

Doctor 131

Chapter 131: Initial Use of Five Elements Needles

Fang Bai said calmly, "Our family has a tradition of practicing Chinese medicine, and I studied a few years at Zhongzhou Medical College..."

Tang Wenrou took over, "Didn't you say that you once received teachings in medical arts from a remarkable person?"

Fang Bai nodded, "Yes, the medical skills I possess now are largely learnt from that person. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to cure Su Linglong's brain tumor."

"Uncle Lu, National Doctor Qian Haoduo once wanted to take Fang Bai as a disciple, but Fang Bai rejected him. My father knows about this as well; if you don't believe it, you can ask him."

Seeing Lu Xingping hesitate, Tang Wenrou threw out another bombshell.

"What?"

Clearly, Tang Wenrou's words were more impactful than before, causing Lu Xingping to be stunned.

Having met Qian Haoduo a few times, Lu Xingping knew that although the National Doctor was avaricious, his medical skill was indeed miraculous and widely recognized. Even the past Prime Ministers of Huaxia had praised his medical expertise.

In the entire Huaxia medical community, countless wished to become Qian Haoduo's disciples. He actually offered to take Fang Bai as his apprentice, but Fang Bai refused?

Qian Haoduo might not have much influence in the Western medical world, but in the realm of Chinese medicine, he was a household name, held in high esteem by everyone.

At that moment, in the emergency room, there were two heads of the Chinese medicine departments, their eyes as wide as bells, evidently shocked by Tang Wenrou's revelation.

These department heads also had some reputation within the Chinese medicine circle of Huaxia; they had tried all means to seek an audience with Qian Haoduo, hoping to receive some guidance, but were met with complete indifference from him.

One side desperately sought to be Qian Haoduo's disciple to no avail; the other had Qian Haoduo willingly offering to teach, yet unable to succeed—if what Tang Wenrou was saying was true, those department heads could be frustrated enough to spit blood.

"Xingping, let him try..."

Lu Xingping's wife, Li Yujie, looked at her son on the emergency bed, verging on panic. Her son was seriously injured, and with each passing second, the chance of him being saved dwindled.

Li Yujie knew too well that the doctors' claim of a twenty to thirty percent chance for her son's survival might only be comforting words, in reality, perhaps not even ten percent certain.

Thus Li Yujie placed her hopes on Fang Bai.

The first time she laid eyes on Fang Bai, Li Yujie, somewhat dazed, almost mistook him for her deceased eldest son and nearly called out to him.

Regarding what Tang Wenrou had said, Li Yujie, like her husband Lu Xingping, was half-doubtful. However, at this moment, she couldn't afford to care about that, and chose to believe in Fang Bai.

If Fang Bai could cure something as deadly as malignant brain tumors, perhaps he could heal her son's injuries?

That's what Li Yujie told herself for comfort.

"Doctor Fang, I beg you to save our Jianfeng..."

Li Yujie faced Fang Bai and started to kneel.

A son is a mother's heartstring; to save her son, Li Yujie was prepared to lower her own status and plead on her knees.

"Please don't do this..."

Fang Bai reached out to support Li Yujie, then glanced at Tang Wenrou with a wry smile, "Alright, for Officer Tang's sake, I'll give it a try. However..."

"However, what?"

Li Yujie's heart lifted on hearing "however" fearing that she might hear more bad news.

Fang Bai saw Li Yujie's face turn pale with immense anxiety and smiled, "There's a saying, 'it takes a hundred days to heal a broken bone.' Your son's injuries are much more serious than that, so I can't assure a full recovery in a short time..."

Doctor Wang and the others rolled their eyes upon hearing Fang Bai's words, thinking to themselves, we're not even sure if we can bring him back from the brink, and you want a full recovery? What a load of bull!

Lu Xingping, who had experienced the vicissitudes of the political world for decades, had a unique ability to judge people. Seeing Fang Bai's composure and indifferent expression from beginning to end, he began to believe that this man truly had genuine skills.

"Doctor Fang, please," Lu Xingping bowed deeply to Fang Bai, speaking solemnly, "If my son Jianfeng can be saved, the Lu Family will be eternally grateful."

Fang Bai nodded, walked to the emergency bed, and glanced at the crowd filling up the emergency room. He furrowed his brows and said to Lu Xingping, "Mr. Lu, there are too many people here, which is not conducive to my treatment. Please have them leave. You, your wife, and Officer Tang can stay."

Before Lu Xingping could respond, the bodyguards who had followed him were already ushering people out.

Soon, the spacious emergency room was left with only Fang Bai, the injured Lu Jianfeng, and Tang Wenrou, along with Lu Xingping and his wife Li Yujie. Even Zhang Chen, the dean of Yanjing Hospital, was sent out.

"Isn't there an operating room here, with all the medical equipment? Wouldn't it be better to move him there before you begin treatment?" Tang Wenrou couldn't help asking as she watched Fang Bai stand calmly in front of the emergency bed.

Fang Bai replied, "I am a traditional Chinese medicine practitioner, unfamiliar with the ways of Western medicine, so the operating room is of no use to me."

"How do you plan to save him?"

"I am a traditional Chinese medicine practitioner; naturally, I will use methods from traditional Chinese medicine."

"Methods of traditional Chinese medicine..." Tang Wenrou said, puzzled, "The Four Diagnostics? But Jianfeng is unconscious; he can't communicate with you..."

"No need for communication... Just watch and you'll see. Mr. Lu, Ms. Li, please remove his clothes... If it's hard to remove any area, use scissors... Be careful not to touch the wounds."

"Officer Tang, don't just stand there, if I start sweating while administering the acupuncture, remember to help me wipe it off."

After giving a few instructions, Fang Bai carefully examined the patient's condition before leisurely taking out a small wooden box he carried with him.

He placed the small wooden box on the instrument table beside him, opened it, and inside neatly laid five needles thin as hair, which were the Five Elements Acupuncture Set he had recently acquired from an antique market.

Looking at the Five Elements Needles, Fang Bai seemed as if he was gazing at a beloved treasure, his expression revealing a touch of excitement.

He picked up the wood needle made from Green Wood Marrow from the wooden box, took a deep breath, then with a swift motion, stabbed it directly into the patient's chest.

The wood needle from the Five Elements Acupuncture Set, crafted from Green Wood Marrow and imbued with Essence Energy, belonged to the Wood Attribute Spiritual Artifact, which possessed the miraculous effect of stimulating the body's potential and rejuvenating vitality and vigor.

By inserting the wood needle into the patient's chest, Fang Bai intended to stimulate the weakly beating heart with Essence Energy, to reinvigorate it so as to gain time for the upcoming treatment.

A moment after the first wood needle was inserted, Fang Bai picked up the second wood needle from the box, which was a water needle.

The water needle, forged from water essence crystal and also carrying Essence Energy, was a Water Attribute Spiritual Artifact, with the ability to heal injuries.

Fang Bai inserted the water needle into an acupoint where the patient's left rib was broken.

Then, under the watchful eyes of Tang Wenrou, Lu Xingping, and Li Yujie, Fang Bai simultaneously picked up the earth needle and the golden needle from the small wooden box.

Chapter 132: Officer Tang, Could You Help Me Up?

The Earth Needle is forged from yellow clay stone, while the Golden Needle is made from Golden Crow Meteor.

These two types of needles are respectively Earth Attribute Spiritual Artifacts and Golden Attribute Spiritual Artifacts, one possesses the marvelous use of stopping bleeding, and the other has the effect of unblocking meridians.

Fang Bai inserted the Earth Needle into the bleeding lung of the injured person, and the Golden Needle into the Qi Sea below the abdomen of the injured person, and that concluded the needle application.

"You're using acupuncture to treat him? Can... can this really work?"

Although Tang Wenrou knew it wasn't good to disturb Fang Bai at this time, she couldn't help but ask.

"I'm a doctor, what I say goes!"

Fang Bai's gaze wandered over the four needles—gold, wood, water and earth—placed on the injured person's body. After finishing his sentence, he began to pinch the tails of the needles, infusing a wisp of True Yuan into each.

The four needles that were infused with True Yuan started to undergo astonishing changes; light began to shine through the needles, forming a halo about the size of a chicken egg around each needle.

Tang Wenrou, Lu Xingping, and Li Yujie were astounded by this extraordinary sight, all of them staring wide-eyed without understanding.

If they were cultivators like Fang Bai, at this moment, they would definitely sense the vibrant vitality of wood, the refreshing coolness of water, the solid grounding of earth, and the sharp aggressiveness of gold—four distinct auras emanating from the needles.

"His life is safe now. Next is to set the rib bones properly."

Fang Bai said, and moved to the left side of the emergency table, rubbing his hands over the broken bones a few times, using a unique technique found nowhere else in this world to set the bones right.

As he set the bones, the body of the injured person moved slightly, and a faint "hmm" sound came from his mouth, whether from pain or some other reason.

This discovery left the couple, Lu Xingping and Li Yujie, both shocked and overjoyed, indicating that their son had awoken from his coma.

After setting the bones, Fang Bai went on to twist the tails of the four needles, continuously infusing True Yuan into the needle bodies and then into the injury through the needle bodies.

This process may seem simple and dull, without much technique to speak of. However, the effort exerted by Fang Bai was immense; within around ten minutes, his body was soaked with sweat.

Remembering Fang Bai's instruction from earlier, Tang Wenrou saw his forehead sweat and hurriedly wiped it clean for him, so as to not affect Fang Bai's vision or let it drip onto the patient.

She noticed that Fang Bai had a serious expression and was fully focused, his eyes fixed only on the four needles. Clenching her lips tightly, she dared not speak with him again.

Twenty minutes later, Fang Bai let out a long sigh, removed the four needles one after another, placing them back into their case, then wiped the profuse sweat from his forehead and said with a bitter smile, "I nearly collapsed from exhaustion... I can't do this anymore, I need to find a room to rest... Officer Tang, can you help me out? My legs are weak; I can't walk."

As soon as Tang Wenrou supported him, he said, "Mr. Lu, I'd like to borrow two of your bodyguards for a bit, would you mind? I would like their assistance in guarding the door. I don't want to be disturbed by anyone while I'm resting,"

Tang Wenrou saw that Fang Bai was in poor condition, feeling somewhat distressed for him, though her concern did not show on the surface. She simply said, "I'll help you rest... Don't worry, the bodyguards will be arranged properly, and no one will bother you... By the way, how is Jianfeng doing?"

Fang Bai replied, "He will wake up within an hour, but it's crucial not to let him move around, or the set bones will be in trouble... He can be taken to a hospital room for now, preferably a quiet one. Good rest is key."

After a pause, he added, "And don't allow any doctors to handle him, I will administer acupuncture daily. If he recovers quickly, he might be able to get out of bed in ten days to a half-month; if it's slower, it may take about a month. This depends on the individual's physical constitution."

Having said that, Fang Bai gestured for Tang Wenrou to help him leave.

Once they were outside the emergency room, Tang Wenrou explained the situation to Dean Zhang, who immediately arranged a single room for Fang Bai to rest.

After Tang Wenrou left, Lu Xingping's two bodyguards stood on either side outside the patient's room, ensuring that no one could enter unless Lu Xingping gave the word himself.

When Tang Wenrou returned to the emergency room, Lu Xingping and his wife Li Yujie were talking quietly. Seeing Tang Wenrou, Li Yujie couldn't help but ask, "Wen Rou, can Fang Bai really do it? Your Uncle Lu and I were just discussing whether we should have the doctors check on Jianfeng again..."

"Fang Bai has already said not to let the doctors touch Jianfeng, and I believe in Fang Bai."

Tang Wenrou's tone was very firm.

Lu Xingping said, "Let's just listen to Doctor Fang. Don't employ someone if you doubt them, and don't doubt those you employ. Since we've chosen to let him treat, we must trust him unconditionally."

"But... what if something happens to Jianfeng?" Li Yujie asked anxiously.

"Then it's the will of heaven. Let's leave it to fate!"

Lu Xingping sighed and comforted his wife.

Not long after, the injured Lu Jianfeng was transferred from the emergency room to the intensive care unit in the inpatient building.

Lu Xingping and his wife Li Yujie personally stayed in the intensive care room, while Tang Wenrou and a group of Lu family relatives stood anxiously waiting in the corridor outside.

As time ticked away, Tang Wenrou kept an eye on the time on her phone and grew gradually more anxious.

Fang Bai had said that Lu Jianfeng would wake up within an hour. If it exceeded this time frame, it would be a blow to Lu Xingping and his wife Li Yujie. At the same time, they might also lose trust in Fang Bai.

Even if they held back their anger at Fang Bai for her sake, their attitude toward him would definitely undergo a huge shift.

This was something Tang Wenrou did not want to see, as it would make her feel very upset.

While Lu Jianfeng's relatives were praying and hoping for him to wake up soon, Ren Ping, the director of the emergency room, hoped the opposite.

He had once proudly stated in front of people like Lu Xingping that the Chinese medicine practiced by Fang Bai couldn't possibly cure Lu Jianfeng. If Lu Jianfeng woke up, it would be like Fang Bai slapping him across the face.

At that point, not only would Ren Ping's reputation be lost, but he might also find his position as head of the department unstable—without Lu Xingping even saying anything, Dean Zhang would already be looking to make an example of him.

An hour later, Ren Ping received news that was akin to a bolt from the blue—Lu Jianfeng had awakened.

Naturally, Lu Xingping and his wife Li Yujie were the first to know about Lu Jianfeng's awakening. When they saw their son slowly open his eyes and heard him weakly call out "Dad" and "Mom," the couple burst into tears of joy and relief, their tears flowing freely.

This news spread to the relatives in the hallway outside, and they too breathed sighs of relief, smiles finally appearing on their faces.

Doctor Wang and a group of doctors at Yanjing Hospital found the news unbelievable and were in shock.

They were eager to enter the intensive care room where Lu Jianfeng was to see the situation for themselves but were stopped by Lu Xingping's bodyguards.

Ever since his son woke up on time within an hour, Lu Xingping was filled with trust for Fang Bai, and when Fang Bai said not to let the doctors touch his son, he immediately ordered the bodyguards outside to follow suit.

Fang Bai had said that his son could get out of bed in as little as ten days to half a month, which Lu Xingping and his wife dared not hope for. Since their son had been pulled back from death's door, his injuries were simply too severe. They felt that if their son could get out of bed and walk within a month, it would already be an incredible miracle.

Chapter 133: If You Encounter Someone You Like

Tang Wenrou's usually serene face also held a rare hint of a smile, since Lu Jianfeng had awakened within the time frame Fang Bai had mentioned, which was the result she most hoped to see.

At this time, Ren Ping, the chief of the emergency room, was as anxious as an ant on a hot pan and had no mind for work, staying in his office pondering how to survive this crisis.

After much thought, he decided to bite the bullet and seek Fang Bai's mercy, but upon arriving at the room where Fang Bai was resting, he was blocked by two bodyguards, who, no matter what, simply wouldn't let him enter.

The next morning, having hardly slept, Ren Ping, the distraught chief of the emergency room, was reassigned to a trivial position in the hospital's logistics department.

However, at this time, no one paid any attention to Ren Ping's fate, as the entire hospital's focus was on Fang Bai.

After a night of recuperation, Fang Bai emerged from the sickroom refreshed and invigorated as the early morning sun rose.

When he arrived at Lu Jianfeng's intensive care unit, he found Tang Wenrou speaking softly with Lu Xingping and his wife, Li Yujie.

The three of them looked exhausted, clearly having had little rest throughout the night.

Fang Bai's ears twitched slightly, aware that Lu Jianfeng inside the intensive care unit was still asleep, his heartbeat was strong, and his breath steady, indicating a good recovery throughout the night.

"Fang Bai, you're up?"

"Doctor Fang, hello."

Tang Wenrou, Lu Xingping, and his wife Li Yujie stopped talking and approached Fang Bai when they saw him coming.

Fang Bai nodded to Tang Wenrou, shook hands with Lu Xingping and his wife Li Yujie, exchanged pleasantries, and casually asked, "How is young master Lu now?"

"He woke up once last night, didn't say much, and then fell back asleep. He hasn't awakened yet."

Li Yujie rushed to answer, her gaze full of gratitude as she looked at Fang Bai.

Last night, preoccupied with her younger son's injuries, Li Yujie, although noticing Fang Bai's strong resemblance to her deceased elder son, hadn't scrutinized him closely. Now, seeing Fang Bai again, she realized he and her elder son could have been twins.

Remembering her late son Lu Jianfei's life, Li Yujie's eyes began to well up, and her expression involuntarily softened with affection.

Fang Bai knew he greatly resembled Li Yujie's late son. Seeing her peculiar expression and gaze, he knew she was transferring her feelings of love and smiled at her.

When Li Yujie saw his smile, she felt he resembled her elder son even more and developed an inexplicable sense of closeness to Fang Bai, asking, "I heard from Wen Rou that you're from Zhongzhou? What does your family do?"

"Ms. Li..."

"You're Wen Rou's friend, and she calls me Aunt. You can call me that too."

Li Yujie's words instantly narrowed the distance between the two.

Without being over-formal, Fang Bai called her "Aunt Li" and said, "I have my parents and an elder sister at home."

Li Yujie said, "You once saved Wen Rou's life, and now you've saved Jianfeng; you're a benefactor to both the Tang and Lu families. Jianfeng adores making friends. Once he recovers, you should keep in touch, I'm sure you can become good friends."

Fang Bai nodded and agreed.

Tang Wenrou said, "Fang Bai, we're friends, aren't we? Why didn't you tell me your family opened a Chinese medicine clinic? Otherwise, I would have made time to attend your opening ceremony and brought you a congratulatory gift!"

Her tone carried a hint of reproach, something she didn't perceive herself, but others could hear it clearly.

Li Yujie and her husband Lu Xingping exchanged a look, their expressions somewhat strange.

Fang Bai scratched his head and said, "Our family runs a Traditional Chinese Medicine Clinic very discreetly, how did you find out about it?"

Tang Wenrou pursed her plump, delicate lips and said, "The head of the Hua Family from Rejuvenation Hall, Hua Chun, and the Su Family's heir apparent, Su Yifei, both personally went to offer their congratulations. Does that sound low-key to you? Now practically everyone in Zhongzhou City knows about your 'Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine Clinic'. I've even made a special trip there to see it."

"And what do you think of our clinic?"

"Not bad. Your dad doesn't talk much, he's an honest man. Your mom, on the other hand, is quite enthusiastic. When I told her I was your friend, she took my hand and bombarded me with questions non-stop. If I hadn't made the excuse of having work to leave, she would probably have insisted I stay for lunch."

Fang Bai laughed and said, "My mom has always been like that, a bit too enthusiastic with relatives and friends. By the way, what brings you to Yanjing?"

"I've been transferred to work at the Yanjing Police Station."

"You had a good position at the Zhongzhou Police Station, why did you transfer here?"

"Because... I've more or less dealt with the cases in Zhongzhou, and staying in one place for too long can get tiresome, so I wanted to change my work environment and adjust my mood."

"The real reason is that you don't want Shen Huanian to harass you anymore, right?"

Upon hearing Fang Bai mention Shen Huanian, Tang Wenrou's expression instantly turned cold.

Lu Xingping seemed to know about Shen Huanian, and interjected, "Wen Rou, your parents mentioned last time that you had interactions with that Shen Family kid? How has that progressed?"

Tang Wenrou looked visibly irritated, frowning, she said, "Uncle Lu, I don't want to talk about that person."

"What happened?"

Seeing Tang Wenrou's expression, Lu Xingping seemed to understand something and chuckled apologetically, "Did you two have a falling out? It's normal for young people to have quarrels occasionally..."

Tang Wenrou cast a quick glance at Fang Bai, then said with a serious face, "Uncle Lu, I have no interest in Shen Huanian whatsoever. While I was working at the Zhongzhou Police Station, he used to harass me frequently. If it weren't for the fact that our families have been friends for generations, I would've beaten him up long ago!"

"I think the Shen Family kid isn't bad!"

Lu Xingping sighed and said, "But since you don't like him, let's drop it. Wen Rou, I know you are someone who values ties and righteousness, and you can't forget Jianfei in a short time, but Jianfei has been gone for over a year now, and you should also step out of the shadow of sorrow..."

At this point, he glanced meaningfully at Fang Bai and added, "If you meet someone you like, just go for it! Your Aunt Li and I treat you like our own daughter, and we will support you unconditionally in whatever you do!"

Tang Wenrou shook her head and said, "Right now, my focus is on my work, I'm not considering other matters."

Just then, a faint call for help emerged from inside the intensive care unit; Fang Bai heard it first and immediately pushed the door open to enter.

Lu Xingping, Li Yujie, and Tang Wenrou followed behind.

After a night's sleep, Lu Jianfeng had just awakened. He looked much better than when he had awakened the day before. Seeing his parents come in, he moved his lips and even managed a slight smile.

Lu Jianfeng's current state was like a dry tree in spring, sprouting tender green shoots and bursting with new vitality.

Chapter 134: Don't Believe I Can't Deal With You!

"Son, how are you feeling?"

Li Yujie sat beside the hospital bed, grasped one of her son's hands, and asked with concern.

"When I woke up yesterday, my entire body was in pain, but now it's much better..."

Lu Jianfeng's voice still sounded very weak, causing Li Yujie's heart to ache, tears falling without stop.

It was no wonder, as when Lu Jianfeng was brought into the hospital yesterday, one of his legs had already stepped through Ghost Gate, but Fang Bai forcefully pulled him back. Now, being able to complete a sentence was already a miracle.

Fang Bai stood on the other side of the bed, asked Tang Wenrou to step aside for a moment, then lifted the blanket covering Lu Jianfeng and touched the area where his bones were broken, nodding his head with satisfaction.

"Your physical condition is quite good. Originally, it was expected that you would be able to get out of bed in half a month, but now it seems, about ten days or so should be enough. Later, around six o'clock this afternoon, I'll give you another acupuncture session, and then prescribe some herbal medicine for you to boil and drink for a few days, and you should be fine."

Lu Jianfeng stared at Fang Bai, a look of confusion on his face.

He had fallen asleep shortly after waking up yesterday, and hadn't talked much with his parents, so he didn't know that it was Fang Bai who had saved his life.

Li Yujie whispered a few words into her younger son's ear, and after hearing them, Lu Jianfeng looked at Fang Bai with a look of gratitude in his eyes, and smiled at Fang Bai, "Doctor Fang, so it was you who saved me. One can't easily repay a great kindness, but once I'm well and out of the hospital, I'll treat you to a drink, and we'll not return until we're thoroughly drunk!"

Fang Bai could tell from the way Lu Jianfeng spoke that he was a forthright person and smiled as he nodded, "Alright."

Li Yujie chided, "It would be more appropriate to have your father accompany Doctor Fang for a few drinks; you should forget about it. You may have survived, but to fully recover is still a long way off!"

"I'll listen to Doctor Fang."

Lu Jianfeng turned his head to Fang Bai and asked, "Doctor Fang, when will my body fully recover? When can I drink alcohol?"

Fang Bai answered, "Ten days to get out of bed, twenty days of rest. If you want to drink alcohol, at least after one month."

Lu Jianfeng responded, "Just one month? Alright, I can wait!"

Since Lu Jianfeng needed quiet rest, Fang Bai and the others did not stay long and left.

Lu Xingping bought breakfast, and after eating with Tang Wenrou and Fang Bai, they left under the escort of bodyguards.

He was a deputy minister of the Ministry of Health, with countless affairs to manage and a busy workload. Now that his son's condition had stabilized and his wife was staying to take care, he was reassured.

Before leaving, Lu Xingping agreed with Fang Bai to invite him for a meal and to properly express his thanks when his son, Lu Jianfeng, was discharged from the hospital.

After breakfast, Tang Wenrou also returned to the police station, and Fang Bai chatted with Li Yujie for a while. Seeing that it was time for work, he stood up and walked towards the acupuncture room.

In the past, when Fang Bai arrived at the acupuncture room, no one paid him any mind other than Wu Tian. Today, as soon as he entered the department, whether they were doctors or interns, everyone greeted him with a smile, making the first move to say hello.

Even the department head, Liu Zhenguo, who always liked to keep a stern face, and the old and serious Xu Yida, nodded and bowed to Fang Bai, their expressions carrying a bit of respect and awe.

Fang Bai was well aware that they respected him for saving the son of Lu Xingping and for revealing a level of medical skill that left them in awe.

Their awe, however, was not for him, but for Lu Xingping.

Having saved Lu Xingping's son, he would be a respected guest of the Lu Family from now on, and who would dare to offend him?

Wu Tian, who had a good relationship with him, would be ordered to clean the department at this time in the past, but today nobody was bossing him around. Instead, several interns who had treated Wu Tian poorly were competing to do it.

"Fang Bai, you're amazing! You can even save someone on the brink of death... Now the whole Yanjing Hospital is buzzing with the news that you learned your medical skills from some extraordinary person. Is that true?"

As Fang Bai entered, Wu Tian immediately approached him with shining eyes and asked.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "There is some truth to that. When I have time, I'll teach you."

"Thank you... thank you..."

Wu Tian, excited, rubbed his hands together, endlessly expressing his gratitude.

Overnight, Fang Bai's medical skills were being spoken of as legendary within Yanjing Hospital, said to be on par with the four great National Doctors of the present day. Wu Tian thought that if he could learn even a fraction of Fang Bai's skills, he would benefit for life.

Seeing this, the other interns were all green with envy, regretting that they had previously been indifferent to Fang Bai, who now seemed out of their reach.

While Fang Bai was enjoying his glory in the acupuncture and massage room, the former head of the emergency department, Ren Ping, who was demoted to the logistics division, faced the mockery and ridicule of many, leaving him disgraced. He felt both regret and resentment in his heart.

"Damnit, the old woman flipping over at eighty—a kid on the way, and I never thought I would be brought down by an intern. I can't swallow this insult! Fang Bai, oh Fang Bai, don't get cocky just yet. I refuse to believe I can't deal with you!"

Ren Ping's eyes were bloodshot, and he wore a vicious expression as he stealthily took out his phone and quickly dialed a number when nobody was around.

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The weather in the height of summer is fickle, sunny and clear in the morning, but by afternoon, a sudden downpour had unexpectedly arrived.

Most of the patients who come for acupuncture and massage are elderly, and with the wind and rain being so strong, nobody came in, leaving the acupuncture and massage room deserted.

About a dozen doctors and interns had nothing to do, with some reading books, others perusing newspapers, and a few interns tinkering with needles or practicing pressure techniques on each other, sharing experiences.

After chatting with Wu Tian about acupuncture and massage for a while, Fang Bai was preparing to visit the inpatient department to check on Lu Jianfeng's condition. Before he could reach the door, he felt a fragrant breeze and a beautiful woman in her thirties walked in.

"You... you're Doctor Fang Bai, right?"

The beautiful woman raised her eyebrows and a quick flash of mockery swept through her eyes as she asked in a coquettish voice.

Although the mocking smile flashed by quickly, Fang Bai caught it with his sharp senses.

"I am... Do you need something?"

Fang Bai asked composedly.

"I've heard there's a new young intern in the acupuncture and massage room of Yanjing Hospital who is very skilled, and I've come especially to seek you out," said the beautiful woman with a glance at Fang Bai, then she sashayed past him into the acupuncture and massage room and sat down on one of the massage tables.

"Do you have a neck pain? Or is it your back?"

"Neither, just help me with a massage. I've registered and paid already," the beautiful woman said, and then she lay down right there.

Chapter 135: You Know So Much!

The beautiful woman was attractive, had a nice figure, and dressed in light, airy clothes; the young interns at the acupuncture and massage clinic kept peering at her incessantly.

Fang Bai knew this beautiful woman had ulterior motives towards him and wanted to see what she was up to. So, he went to wash his hands, returned to the side of the massage table, and placed his hands on her waist to start pressing and massaging her.

In fact, as soon as Fang Bai's hands touched the beautiful woman's waist, he knew that there was nothing wrong with it and became even more certain that she was up to something.

During the massage, the beautiful woman would occasionally twist her waist, and kept uttering humming sounds from her nose, as if Fang Bai's massage was making her feel extremely comfortable.

"Doctor Fang, I want to ask you something..."

A moment later, the beautiful woman suddenly sat up, fixed her eyes on Fang Bai, and spoke in a low voice.

"Go ahead."

"I heard that acupuncture can enhance here? Is it true or false?"

The beautiful woman pointed to her chest.

Fang Bai paused, glanced at the beautiful woman's chest, and thought to himself that hers were already large enough, and enhancing them further would make her look like a dairy cow!

"This... is indeed true..."

After being reborn, Fang Bai had read many books on traditional Chinese medicine in this world and knew a lot about it. He explained at length as if he were an expert.

"Who could have guessed you know so much!"

The beautiful woman's face was filled with admiration. She quickly looked around, and upon seeing that no one was paying attention to this side, she sighed, "Some people say mine aren't big enough, and I've been considering whether I should get acupuncture to enhance them! Doctor Fang, do you think I can have them enhanced..."

As she was speaking, she suddenly grabbed Fang Bai's right hand and pressed it towards her chest.

The instant the beautiful woman grasped his hand and pressed it towards her chest, Fang Bai understood what this woman was up to. He couldn't help but sneer inwardly, and his hand went along with the motion, flicking her chest gently with his fingers.

Ah——

The beautiful woman let out a piercing scream, covered her chest where Fang Bai had flicked her, her pale face showing unbearable pain, as if she were about to cry out tears of agony.

Her cry seemed like a signal, and just as it sounded, the half-closed door to the acupuncture and massage room was flung open with force.

A young man in a black shirt, tall and burly, stormed in like a whirlwind, rushed to Fang Bai's side, and without a clear view of the situation, bellowed, "You little punk! How dare you take advantage of my wife, I'll beat you to death!"

Amidst his angry roar, he swung his fist and hurled a heavy punch straight at Fang Bai's face.

Though the young man was just an ordinary person with a bit of size and strength, Fang Bai, a martial artist, would certainly not let him succeed.

Scram——

With a slight growl, Fang Bai raised his right arm and shook off the hand the young man had grabbed onto him.

The young man felt a strange force pushing him, making him lose control and fall to the ground, and then, indeed, roll out into the corridor outside.

"Ah... help! Help! He hit me!"

Seeing this, the beautiful woman was stunned for a moment and then began to scream loudly within the acupuncture and massage room.

"I'll fight you!"

The young man quickly roared and ran back in, lifting his leg to kick at Fang Bai.

Fang Bai's reaction was lightning-fast. He grabbed the young man's leg and gave it a gentle push, sending him rolling out again.

This time, Fang Bai used a bit more force, and as the young man rolled, he bumped into various objects, ending up with a swollen nose and bruised face, looking quite a sorry sight.

The head of the acupuncture and massage department, Liu Zhenguo, and the senior doctor, Xu Yida, had just returned from a meeting and saw the room in chaos. They hurried forward to try to calm the situation and asked what had happened.

"He took advantage of my wife while massaging her!"

The young man appeared in the room again, but this time he had learned his lesson and didn't dare get close to Fang Bai, fearing he would be thrown out again. He pointed at Fang Bai from a distance, his face full of rage.

The beautiful woman cooperated perfectly by bursting into loud tears, her cries shaking the heavens, as if she had suffered the greatest injustice imaginable.

Their commotion attracted the attention of some medical staff and patients from nearby departments. Everyone ran over to watch the spectacle, and soon the acupuncture and massage room was packed inside and out.

"Fang Bai, is what they're saying true? Did you... take advantage of her?"

Liu Zhenguo and Xu Yida glanced at the beautiful woman and partially believed the young man's words.

The beautiful woman certainly had a beauty and figure that could provoke desire, and even the two older men were somewhat tempted. How much more so would it be for the young and vigorous Fang Bai?

"If I say she grabbed my hand and forced it towards her chest, would you believe me?"

Fang Bai countered.

Liu Zhenguo and Xu Yida looked at each other, and although they didn't speak, it was clear they didn't believe him.

And it wasn't just them; among the onlookers, there were few who believed it either.

"Actually, this is what happened: while massaging this lady, I found something abnormal on the left side of her chest... um, there seems to be a lump there, and I suspect she may have breast cancer..."

Seeing the beautiful woman glare at him, he chuckled, "Don't believe me? Why don't you feel for yourself and see if there's a lump the size of a pigeon egg there? Then give it a light press, and you'll sweat from the pain... Go ahead, try it!"

Upon hearing this, the beautiful woman couldn't resist pressing lightly on the spot.

As she pressed, she indeed found a lump on the left side of her chest, and the pain felt like being pricked by needles.

The beautiful woman yelped in pain and immediately broke into a cold sweat from fright.

"I wasn't lying, was I? It hurts, right? You better get it checked out soon! If you wait, you might have to have it removed... If you wait even longer and the cancer cells spread to other parts of your body, you're done for!"

With each word Fang Bai spoke, the beautiful woman's face grew paler. When Fang Bai finished speaking, she screamed, stood up, went to the young man, and said with a trembling voice, "Blackie, hurry and go with me to get this checked out!"

After saying that, she took the young man's hand and ran out without looking back, leaving behind the intention to trouble Fang Bai.

Once they had departed, the crowd of onlookers began to disperse, still discussing the incident as they left.

Some said that if the beautiful woman indeed was diagnosed with breast cancer, she should be thankful to Fang Bai. If it weren't for Fang Bai's warning, she might not have noticed the symptoms for a while, and delaying treatment could have led to much more severe consequences.

Chapter 136: The Lu Family of Yanjing

"Director Ren, don't leave just yet!"

Fang Bai spotted Ren Ping, the former director of the emergency department, among the dispersing crowd and called out loudly.

"I... I still have things to do..."

The incident today was orchestrated by Ren Ping. Seeing a reversal and failing to smear Fang Bai, he was greatly disappointed. Feeling guilty, he was ready to leg it.

"Heh, it wouldn't hurt to clear things up before leaving!"

Fang Bai stepped forward, grabbed Ren Ping's arm, and forcibly dragged him into the acupuncture and tuina room.

Fang Bai had plenty of ways to make Ren Ping confess to setting him up.

He touched Ren Ping's bald head and secretly used the "Soul Searching Technique." Under Fang Bai's verbal guidance, Ren Ping, in a dazed state, spilled the beans about the whole affair.

While "interrogating" Ren Ping, Fang Bai signaled Wu Tian to record the session with his cellphone, keeping it as evidence.

After Ren Ping finished talking, there was an uproar in the acupuncture and tuina room. Whether doctors or interns, everyone was filled with righteous indignation and condemned Ren Ping's despicable and shameless actions.

Department head Liu Zhenguo and elder doctor Xu Yida immediately took the video Wu Tian recorded to Dean Zhang's office and jointly reported Ren Ping.

On the same day, Ren Ping was announced to be dismissed from Yanjing Hospital and left in utter disarray.

The incident didn't cause much commotion in Yanjing Hospital and soon subsided.

The halo around Fang Bai remained as dazzling as ever. Not only did the doctors and interns of the acupuncture and tuina department look up to him with admiration, but doctors from other departments also came to seek his advice whenever they could.

To those seeking advice, Fang Bai invariably refused with the excuse "I am very busy," and wasn't afraid to offend anyone.

Besides, Fang Bai had no relatives or friends among those doctors. Why should he teach them?

When he first arrived, hardly anyone in the hospital paid him any attention. Now that they knew about his miraculous skills in saving Lu Xingping's young son and becoming a guest of honor to Lu Xingping, they all flocked to him. What was that about?

It was a classic case of opportunism!

In both his previous and current life, Fang Bai had always despised such people and kept his distance from them.

In fact, Fang Bai was indeed very busy.

He had always had a full schedule, and now, with the treatment of Lu Jianfeng added, he was even more pressed for time.

He had even turned down Su Linglong's invitation to dine several times.

During that time, he had also called his landlord Qiu Zhan to inform him he would be staying at the hospital and couldn't return home, and casually asked about Qiu Zhan's wife's health condition.

Qiu Zhan did not say that his wife's condition was good or bad, only that it was more or less the same. Fang Bai knew that Qiu Yuzhi wasn't in immediate danger.

Although he had no chance to exercise in the morning recently, Fang Bai discovered that when he used True Yuan to perform acupuncture on Lu Jianfeng, even though he would be drained of True Yuan and almost faint from exhaustion every time, after a night of recuperation, the True Yuan in his Qi Sea would increase a bit. The effect was almost as good as morning exercise.

Over the next ten days, Fang Bai administered acupuncture to Lu Jianfeng twice and brewed the herbs he personally prescribed for eight days. On the tenth day, Lu Jianfeng was indeed able to get out of bed and walk.

According to Fang Bai, Lu Jianfeng was now ready to be discharged and return home, where he could focus on recuperating for a while, and his injury would heal back to its original state.

On the day of discharge, the excited expressions on the faces of the husband and wife, Lu Xingping and Li Yujie, overflowed with words. Li Yujie held one of Fang Bai's hands and kept expressing her gratitude.

In these ten days, Fang Bai got along quite well with Li Yujie, who had grown very fond of him. She even hinted at adopting Fang Bai as a godson because he greatly resembled her deceased elder son.

Unfortunately, Fang Bai's attitude towards this was unclear, neither agreeing nor disagreeing, which made Li Yujie feel somewhat regretful.

On the day Lu Jianfeng was discharged, Tang Wenrou also arrived.

Lu Xingping and his wife invited Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou to visit their home, stating that Old Master Lu wanted to meet Fang Bai.

Old Master Lu, Lu Shengguo, once held an important military position, and had numerous students and old friends. Even though he was now retired, he still possessed considerable influence in Huaxia. His initiative to meet Fang Bai was mostly due to Fang Bai saving his grandson, Lu Jianfeng.

When heading to the Lu's residence, Lu Xingping and his wife took one car, while Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou took another. Together with the lead and follow bodyguard sedans, there was a total of four cars, all of which were armored vehicles.

The four sedans from the Lu family left Yanjing Hospital and after more than twenty minutes of driving, they entered a mountainous area in the West Suburb of Yanjing.

The terrain of this mountainous area was gentle, with lush vegetation and flowing water, a tranquil environment that was the ideal place for cultivating one's body and mind.

The sedan slowly climbed up along a mountain road, passing by at least three checkpoints with armed guards every few steps.

The guards at the checkpoints were all fully armed, unyielding soldiers who required even Lu Xingping to hand over his pass for inspection before being allowed to proceed.

Upon reaching the mountaintop, a secluded high-walled compound came into view.

The guards at the compound checked the identities of Lu Xingping and others, conducted a thorough security check on the four cars, and then waved them through.

"Do you feel that the defense here is excessively strict?" Tang Wenrou suddenly asked Fang Bai after the car entered the high-walled compound.

Fang Bai responded with a noncommittal smile.

From the base to the summit of the mountain, there were numerous checkpoints, each guarded by soldiers with live ammunition. Additionally, there were visible and hidden surveillance systems assisting with the guard duties.

To the ordinary person, such defensive measures appeared impregnable, so much so that even a fly would find it difficult to infiltrate.

However to Fang Bai, even under such tight defense, he could still find some weaknesses to exploit to reach the top of the mountain, though it would take some time.

Seeing that Fang Bai remained silent, Tang Wenrou explained, "Although Old Master Lu has retired, his influence in the military hasn't diminished much. His actions still have a significant impact on Huaxia. Considering Old Master Lu's personal safety, it's appropriate for the defenses to be stringent."

She paused before adding, "It's said that not long ago, Dongfang Leiming, who had retired from the Department of Commerce and Trade, was attacked by a group of gunmen and nearly faced a serious incident. The Prime Minister was infuriated upon finding out and ordered an immediate enhancement of security measures for high-ranking officials."

At the mention of "Dongfang Leiming", Fang Bai's heart stirred.

No wonder he had sensed an authoritative air about Dongfang Leiming when he saved him last time. It turned out that he was a retired high-ranking official.

Martial artists have their own imposing aura, just like influential leaders do, and both can exert pressure on others.

The imposing aura of a high-status individual is intimidating to the ordinary person but not to a martial artist.

And the aura of a martial artist cannot necessarily suppress those who have held important positions for a long time.

Of course, when a martial artist's strength reaches a certain realm, even the highest-ranking individuals can feel oppressed.

After all, no matter how high their status, they are still human beings.

But when a martial artist's strength reaches a certain realm, they can transform into immortals or gods, grasping the creation of heaven and earth, turning decay into magic, changing the wind and clouds with their breath, and destroying the heavens and earth with a snap of their fingers.

Fang Bai, as the Immortal Emperor in his previous life, possessed Supreme Divine Power and was unrivaled in all nine domains of the Immortal Realm.

Now, Fang Bai was still a long way from his peak in his previous life, and this was the goal he was striving for.

Chapter 137: Old Master Lu

Four sedans filed into the high-walled compound of the Lu Family, only to see a straight road leading into the secluded depths ahead, flanked by towering pines and cypresses and shaded by green willows.

Within the high-walled compound was a tranquil and serene scene, but Fang Bai could sense that hidden among the pine and cypress, willows, and the foliage of various plants were countless elite bodyguards.

It goes without saying that those concealed bodyguards were there to protect the safety of Old Master Lu, this important figure.

What amazed Fang Bai was that among the hidden bodyguards were several bursts of True Yuan fluctuations peculiar to martial artists, and the strongest one even had the strength of the Profound Level mid-rank.

Had it not been for Fang Bai's "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" reaching the second layer of the "Accumulating Essence Realm" high rank, equivalent to a Profound Level high-rank martial artist in this world, he might not have immediately sensed the presence of that strongest bodyguard.

With strict checkpoints outside the high-walled compound and countless bodyguards and martial artists inside, layers upon layers created a tightly knit defensive net.

Such a level of defense, even an Earth Level martial artist stronger than a Profound Level one, might not be able to harm Old Master Lu.

"You don't need to be nervous, although Grandpa Lu has spent his life in the military, he's not at all stern or rigid. You'll know once you meet him; he's actually a very kind old man," Tang Wenrou reassured softly, not realizing that Fang Bai was sensing the various auras wafting from both sides of the road and mistaking his silence for nervousness.

"Me, nervous? Haha..."

Fang Bai burst out laughing, thinking that he had never been afraid of even the haughty Immortal Emperors in the Immortal Realm, let alone the common folk of this world.

Tang Wenrou, seeing his unrestrained demeanor, became somewhat worried.

Old Master Lu was a man of great virtue and prestige, and although he wouldn't stoop to the level of the younger generation, if Fang Bai were too ostentatious in his presence, it might displease Old Master Lu.

Although Old Master Lu was very tolerant and kind to the younger generation, having been a soldier all his life, he also had quite a temper, which, if aroused, could shake heaven and earth.

"Fang Bai, when you meet Old Master Lu... you can't laugh so unrestrainedly. Old Master Lu prefers young people who are more reserved and introspective..." Tang Wenrou couldn't help but remind him.

As she spoke, she carefully observed Fang Bai's expression, fearful that her words would wound his pride.

Fang Bai turned to look at Tang Wenrou and said, "Officer Tang, you don't quite understand me yet. I'm very clear about gratitude and grievances. If someone treats me well, I'm a hundred times nicer in return; if someone is rude to me, I don't hesitate to turn against them... Heh, I never look for trouble, but I'm not afraid of it either."

"You and he are quite alike..."

Tang Wenrou, looking at Fang Bai, was once again captivated and spoke softly.

"Are you referring to Lu Jianfei?"

Fang Bai saw Tang Wenrou distracted, her lips curling into a sweet, happy smile he had never seen before and, after a brief contemplation, understood what she was thinking.

"Mmhmm."

Tang Wenrou didn't deny it, nodding as she said, "Yes. You and Lu Jianfei have similar looks and temperaments. If he were still here, you two would definitely become very good friends."

Fang Bai sighed, "A man who can captivate you like this must be truly outstanding, it's a pity that I never had the fortune to meet him!"

As Tang Wenrou mentioned Lu Jianfei, a trace of sorrow and remembrance appeared on her face, and the mood in the car grew heavy, diminishing her desire to chat.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before the car stopped in front of a building with ancient charm.

A bodyguard opened the car door for Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou, and after the two of them alighted, they saw Lu Xingping and his wife, Li Yujie, had also exited their car and were waiting for them in front of a massive vermilion doorway.

Passing through the vermilion entrance, under the guidance of an old guard by Old Master Lu Shengguo's side, the four proceeded through the courtyard and arrived at a large reception hall.

The hall was decorated in a traditional style; tables, chairs, and other pieces of furniture, all made from quality timber and visibly seasoned with age, were worth a fortune by themselves.

"Please sit... Doctor Fang, Wen Rou, feel free to make yourselves at home and sit down... Don't be formal, just treat this as your own house..."

Upon arriving in the hall and seeing his father had not yet made an appearance, Lu Xingping busied himself with inviting Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou to sit and chat.

Li Yujie personally brewed a cup of tea for Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou and set it before them.

Tang Wenrou seemed somewhat restrained, but Fang Bai was at ease, his demeanor was calm and unhurried, as if accustomed to grand occasions.

"Minister Lu, the commander just practiced a set of boxing in the small garden behind and said he would come out after washing his face. He asked you to entertain the guests first and not to neglect them," said the old guard next to Lu Shengguo with a chuckle to Lu Xingping.

"The Old Master has fought battles all his life and suffered many injuries. He didn't feel it much when he was young, but as an elder, his whole body is in discomfort, especially these last two years, his health has been poor. Recently, he's taken up a set of boxing techniques which they say can strengthen the body and extend one's lifespan if practiced daily, so he's become quite taken with it..."

Lu Xingping sighed and said with a wry smile to Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou, his tone hinting some helplessness.

Clearly, he did not support his father practicing that boxing technique.

Li Yujie also sighed and said, "If you ask me, it would be much better for the Old Master to practice Tai Chi. The boxing he's learning now, I find to be too rigorous. What if he injures his back or something?"

"By the way, Wen Rou, haven't you also learned ancient martial arts?"

Lu Xingping suddenly glanced at Tang Wenrou and asked, "Have you learned any gentler boxing techniques suitable for the elderly? If you have, perhaps you could teach your Grandfather Lu... Honestly, I'm also worried the boxing the Old Master is practicing now might hurt him."

Tang Wenrou thought for a moment then shook her head, "My master is a woman, and what she taught me is more suited for women."

"I see... never mind then..."

Upon hearing her response, Lu Xingping couldn't help but feel disappointed.

Noticing Fang Bai leisurely enjoying his tea, with his eyes downcast and a contented air, Tang Wenrou pursed her lips and said, "Uncle Lu, Fang Bai also studies ancient martial arts, and he is even more formidable than I am. You could ask him."

Both Lu Xingping and Li Yujie then turned their gaze towards Fang Bai.

Fang Bai, realizing he could no longer leisurely enjoy his tea, set down his cup and asked, "What boxing technique is the Old Master practicing now?"

"Wudang Pure Yang Fist," replied the old guard by Old Master Lu's side.

"Ah, such a boxing style is more yang-focused and indeed is not suitable for those of advanced age," Fang Bai acknowledged.

Having returned to life in a new body, Fang Bai had once collected information about the Buddhist, Taoist, Confucian, and various other martial arts schools of this world and had conducted thorough research.

Fang Bai's original intention was to capitalize on their strengths and remedy his weaknesses for his use, but he had found that the martial arts of this world had no 'strengths' worthy of adoption and many 'shortcomings'; disillusioned, he had just tossed the data aside.

Chapter 138: All-Thing Follow Heart Fist

Fang Bai had an astonishing memory; anything he saw, he would never forget. After having studied those martial arts, he immediately understood them thoroughly. Thus, when it came to understanding the martial arts of this world, ancient and modern, he could rightfully claim to be second to none.

Of course, he had only studied the surface of the various major factions' martial arts. The secret techniques of the Semi-Hidden Sect and Hidden Sect, which were not passed on to outsiders, were beyond his sight.

However, Fang Bai felt that by understanding a part, one could infer the whole. The martial arts he had studied seemed rudimentary to him. Even if the martial arts of the Semi-Hidden Sect and Hidden Sect were ten or a hundred times more formidable than those he had studied, he still would not take them seriously.

In his mind, the cultivation techniques from his past life were as numerous as the stars in the sky; casually picking any of them could instantly overpower the top-level martial arts of this world.

"I do have a set of fist techniques that are very suitable for the elderly—I just don't know if Old Master Lu is interested..."

Fang Bai saw that Lu Xingping, Li Yujie, and Tang Wenrou were all looking at him, and he said with a smile.

Fang Bai decided that if Old Master Lu was willing to learn boxing from him, he would teach him the "All-Thing Follow Heart Fist" that he had taught his parents, considering it another good deed done.

If Old Master Lu was not willing to learn, then all the better; Fang Bai would be spared the effort.

"Haha, as long as it can strengthen the body and prolong my life, I am interested in anything!"

With a burst of laughter, an elder dressed in white, loose training clothes came out from behind the screen in the hall.

The elder was over seventy years old, of average height, with a somewhat lean build. His skin was a tanned bronze color, slightly coarse, and he had a long scar on his forehead, which made him look somewhat fierce.

Most people in their seventies would have murky and lifeless eyes, but this elder's eyes were bright and keen, filled with a sharp edge that seemed to penetrate human hearts and see through everything.

As soon as the elder appeared, he looked straight at Fang Bai, and then let out an exclamation of surprise, murmuring, "So similar! Truly striking!"

Fang Bai knew that this elder must have found him to resemble his grandson, Lu Jianfei, hence the remark.

"Dad!"

"Grandpa Lu!"

Lu Xingping, Li Yujie, and Tang Wenrou all stood up at once and called out respectfully.

It seemed that Lu Shengguo held significant authority over the Lu Family, as even a figure like Lu Xingping felt somewhat reserved in his presence.

Tang Wenrou's face squeezed out a smile, but somehow, it did not seem quite natural.

Fang Bai also stood up, but he remained calm and composed. Only when Lu Shengguo's gaze fell on him did he reveal a smile brighter than the sunshine.

Lu Shengguo waved his hand to indicate everyone to sit down, then picked up a glass of water from the tea table in front of him and took a sip before speaking.

"You must be Doctor Fang, right? I've been hearing your name a lot these past few days! Xingping told me that if you hadn't stepped in to save him, Jianfeng, that boy, would be gone... Jianfeng is a child I watched grow up, and you saving his life makes me very happy. At the same time, I also want to express my gratitude on behalf of the entire Lu Family to you," he said.

Fang Bai smiled slightly and said with neither humility nor arrogance, "Old Master is too polite. I am a doctor; saving lives and healing the injured is my duty."

Lu Shengguo replied, "Gratitude must be expressed. The Lu Family values emotions, upholds honor and righteousness, reciprocates revenge for enmity, and repays kindness without delay. Since you are a doctor, I will have Xingping pay you a medical fee..."

Seeing Fang Bai about to say something, Lu Shengguo said, "You must take this money, we'll feel at ease only if you do. And don't feel that money is vulgar. Even those esteemed National Doctors take money for treating patients, and they charge a lot! Sometimes us old guys sit together and chat, and we call them greedy... haha..."

He laughed a few times and then turned to Tang Wenrou, "Girl, I met with your father yesterday and we talked about you. I hear you don't quite see eye to eye with that young man from the Shen Family? What's wrong, don't like him?"

In front of Lu Xingping, Tang Wenrou dared to rebut the mention of Shen Huanian, but in front of Old Master Lu, she didn't dare to. Biting her lip, she said, "It's not that I don't like him, it's that I loathe him!"

"Tell me, what did that Shen Family kid do to make you loathe him so much?"

Old Master Lu asked with a smile.

Tang Wenrou replied, "There's nothing to say, loathing is loathing, just hearing his name makes me feel irritable."

Li Yujie said with a smile, "Dad, these things between men and women are just like that. Some people fall in love at first sight, and some can't stand each other for a lifetime, there really isn't much to say."

Lu Shengguo combed his sparse hair with his fingers, waving his hand, "Forget it, I won't worry about you young people's love affairs... I hear you transferred to the Yanjing Police Station to work? Why is that?"

"It's nothing, I just wanted to change the work environment."

"Hmm, it's good to come to Yanjing. Your grandfather is here, and all of us old guys are as well, we can all take care of you... Doctor Fang, you just mentioned you have a set of fist techniques that are very suitable for the elderly to practice? What are they?"

Lu Shengguo's train of thought jumped quickly, he was talking with Tang Wenrou one second, and then suddenly shifted the topic to Fang Bai.

"All-Thing Follow Heart Fist."

Behind the Lu Family's reception hall, there is a small courtyard.

In the courtyard, there's nothing but a locust tree. Under the tree, there are stone tables and stools.

In the past, this courtyard was a place where Old Master Lu enjoyed tea, drank wine, read books, and newspapers,

Now, it has become Old Master Lu's place to practice his martial arts, euphemistically called the "Training Ground."

Ever since he learned the Wudang Pure Yang Fist from a martial artist and heard that this technique could strengthen the body, improve health, and extend life, Old Master Lu became obsessed with it.

Every morning and afternoon, he would definitely take some time to perform this set of fists, even if visitors came, they would have to wait until he finished practicing before he would meet with them.

Old Master Lu was initially planning to sit in the reception hall and chat with the two younger ones, Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou. However, hearing that Fang Bai had a fist technique suitable for the elderly, his interest greatly increased, and he eagerly pulled Fang Bai to his "Training Ground," requesting Fang Bai to demonstrate the technique for him to see.

Fang Bai, seeing the old master's enthusiasm, had no choice but to step into the center of the courtyard, set his stance, and perform the "All-Thing Follow Heart Fist" from beginning to end.

"Is this your 'All-Thing Follow Heart Fist'?"

After Fang Bai slowly completed the set of fist technique, Old Master Lu's interest diminished greatly, looking disappointed, he said, "This technique is just like what the old men and women do in the park with their Tai Chi, not only is it terribly slow, but it's also listless without any vigor... Doctor Fang, what's the use of your technique?"

Fang Bai saw Old Master Lu actually belittled his "All-Thing Follow Heart Fist" and couldn't help but feel both annoyed and amused.

The "All-Thing Follow Heart Fist" was one of the most common fist techniques in the Cultivation World in Fang Bai's previous life. Though it had no practical combat application, it was very effective in strengthening the body, improving health, and extending life. Moreover, it was incredibly simple to learn, so nearly everyone among the common populace of the Cultivation World practiced it.

Chapter 139: I Can't See Through You

"Diligently practice this set of my fist technique, and you can live to a hundred years, dying without illness."

Fang Bai didn't go out of his way to promote the benefits of the "All-Thing Follow Heart Fist." After all, if Lu Shengguo was willing to practice, he would teach him, and if he wasn't, it would save him the trouble.

"Live past a hundred without illness? Is it really that miraculous?"

Lu Shengguo's eyes widened in amazement. These days, he had been practicing the Wudang Pure Yang Fist, aiming merely to "strengthen the body and prolong life," but had not dared to dream of "living past a hundred, dying without illness."

In old age, what one fears most is being plagued by diseases, and of course, what one hopes for the most is "to live past a hundred, dying naturally." However, for the vast majority of elderly people, this hope is simply unattainable.

"If the old master doesn't believe it, there's nothing I can do."

Seeing Lu Shengguo still had his doubts, Fang Bai shrugged his shoulders, really wanting to say "suit yourself if you don't want to practice," but out of respect for the principle of "reverence for the old and love for the young," he held back from speaking his mind.

Although Tang Wenrou was not a fully-fledged martial artist, she was almost approaching the realm of one. While Lu Shengguo and others thought Fang Bai's "All-Thing Follow Heart Fist" was slow and lazy, she saw something extraordinary in it.

"Fang Bai, I want to learn this set of fist techniques."

Tang Wenrou approached Fang Bai and said.

Fang Bai laughed, "This is a set of fist techniques for the elderly. Why would you want to learn it?"

"Once I've learned it, I'll teach it to my grandparents and parents."

Tang Wenrou said with a serious expression.

Her statement was a clear display of her stance—while Old Master Lu didn't trust Fang Bai, she did. If he wasn't going to learn the fist technique from Fang Bai, she would learn it and teach her own grandparents and parents.

Lu Shengguo looked at Tang Wenrou, then at Fang Bai, and suddenly burst into loud laughter, pointing to Tang Wenrou, "Girl, you're indirectly expressing your dissatisfaction with me! You really do stand up for Doctor Fang!"

Tang Wenrou's cheeks warmed slightly, and she lowered her head without making a sound.

Lu Shengguo slapped his thigh and said to Fang Bai, "Doctor Fang, you practice ancient martial arts, and it just so happens that the captain of my guard, Yang Hu, is also a martial artist. Why don't you two have a little exchange... If you can beat Yang Hu, I'll practice your fist technique from now on."

Without waiting for Fang Bai to speak, he gestured to an old guard beside him to summon Yang Hu.

Fang Bai had intended just to visit the Lu Family for a meal, chat with Old Master Lu for a bit, and then leave with a consultation fee. He hadn't planned on exchanging martial arts with anyone.

But now that Old Master Lu had not only suggested an exchange but also left him no room to refuse, he could only offer a bitter smile and had no choice in the matter.

If it were anyone else, he could have simply said, "Sorry, I am not interested in having an exchange with your man," and then left. But that wouldn't work with Old Master Lu; while it might be a relief for him, it wouldn't look good for Lu Xingping, Li Yujie, or Tang Wenrou.

Yang Hu, in full military attire, quickly appeared in the courtyard. After giving a standard military salute to Lu Shengguo and the others, he stood as straight as a javelin, awaiting Lu Shengguo's orders.

Yang Hu, in his thirties, was close to one meter ninety in height, and had a physique as robust as an ox. His skin was a bronze color, and his eyes, bright and piercing, commanded attention and deterred prolonged gaze.

Standing there, he resembled an iron tower, exuding an awe-inspiring presence like that of a high mountain.

At a glance, Fang Bai recognized that Yang Hu was a Profound Level beginner martial artist.

No wonder Tang Wenrou said that there were hidden dragons and crouching tigers within the Huaxia military, brimming with martial artists. It seemed to be true, as just a mere guard captain by Lu Shengguo's side possessed the strength of a Profound Level martial artist. Therefore, looking at the entire military, there must be even mightier experts.

After Yang Hu arrived, his gaze stayed fixed on Tang Wenrou.

Before he came, he had been informed that the commander wanted him to have an exchange with a martial artist, and in his view, among the few people in the courtyard, only Tang Wenrou qualified as a quasi-martial artist. Therefore, he assumed Tang Wenrou was his opponent.

Wen Rou felt like she had caught the attention of a fierce tiger when Yang Hu's gaze landed on her. An immense pressure weighed down on her, and she subconsciously shuffled closer to Fang Bai.

To her surprise, the closer she got to Fang Bai, the lighter the pressure became, until she was almost shoulder to shoulder with him, and only then did she feel a significant relief.

Fang Bai turned his head and gave Wen Rou a glance, his lips curling into an enigmatic smile.

"This person is very formidable,"

Wen Rou whispered to Fang Bai, her eyes conveying a hint of concern.

"Are you worried I can't beat him?"

Fang Bai asked with a smile.

"I don't know. But he gives off a very threatening presence, like facing a tiger descending from the mountains. And you..."

Wen Rou glanced at Fang Bai, paused to think, and then said, "I can't see through you."

Fang Bai replied, "That's called being unfathomably profound. The more skilled the master, the more inscrutable they are."

Upon hearing their conversation, Yang Hu realized that his sparring partner was not Wen Rou, but the young man with the clear and handsome features standing by her side.

His gaze shifted from Wen Rou to Fang Bai, battle intent surging within him, and a potent aura pressed towards Fang Bai.

In the past, whenever Yang Hu faced an opponent, all it took was the release of his presence to make them lose courage before the fight even began.

However, at that moment, he saw no sign of fear on Fang Bai's face, only a serene and unruffled expression. Fang Bai seemed to embody the realm of "Let the strong be strong; the gentle breeze sweeps the hill, let them be violent; the bright moon illuminates the great river."

Yang Hu was inwardly shocked, recognizing he had encountered a true expert, and he immediately shed any underestimation of the other.

"This is Yang Hu, the new leader of my security squad. He was the one who taught me the Wudang Pure Yang Fist,"

Lu Shengguo said, introducing Yang Hu.

"This is Doctor Fang Bai. Jianfeng was in a car accident some days ago, and it was Fang Bai who intervened to save his life. You two should get acquainted."

Lu Shengguo then introduced Fang Bai.

"Much respect!"

Following the customs of the Ancient Martial World, Yang Hu gave Fang Bai a respectful fist salute.

Fang Bai, imitating the gesture, returned the salute with his own fist.

"Yang Hu, Doctor Fang is also a Martial Artist. He said that the Wudang Pure Yang Fist you taught me leans too heavily on masculinity and isn't suitable for older people to practice. What are your thoughts on that?"

Yang Hu glanced at Fang Bai, his face showing clear disagreement. Puffing out his chest, he said loudly, "Commander, Wudang martial arts have always emphasized the balance of internal and external cultivation, the harmony of yin and yang. Although the Pure Yang Fist tends towards masculinity, if one practices at a slower pace, it is still very suitable for the elderly."

Lu Shengguo nodded and said, "Well, I've been practicing this fist technique for a while, and I feel it's quite good."

Yang Hu proudly glanced at Fang Bai, displaying a sense of boastfulness.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Starting out, this technique does indeed feel good. However, the human body requires a balance of yin and yang. If practiced for too long, this technique can cause an excess of yang energy, overpowering the yin energy. Once the balance of yin and yang is lost, problems will start to emerge."

He paused, then addressed Old Master Lu, "After practicing this technique, haven't you felt extremely energetic every day, sometimes finding it hard to fall asleep?"

Chapter 140: Sparring in the Courtyard

Lu Shengguo was stunned for a moment, then after thinking it over, he nodded and said, "Yes. I now feel like my body is filled with strength, as if I've returned to my prime... Is there something wrong with that?"

Fang Bai said, "The physical functions of the elderly decline significantly. Practicing such a fist technique is equivalent to overdrawing one's life. Although it may make one feel extremely excited in the short term, over time, there will be adverse consequences. Insomnia is just a minor problem..."

Yang Hu's face looked ugly, and his eyebrows twitched a few times as he wanted to retort Fang Bai but couldn't find a reason to do so.

In fact, upon hearing Fang Bai's words, Yang Hu also felt there was some truth to them.

While Yang Hu himself practiced Wudang Pure Yang Fist, he would also practice Tai Chi Fist and other more yielding and gentle skills. Therefore, the phenomenon of heightened spirits that Lu Shengguo experienced during his practice had never occurred to him; at most, it just made him feel energized.

After carefully pondering Fang Bai's words, Yang Hu increasingly felt that he had led Old Master Lu astray.

With that thought, Yang Hu couldn't help but feel a flush of heat on his face, filled with embarrassment and shame.

Having observed the look on Yang Hu's face, Lu Shengguo seemed to understand something. He was not angry but waved his hand and said, "Let's not talk about this. Doctor Fang, Yang Hu, why don't the two of you spar a little in martial arts and give us something to watch?"

Although Yang Hu was not the topmost in strength among Lu Shengguo's security forces, he was first-rate. Lu Shengguo would only feel at ease learning fist techniques from Fang Bai if Fang Bai could defeat him.

If Fang Bai's strength was not much to speak of, then his fist techniques would not be much either, and Lu Shengguo would have no interest in learning them.

"Doctor Fang, please teach me."

Yang Hu voluntarily walked to the center of the courtyard, gave Fang Bai a gentle fist salute, and adopted an inviting gesture.

Fang Bai sighed, appearing reluctant as he walked over to face Yang Hu, and drawled, "Come on then."

He did not take any defensive stance, just stood there with a careless demeanor, waiting for Yang Hu to launch an attack.

Yang Hu's gaze was fixed intently on Fang Bai, his fists clenched tight. Knowing that Fang Bai was a formidable opponent, he didn't rush to attack. Instead, he started moving in a certain footwork pattern, circling around Fang Bai.

The speed of his movements grew faster and faster, until his figure began to blur. Lu Shengguo, feeling a bit impatient and somewhat dizzy, shouted, "Yang Hu, what's with all this circling? Just attack already!"

After circling Fang Bai over a dozen times and seeing that Fang Bai seemed full of openings yet simultaneously without any at all, Yang Hu hesitated. Hearing Old Master Lu's shout, knowing that the old master was growing impatient, he felt a sudden jolt in his heart.

Ah—

Yang Hu let out a roar, slid his foot forward, and his right fist shot forth directly at Fang Bai's chest.

There was no fancy technique to his punch; it was straight and simple, but the force behind it was remarkable.

A few fallen leaves on the ground of the small courtyard were swept up by the force of his punch, flying towards Fang Bai along with his own charging figure.

A slight tear of the air could be heard as those tiny leaves passed through the air, as if they were sharp and formidable throwing weapons.

One of the leaves grazed by Fang Bai's side, and with a faint "pfft" sound, it embedded deeply into the locust tree behind Fang Bai, engulfing the entire leaf.

If it had been an ordinary person, just this leaf alone could have killed them.

Unfortunately, Lu Shengguo, Lu Xingping, and Li Yujie were all mere mortals and only saw the leaves chaotically flying around due to the force of Yang Hu's punch, blissfully unaware of the peril within.

Even Tang Wenrou, a Quasi-Martial Artist, hadn't noticed the leaves nailed into the tree trunk; she only knew that their flight was not as simple as it seemed.

The distance between Yang Hu and Fang Bai was less than two zhang, a negligible distance for a Martial Artist. With a mere flicker, Yang Hu was already standing in front of Fang Bai.

Those few leaves, of course, couldn't harm Fang Bai and all flew past him, on either side of his body.

Compared to the leaves, Yang Hu's fist undoubtedly posed a greater power and threat.

Yang Hu's punch was straightforward and swift, swift as thunder, faster than lightning, and it contained the True Essence Force of a Profound Level Martial Artist.

Others might only see the speed, ferocity, and precision of this punch; however, only a Martial Artist enveloped by the force of this punch could understand its peril and terror, as if watching a thousand-pound bell pestle hurtling straight towards them.

As a Profound Level Martial Artist, Yang Hu's attacks reached the realm where he could unleash and withdraw them at will. Considering that Fang Bai was a guest of Old Master Lu, Yang Hu decided that should Fang Bai fail to dodge or defend against his attack, he would immediately withdraw and hold back his punch.

When the fist was just a foot away from Fang Bai's chest, Fang Bai's body subtly shifted to the side, narrowly evading Yang Hu's straight punch at the critical moment.

Yang Hu's fully charged punch grazed past Fang Bai's chest, striking the air, causing him to be taken aback. Seeing Fang Bai evade with such ease, he knew he had underestimated his opponent.

Though surprised, he did not panic. He pushed against the ground with the ball of his foot, propelling his body backward a zhang. Then he crossed his arms in front of his chest, taking a defensive stance to prevent Fang Bai from seizing the opportunity to attack.

"You're worried about hurting me and making Old Master Lu lose face, so you're holding back, aren't you? Come on, attack me full force. If your fists or kicks can touch my body, I'll admit defeat! Even if I get hurt, I won't let Old Master Lu blame you!"

Fang Bai said with a smile, watching Yang Hu's serious and solemn expression.

Yang Hu glanced at Lu Shengguo, seemingly seeking his approval.

Lu Shengguo's eyes also held some discernment. Seeing that Yang Hu would not have an easy time defeating Fang Bai, he frowned and said, "Doctor Fang, fists and kicks are blind; aren't you afraid of getting hurt?"

Fang Bai replied with a proud smile, "Old Master, you should be worried not about me but about your security captain here!"

Lu Shengguo laughed heartily, "You're all Martial Artists; minor injuries will heal quickly. Just don't fight to the death or inflict serious damage. Yang Hu, go ahead and fight freely!"

Upon receiving the command, Yang Hu let out a thunderous roar, his momentum surging.

"He really has been hiding his strength!"

Tang Wenrou felt the increasing pressure from Yang Hu and had to take two steps back.

Being a Quasi-Martial Artist, her endurance was somewhat stronger. When she looked at Lu Shengguo, Lu Xingping, and Li Yujie, she noticed they had moved even further back, almost standing inside the room to the south.

Yang Hu, like a raging tiger, let out his aura in full force, stepping towards Fang Bai, his imposing Martial Artist Aura pressing down on Fang Bai with each advancing step, overwhelming in its intensity.

As a disciple of the Taoist Sect, Taoist Martial Arts usually emphasize turning minimal effort into immense power, valuing softness over strength, but Yang Hu excelled in the yang and vigorous aspect of Taoist Martial Arts, such as the Wudang Pure Yang Fist and the Light Divine Fist, and so on.

With each step he took, the ground in the courtyard trembled slightly, and where his feet landed, a visible network of cracks appeared on the paved bluestone floor.

Old Master Lu sighed, realizing that after this battle, the floor of his courtyard would likely need significant repairs.