret.

Fang Bai understood this was a couple with a story, and surely, their story was more fraught and unhappy than that of most couples in the world.

Chapter 122: Antique Market

Mingyue was looking down, eating her meal, when she saw Fang Bai return from his morning exercise. She blinked at him and flashed a wide smile.

After all, she was just a seventeen-year-old high school student who couldn't see through the sorrow and pain deep in her father's eyes, nor did she know that her mother might leave her forever at any moment.

A thick scent of medicinal herbs wafted from the kitchen on the east side.

Fang Bai took just a whiff to accurately identify sixteen types of herbs.

Among them were even the Snow Lotus, Polygonum multiflorum, Poria cocos, and Lingzhi from the "Nine Great Immortal Herbs" of Huaxia.

The other twelve herbs were also extremely rare and precious.

Some of these herbs required a lot of money to purchase, and others might not even be available for any amount of money.

Fang Bai guessed that Qiu Zhan must have gone through a lot of trouble to gather these herbs.

From the scent of those herbs, Fang Bai knew that Qiu Zhan must have profound medical knowledge, and his medical skills had to be exceptional.

The herbs that Qiu Zhan was carefully brewing could effectively suppress the toxicity of the Man-Eating Flower, something ordinary doctors simply couldn't do.

Without the suppression from the herbs that Qiu Zhan was brewing, Qiu Yuzhi, who had been poisoned, would have died within a few years, and it would have been impossible for her to have survived until now.

"Just who is this Qiu Zhan?"

Fang Bai became even more curious about Qiu Zhan's identity.

However, curiosity aside, Fang Bai would never delve into it further, lest he attract trouble.

What Fang Bai found regrettable was that there were still some key ingredients missing in the herbal concoction prepared by Qiu Zhan. Therefore, it could only suppress the toxicity in his wife's body, but could not eradicate it completely.

If Fang Bai had been the one to concoct the remedy when Qiu Yuzhi was first poisoned, he was confident that he could have purged the poison from Qiu Yumei's body within a few months.

But now, the toxicity of the Man-Eating Flower had penetrated into Qiu Yuzhi's bones and blood, beyond the help of Qiu Zhan, who could only watch his wife's condition deteriorate day by day, until her death.

Even now, saving Qiu Yuzhi would require a tremendous amount of effort.

Fang Bai entered the courtyard, greeted Qiu Zhan and his family, then went back to his room to take a shower and change his clothes, ready to go out for breakfast in the city.

He planned to take advantage of the two days of free time before his internship to enjoy the major sights in Yanjing City, and to buy a few sets of clothes for changing both inside and out.

As for Su Linglong, Fang Bai knew she was busy hanging out with a group of close girlfriends these days. He didn't take the initiative to contact her, planning to meet her during his internship at Yanjing Hospital in a couple of days instead.

In his previous life, Fang Bai had known countless women and had many fairy companions. He was well aware of Su Linglong's fondness for him.

When it came to romance, in both his past and present life, Fang Bai adopted a go-with-the-flow attitude. If both parties liked each other, they would be together; if one did not, he would not force it.

Cultivators value fate and fortune the most, and whether he and Su Linglong could go further would depend on their destiny.

At a breakfast shop in the city, Fang Bai filled his stomach and then strolled at leisure. In one day, he visited several ancient historic sites within the city.

What Fang Bai cared about most were the treasures displayed for tourists to see at some historic sites.

Fang Bai discovered that some jade treasures, which may have originally contained Essence Energy, had been left exposed for too long and most of their Essence Energy had almost completely dissipated, causing Fang Bai to sigh at the waste.

In some shops specializing in the sale of jewelry and jade, Fang Bai also browsed around.

Unfortunately, the jewels and jade sold in those shops were either plain jade without any Essence Energy or had undergone artificial carving that depleted any Essence Energy they might have originally contained.

Fang Bai also visited some long-established traditional Chinese medicine stores to see if there were any Spiritual Medicines worth buying, only to find that the best item was a single Hundred-Year Ginseng.

If it were a fresh Hundred-Year Ginseng, it would be considered the most basic Spiritual Medicine in the Cultivation World, and Fang Bai might have considered purchasing it.

But a Hundred-Year Ginseng that had been picked many years ago, having lost its spiritual properties, didn't interest Fang Bai enough to spend hundreds of thousands to buy it, even though it still had high medicinal value.

After spending half a day wandering around, Fang Bai hadn't found any treasures suitable for cultivation that caught his eye, which left him somewhat disappointed; it seemed that in order to find Spiritual Medicines and Essence Stones, he still needed to search in the primitive mountains.

At dusk, Su Linglong called to invite Fang Bai over to her place for dinner.

The Su Family was the wealthiest in Zhongzhou, with extensive business holdings in Yanjing as well. They owned dozens of villas, and Su Linglong was currently staying in one of them.

As Su Linglong was interning in Yanjing, her parents did not accompany her, but they sent a loyal old housekeeper along with bodyguards and maids to Yanjing to ensure her personal safety and to take care of her daily life.

With a beauty's invitation, Fang Bai naturally would not refuse. He didn't need Su Linglong to send a car to pick him up; after getting the villa's address, he simply walked there.

As he passed through a bustling antique market, Fang Bai faintly sensed fluctuations of Essence Energy from a roadside stall.

He turned his head towards the stall emitting the Essence Energy fluctuations, crouched down, picked up a dingy wooden box, opened it to take a look, and saw that it neatly contained five slender needles.

The five slender needles, each as fine as a strand of hair and similar to the silver needles used for acupuncture, were covered in a layer of rust, indicating their considerable age.

Fang Bai pinched one of the needles and examined it closely when suddenly, the True Yuan within his Qi Sea stirred, showing signs of resonance with the needle in his hand.

This item had Essence Energy fluctuations; it could possibly be a Spiritual Artifact!

Fang Bai immediately became excited.

"Boss, how much for this?"

Fang Bai placed the needle back into the box and closed it quietly, then asked nonchalantly.

"Brother has good taste; this is indeed a fine item! I acquired it from a remote village two months ago, paying 9,500 yuan for it. If you want it, it's yours for 10,000 yuan. I'm only making a 500 yuan profit off you!"

The stall owner was a skinny Yellow Plaque man. He had bought this ancient wooden box containing the fine needles from a country farmer for 500 yuan, hoping to sell it for a good price and make a profit, but no one had shown any interest till now.

Fang Bai was the first to seriously examine the needles and ask about the price. Seeing Fang Bai's interest and his nice dress, the Yellow Plaque man blurted out a price of 10,000 yuan, a twentyfold increase over the purchase price.

Yellow Plaque had set this price expecting to bargain with Fang Bai, and even if Fang Bai negotiated the price down to 1,000 yuan, he would have been willing to sell.

"10,000 yuan, why don't you just go ahead and rob me?"

Fang Bai casually tossed the needle box onto the stall, saying displeased, "I was interested in this because it looked old and I thought I could study it, but with such an outrageous asking price, how can I even begin to haggle?"

Chapter 123: Five Elements Acupuncture Set

Yellow Plaque grinned and said, "I'm not sticking to a fixed price to the death, ah! We can negotiate... Alright, I won't beat around the bush, you give me eight thousand dollars!"

"One thousand dollars, and if you're selling, I'll pay now and take it away!"

"Come on, bro, you're driving too hard a bargain! One thousand won't do; I'll be losing big! How about this..."

After thinking it over, Yellow Plaque clenched his teeth, putting on a pained expression, he said, "I won't make money off you, just give five thousand and take it, and we can consider it making a friend."

"Two thousand at most! If you're not selling, I'm walking away!"

Fang Bai looked as if he couldn't be bothered to haggle further, stood up, and made as if to leave.

"Don't, don't, don't... Brother, hold on!"

Yellow Plaque hastily got up to grab Fang Bai, laughing as he said, "Two thousand it is! Can't I sell at a loss just for the shout-out? Sigh, I'm about to pack up and leave; this is my last deal of the day. It's yours now!"

Fang Bai felt a secret thrill, not wasting more words, he took up the needle case, counted up two thousand dollars for the Yellow Plaque man, and turned to leave.

"Heh heh, stumbled on a sucker, turned a five hundred dollar junk into two thousand, a neat profit of fifteen hundred!"

Watching Fang Bai walk away, Yellow Plaque twirled the notes in his hand, boasting proudly to his fellow traders.

The man's fellow trader rolled his eyes at him, feeling a mix of envy and resentment, and couldn't resist taunting, "Yellow, from the young man's expression when he left, I have a feeling he's the one who got the better deal! Maybe what you sold is pretty valuable!"

"Impossible, I, Yellow, have roamed the antique world for decades, I don't make that kind of mistake! That thing was just a few needles in a little wooden box... hahaha, maybe they were embroidery needles used by some old granny!"

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"Two thousand dollars for something that could very well be a Spiritual Artifact, big score!"

While Yellow Plaque was triumphantly showing off to his peers about the great deal he made, Fang Bai was secretly gloating as well.

After leaving the antique market, he found a quiet, deserted area, opened the wooden case, and pinched out all five needles.

Fang Bai was certain that these five needles, like the silver needles he carried with him, were for acupuncture, but what metal they were made of, he could not tell.

He tried to circulate the Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique, channeling his True Yuan through his fingertips into the tail end of one of the needles.

And then, a miracle occurred.

After the needle was infused with Fang Bai's True Yuan, it let out a soft hum and a layer of rust enveloping the needle slowly peeled off, revealing a needle body as red as fire and fine as a hair.

Within an inch of the needle body, the temperature noticeably rose, as if the tiny, fiery red needle was a small flame that increased the surrounding warmth.

"This... this is actually a needle forged from Fire Essence Iron!"

Fang Bai's gaze fixed on the fiery red needle in his hand, his eyes seemed to dance with flames.

Fire Essence Iron, in Fang Bai's past life in the Cultivation World, was essential in forging fire attribute Spiritual Artifacts, and a piece of Fire Essence Iron the size of a pigeon's egg often valued over a million Red Essence Stones.

In this world, a single Red Essence Stone would be considered a treasure, selling for more than a million dollars. The value of a pigeon's egg-sized piece of Fire Essence Iron was simply incalculable.

Of course, Fire Essence Iron was useless to ordinary people and of no value to typical martial artists, it was only revered as a treasure by martial artists who had reached the Innate Realm.

"All five needles are crafted from Fire Essence Iron?"

Fang Bai took out the second thin needle from the wooden box and repeated the process, channeling True Yuan from the base of the needle, and as he softly chanted, the rust on the needle's surface peeled away to reveal the pitch-black needle body resembling the starry sky.

"This is Water Spirit Crystal!"

Fang Bai felt the bone-chilling coldness of the black needle in his hand and his eyes shone even brighter.

Water Spirit Crystal was an indispensable treasure for forging Water Attribute Spiritual Artifacts, and in the Cultivation World, it was as precious as Fire Essence Iron.

"Of the five needles, there is already one of water and one of fire. If the other three are made respectively of wood, earth, and gold, then what I've bought is a set of Five Elements Needles."

Fang Bai was so excited he could hardly contain himself. If the five needles in the wooden box really were Five Elements Needles, then with their help, his ability to heal and save people would see a massive improvement.

All things in heaven and earth could not escape the Yin Yang Five Elements, and so did the human body.

From now on, with the Five Elements Needles and the assistance of True Yuan, Fang Bai wouldn't dare claim to have the power to "bring back the dead and mend bones," but at least no illness in this world would be able to thwart him.

Of course, this set of Five Elements Needles could also be considered a Spiritual Artifact and with Fang Bai's current abilities, he was still not able to effectively wield it.

However, given time, as soon as Fang Bai's strength broke through to the Innate Realm, the Five Elements Needles in his hands would unleash powerful capabilities, elevating his medical skills to the point of bringing back the dying.

Next, Fang Bai continued to study the other three needles in the wooden box.

Just as Fang Bai had anticipated, the remaining three needles were made of Green Wood Marrow, Yellow Earth Stone, and Golden Crow Meteor, corresponding to the Wood Needle, Earth Needle, and Golden Needle.

And Green Wood Marrow, Yellow Earth Stone, and Golden Crow Meteor were essential items for forging Wood Attribute, Earth Attribute, and Golden Attribute Spiritual Artifacts, each of them exceedingly rare.

What puzzled Fang Bai was that while this world harbored many rare metals, it seemed bereft of the likes of Fire Essence Iron and Water Spirit Crystal. He wondered how his set of Five Elements Needles had been crafted.

It looked like he still had much to learn about this world!

At that moment, Fang Bai felt a strong desire to travel the world, to see and explore every corner. Should time, money, and opportunities permit, he decided to traverse every inch of the world, not overlooking the highest peaks and deepest depths.

With the infusion of Fang Bai's True Yuan, the Five Elements Needles shed their rusty exteriors and underwent a transformation as if reborn.

The five needles were crystal clear and each had a distinct color. When Fang Bai channeled True Yuan into them, the needles emitted five different kinds of light, forming haloes several inches across around them, dazzling and overwhelmingly beautiful.

Everything in the world, once imbued with Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, also encompassed spirit.

The Five Elements Needles were just such objects; the light they emitted seemed to be brimming with life and vitality, as if they were alive.

"Sold two priceless Spiritual Artifacts for two thousand bucks, lucky that Yellow Plaque didn't know what a Spiritual Artifact was, otherwise, he surely would have cried himself to death!"

Thinking this, Fang Bai couldn't help but laugh heartily.

Although the Five Elements Needles were as fine as hairs, being crafted from rare materials, they were among the sturdiest objects in the world. It wasn't easy for anything to destroy or break them.

Even the needle box that held the Five Elements Needles was made from Ink Jade Wood, which didn't exist in this world—it was lightweight yet sturdy. Even a missile strike wouldn't damage it.

From that day on, Fang Bai decided to discard the silver needles he had been carrying and keep the needle box with the Five Elements Needles on him at all times.

Chapter 124: You Can't Cure It

Although the needle case was only the size of a palm, it was not very convenient to carry around. Fang Bai couldn't help but think of the spatial spirit devices used for storage in that other world.

If only he had a spatial ring now, he could put all sorts of things he needed to carry inside, which would be both safe and convenient.

Unfortunately, although Fang Bai had various methods to create spatial spirit devices in his mind, he lacked the essential "space stone" for crafting them and didn't have enough power. For now, he could only think about it.

Fang Bai was not worried that Qiu Zhan would discover the Five Elements Acupuncture Set after he brought it back to the courtyard,

Powerful as Qiu Zhan was, he had not reached the Innate Realm. Martial artists who hadn't reached the Innate Realm couldn't sense the existence of Heaven and Earth Origin Energy.

So even if Fang Bai placed the Five Elements Acupuncture Set in front of Qiu Zhan, he wouldn't know that, apart from its marvelous use in healing and saving lives, it could also serve as an extremely formidable weapon.

Fang Bai placed the five needles of different properties back into the needle case and tucked the case into his bosom, excitedly arriving at Su Linglong's villa.

Upon reaching the front gate of the Su Family villa, he found Su Linglong standing there waiting for him, with an old man around sixty years old and two bodyguards behind her.

That old man must be Su Fu, previously mentioned by Linglong on her phone.

Su Fu was the butler by Old Master Su's side, Su Hongyuan, who had saved his life when he was younger. Although not a real member of the Su family, he was utterly loyal to them, to the extent of changing his surname to Su.

Assigned by Su Hongyuan to Yanjing to look after this villa, Su Fu was actually there to take care of his granddaughter, Linglong.

The two bodyguards, surprisingly both women, weren't very tall and wore ear-length short hair and black casual attire. Their eyes were sharp and spirited, and their presence forceful, clearly indicating they were highly skilled practitioners.

Since Fang Bai had appeared, the eyes of the two female bodyguards had been glaring at him like tigers watching their prey, ready to subdue him at the slightest sign of him being a threat to Linglong.

Between the old butler Su Fu and the two female bodyguards, Fang Bai was more interested in Su Fu.

Su Fu had a kindly face, radiant with health, and his laugh resembled that of Maitreya Buddha. Although he was sixty years old, he looked to be only in his fifties.

Fang Bai was interested in him because he saw that the Su family's old butler was a martial artist, and his strength was likely at the middle stage of the Yellow Level, which was considered a top-notch expert in the secular world.

That Su Hongyuan arranged such a skilled master to protect Linglong showed how much he doted on his granddaughter.

Although Linglong's parents were far away in Zhongzhou, they were very strict with her, adamantly forbidding her from going out at night to mix with others, to prevent any mishaps.

Linglong had no choice but to invite Fang Bai to her home and had the servants prepare a sumptuous meal for the two of them.

As they ate and chatted, although Su Fu stood aside and did not join them, his gaze never left the two.

Seeing Su Fu guard him as if he were guarding against a wolf, Fang Bai couldn't help but smile wryly, knowing this was surely arranged by Linglong's parents.

Linglong had a favorable impression of Fang Bai, which was common knowledge in the Su family. Linglong's parents certainly did not want their hard-raised precious daughter to be led astray by Fang Bai.

Pity the heart of parents the world over, Fang Bai could understand Linglong's parents' feelings and did not blame them.

In fact, Fang Bai didn't have any other intentions; his time with Linglong was merely to have a meal and chat.

Fang Bai thought to himself, if he really wanted to do something to Linglong, the two of them would have plenty of opportunities doing their hospital internship together in the future—it would be impossible to guard against.

After dinner, the two of them went to the villa's balcony to stargaze for a while. With Su Fu watching, Linglong didn't dare to get too close to Fang Bai, which left her quite unhappy.

Seeing that it was getting late, Fang Bai, worried about returning too late and causing the landlord's displeasure, bid farewell to Su Linglong and headed back to the courtyard where he lived.

Upon entering the courtyard, Fang Bai sensed that something was amiss in the atmosphere.

Qiu Zhan and his daughter Qiu Mingyue were standing silently facing each other under the eaves of the three northern rooms, their expressions filled with sorrow.

The usually mischievous "Little Witch" Mingyue was sobbing with her tiny shoulders trembling, her face covered in tears.

Qiu Zhan looked anxious, frequently glancing towards the room on the eastern side of the north, and Fang Bai noticed that he, who never smoked, was chain-smoking, one cigarette after another.

"Uncle, is Auntie feeling unwell again?"

Fang Bai hesitated for a moment before approaching and quietly asked.

Qiu Zhan gave him a brief glance, nodded, but his face lacked even the slightest hint of a smile.

Fang Bai turned his head toward the room where Qiu Yuzhi was, perceiving that her energy was even weaker than it had been in the morning. At this rate, she would most likely succumb to the poison within three days.

"Uncle, our family comes from a long line of traditional Chinese medicine practitioners. Why not let me try to treat Auntie?"

Fang Bai spoke earnestly.

After several encounters with Qiu Zhan's family over the past few days, he found them quite agreeable, particularly Mingyue's pitiful state, which tugged at his heart, prompting him to decide to lend them a hand.

"This isn't an ordinary illness, you can't treat it."

Upon hearing Fang Bai's offer, Qiu Zhan furrowed his brows slightly and without a second thought firmly rejected his kindness.

He himself hailed from a Hidden Sect renowned for its medical expertise, and his medical skills were no less than those of Huaxia's four National Doctors. Even he was at a loss with the "Man-Eating Flower" poison afflicting his wife. How could Fang Bai, a mere intern from a medical college in the mundane world, be of any help?

"I have also encountered a Master from the hidden world, and that Master taught me some medical skills, which might be of use to Auntie."

Fang Bai said with a serious face.

Qiu Zhan, growing a bit impatient, waved his hand and said, "I appreciate the kind gesture, go get some rest."

Fang Bai, feeling helpless, glanced at the tearful Mingyue and then turned to enter his own room.

After washing up and changing into clean clothes, Fang Bai sat on the bed fiddling with the Five Elements Acupuncture Set, occasionally overhearing the conversation between Qiu Zhan and his daughter Mingyue outside,

Through their conversation, Fang Bai learned that Qiu Yuzhi had fainted earlier, and although she had regained consciousness after taking a medicinal concoction made by Qiu Zhan, her condition seemed dire.

In the conversation, Qiu Zhan frankly told his daughter that Qiu Yuzhi might not live much longer. He advised Mingyue to stop going for extra lessons and to stay by her mother's side, to accompany her through her final days.

Mingyue kept weeping, blaming herself, saying she had always done things that upset her mother. If her mother's health was declining because of her, she would never forgive herself for the rest of her life should her mother pass away.

Hearing their conversation, Fang Bai could only sigh.

He had given Qiu Zhan a chance to accept his help, but since Qiu Zhan was unwilling, it simply meant that their fates did not align.

Chapter 125: High Rank of the Accumulating Essence Realm

Early the next morning, Fang Bai got up to wash and get ready as he had the day before, then went out for his morning exercises.

Qiu Zhan was not in the courtyard as he had been yesterday; he was in his room with his wife, and Qiu Mingyue was also in her parents' room. Both father and daughter seemed to have stayed up all night.

Fang Bai stepped lightly out of the red-painted gate, turned back to close it, and after leaving the village, sprinted towards the deep mountains.

He ascended the same peak he had trained on yesterday and took out three "Gathering Yuan Pills" and three Red Essence Stones to begin his cultivation.

This time, after absorbing the Essence Energy from the "Gathering Yuan Pills" and Red Essence Stones, True Yuan surged within Fang Bai's Qi Sea, and he attempted to challenge the second layer of the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique," the High Rank of the Accumulating Essence Realm.

Although he didn't succeed in the end, the barrier that blocked Fang Bai's path to advancement had been thinned to mere paper. All it would take was one gentle poke, and it would burst.

Fang Bai was not in a hurry; he still had four "Gathering Yuan Pills" and four Red Essence Stones. Perhaps tomorrow, after absorbing the Essence Energy from the pills and stones, he would be able to pierce through that thin paper and successfully advance a minor realm, doubling his strength.

When he returned to the quadrangle home, Qiu Zhan was out, with only Mingyue at home to look after her mother.

Mingyue sat outside her mother's room on a small stool, hugging her knees, staring blankly into the sky, and muttering under her breath, possibly praying for her mother.

With the combination of heartbroken crying and a sleepless night, Mingyue's beautiful eyes were somewhat swollen and red, and her expression was haggard, inducing an irresistible sense of pity in others.

Fang Bai went back to his room to take a bath and changed into clean clothes. He didn't rush to eat breakfast but instead went over to Mingyue and started a conversation with her.

"Mingyue, is your uncle not at home?"

"My dad just went out; he said he was going to find medicine to treat my mom's illness."

"Actually, what I said yesterday was true. My medical skills are quite good. If you let me examine your mom, there might be hope."

"My dad is an excellent healer. Ever since I was little, whenever I was sick, he was the one who cured me. I've never been to a hospital. If even he can't heal my mom, no other doctor can, and certainly not you!"

"That's not necessarily true. You've heard the saying, 'There's always someone stronger, just as there's always a higher mountain,' haven't you?"

"You? A stronger force?"

Mingyue gave Fang Bai a glance and then unceremoniously said, "It's not that I'm looking down on you, but you haven't even graduated from medical school yet. You're not even a proper doctor, nor do you have a license to practice medicine. Do you think I would believe you?"

As she said this, she waved her hand irritably and said, "Forget it, I don't want to talk to you anymore, I'm feeling down!"

"Mingyue, you've memorized my mobile number, right? I'm going out now. Remember, if your mom shows any symptoms and your dad can't save her, call my mobile immediately. I'll hurry back as soon as I can."

Fang Bai walked away a few steps, then turned back to look at Mingyue and said earnestly, "Give me a chance to gain your trust, and perhaps I can give you back some hope! Goodbye!"

After speaking, Fang Bai strode out of the quadrangle, leaving Mingyue to continue sitting on the stool, staring into the sky.

After breakfast, Fang Bai spent the entire day touring antique markets, large and small, in Yanjing, hoping that he might stumble upon treasures like the Five Elements Acupuncture Set again, but unfortunately, he found nothing.

Fang Bai wasn't disheartened, thinking to himself that rarity endows value, and only precious and rare items can be considered treasures. If one could easily stumble upon good things, then they wouldn't be called treasures anymore.

When Fang Bai returned to the quadrangle courtyard in the evening, he could smell the strong scent of herbal medicine from afar, no doubt Qiu Zhan had obtained new herbs and was brewing them for his wife, Qiu Yuzhi.

This time, there seemed to be two new types of herbs added to the medicine, which, in Fang Bai's opinion, with the inclusion of these two new herbs, would extend Qiu Yuzhi's life a bit longer.

Fang Bai admired Qiu Zhan even more, thinking that to come up with two new herbs capable of suppressing the toxicity of the "Man-Eating Flower" in just one night was nothing short of genius in medicine.

And to be able to find and bring back those two special herbs in just one day was also no simple feat.

Qiu Zhan and his daughter Qiu Mingyue, one diligently brewing the medicine in the kitchen and the other accompanying her mother in the bedroom, were not disturbed by Fang Bai as he entered the quadrangle. He went straight to his room and went to bed to rest.

On the third day before dawn, Fang Bai took along his last four "Gathering Yuan Pills" and the final four Red Essence Stones to once again ascend the peak, facing the sunrise to immerse himself in cultivation.

The previous two days of cultivation had consumed six "Gathering Yuan Pills" and six Red Essence Stones, and although his realm had not advanced, Fang Bai's strength had greatly improved, and even the speed at which he absorbed Essence Energy had increased considerably.

The moment the sunrise began, the six "Gathering Yuan Pills" dissolved in Fang Bai's belly, and the six Red Essence Stones crumbled into dust as six strands of Essence Energy entered Fang Bai's body's meridians, circulating endlessly with the operation of the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique."

With his intent directing his Qi, Fang Bai mobilized all the True Yuan inside his Qi Sea to strike at the barrier blocking his path to advancement.

With each collision, the barrier loosened bit by bit.

"Break for me!"

Fang Bai suddenly shouted in his heart, all his spirit and energy gathered together, the True Yuan surged forward and finally broke through the barrier, now as thin as a cicada's wing.

Boom—

The moment the barrier broke, Fang Bai felt as though he was receiving the Ambrosia Baptism; his body shuddered, his mind roared, True Yuan surged, his blood qi tumbled...

After a brief moment, the True Yuan automatically returned to the Qi Sea, and all the abnormal reactions in Fang Bai's body disappeared.

In their place were senses twice as sharp and a True Yuan volume that had doubled.

On his third day in Yanjing, Fang Bai finally used ten "Gathering Yuan Pills" and ten Red Essence Stones to break through another minor realm of the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique," reaching the High Rank of the second layer "Accumulating Essence Realm," thereby doubling his strength.

Fang Bai's current strength was now on par with Qiu Zhan and when it came to combat power, he was even confident he could defeat Qiu Zhan.

What eased Fang Bai the most was that after surpassing Qiu Zhan in strength, he would be able to cultivate and circulate the technique in his rented room in the quadrangle at any time without worrying about being detected by Qiu Zhan.

A Martial Artist's oscillation of breath during cultivation cannot deceive someone of higher strength, but it can deceive someone weaker.

Fang Bai, though on a par with Qiu Zhan in terms of realm, was superior in combat power, and his cultivation of the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" was unique in this world.

Therefore, as long as Qiu Zhan's strength was not stronger than Fang Bai's, he would not be able to sense any fluctuations of breath when Fang Bai cultivated.

When he returned to the quadrangle, he saw Qiu Zhan pushing his wife, Qiu Yuzhi, into the courtyard to bask in the sun, while Qiu Mingyue held a bowl of rice porridge nearby.

Qiu Yuzhi looked a bit better than the day before, not as listless as she had been, but that was the only slight improvement.

Chapter 126: Acupuncture and Massage Room

Qiu Mingyue saw that her mother, after taking her medicine last night, got up today in good spirits, and even seemed to be in a much better mood, showing a hint of a smile on her face while talking with her parents.

Qiu Zhan's face also occasionally squeezed out a hint of a smile, but it was very forced, and the concern and anxiety deep in his eyes were heavier than before, which Fang Bai could see.

Qiu Zhan knew that his wife's improvement was only superficial; inside, her body was brewing an even greater crisis. Perhaps, the next time the toxicity flared up, he would truly be powerless to help.

This was the reason for Qiu Zhan's anxiety and concern. His daughter was in better spirits because she simply didn't understand these things, and Qiu Zhan hadn't planned on telling her either.

After greeting their family, Fang Bai washed up and went out to eat,

Today was Fang Bai's first day of internship at Yanjing Hospital. After eating breakfast, he arrived at the hospital early.

At the entrance of the hospital, he met Su Linglong, who was driven there by a bodyguard. They exchanged a few words, but as the start of the workday approached, they had to part ways.

Yanjing Hospital was expansive, with one of them working in the Nursing Department and the other assigned to the Acupuncture and Tuina (Massage) Department of Traditional Chinese Medicine, which were far apart. Considering the hospital's rule against leaving one's post during work, they could only meet after work.

The Traditional Chinese Medicine Department was a quiet place, and the Acupuncture and Tuina Room was even quieter, with barely any visitors. Those who worked there were mostly older in age. Young people around twenty years old, like Fang Bai, were a rare sight.

Of course, the quietness was relative.

When Fang Bai entered the Acupuncture and Tuina Room, he found that although it was not as bustling as the Western Medicine Department with its multitude of patients, there were still some people receiving treatment there.

The patients who came to the Acupuncture and Tuina Room were most commonly there for neck and lumbar spine issues, which were occupational illnesses that Western medicine did not have good solutions for. These patients could only come here for acupuncture, cupping, massage, and herbal baths.

Even though methods like acupuncture and massage could only provide relief and were not a cure, the brief respite and comfort were enough for patients to spend their money.

Since Fang Bai was an intern and new to the place, and also young, the official doctors in the Acupuncture and Tuina Room somewhat looked down on him, and the department head didn't take him seriously either, assigning him to assist an elderly Chinese medicine practitioner named Xu Yida.

In Chinese medicine, seniority is often considered more important than in Western medicine. Xu Yida had been working in the acupuncture and massage department for decades, had trained many disciples, and held a lot of sway in the department next to the head, ranking just below one and above over a dozen others.

When Fang Bai entered the Acupuncture and Tuina Room, Xu Yida was in the middle of acupuncture treatment for a patient while explaining the process to several interns gathered around, commanding the area with great authority.

The interns, both male and female, came from various medical colleges across Huaxia. They were all very respectful, holding paper and pen, and taking notes on everything Xu Yida said.

Xu Yida didn't even give Fang Bai, the new intern, a proper glance, and with an indifferent expression, he casually waved his hand, instructing him to stand behind and learn with the other interns.

Fang Bai, having lived for tens of thousands of years across two lifetimes, had long since become indifferent to everything. He was not upset by Xu Yida's cold attitude and, with a smile, stood next to a skinny male intern wearing glasses.

"Let's get acquainted. My name is Wu Tian, from Yuezhou Medical College."

The skinny, bespectacled Wu Tian gave Fang Bai a friendly smile and reached out his hand to him.

"Zhongzhou Medical College. Fang Bai."

Fang Bai, in his dealings, always respected others as much as he was respected. Xu Yida was cold to him, so he simply responded in kind. Wu Tian was friendly, and Fang Bai smiled back, shaking hands with Wu Tian.

After performing acupuncture and tuina on two patients, Xu Yida was showing his age and got a bit tired. He went to the office on the side to rest, leaving the interns to practice on their own.

Some quick-witted interns hustled to Xu Yida's office, cleaning, serving tea, bringing the newspaper, and providing thoughtful service.

Their goal was straightforward, they hoped that Xu Yida would treat them well in return, and perhaps teach them some real skills.

Then there were the honest and down-to-earth interns, who stayed in the acupuncture and massage room, getting hands-on experience by administering treatments to patients, ranging from acupuncture and cupping to massage.

However, most of these interns were like Fang Bai, new to the job, and their skills were not quite up to par. Some of them couldn't accurately locate the acupoints during acupuncture and were rough with their techniques, while others applied too much or too little pressure during massages, drawing constant complaints from some patients.

When Wu Tian was giving a massage to a hot-tempered elderly patient, he failed to control his strength and pressed too hard, causing the old man to cry out in pain and hurl a string of harsh words at him.

Wu Tian's otherwise handsome face turned beet red as he hung his head low, continuously apologizing to the old man, who refused to let it go, claiming that the massage had worsened his back and demanded compensation.

Seeing the trouble, several doctors from the acupuncture and massage room came over to mediate, with one older doctor scolding Wu Tian harshly.

"Sir, please calm down; getting angry is bad for your health."

Fang Bai, seeing Wu Tian on the verge of tears, stepped forward to help him out of the bind.

The old man gave Fang Bai a sideways glance and said irritably, pointing at Wu Tian, "My back was already in pain, but after this kid's treatment, it's even worse. I think your hospital isn't here to cure, but to kill!"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Sir, you have back pain, right? How about I give you a massage?"

Seeing that Fang Bai was even younger than Wu Tian, the old man's head shook like a rattle drum.

"If you give me a massage and I still feel pain afterward, then I will cover your treatment costs at this hospital from now on. How does that sound?"

"Really?"

"Really!"

The old man had chronic back pain and was spending hundreds every day on acupuncture and massage treatments at the hospital. He couldn't help feeling the pinch, so how could he decline Fang Bai's offer to treat him and even pay for treatments if it didn't help?

"Young man, you better keep your word! If you go back on it, I'll come here every day to make trouble for you," the old man said with a stern face.

Fang Bai smiled and gestured around, saying, "There are so many doctors and patients here who can act as witnesses. If I go back on my word, I wouldn't be able to show my face here ever again, even without your complaints."

"That's true. Come on then, let's see how good you are. I'm not asking for a miracle cure for my back pain, just that your massage provides some relief similar to Doctor Xu Yida, and I won't make a scene," the old man remarked before positioning himself on the bed voluntarily.

Fang Bai patted Wu Tian on the shoulder and whispered, "It's okay now, go take a break and relax."

Wu Tian, grateful for Fang Bai's intervention, thanked him and then turned to leave the room.

Chapter 127: The Guest Usurps the Host's Role

Fang Bai stood by the bed, lightly placed his palms on the elder's waist, his palms facing the painful part of the elder's waist, and slowly released a strand of True Yuan, then gently began to press and push.

The elder only felt a warm current, seeping from Fang Bai's palms into his aching waist, and instantly the pain there eased by a lot, comfortably uttering a content "Hmm."

As Fang Bai's hands pressed and pushed, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly, sometimes heavily, sometimes lightly, the warm current that seeped in from his palms also slowly spread throughout the elder's body, making him feel as though he were soaking in hot water, indescribably comfortable, and a light layer of sweat appeared on his body.

When others gave the elder massages, he was anxious, worrying they might press too hard, but with Fang Bai, he just squinted his eyes, feeling so comfortable that he wanted nothing more than to fall deep asleep.

"Elder, that will be all for today."

He didn't know how much time had passed when he heard Fang Bai's voice ringing in his ears.

"Ah? It's over already?"

The elder muttered reluctantly as he got off the bed.

"Young man, that was superb! Next time I need a massage, I'll be looking for you!"

After standing up, the elder evaluated himself and found that the pain had greatly diminished, an effect he didn't even get after treatments from the old traditional doctor Xu Yida, prompting him to give Fang Bai an approving thumbs up.

"Today we did the massage, tomorrow we'll do acupuncture; the two treatment methods should alternate. In ten days, your chronic backache should be almost healed. If not, you can come find me."

Fang Bai said with a cheerful smile.

"Heal in ten days?"

The elder, who had been told by doctors that his back pain could only be alleviated and not cured, found it hard to believe Fang Bai's claim.

"Whether it can be cured or not, you'll see in time."

"Young man, I'm friends with your hospital director. If you really cure my backache, not only will I have him commend and reward you, I'll also personally bring you a banner of gratitude, write a thank-you letter, and help you spread your medical reputation."

The elder said animatedly.

"Elder, you're not angry anymore, right? My colleague here is new and a bit unpracticed. Plus, being nervous, he might have pressed a bit too hard... I mean, which doctor doesn't start out as a novice? Please be more forgiving."

Fang Bai spoke with a smile.

By this time, Wu Tian had returned from outside and, hearing Fang Bai's words, felt his eyes well up with gratitude.

The elder also saw Wu Tian and chuckled, "Heh heh," and said, "I have this foul mouth, it's a habit I picked up in the army, and I can't change it! If I hadn't been in so much pain just now, I wouldn't have lost my temper and cursed..."

He turned to Wu Tian, nodded at him, and said earnestly, "Young man, I was the one at fault earlier. I apologize to you, don't take it to heart. Just a tip, you might want to start practicing your technique on some acquaintances first, learn to control your strength, so when you treat patients, you can reduce their discomfort."

Wu Tian quickly nodded and said he would definitely work harder and learn more in the future.

The elder chatted with Fang Bai a little more before leaving contentedly, declaring that he would come for acupuncture the next day and wanted Fang Bai to do it.

"Fang Bai, I noticed your massage technique was very skilled earlier, did you learn that in medical school?"

After the elder left, Wu Tian breathed a sigh of relief, no longer feeling so tense, and approached Fang Bai to ask.

"My medical skills," I said, "I learned some of them in medical school, some are self-taught... Our family comes from a lineage of Traditional Chinese Medicine."

"No wonder!"

Wu Tian rubbed his palms together, somewhat embarrassed, "Fang Bai, when you have free time, could you give me some pointers?"

"No problem, you can stand next to me, and I'll teach you."

After the old man had left, an elderly granny approached Fang Bai and told him that she often suffered from stiff and painful shoulders and neck due to playing Mahjong. She asked Fang Bai to give her a massage.

Issues like back pain and neck and shoulder pain were minor matters for Fang Bai—if he wished, acupuncture combined with massage and a wisp of True Yuan could cure it in one go.

However, these non-life-threatening illnesses, if cured too quickly, would decrease the hospital's revenue. Such doctors, although popular with patients, might not always be appreciated by hospital management.

Besides, Fang Bai didn't want to draw too much attention to himself, therefore he didn't immediately cure the old man's leg pain, instead setting a timeframe of ten days.

As Fang Bai massaged the granny, he whispered explanations to Wu Tian, telling him the key points to focus on, the techniques to use, and how to gauge the strength.

The things he explained were much more detailed and applicable to real-life situations than anything Wu Tian had learned before. Wu Tian found himself greatly enlightened, feeling he had learned much more from Fang Bai than from Xu Yida.

Even though Wu Tian wasn't a Martial Artist and lacked True Yuan, which diminished the effectiveness of his treatments, as long as he could accurately identify the acupoints and pay attention to the technique and force, it should be sufficient for treating the average patient.

On the first morning of the internship, Fang Bai didn't do anything else but provide patients with acupuncture and massage in the treatment room.

With the commendation from the previous elderly patient, other patients were willing to let Fang Bai give it a try.

All the patients treated by Fang Bai lavished praise upon him; not one was dissatisfied, and they explicitly stated they would return for him next time.

The patients' praise meant affirmation for Fang Bai's medical skills. The other interns watched with envy in their hearts.

Especially Wu Tian, who felt that studying with Fang Bai was even better than learning from the old TCM practitioner Xu Yida.

Wu Tian had arrived a few days earlier than Fang Bai and had studied with Xu Yida for several days. Every day, he would hear him launch into grand discourses, expounding on TCM theories that seemed profound but were essentially useless gibberish. Wu Tian wasn't sure how much the other interns understood, but all that he himself had gotten from it was confusion and no real knowledge.

In contrast, the massage techniques he had learned from Fang Bai today felt incredibly valuable.

Unlike the patients, the doctors in the acupuncture and massage room didn't look at Fang Bai with much friendliness.

In their eyes, Fang Bai was just an intern. Interns should have the sense of their place; in the first few days, they should be proactive in doing menial tasks like serving tea, delivering water, and cleaning. How could he start treating patients right from the first day?

This kind of behavior, overshadowing them in their own domain, was simply intolerable!

What infuriated them most was that patients treated by Fang Bai highly praised him, allowing him to steal all the glory, and even some of their "regular customers" deserted them and flocked to Fang Bai instead.

It was true that no matter how much Fang Bai worked, he wasn't paid, nor did it affect the salaries or benefits of the other doctors; however, this was a matter of pride and dignity. If patients started seeking out Fang Bai for treatment and ignored the licensed doctors, where would that leave their professional reputation?

So some doctors began to stir up trouble, criticizing Fang Bai for all his perceived faults—some called him aloof, others labeled him arrogant or aggressive, and some thought he considered himself above everyone else...

In their words, Fang Bai was an intern filled with "negative energy".

Chapter 128: Linglong Spiritual Root

When these words from Wu Tian reached Fang Bai, he simply responded with a faint smile, not taking them to heart at all.

Fang Bai was only here for an internship, after a year he would leave, destined not to have too much interaction with these doctors, so as long as they didn't launch a malicious personal attack on him, he wasn't planning to bother with them.

Of course, if any doctor dared to attack or insult Fang Bai, he wouldn't be so polite, even if it was the Dean of Yanjing Hospital, Fang Bai would beat him to the point where he'd be searching for his teeth on the ground.

Afterward, Fang Bai's life became even more regular.

He would rise early every day to practice his cultivation in the mountains, intern at Yanjing Hospital in the morning, stroll around Yanjing City after meals, continue his internship at the hospital in the afternoon, and return to his rented courtyard house to rest after dinner...

At the hospital, Fang Bai would occasionally bump into Su Linglong, and they would share their experiences during their internships.

That evening, after work, as the acupuncture and massage room was empty and everyone had left, Fang Bai stayed behind, ready to close the department's door to go for dinner when Su Linglong suddenly arrived, so the two of them entered the room and talked for a while.

When Su Linglong heard from Fang Bai about some doctors in the acupuncture and massage room harboring discontent towards him, she laughed lightly and said, "If you aren't envied by others, you're mediocre. The more they talk about you like that, the more it proves your excellence!"

"Your words do seem to make sense! Well, then, let's have the jealousy come even more fiercely!"

"Our family has had many years of cooperation with Yanjing Hospital, and my brother has a very good relationship with Dean Zhang here, so don't worry, they won't make things difficult for you when your internship is over."

"How dare they!"

Fang Bai's gaze turned sharp as he coldly said, "If any of them dares to mess with me, I'll make sure they regret it! These fists of mine, they don't just munch on vegetables!"

Su Linglong looked at Fang Bai with an admiring face and said, "My brother mentioned that your martial arts skills are very impressive, would you be willing to teach me?"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "What does a delicate miss like you, with bodyguards around, need martial arts for?"

Su Linglong earnestly said, "If I learn martial arts and have the ability to protect myself, I won't need the family bodyguards watching over me all the time, and I can go wherever I want to play."

Fang Bai asked, "Your old butler Su Fu is a martial artist, why don't you learn martial arts from him?"

Su Linglong huffed, "Butler Su says I'm not cut out for practicing martial arts, so he's only willing to teach my brother, not me."

All of a sudden, Fang Bai reached out his hands and caught Su Linglong's soft wrists before running his hands up her fingers, kneading and feeling all the way to her shoulders before he stopped.

Being caressed by his two large hands, Su Linglong felt her body soften, almost thinking he was going to make some intimate move. A deer seemed to be crashing around in her heart, her breathing became rapid, and her beautiful eyes shimmered, filled with a shy charm.

Now, in the height of summer, Su Linglong wore a short-sleeved T-shirt, with her long, fair arms almost entirely exposed, feeling smooth and delicate, almost boneless. As Fang Bai caressed her arms, his heart fluttered, and he found himself somewhat reluctant to let go.

"Fang Bai..."

Su Linglong felt a warmth throughout her body and sweetly called out with a slight tremble in her voice. In her eyes looking towards Fang Bai, there was a hint of a woman's natural coquettish allure.

Seeing Su Linglong's reaction, Fang Bai knew she was stirred. At this moment, if he wished, he probably could have taken advantage of her in every possible way.

Su Linglong was cute and lively, a complete beauty and had a good relationship with Fang Bai. If he said he wasn't moved by her at all, it would be self-deception.

If it were before assessing her through bone reading, seeing her so eager and inviting, Fang Bai might have really taken the next step, but now, he hesitated.

Su Fu had said Su Linglong was not suitable for martial arts, but after Fang Bai felt her bones, he discovered that Su Linglong was a good seedling for cultivation, and she even had a Wood Spirit Root from the Five Elements Spiritual Roots.

For such a good seedling for cultivation, if he took her before she broke through to the Innate Realm and caused her to lose her Prime Yin, it would greatly affect her future cultivation.

And after she advanced to the Innate Realm, that influence ceased to exist; instead, the combined cultivation with a man could bring her unexpected benefits.

So, knowing that Su Linglong had a Wood Spirit Root, Fang Bai truly couldn't bear to ruin such a good cultivation prospect.

Since he couldn't let Su Linglong suffer, Fang Bai could only make himself suffer.

He took a deep breath to suppress the surge of lust within, sighed and said, "Linglong, I have one piece of good news and one bad, which would you like to hear first?"

Su Linglong was initially a bit flustered, but upon hearing Fang Bai's words, she immediately snapped out of that confused state, and the blush on her cheeks faded. After thinking for a moment, she said, "Let's hear the bad news first! I prefer to start with the bitter and end with the sweet."

Fang Bai said, "The bad news is, Su Fu was right, you indeed are not martial arts material."

A bit dejected, Su Linglong asked, "And the good news?"

"The good news is, since Su Fu refuses to teach you martial arts, I have decided to teach you."

Fang Bai watched as Su Linglong's eyes gradually lit up, and he seriously said, "But I have two conditions, and if you don't agree to them, I can't teach you."

"What conditions?"

Su Linglong couldn't help asking, seeing that Fang Bai was serious.

Fang Bai said, "First, once you start learning from me, you cannot complain or show fatigue, and definitely not quit halfway. Second, the techniques you learn from me cannot be passed on to anyone else without my permission,"

Seeing the stern look on Fang Bai's face, Su Linglong nodded vigorously and said, "I remember. I will treat what you teach me as the biggest secret, hidden in the deepest part of my heart, known only to you and me."

Fang Bai smiled broadly and said, "You can also think of what I teach you as part of becoming husband, but once you have a firm grasp, it's far more formidable than just martial arts. For example..."

Fang Bai took a one-yuan coin from his pocket, placed it on the palm of his left hand, and then clenched it into a fist. When he unfolded his palm, the one-yuan coin had been squeezed by his grip into a spherical shape.

Though small, a coin is extremely hard, so how much strength was needed to mold it into a sphere?

"Amazing!"

Su Linglong took the coin and examined it closely, her eyes wide and full of disbelief.

"If you follow my teachings closely, one day you'll be able to do it easily,"

Fang Bai said, not wanting to miss the opportunity to cultivate a good prospective student, enticing her earnestly.

"When can we start learning?"

Su Linglong's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Not today, let's wait for tomorrow noon. After work, come find me here, and I will impart to you the cultivation teachings."

"Okay."

Su Linglong wanted to chat more with Fang Bai, but not long after, housekeeper Su Fu called to urge her on, mentioning that he and two female bodyguards were waiting for her in front of the hospital building, prompting her to hurry back.

Su Linglong, having no choice, said goodbye to Fang Bai and left first.

Chapter 129: Car Accident Victim

Watching Su Linglong leave, Fang Bai closed the door of the department and walked briskly outside.

In the hospital's outdoor square, he saw several ambulances speeding into the emergency room on the west side, followed by a number of luxury cars.

Fang Bai could tell from this scene that there might have been a mass casualty incident, with many people involved, and those following in luxury cars were likely relatives.

"Fang Bai, come over and give us a hand!"

After the ambulances stopped, several doctors rushed out from the emergency room, systematically carrying stretchers from the vehicles into the emergency room.

Due to the overwhelming number of patients and scarce manpower, Director Ren Ping, dressed in a white coat, saw Fang Bai passing by and waved him over.

Ren Ping had a good relationship with a doctor from the acupuncture and massage department, often visiting to chat, and Fang Bai, who had recently become a celebrated figure in the same department, was recognized by Ren through these interactions.

Ren Ping, educated in Western medicine, inherently looked down on traditional Chinese medicine and held even more disdain for Fang Bai, an intern in the department of Chinese medicine.

An evening car accident had resulted in several injuries, one of them critical. Once the ambulances brought in the casualties, they realized that the emergency room was understaffed. Seeing Fang Bai passing by, Ren Ping called him over to serve as a temporary assistant.

In Ren Ping's view, although Fang Bai did not belong to his department, he was just an intern, and Ren Ping, the director, surely could make use of him.

Fang Bai's cultivation path was not the ruthless way, but the compassionate way; as long as the other person was not an enemy, he could not ignore someone dying, so he turned around and approached, frowning as he asked, "Director Ren, what's the situation?"

Ren Ping said urgently, "The emergency room is short-staffed, stay and help out. There are still casualties in the ambulance. You and Xiao Li, Xiao Zhang, bring this patient into the emergency room."

Without a word, Fang Bai helped the two young doctors carry a stretcher off the ambulance and into the emergency room.

On the stretcher Fang Bai was helping with lay a casualty clad in a black racing suit, seemingly young. Despite his face being covered in blood, one could vaguely make out his good looks.

But the condition of this handsome young man was very critical, with weak breathing and unconscious. Fang Bai determined that he had several broken ribs and symptoms of internal bleeding.

The casualties just brought into the emergency room had all been injured in the same car accident; this striking young man was the most severely injured and could die if not treated promptly.

"Save him! What are you standing around for, hurry up and save my son!"

Among the family members following the handsome young man into the emergency room was a middle-aged person, dressed exquisitely with a distinguished aura, about forty years old.

At this moment, this person had lost all composure, with tears streaming down their face as they collapsed next to the resuscitation bed where their son lay, frantic and urgent, loudly prompting the emergency room doctors.

"Ms. Li, please stay calm. Your son is seriously injured and may need surgery, which will have to wait for Doctor Wang and the others to arrive."

Ms. Li clearly had status and even Director Ren Ping, who was usually haughty, was nodding and bowing with a smile on his face.

"How long will it take for Doctor Wang and the others to get here?"

Ms. Li asked anxiously.

"It should be very quick! Ah... here they come... Dean Zhang and Doctor Wang have arrived..."

Ren Ping pointed toward the entrance of the emergency room as he spoke.

Fang Bai glanced toward the entrance and saw a plump, bald man followed by a crowd of doctors in white coats rushing in.

The portly, bald man was none other than Dean Zhang of Yanjing Hospital. He had evidently rushed here, and with the weather being excessively hot, his face and head were covered in sweat. He held a handkerchief in his hand and continuously wiped the beads of perspiration rolling down his forehead.

Following behind Dean Zhang were several of Yanjing Hospital's renowned doctors.

Just then, there was another commotion outside. A few black-clad bodyguards pushed through the crowd standing at the emergency room entrance, escorting a man in his fifties with an aura of unspoken authority into the room.

The man had a square face and thick brows over large eyes. He walked with a dragon-like stride, exuding the kind of presence associated with high-ranking officials -- clearly a powerful figure.

Upon seeing the newcomer, more sweat broke out on Dean Zhang's forehead. He hurried forward and said respectfully, "Minister Lu, you've arrived?"

The man was Lu Xingping, the Vice-Minister of Health. The handsome, young man severely injured in the car accident was his son, Lu Jianfeng.

Lu Xingping's face was as still as water as he glanced at his son on the resuscitation bed and asked in a low voice, "How bad are Jianfeng's injuries? Can he be saved?"

"Based on the preliminary examination by the emergency room doctor in the ambulance, your son has broken three ribs on his left side, and there's internal bleeding. The situation is very grave,"

"Then what are you waiting for, organize a team of doctors for the resuscitation immediately!"

"Yes... yes... Doctor Wang, hurry... I don't care what methods you use, you must save young Master Lu for me,"

ordered Dean Zhang sternly.

Although Minister Lu was currently only a vice-minister, he was a strong contender for the next minister, and even his wife held real power in a certain department in Yanjing.

The Lu family, with Lu Xingping at its helm, wielded tremendous influence in Huaxia.

Dean Zhang was certain that if something happened to the vice-minister's son in his hospital, his position as dean would be in jeopardy.

Without needing any further prompting from Dean Zhang, Doctor Wang and the other senior doctors entered the emergency room and immediately began their efforts to save the injured.

The other victims from the car accident were less severely injured and not in immediate danger, so they were left to the care of the emergency room doctors. The critically injured Lu Jianfeng, however, required personal attention from experienced doctors like Doctor Wang.

"Xingping..."

Ms. Li, seeing her husband had also arrived, could no longer restrain her sorrow and, heedless of the crowd, threw herself into his embrace, sobbing softly.

Lu Xingping patted his wife's back and whispered, "Don't worry, Jianfeng will be alright... he will be alright..."

As he spoke, Lu Xingping recalled a painful memory, and his eyes also began to redden.

Two years ago, his older son had died in the line of duty, dealing a heavy blow to both him and his wife.

They hadn't fully recovered from their grief; if something were to happen to their younger son now, even someone as strong as Lu Xingping might not be able to cope, let alone his wife who appeared tough on the outside but was fragile within.

The doctors said his son was critically injured, which meant it was extremely dangerous. At this point, Lu Xingping could only continue to comfort his wife while praying that heaven wouldn't take away a second son from him.

At the same time, Lu Xingping blamed himself for being too busy with work to properly monitor his younger son. After the death of his older son, his wife had indulged their younger son even more. Even when the boy became addicted to racing, they didn't intervene.

Lu Xingping had always feared that racing could lead to disaster. He had tried to talk his younger son out of it a few times, but the boy had always been rebellious and refused to listen, and now, the very thing Lu Xingping had feared had come to pass.

Chapter 130: Wen Rou Arrives

Lu Xingping knew his son was severely injured. He did not wish for his son to be unharmed but simply hoped for the doctors to pull his son's life back from Ghost Gate, even if he would be disabled from then on.

"Minister Lu, your son's injuries are more serious than we imagined. One of his ribs broke and punctured his lung by one centimeter, causing bleeding in the lung. I'm afraid the odds are not in his favor... Of course, we can operate immediately, but the chance of a successful resuscitation is extremely low..."

Doctor Wang checked Lu Jianfeng's injuries once again and spoke with a heavy face in the end.

Upon hearing this, Ms. Li's vision darkened, and she nearly fainted.

"What's the chance of success if we operate?"

Lu Xingping steadied his wavering wife, bloodshot eyes emerging, and asked in a low voice.

"Well..."

Doctor Wang sighed and said, "At most... only twenty to thirty percent."

Lu Xingping said, "What if I could get one of the four National Doctors to come here?"

Upon hearing "four National Doctors," Doctor Wang's eyes lit up with admiration, but he still spoke truthfully, "The National Doctors, with their divine medical skills, could certainly cure him if one of them could be brought here. But if they can't arrive within twenty minutes, even gods would have difficulty saving your son."

"Wait, I'll make a phone call."

Lu Xingping patted his wife on the shoulder, signaling her to stay steady, then walked briskly out of the emergency room to make a mysterious call.

Several minutes later, Lu Xingping returned to the emergency room with a grave expression.

Seeing the look on her husband's face, Ms. Li's heart skipped a beat, but she couldn't help asking, "Xingping, how is it?"

Lu Xingping shook his head and said, "Unfortunately, all four National Doctors are currently not in Yanjing, and it would take at least around two hours for the nearest one to get here... Ah!"

He closed his eyes, let out a long sigh to the heavens, his face filled with pain.

Ms. Li was in tears, muttering to herself, her words unclear, and some relatives who came with them also had red eyes and sorrowful expressions.

At that moment, a graceful figure pushed through the crowd and entered, Fang Bai recognized her face, and was taken aback.

"Why is she here in Yanjing too?"

Fang Bai did not expect to encounter Tang Wenrou here. His gaze swept over her incomparably pure face, and as if she sensed his attention, her gaze turned towards him as well.

Their eyes met in the air, and Fang Bai saw a flicker of joy in Tang Wenrou's eyes.

"Uncle Lu, Aunt Li, how is Jianfeng?"

Tang Wenrou nodded at Fang Bai as a greeting, then approached Lu Xingping and asked softly.

"Wen Rou, you've come?"

Lu Xingping glanced at Tang Wenrou, his lips twitching as if he wanted to smile but couldn't, and pointed to his unconscious son on the emergency bed, his voice raspy, "The doctor said the injury is very serious, unless a National Doctor arrives immediately, otherwise... I'm afraid there's no hope of saving him."

Tang Wenrou paused, looking at Lu Xingping who seemed to have aged much in an instant, the tip of her nose tingling, her eyes slightly reddening, not knowing how best to comfort him.

Suddenly, as if she remembered something, she walked up to Fang Bai and said, "I know your medical skills are brilliant, can you cure Jianfeng?"

Fang Bai knew the "Jianfeng" she was referring to was the critically injured person and asked in return, "What is your relationship with the injured?"

Tang Wenrou hesitated, seeming somewhat resistant to the question, but still bit her lip and said, "He is Jianfei's brother. If possible, please help Uncle Lu and Aunt Li. They have already lost one son, I don't want tragedy to befall them once again."

Fang Bai knew that "Jianfei" mentioned by Tang Wenrou was her boyfriend who had died in the line of duty and was also the eldest son of Minister Lu standing before him.

Seeing the pain on Tang Wenrou's face, it seemed that after her boyfriend's death, she had maintained contact with the Lu Family; otherwise, she wouldn't have rushed to the hospital immediately after her boyfriend's younger brother had a car accident.

That Tang Wenrou did not sever ties with her boyfriend's family after his passing showed that she was a woman who valued affection and loyalty, something Fang Bai admired.

"Wen Rou, this is..."

Hearing Tang Wenrou's words, Lu Xingping appeared quite surprised and came over to ask.

At the same time, Lu Xingping looked at Fang Bai with astonishment, not expecting the young man before him to resemble so much his own late eldest son.

Tang Wenrou solemnly said, "Uncle Lu, his name is Fang Bai, a friend of mine. The explosion that occurred at Zhongzhou Fresh Fish Village not long ago, it was he who saved my life."

Lu Xingping uttered an "oh," sizing up Fang Bai and frowning, "You just... said his medical skills are very brilliant?"

Tang Wenrou nodded and said, "Uncle Lu from the Su Family in Zhongzhou should know, right? Old Master Su's most beloved granddaughter, Su Linglong, was diagnosed with a brain tumor this year, a malignant one. All the doctors said it was incurable, and even a National Doctor they invited offered little hope. But in the end, he... he completely cured her!"

As she spoke, Tang Wenrou pointed at Fang Bai, emphasizing particularly heavily on the words "completely cured."

At her words, there was a stir in the emergency room, all the doctors turned their gaze towards Fang Bai, their faces clearly etched with disbelief.

After all, a person diagnosed with malignant brain tumor is almost certainly given a death sentence. Although surgery might achieve good results, it only extends the patient's survival time but cannot completely cure them.

And doctors capable of curing malignant brain tumors were unheard of, even the four great Divine Doctors hailed as miracle-workers didn't have such a record.

Moreover, the doctors here all knew that Fang Bai studied traditional Chinese medicine and was only an intern. Even if he had some real skills in acupuncture and moxibustion, how could that compare with the terminal illness of a malignant brain tumor?

Being good at treating minor ailments of the neck and back didn't mean he could cure terminally serious conditions such as a malignant brain tumor!

"Minister Lu, Fang Bai is an intern in our hospital's traditional Chinese medicine department, currently practicing in the acupuncture and moxibustion room. This young lady claimed he has cured malignant brain tumor, which seems a bit exaggerated, doesn't it? It's not that I don't believe in him, but he studies traditional Chinese medicine. Traditional medicine may treat colds and the flu well, but your son's injury is very serious, and it's impossible for him to cure it," said Ren Ping, the director of the emergency room, thinking the beautiful Tang Wenrou was exaggerating Fang Bai's abilities. He pointed at Fang Bai and introduced his identity to Lu Xingping, stressing that he was an intern in the acupuncture and moxibustion room.

Although Lu Xingping also doubted Fang Bai's medical expertise, knowing Tang Wenrou, he understood she wouldn't deceive him. His gaze fixed on Fang Bai, he asked, "Doctor Fang, where did you learn your medical skills?"