

Doctor 291

Chapter 291: Uncle, Are You a Fairy?

The delicate-looking woman stuck out her tongue upon hearing the words, then nodded repeatedly and said in a low voice,

"Ye Wumei, my name is Wang Miaomiao, and I'm a loyal fan of yours. I love every single one of your songs so much! After we finish rescuing the injured, could you give me your autograph?"

"Of course."

Ye Wumei smiled faintly, feeling quite fond of Wang Miaomiao, who had taken the initiative to treat the injured.

Fang Bai saw that there were still many injured passengers trapped inside the large bus, and several traffic policemen were trying to rescue them. Without time to catch his breath, he walked over to the bus with Ye Wumei and Wang Miaomiao, ready to help with the rescue.

"No good, the body of the bus is too thick, and it's seriously deformed. We can't rescue the people unless we use cutting tools to slice the bus open,"

sighed one of the traffic policemen helplessly as he stood by the severely deformed side of the bus, looking at the three passengers who were unable to move, trapped between the bus structure and their seats, next to a couple of his colleagues.

The other traffic policemen also looked extremely anxious, continuously scanning the distant road.

They had arrived at the scene as soon as the traffic accident occurred and had also called nearby hospitals, fire departments, and other services. However, since the area was in the mountains, some distance from the nearest city, the rescue forces from other departments had not yet arrived.

The three people squeezed between the bus structure and the seats looked to be a family: a couple in their thirties sitting on either side of their seat, with their seven- or eight-year-old daughter in the middle.

The girl and her mother appeared not to be seriously injured, but the father had a broken steel pipe piercing through his chest near his armpit on the right side, and his life was in grave danger.

The girl kept crying out for her daddy, and her mother, with tears streaming down her face, was incessantly pleading with the policemen outside the bus to save her husband.

Perhaps it was the policeman's words that the mother heard, she looked at her dying husband, and a look of despair filled her eyes as she suddenly burst into heart-wrenching sobs.

She knew her husband was hanging by a thread, and by the time the ambulance arrived, her husband might have already left her and their daughter forever.

Just then, a fair and handsome face appeared in the line of sight of the mother and daughter; the face seemed to carry a power that stabilized the heart, and the crying of the girl and her mother immediately stopped.

"Don't be afraid, little one, Uncle is here to save you now!"

Fang Bai waved at the girl with tear-filled eyes, showing a comforting smile, and then, under the watchful eyes of Ye Wumei, Wang Miaomiao, and several traffic policemen, he brought his palms together like a knife and thrust them forcefully into the thick bus structure.

"This guy's crazy! Does he think he's Superman?"

The traffic policemen were startled by Fang Bai's risky move, and it was too late to stop him.

They knew Fang Bai was trying to tear apart the deformed bus body that was trapping the family with his bare hands. But a bus body is not made of paper; it's cast from steel. He's not that underwear-over-pants, bulletproof, super-strong guy; wouldn't his fingers break off just putting them in like that?

Only Ye Wumei knew roughly how strong Fang Bai was and remained calm and collected.

Although Wang Miaomiao was also a martial artist, tearing apart a bus structure with her bare hands was impossible with her strength. Seeing Fang Bai daring to do such a thing, her eyes shone, and a flicker of excitement sped through them.

Bang—

The sound of metal being penetrated echoed out as Fang Bai's palms and fingers sunk deep into the bus, as though under his touch, the body of the bus was made of tofu instead of steel.

How could this be possible?

Several traffic officers' eyes bulged and their mouths gaped open as they petrified in place.

"The skill he just displayed, I'm afraid even the Pavilion Master of our 'Doctor Pavilion' cannot achieve! Proficient in both medicine and martial arts, and both to such an extreme degree, he must be one of the legendary hidden Masters, right?"

Wang Miaomiao watched Fang Bai's palms thrust into the car body, her mind shaken and her gaze growing brighter.

Heh—

With a soft shout, Fang Bai suddenly exerted strength in his palms, and in front of the stunned eyes of the traffic officers, the car body, which could only be cut open with cutting tools, was forcefully torn apart by his hands.

Fang Bai quickly ripped the car body that was crushing a family of three apart and casually tossed it aside before carefully lifting the girl and her mother out one after the other and handing them over to Wang Miaomiao for treatment.

Although the mother and daughter both were injured, their lives weren't endangered, and Fang Bai knew Wang Miaomiao was skilled in medicine, so handling these minor injuries shouldn't be a problem.

What Fang Bai now needed to resolve was the steel pipe that had skewered through the girl's father's ribcage.

Any other doctor would definitely not dare to abruptly remove the steel pipe for fear of causing the patient to bleed out and subsequently die.

However, Fang Bai wasn't afraid. He first sealed off several blood vessels near the patient's wound with the Five Elements Acupuncture Set and a special technique to prevent excessive bleeding when the steel pipe was removed, and then he took out a bottle of Soul Revival Liquid, specially used for treating internal injuries, and gave the patient a small half of it to drink.

The Soul Revival Liquid, concocted from ordinary medicine, already had miraculous effects on treating internal injuries, but the bottle that Fang Bai had was made with a hundred-year Spiritual Medicine, making the healing effects on internal injuries several times better. In the eyes of ordinary people, it was akin to an Immortal Elixir.

Not long after drinking the Soul Revival Liquid, and aided by the steady infusion of True Yuan from Fang Bai, the girl's father surprisingly woke up from his coma.

"Don't rush to speak, close your eyes now, I'm going to remove the steel pipe for you!"

Seeing the girl's father's lips move, as if he wanted to speak, Fang Bai quickly stopped him.

In the midst of shocked exclamations from the onlookers, Fang Bai gently gripped one end of the steel pipe and retracted his arm sharply, already having pulled the pipe out.

Fang Bai removed the steel pipe so quickly that the patient didn't feel anything as it left his body.

Fang Bai casually discarded the steel pipe and swiftly applied some Green Jade Healing Salve and Bone Healing and Muscle Regeneration Ointment to the wounds on the front and back of the girl's father, then used bandages that Wang Miaomiao had brought to dress the wounds.

The Green Jade Healing Salve and Bone Healing and Muscle Regeneration Ointment were both Spiritual Medicines that helped to heal injuries and generate blood. To prepare these Spiritual Medicines, Fang Bai had made a trip to the valley that was like a haven from the outside world, which he had discovered with Dongfang Ruhua, and gathered many Spiritual Medicines.

If the girl's father's injuries hadn't been so severe, Fang Bai would have been reluctant to use these invaluable Spiritual Medicines.

After dressing the father's wounds, Fang Bai also carried him out, letting the family of three stay together, and he warned the girl's father, whose spirits had greatly improved, that the injuries would not heal overnight and would require some time for healing and rest.

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

Looking at her husband who had gone from danger to safety, the girl's mother was tearfully grateful. If not for her injuries, she would have already kneeled down to kowtow in thanks to Fang Bai.

The daughter also broke into a smile through her tears, her bright, large eyes looking at Fang Bai as she tentatively asked, "Uncle, are you a fairy?"

Chapter 292: Taking Advantage of Vulnerability

Fang Bai let out a "haha" and patted the little girl's head, blinking as he said, "What do you think?"

"I bet it is. Otherwise, how could Uncle have cured Daddy so quickly?"

The little girl said earnestly.

At this moment, Fang Bai had become more than just a celestial being in the little girl's heart; even Wang Miaomiao began to harbor the same notion.

To Wang Miaomiao, if it hadn't been for Fang Bai's intervention, it was likely that none of the dozen seriously injured people at the scene would have survived; yet now, under Fang Bai's skillful hands, they were not only all conscious but also seemed to be in high spirits.

If one had not witnessed it with their own eyes, it would have been hard to imagine that these people were, just moments ago, gasping for life, critically injured, and even in a moribund state.

Every time Fang Bai finished treating a patient, Wang Miaomiao would rub her eyes vigorously, even pinching herself hard, to remind her that this might not be a dream.

"There are plenty of doctors in the world who, with just a slight achievement, are hailed by people as 'Divine Doctor,' yet they don't realize that compared to the man before them, it's simply a huge joke. Only this man truly deserves the title 'Divine Doctor'!"

Wang Miaomiao felt a wave of emotion and a growing reverence for Fang Bai.

Although Ye Wumei had known Fang Bai for a long time, she had never seen him use such almost mystical methods. Her beautiful eyes shone brightly, her tender feelings intensified, and she truly wanted to rush forward, hold him tight, and give him a fierce kiss.

"Uncle isn't an Immortal now, but one day in the future, he definitely will be!"

Upon hearing the little girl's words, Fang Bai smiled again, but his heart felt a slight pang.

Back in the day, he was the mighty Immortal Emperor who dominated the nine domains of the Immortal Realm, far beyond the comparison of ordinary immortals. Yet afterwards, his physical body was destroyed, his Primordial Spirit severely damaged, and he had nearly perished, nearly vanishing between heaven and earth.

Fortunately, fate had not abandoned him, and no one could have imagined that the body he had taken over, seemingly ordinary, was in fact the Chaos True Body, a rarity for ages—a blessing in disguise.

With his unique and unparalleled constitution, combined with countless Cultivation Methods in his mind, Fang Bai was confident he would return to the Immortal Realm and embark on his path of vengeance.

After consoling the little girl and her family, with the help of Wang Miaomiao and Ye Wumei, Fang Bai rescued the rest of the trapped passengers one by one from the coach.

Fang Bai personally treated those with serious injuries, while Wang Miaomiao took care of those with minor injuries.

Watching the coach being torn apart by Fang Bai's hands, and one passenger after another being rescued, the eyes of the traffic cops and those injured passengers at the scene nearly popped out of their sockets, their hearts filled with shock.

They could not fathom where Fang Bai had gotten such immense strength, or whether his hands were truly made of flesh and blood.

If someone had taken out their cell phone and captured this astonishing process, spreading it around, it would have certainly caused a huge sensation.

Alas, everyone at the scene was too stunned to think of that.

After treating many seriously injured people, Fang Bai's True Yuan was greatly depleted. Although he was not as exhausted as he had been when treating Su Linglong's brain tumor, he was still exhausted. He simply sat down cross-legged by the side of the road and began to circulate his Cultivation Technique to recuperate.

Ye Wumei saw the weary look on his face and could not help feeling a bit heartbroken; she stood by his side to guard him, preventing anyone from disturbing him.

A few minutes later, the ambulance finally arrived with its siren blaring, taking the injured to a nearby hospital for treatment.

The medical personnel who rushed over with the ambulance were unaware that if it hadn't been for Fang Bai's timely action, they would have been returning with many critically wounded, most of whom they would not possibly have been able to save, which would have greatly increased the death toll from the accident.

Of course, thanks to Fang Bai's prior instructions, Ye Wumei, Wang Miaomiao, and the traffic policemen at the scene did not disclose Fang Bai's life-saving actions.

While everyone in the world wanted to be famous and enjoy both fame and wealth, Fang Bai still preferred a low-profile life; otherwise, he would have been so entangled in worldly matters that he wouldn't have had time for Cultivation.

Pursuing the ultimate path and seeking eternal life was Fang Bai's true desire.

Unswayed by worldly temptations and steadfast in his original intent, Fang Bai's experiences through countless trials in his previous life were the fundamental reason he became the Invincible Immortal Emperor.

Soon, all the injured were sent to nearby hospitals for emergency treatment, and personnel from the relevant departments also arrived one after another, cleaning up the car accident scene in an orderly and tense manner.

Fang Bai concentrated his mind, circulated his cultivation technique, and entered a self-forgetting, ethereal state where his depleted True Yuan rapidly recovered.

Whoosh—

Whoosh—

Just at that moment, two cold lights suddenly shot out from the northern side of the highway, from atop a hill, streaking towards the recuperating Fang Bai and Ye Wumei, who stood by Fang Bai's side.

Following that, two silhouettes like Dapeng spreading wings, swooped down from the hilltop, pouncing towards Fang Bai and Ye Wumei.

The speed was so fast that they were almost catching up with the cold lights.

The two cold lights were two throwing darts.

The two silhouettes were two women.

The darts, under the sunlight, reflected a ghostly green gleam, and in the eyes of a martial artist like Wang Miaomiao, who hailed from a medical background, it was clear that they were dipped in deadly poison.

Both women were dressed in tight black leather suits that outlined their explosive figures, and as they plunged from the hilltop, their long black hair whipped and danced in the wind.

The women's faces were covered with pink skull masks which, in broad daylight, gave off an eerie feeling.

The throwing darts, fast as lightning, made a piercing noise as they cut through the air, and in an instant, they shot right in front of Fang Bai and Ye Wumei.

Although Ye Wumei was by then a mid-level Yellow Level martial artist, firstly the darts were too fast, and secondly she had too little actual combat experience. By the time she sensed danger and thought to dodge, the darts were already upon her.

In the nick of time, Fang Bai suddenly opened his eyes, his gaze bursting with sharpness, and a touch of anger flashed across his expression.

Fang Bai had just continuously performed acupuncture treatment, losing a vast amount of True Yuan, leaving him at barely one-tenth or two-tenths of his peak strength, the weakest he had been, when the two black-clad women suddenly launched their attack, clearly aiming to strike while he was vulnerable.

However, the two black-clad women clearly underestimated Fang Bai's strength.

Fang Bai's cultivation level was equivalent to an Earth Level martial artist of this world's Ancient Martial World. Although he was indeed at his weakest point, the remnants of his strength lingered; he was not someone who could be easily dealt with.

As the darts neared and the situation became perilous, Fang Bai's face turned abruptly red. He tapped into his body's potential through a special cultivation technique and, with unbelievable speed, moved two meters to the right, not only dodging the dart aimed at him but also swiftly wrapping his arms around Ye Wumei's slender, soft waist, pulling her aside with him.

The two darts, shooting past where they just stood, landed in the deep gorge on the southern side of the highway.

"That was close!"

Ye Wumei only then regained her senses and let out a silent sigh of relief, realizing that her back was covered in a cold sweat.

Kill—

Kill—

Although Fang Bai and Ye Wumei had narrowly dodged the darts, the two black-clad women had already descended from the hilltop, fiercely pouncing towards them with sharp and sinister killing cries.

Chapter 293: Lingering like a shadow

The two women's icy, merciless gazes pierced through the two holes in their skull masks, fixed intently on Fang Bai and Ye Wumei. The foot-long daggers they gripped tightly in their hands drew two streaks of white light through the air, attacking both Ye Wumei and Fang Bai separately.

Ye Wumei, having just narrowly escaped death under the sudden assault of the darts, saw the two attackers approaching and, in her irritation, clenched her fist, ready to confront them. However, Fang Bai stepped in her way.

"You're no match for them, find somewhere safe to hide!"

Fang Bai whispered sharply and, without waiting for Ye Wumei to respond, he flickered and faced the two approaching women.

Based on the women's attire, their method of attack, and the fact that they had targeted him and Ye Wumei, Fang Bai surmised they were very likely members of "Wrathful Beauties."

Furthermore, both women possessed the strength of Profound Level Martial Artists, which made them even stronger than the four "Wrathful Beauties" assassins who had lost their lives at the hands of Fang Bai. With Ye Wumei's current mid-tier Yellow Level strength, going against them would surely be suicidal.

Therefore, even though Fang Bai knew he was extremely weak at the moment and that facing two opponents was fraught with danger, he resolutely went to meet the challenge.

With his current strength, Fang Bai might not be able to defeat even one Profound Level Martial Artist, but with his rich combat experience from a previous life, he managed to firmly pin down the two women with his agile and exquisite movement technique and his unpredictable attacks, preventing them from getting away to attack Ye Wumei.

As the three of them tumbled and fought fiercely, each collision of fists and kicks emitted a "bang bang" echoing sound, and it seemed as though the space around them was slightly rippling. The traffic police handling the aftermath of the accident and the officials from several other government departments were all shocked beyond words.

This was a scene they had only seen in movies and TV dramas, yet now it was unfolding before their eyes, far exceeding their understanding.

Fang Bai dodged the palm strike of one woman and curved his right hand into a claw, reaching out like lightning towards her left arm.

The woman couldn't avoid it in time, and Fang Bai's fingers tore a piece off her sleeve, exposing a large patch of skin.

"So it is 'Wrathful Beauties' again; you really are persistent!"

Seeing the tattoo of a woman with long hair holding aloft a flame on the exposed left arm of the woman, Fang Bai confirmed his earlier guess and couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

The two women had donned skull masks to hide their identities and were furious and embarrassed now that Fang Bai had seen through them. Chilly frost seemed to form over the two faces behind the masks, and their eyes filled with even greater murderous intent.

Fang Bai felt the surge of killing Qi from the two women and, fearing they would lash out at the innocent bystanders in a fit of rage, potentially causing numerous casualties, circulated his cultivation technique and frantically stimulated his body's potential. With a flurry of punches, he managed to drive the two women away from the highway and towards the nearby gully.

"Did you deliberately cause this accident?"

In the midst of the fight, Fang Bai suddenly asked, his gaze like sharp arrows meeting the eyes of the two women, as if he wanted to see through their eyes into their innermost thoughts.

The timing of the appearance of the two "Wrathful Beauties" assassins was too coincidental. Fang Bai had overheard a few traffic officers discussing how the driver of the truck that collided with the bus on the wrong side of the road had disappeared before the police had arrived at the scene of the accident.

These suspicious signs led Fang Bai to doubt the simplicity of the car accident; he considered it highly likely that the "Wrathful Beauties" had deliberately staged the accident to ambush him and Ye Wumei.

If that were the case, it meant that "Wrathful Beauties" had thoroughly studied his character and knew that he wouldn't turn a blind eye to a traffic accident. They aimed to use the victims to deplete his strength and then strike him when he was vulnerable, intending to kill him in one fell swoop.

And if Fang Bai were to die, the fate that awaited Ye Wumei was not hard to imagine.

This truly was a venomous scheme!

Thinking about how "Wrathful Beauties" treated human life as nothing, willing to use the lives of dozens of innocent passengers as bait to kill him and Ye Wumei, a towering killing intent suddenly surged within Fang Bai's chest, feeling an urgent sense to eradicate the organization "Wrathful Beauties" for the first time.

"So what if we did? You've killed several of our sisters, and this time the two of us will avenge them!"

One of the women spoke sharply, her dagger slicing and thrusting in a continuous assault; Fang Bai had several close calls, nearly being wounded by the blade.

"Your True Yuan is about to be depleted, now you fight like a trapped beast! If you're willing to surrender, we can grant you a swift death!"

The other woman said with a cold laugh, as if Fang Bai was already meat on the chopping block, ready for them to slaughter at will.

"Murdering the innocent, you deserve to die!"

Fang Bai's eyes flashed coldly, his aura suddenly surged again, and he let out a loud shout.

With this shout, he used the "Lion's Roar Sonic Wave" from the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique"; the space in front of him seemed to ripple under the impact of the sonic wave strike.

The two women were enveloped by the sonic wave unleashed by Fang Bai, and caught off guard, their eardrums buzzed as if they were about to burst, and their heads spun with dizziness for a moment.

"Die!"

At the moment the two women were dizzy, Fang Bai circulated the True Yuan within his body, stepped with "Divine Elephant Eight Desolate Steps," and instantly appeared before the women. His left and right fists, accompanied by the sound of a tiger's roar and thunder, slammed into the women.

The power of these two "Tiger Roar Thunder Fist" punches, although not comparable to his peak condition, should not be underestimated.

After being struck by his punches, the women's bodies flew back as if hit by a thousand-pound hammer, crashing seven or eight meters away and tumbling into the ravine behind them.

The ravine was more than a hundred zhang deep, and Fang Bai's punches had shattered the women's internal organs. Even with ten lives, they had no chance of survival.

When Fang Bai had forced the two women out of the highway, Ye Wumei also leapt over the highway railing and stood not far away, anxiously watching.

Seeing Fang Bai knock the two women into the ravine, Ye Wumei couldn't help but let out a cheer, rushing forward, on her tiptoes, she threw her arms around Fang Bai's neck tightly.

"I just knew it, you could definitely beat them... You're the best..."

Ye Wumei's cheek pressed against Fang Bai's chest, murmuring softly, her arms wrapped tightly around him, as if she wished she could meld her entire self into his body.

"I say... superstar, could you not hug me so tightly? You're squeezing me so much I'm running out of breath..."

With the warmth and softness of a beautiful woman thrown into his arms, Fang Bai felt no sense of romance, but instead he said softly with a wry smile.

Chapter 294: Forbidden Secret Technique

Fang Bai had just forcibly stimulated his body's hidden potential and after a bitter struggle, managed to knock down two female assassins from "Wrathful Beauties" off the cliff. Now, the side effects had finally started to show, as he felt a surging turmoil of blood and qi in his chest, and nearly spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

Ye Wumei noticed something was off with Fang Bai's complexion and hurriedly released her arms, anxiously asking, "Fang Bai, what's wrong with you? Ah, you look so pale!"

"It's nothing, I'll be fine after a moment of regulated breathing."

Fang Bai waved his hand, speaking weakly.

He said it was nothing, but after treating many critically injured car accident victims and then activating his potential to fight the two female assassins from "Wrathful Beauties," his Dantian was completely drained of True Yuan, leaving his body weak and powerless, his vision growing dark. If it weren't for Ye Wumei's support, he would have found it difficult to even stand.

"Then... then let me help you sit down..."

Ye Wumei said, and spotting a flat, neat rock nearby, helped Fang Bai walk over to it, intending to have him sit and recuperate.

Just then, a shadow leaped over the highway guardrail, moving as fast as lightning and without a sound, towards the two of them. Two mocking and scornful gazes fell upon them, corners of the mouth lifted in a contemptuous sneer, as if a hunter had spotted prey that had lost the power to resist.

It was a young woman with a sensational figure, dressed similarly to the two assassins from just before, clearly from the same organization. Although she wasn't wearing a skull mask, a pair of large sunglasses covered half her face, making it impossible to see her features.

The woman was also a Profound Level Martial Artist, and because she deliberately concealed her aura, Ye Wumei hadn't noticed her approach. On the other hand, it was Fang Bai, extremely weak but naturally sharp to dangers, who suddenly became alert and turned to look.

The woman had wanted to get closer before dealing a sudden, fatal blow, but seeing that Fang Bai had noticed her, she had no choice but to attack immediately.

Her eyes filled with a murderous intent, her aura spread around her, and she raised her hands at the same time, throwing two egg-sized iron balls that flew out with a whistling sound, directed at Fang Bai and Ye Wumei respectively.

The two iron balls contained the True Essence Force of a Profound Level Martial Artist, so fast and powerful that they were astonishing. Even a Martial Artist one minor realm higher than the woman wouldn't dare claim they could withstand such a fierce and rapid strike easily, let alone Ye Wumei, who was only mid-Yellow Level, and the extremely weakened Fang Bai.

If the iron balls were to hit Fang Bai and Ye Wumei, even if they didn't die, they would be severely injured and rendered incapable of fighting.

"Be careful!"

Fang Bai hadn't expected a third female assassin to appear, and was taken aback. Watching the iron balls fly towards them at high speed, he pushed Ye Wumei forcefully with his hands, throwing her back.

The iron ball intended for Ye Wumei missed, but the other slammed solidly into Fang Bai's chest.

Thump—

The iron ball struck Fang Bai's chest with a dull sound; the powerful impact sent his entire body flying into the ravine behind him.

"Fang Bai!"

Ye Wumei saw Fang Bai falling towards the ravine and screamed in utter sorrow, her eyes instantly blurred with tears.

She twisted her slim waist, darting towards the ravine while desperately extending her hands forward, as if she wanted to grab Fang Bai who was plummeting down. As for the female assassin close behind, ready to strike at her, she completely disregarded her.

In that moment of descent, Fang Bai fiercely bit the tip of his tongue. As a mouthful of blood sprayed forth, his eyes turned blood-red, and his energy surged dramatically.

This was a forbidden secret technique that could stimulate the body's potential to the greatest extent but also caused even greater damage to the body itself. Fang Bai would never use it unless it was absolutely necessary. Now, to save Ye Wumei, he could no longer concern himself with the consequences.

Death—

A thunderous roar emanated from Fang Bai's mouth, echoing through the mountains, and miraculously, his body paused in midair for a moment.

As the roar sounded, Fang Bai swung his right hand fiercely, unleashing a spray of silver needles, scattering like a torrential shower of silver blossoms, covering the female assassin who was in pursuit of Ye Wumei.

At this moment, the female assassin was less than ten feet away from Ye Wumei. With just a little more distance covered, the dagger in her hand would pierce through Ye Wumei's back heart, ending her life.

The buzzing of the silver needles ripping through the air jolted the assassin, causing her to look up in shock, only to see a dazzling silver brightness rapidly nearing her own body, with no chance to evade.

The assassin had believed that she would be able to kill both Fang Bai and Ye Wumei, attaining great merit. She felt a certain smug satisfaction, but at this moment, her satisfaction transformed into boundless horror.

"Wumei, this is as far as I can help you!"

Before his body plummeted into the ravine, Fang Bai caught a glimpse from the corner of his eye. The dozens of silver needles he released had pierced through the female assassin's body. He let out a breath of relief, then his vision darkened, and he lost consciousness.

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It was as if he had drifted through centuries upon centuries, his consciousness floating in an endless void of darkness, with no end in sight.

Fang Bai did not know whether he was alive or dead.

If he was alive, why did it seem like his soul had left his body, devoid of any perception of the outside world?

If he was dead, why could he still feel the True Yuan circulating endlessly within him?

Fang Bai couldn't figure out the answer, so he simply stopped thinking about it, allowing his consciousness to continue drifting in the endless dark space, letting the True Yuan circulate on its own within him.

That endlessly circulating True Yuan was the Chaos Origin Energy from his Dantian. Seven distinct types of True Yuan, each brimming with a robust and powerful life force, akin to the finest of Spirit Pills, flowed through the myriad meridians within his body, seeping into his organs, bones, and blood, rapidly healing all his internal and external injuries.

Time passed unknown, and Fang Bai felt his consciousness break free from the constraints of the dark space, returning to his physical form which finally regained sensation.

But immediately after, a wave of agony struck him, forcing out a pained groan.

Slowly opening his eyes, he surveyed his surroundings. Fang Bai realized he was at the bottom of a ravine, over a hundred feet deep, lying atop broken branches, leaves, and a thick layer of coarse weeds.

To have fallen from such a height and not be dead was truly a stroke of enormous luck!

Fang Bai silently rejoiced. He looked up the side of the ravine and saw several small trees growing diagonally out of the cliff face, several feet above the ground. Many branches and leaves of those trees were broken, obviously snapped during his descent.

It was these trees that had slowed Fang Bai's fall, and the thick, soft weeds below that cushioned his landing, combined with his formidable Chaos True Body, had miraculously saved his life.

Otherwise, with grave injuries and falling from such a towering height, even someone as physically formidable as him would likely have met his end here.

Chapter 295: Tears of Crystal

Fang Bai's divine sense introspected his body and found that it was severely injured from the inside out; nearly every part was damaged.

Luckily, the Chaos Origin Energy that had been exhausted in the battle with the three female assassins had somehow reconvened, and since Chaos Origin Energy was particularly special in its ability to rapidly heal wounds, his body had hope of recovery in a short period of time, allowing him to return to the mountaintop.

Hisss—

Merely shifting his body slightly, Fang Bai grimaced in pain. Knowing he couldn't rush the process, he calmed his mind, closed his eyes, and began to consciously direct the Chaos Origin Energy to repair his injuries.

When he opened his eyes again, the eastern sky was already showing a faint light; a new dawn had arrived.

During this night, not only had Fang Bai's injuries significantly improved, but reflecting on yesterday's fierce battle and the moment of life and death just before he fell into the mountain stream, he gained a deeper understanding of the Martial Dao. The True Yuan in his dantian roiled, hinting at an imminent breakthrough.

At the same time, his physical body, having been tempered by this experience, had become even tougher. Now, without using any True Yuan, he could contend with a Profound Level Martial Artist solely with his physical strength.

"I don't know how long I've been at the bottom of the ravine, nor if Wumei is still at the top," Fang Bai thought as he looked up towards the mountaintop. Unfortunately, his injuries were still far from healed and the range of his divine sense diffusion was also greatly affected, so he could not detect if anyone was at the top.

"Hmm? What's that...?"

Fang Bai's gaze shifted and suddenly, he spotted a glint of faint blue light in the crevice of the northern mountain, accompanied by a slight sensation of Essence Energy.

Seeing that faint blue, Fang Bai thought of a type of Spiritual Medicine from the Cultivation World. Suppressing the excitement in his heart, he struggled to his feet and made his way towards the gap in the mountain.

Parting the weeds in front of the crevice, before him appeared a peculiar plant with small blue fruit.

The small blue fruits were crystal clear, resembling blue crystals, their shape like teardrops falling.

They had a refreshing fragrance that was intoxicating, and around the fruits, a dense Water Element Qi undulated and fluctuated.

"Although this world is lacking in Essence Energy and Cultivation Resources, it's not entirely barren! This 'Tears of Crystal' must be over three hundred years old, nearly a mid-grade Spiritual Medicine. Eating it will speed up the healing of my wounds!" he realized.

"Tears of Crystal" was the main ingredient in Alchemy for making Water Element Pills. In his previous life, Fang Bai could easily have used this "Tears of Crystal" to concoct several Water Element Pills; sadly, in this life, his Cultivation Level was too weak to effectively control fire and wood Element Qi, so despite his prowess in Alchemy Technique, he was unable to craft Elixirs.

However, Fang Bai believed that this was only temporary. As his Cultivation Level continuously improved, he would eventually master the Alchemy Technique. By then, with the aid of Elixirs in his Cultivation, his strength would make great leaps forward.

While "Tears of Crystal" would reach its full potential when made into an Elixir, directly consuming it seemed wasteful. But Fang Bai could not bother with such concerns now, as he was still worried about Ye Wumei and decided to quickly heal his injuries to return to the mountaintop.

Fortunately, there were no Spirit Beasts guarding the Spiritual Medicine nearby, which otherwise would have spelled trouble for the still recovering Fang Bai.

Right away, Fang Bai picked all of the "Tears of Crystal" and swallowed them, then sat cross-legged to meditate, circulating his True Yuan, striving to assimilate the Essence Energy of the "Tears of Crystal" as soon as possible.

Each small blue fruit entered Fang Bai's stomach and was directly transformed into streams of Water Element Qi, which circulated through the major meridians in his body with the Chaos Origin Energy, eventually merging into it and entering his dantian.

The moment the True Yuan entered his dantian, Fang Bai's body trembled slightly, and his aura surged.

Leveraging the Water Element Qi contained in the "Tears of Crystal," Fang Bai's "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" third layer, the Xingyuan Realm, progressed from early stage to middle stage, equaling the strength of a middle Earth Level Martial Artist from the Ancient Martial World.

Fang Bai's divine sense once again inspected his Dantian and found that the Chaos Origin Energy, suspended within it, had grown slightly in volume. In particular, the Water Element Qi within it had become even more prominent. Its color was brighter and more dazzling, noticeably surpassing the other six types of Essence Energy.

It had taken an entire day to absorb the Water Element Qi from the "Tears of Crystal." By the time Fang Bai closed his eyes again, it was already sunset, the time of dusk.

The Water Element Qi itself possessed healing properties, and now that the Water Element Qi in Fang Bai's Dantian was the strongest, his injuries had largely healed during the course of the day.

"It's time to go up!"

Fang Bai looked up, took a set of new clothes from his Spatial Ring and put them on, then the Chaos Origin Energy inside him began to circulate wildly. With a stomp on the ground, he propelled himself skyward.

With one leap, he reached a height of over ten meters, then tapped lightly on a protruding rock on the mountain side to propel himself further upward.

Repeatedly leveraging his force in such a way, climbing over ten meters each time, he quickly reached the top of the ravine and lightly landed on a flat area at the summit.

Bathed in the afterglow of the sunset, the distant peaks seemed to be draped in red-hued evening clouds, stunningly magnificent. The cool evening breeze brushed against his skin, indescribably comfortable and pleasant.

On the nearby highway, there were no longer any traces of the car accident; evidently, the incident had been cleared up, and all relevant vehicles and personnel had moved on.

The bodies of the three "Wrathful Beauties" assassins had also vanished, leaving only a faint scent of blood that lingered in the air.

Suddenly feeling a stir in his heart, Fang Bai turned abruptly to look to his left.

About ten meters away, on a rock, a slender and lonely figure sat quietly, seemingly blending into the colors of twilight.

Her long hair and the hem of her skirt danced in the evening wind, creating a feeling as if she was about to soar into the sky.

Her eyes, unblinking, stared vacantly at the ravine ahead, her expression mournful, completely unaware of someone's presence beside her.

Her profile was still heartbreakingly beautiful, but it was visibly gaunt and haggard, and she seemed to be immersed in an atmosphere of profound sadness.

"Wumei!"

A pang of pain hit Fang Bai's heart, and he walked over, softly calling out to her.

His voice was not loud, but it clearly reached Ye Wumei's ears, awakening the senses that had been self-shielded by her overwhelming sorrow.

Ye Wumei shuddered as if struck by lightning, slowly turning her head, looking dazedly at Fang Bai.

"Fang Bai? Am I...in a dream?"

Ye Wumei stood up and moved toward Fang Bai step by step, murmuring to herself with a voice that trembled intensely.

She dared not walk too quickly, fearing that she would shatter the dream and Fang Bai would vanish from in front of her.

Chapter 296: Wumei, Thank You!

The two gradually approached, and Ye Wumei caught the familiar masculine scent of Fang Bai; quivering, she stretched out her hands and gently caressed the handsome, sun-like radiant face, her palms actually feeling his warmth...

To smell his scent, to feel his warmth—this dream was too real!

"You're not dreaming, this is real!"

Fang Bai softly caught Ye Wumei's hands, bowed his head slightly, gazed into her eyes, and said softly, "I'm all right, I haven't died!"

"Wow..."

Ye Wumei was stunned for a moment and then suddenly threw herself into Fang Bai's arms, bursting into tears as they fell like rain.

At this moment, she was no longer the superstar that everyone looked up to but a fragile, tenderhearted woman.

Fang Bai opened his arms wide, pulled her into his embrace, and caressed her back with his hands, his voice warm and comforting.

"I just knew... I just knew... you wouldn't die... you couldn't die... Do you know, Fang Bai, the moment you fell into the ravine, my heart ached so badly, as if the whole world had left me... For two days and one night, I just sat here... I knew a miracle would happen, that you would appear before me... Look, Heaven has been so kind to me, you really have appeared..."

Ye Wumei sobbed and laughed, murmuring softly. Her arms clung tightly around Fang Bai's neck, as if she were afraid that he would disappear the moment she let go.

Fang Bai looked at the tearful beauty before him and felt as though his heart was heavily struck by something, filled with both gratitude and emotion.

"Wumei, thank you!"

Fang Bai held Ye Wumei's wan face in his hands and sighed softly, "These past two days and night, you must have been waiting here for me without eating, drinking, or sleeping, right?"

"It is I who should say 'thank you'!"

Ye Wumei leaned again into Fang Bai's embrace, her cheek rubbing gently against his chest, eyes squinting in contentment like a comfortable little cat, her lips curling into a soft smile as she said, "If it weren't for you, maybe I would have ended up like those three female assassins, turned into a cold corpse to be taken away. When I think about it, I owe you several lives..."

"What happened after I fell into the ravine?"

Fang Bai wrapped an arm around Ye Wumei's waist and sat down with her on a rock, inquiring.

"After you fell, I intended to go down after you, but the ravine was too deep, its cliffs too steep. With my strength, I was powerless, so I could only sit here and wait for you... Later, quite a few people seemed to come by, some asked me the identities of those three female assassins. At that time, my mind was filled with thoughts of you, and I didn't pay attention to them..."

Ye Wumei recounted past events, continuing, "Later on, someone took away the bodies of the three female assassins. Then, a group of police officers asked me a few questions and gradually withdrew... That helpful female doctor named Wang Miaomiao, a disciple of the Doctor Pavilion in Yanjing, she stayed here with me for a day, then had to leave due to an emergency..."

Ye Wumei lay lazily like a cat in Fang Bai's arms, narrating everything that had happened after Fang Bai fell into the ravine, but she was so overwhelmed with grief at the time, her senses were dulled, and there was much she did not know.

"What about you? What happened after you fell into the ravine?"

Ye Wumei looked up at Fang Bai, asking curiously.

What puzzled Ye Wumei was how Fang Bai, with his flesh and blood body, had managed to survive the fall into the hundreds-of-meters-deep ravine when even a body forged from steel would likely have shattered into pieces.

Thus, Fang Bai also narrated his experiences after falling into the ravine, including his fortuitous discovery and consumption of the "Tears of Crystal" which advanced his cultivation level, and he told all this to Ye Wumei.

"Maybe it's because I saved many lives before, and the heavens thought I was a good person, so they didn't take my life!"

Fang Bai concluded with a smile.

Since Fang Bai's fall into the ravine, Ye Wumei had been enveloped in negative emotions such as sorrow, panic, anxiety, and bewilderment. For two days and one night, she had sat unmoving on that stone, without food, drink, or sleep, sustained solely by a steadfast belief.

And now, seeing Fang Bai safe and sound, the tightly wound string of her nerves suddenly relaxed, and she was overwhelmed by a profound sense of weariness.

Curling up comfortably in Fang Bai's arms, listening to him softly recount his adventures at the bottom of the ravine, she fell soundly asleep without realizing it.

The sunset soon fell below the horizon, and the sky gradually darkened, dotted with stars that sparkled like fireflies, dazzling like flowers in the night sky.

Hearing Ye Wumei's gentle and steady breathing, seeing that she had fallen asleep, Fang Bai let out a chuckle, leaned forward and kissed her smooth forehead, then carried her in his arms towards the highway.

What surprised Fang Bai was that his car was still parked in the emergency lane, not towed away by the traffic police. Perhaps it was because he had saved many seriously injured people from the accident; the traffic police had shown kindness and deliberately left the car for Ye Wumei, who had been waiting by the ravine.

After placing the sleeping Ye Wumei on the back seat and covering her with a jacket, Fang Bai drove off towards Yanjing.

As the car neared Yanjing, Ye Wumei slowly woke from her slumber. The first thing she did upon sitting up was to lean forward, stretch her slender arms around the front seat, and gently wrapped them around Fang Bai's waist.

"Superstar, if you keep hugging me like this, I can't concentrate on driving!"

Fang Bai teased with a smile.

"I still feel somewhat unreal... No, I need to hug you like this! Only this way do I feel like I'm not dreaming again!"

Ye Wumei said in a coquettish tone.

Fang Bai silently chuckled and let her be.

After this highway incident, their relationship had invisibly grown closer, becoming much more intimate.

Upon arrival in Yanjing, with dawn nearing, Fang Bai took Ye Wumei to a villa purchased by the Ye Family in Yanjing, as per her request. They agreed to meet at seven in the evening to attend a charity auction hosted by her close friend, then he departed.

Chapter 297: Keep Your Word

The Ye Family's villa in Yanjing boasted the world's top international security system and equipment, and many Ye Family Martial Artists, both overtly and covertly, provided protection. It was almost impossible for Martial Artists below the Earth Level Realm to harm Ye Wumei, so there was no need to worry about her safety.

So far, Fang Bai had not encountered a single Earth Level Martial Artist, so he was not worried about Ye Wumei's personal safety.

Furthermore, once a Martial Artist's cultivation reached the Earth Level Realm, a state of detachment from the mundane world would develop, fostering a greater focus on cultivation, in pursuit of higher realms within the Martial Dao, or even the legendary and elusive Path of Longevity.

For Martial Artists above Earth Level, worldly fame and fortune often seemed like fleeting clouds, unworthy of mention.

Therefore, those Hidden Sect Experts with Earth Level or even Heaven Level Martial Artists rarely appeared in the secular world, to avoid being blinded by worldly distractions and affecting their hearts' pursuit of the Dao.

After watching Ye Wumei enter the Ye Family villa, escorted by several Profound Level Martial Artists from the Ye Family, Fang Bai felt relieved to leave.

Arriving back at the courtyard he was renting, just as Fang Bai was crawling out of the sedan, the Lightning Mink, sensing his presence, leapt over the high walls and shot out like a streak of white light, landing on his shoulder and affectionately rubbing against Fang Bai's cheek.

At the same time, the door of the courtyard creaked open, and Ghost Hand appeared in front of Fang Bai, grinning and rubbing his head.

"Xiao Bai, you've made quite some progress in your strength recently!"

Holding the Lightning Mink in his arms and stroking its smooth, soft white fur, Fang Bai said with satisfaction.

"Yeah, Ghost Hand isn't bad either, you didn't slack off while I was away!"

After praising the Lightning Mink, Fang Bai nodded and smiled at Ghost Hand.

Before Fang Bai left for Yanjing the last time, he had left behind a wealth of cultivation resources for both the Lightning Mink and Ghost Hand. The aura of both had grown much stronger.

When Fang Bai first discovered the Lightning Mink in the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron at the bottom of the Mysterious Pit, its strength was already equivalent to a Profound Level high-rank Martial Artist.

Now, after devouring the cultivation resources Fang Bai left behind and sleeping amidst Essence Stones every day to absorb the Essence Energy, its strength was close to the Perfection of Profound Level Realm.

In the eyes of others, the Lightning Mink seemed lazy and adorable, but nobody would expect that this seemingly harmless little creature possessed an extremely formidable attack and destructive power.

As for Ghost Hand, his strength had advanced from the mid-stage of the Yellow Level to the high stage of the Yellow Level, making a small realm progression in a short time, which proved him to be a rare cultivation prodigy with an Innate Metal Spirit Root.

"Uncle Baili, Aunt Jiang, Mingyue, hello!"

Upon entering the courtyard, Fang Bai saw that Baili Zhan and his family had already stood up, ready to greet him, and he smiled and gave them a clasped hand salute.

Then his gaze fell upon Jiang Yuzhi, and after a glance at her, he nodded and said, "Aunt Jiang's recovery has been good. In a while, your strength will be restored to its former state. Congratulations!"

"Haha, this is all thanks to Brother Fang's magic hands! Without your method of fighting poison with poison, Yuzhi would have long since left this world!"

Baili Zhan said with a big laugh.

After the "Man-Eating Flower" poison in Jiang Yuzhi's body was expelled by Fang Bai, Baili Zhan was in great spirits, always wearing a smile on his face which became much rosier, free from troubles, making the family of three's life exceptionally comfortable.

"Fang Bai, last time you promised to teach me Ancient Martial arts, but you still haven't, did you forget? I don't care, this time you have to teach me, otherwise I'll pester you every day until you do!"

Baili Mingyue brightened up at the sight of Fang Bai, dashed to his side in an arrow-like step, and wrapped her arms around one of his arms.

Seventeen-year-old Baili Mingyue, with a graceful figure and standing up to Fang Bai's eyebrows, radiated youth and vigor.

"Cough cough... Mingyue, it's not that I forgot, it's just that I've been too busy lately... Alright, I have some free time these few days, so I'll start teaching you martial arts," Fang Bai said with a few coughs, feeling somewhat embarrassed as he saw Baili Zhan and his wife smiling warmly at the two of them.

"Then you better keep your word!"

Baili Mingyue, hearing this, finally let go of his arm.

After chatting in the courtyard for a while, Baili Mingyue checked the time and reluctantly left for school.

In this year's college entrance examination, Baili Mingyue performed exceptionally well and, against her parents' expectations, was admitted to Yanjing University, where she had been studying for some time now.

Even upon entering the university, Baili Mingyue, the "Little Witch", hasn't changed her nature. Some second-generation rich and officials who coveted her beauty and sought her favors had almost all been taught a lesson by her.

Although Baili Mingyue was not yet a Martial Artist, she inherited her parents' excellent genes and learned some self-defense techniques from her father. She could take on three to five average men, so those who only knew to chase after girls at the university and were becoming hollowed out were hardly her match.

Fortunately, those second-generation rich and officials who were taught a lesson by Baili Mingyue knew they were wrong and kept quiet for the time being, not seeking revenge, otherwise Baili Mingyue's days might not have been so smooth.

Regardless, Baili Mingyue's nickname "Little Witch" quickly spread again through Yanjing University, discouraging male students from easily flirting with this rose with thorns, lest they end up with bloody hands.

In the eyes of Baili Zhan and Jiang Yuzhi, their daughter Baili Mingyue was very obedient, especially after the incident involving the disciples of "Yunnv Sect" and "Ghost Doctor Valley" two Hidden Sects. They thought their daughter would behave just as well at the university.

Little did they know that their daughter had already made a name for herself at Yanjing University, where the nickname "Little Witch" caused many male students to shudder in fear.

Not long after Baili Mingyue left, Baili Zhan also went to his slaughterhouse job, while Jiang Yuzhi, having recovered her health, found work in a nearby supermarket.

The couple both concealed their identities as Martial Artists from the Hidden Sects, blending in as ordinary people into the local societal life.

Even though "Ghost Doctor Valley" and "Yunnv Sect" from the Hidden Sects might still be secretly searching for them, the couple were both Profound Level High Rank Martial Artists. They could hold their own in a fight against disciples from the two big Hidden Sects, and their workplaces were close to the courtyard. If they were overwhelmed, they still had a chance to flee to the vicinity of the courtyard and call for help from the Lightning Mink.

Never underestimate the Lightning Mink; though it spends its days in a lazy, listless manner, if it really starts to move, not even the combined strength of Baili Zhan and Jiang Yuzhi could withstand its fierce attacks.

That's why Fang Bai always left the Lightning Mink at the courtyard whenever he left the house.

Chapter 298: The Xie Family's Xie Yifeng

After the Baili Zhan family left, Fang Bai returned to his room to take a shower and change into fresh clothes, then sat cross-legged on the bed to begin healing the injuries he had sustained from his fall into the ravine.

His injuries had already healed by seventy to eighty percent at the bottom of the ravine, and now, using half a day to meditate and recuperate, he had fully recovered by noon.

His meridians and blood vessels became wider and more resilient, his bones more tightly knit and robust, his internal organs as if overlaid with a layer of steel skin and iron membrane—even his blood seemed to carry a faint rumble like thunder as it surged through his veins.

Feeling the strength of his body, which was now much more formidable than before, Fang Bai was overjoyed. Now, relying solely on his physical might and without using any True Yuan, he could smash a large rock with a single punch.

The previous close brush with death on the highway and the experience at the bottom of the ravine had tempered his body and elevated his cultivation level, representing a comprehensive ascension.

At noon, the Baili Zhan family came back one after another. Fang Bai asked Ghost Hand to buy some home-cooked dishes from a nearby restaurant, and Baili Mingyue moved the square table from inside the house to the courtyard. Together, they enjoyed a meal full of laughter and chatter.

Around six-thirty in the evening, Fang Bai informed Ghost Hand, then drove to Ye Wumei's villa. After picking her up, they headed towards the city center's "Triumph Grand Hotel."

The charity auction was to be held in a luxurious banquet hall on the eighteenth floor of the "Triumph Grand Hotel," a venue said to accommodate thousands, and hundreds of distinguished guests from all over Huaxia keen on philanthropy were expected to attend.

Responsible for the personal security of Ye Wumei at the Ye's villa were still Ye Li and three other Profound Level female martial artists. Knowing that Fang Bai would be accompanying their young lady to the charity auction, they all stayed behind at the villa, contentedly not insisting on going along.

Fang Bai was, after all, much stronger than the four of them. If even he could not ensure Miss Ye's safety, then their presence would be of no use.

Around seven-thirty in the evening, Fang Bai arrived at the "Triumph Grand Hotel" in the city center with Ye Wumei.

In front of the "Triumph Grand Hotel," the parking lot was already filled with luxury cars of various brands. These cars, almost all valued over a million, made Fang Bai's hundred-thousand-worth sedan an utterly unique presence—parked among a slew of luxury cars, it looked downright shabby.

"Miss Ye, I didn't expect to see you here!"

After Fang Bai and Ye Wumei got out of the car and were about to enter the Triumph Grand Hotel, a man's voice filled with some delight sounded from behind them.

Turning around, Ye Wumei saw a smartly dressed man around twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, walking hand in hand with a youthful and beautiful woman in a red evening dress, both smiling as they approached.

"It turns out to be President Xie! What a pleasure to see you!"

Ye Wumei glanced at the man, nodded slightly, and greeted him with a cool demeanor.

Though the "Triumph Grand Hotel" was located in the center of the city, it was a relatively secluded place. High walls in the distance kept the bustling and noisy world at bay, rarely allowing access for the uninvited to enter the hotel premises.

It was precisely because she didn't have to worry about being mobbed by a horde of frenzied fans that Ye Wumei hadn't worn a hat or sunglasses when she came here, but she hadn't expected to run into an acquaintance as soon as she got out of the car. The man was named Xie Yifeng, the son of the Yanjing tycoon Xie Yunrui. It was said that after graduating from university, he refused to accept his father's funding, insisting on starting his own business independently. After years of hard work, his net worth had exceeded a billion, making him a distinguished figure among the young generation in the Huaxia business community.

Of course, it's hard to say whether Xie Yifeng started from scratch or whether he had received covert support from his family.

Though the Xie Family was considered a powerful household in Yanjing, its main influence lay in the business sector, which pales in comparison to families like the Lu Family—a true prominent clan with deep roots, substantial heritage, and key figures in the military, political, and business arenas.

Even compared to the Dongfang Family, which also wielded considerable influence in the business world, the Xie Family was significantly inferior.

The influence of the Xie Family was mainly concentrated in Yanjing and the northern region of Huaxia, while the Dongfang Family's influence had long been pervasive throughout Huaxia, even extending to the business circles abroad.

When Xie Yifeng first started his career, he was quite low-key, but once he had amassed billions in wealth, he began to inflate with arrogance, adopting a nouveau riche attitude as if he was on top of the world. Even true scions of wealthy families like Lu Jianfeng from the Lu Family looked down on him.

However, in front of Ye Wumei, Xie Yifeng dared not put on airs, instead, he sucked up to her, as the influence of the Ye Family from Lingnan was also widespread throughout the whole of Huaxia.

In front of the Ye Family, the Xie Family didn't amount to much, and he, Xie Yifeng, had little to be proud of.

Ye Wumei's beauty and background had Xie Yifei salivating with desire. Although Xie Yifei was not very confident in pursuing Ye Wumei, he never gave up on the idea and seized every opportunity to try and get closer to her.

However, Ye Wumei didn't have much of an impression of Xie Yifeng, and her attitude towards him had always been lukewarm, which disheartened Xie Yifeng and also filled him with chagrin. He secretly swore that one day he would conquer this enchanting and coquettish woman.

In fact, Ye Wumei and Xie Yifeng were not familiar with each other; they had only met a few times at social gatherings. But since he took the initiative to greet her, she didn't want to snub him.

Not only was Ye Wumei a pop diva and hailed as the "National Sweetheart" in Huaxia's music scene, but she was also known for her ever-changing fashion style that often sparked fashion trends, earning her the nickname "Variable Queen" from her fans.

Tonight, Ye Wumei was wearing a purple knee-length, figure-hugging dress crafted personally by a world-famous designer. She looked lively yet composed, understated yet noble. She embodied the lightness and vitality of a young girl, along with the mature allure and charm unique to a grown woman.

The cinched waist design perfectly highlighted her enviable figure that most women around the world could only dream of, accentuating her shapely breasts and hips, slim waist, and long legs.

The long, black, and silky tresses cascading down her shoulders added a touch of softness and irresistibility to her charm.

Although Xie Yifeng was no stranger to beauty, upon seeing Ye Wumei, he was deeply captivated by her peerless allure—his eyes sparkled, and his heart raced.

Glancing at the model clinging to his arm like a meek bird snug against him, Xie Yifeng suddenly felt that walking with her was a literal downgrade to his own status.

"This is..."

Approaching Ye Wumei, Xie Yifeng glanced at Fang Bai standing beside her. A flicker of surprise crossed his eyes, and then a look of superiority bloomed as he noticed the car that Fang Bai had arrived in.

Chapter 299: This is Unfair!

"Fang Bai, my very good friend. President Xie, if there's nothing else, we'll be taking our leave now!"

Ye Wumei adeptly caught the scorn and disdain in Xie Yifei's eyes as he looked at Fang Bai, her expression further cooled, her tone distant and even reluctant to speak another word.

Hearing Ye Wumei refer to Fang Bai as a "very good friend," Xie Yifei's expression slightly changed, feeling intense jealousy in his heart.

I, Xie Yifeng, have known Ye Wumei for so long, yet I can't even count as a friend, while this Fang Bai, how did he become Ye Wumei's "very good friend"? What is their relationship?

Xie Yifeng looked at Fang Bai again, his gaze somewhat somber.

"May I ask what your esteemed position is, Mr. Fang?"

Xie Yifeng had enough nerve, not taking the hint to leave when Ye Wumei showed no interest in talking to him, instead turning to Fang Bai with a smile and asked.

But his smile seemed insincere and loathsome in Ye Wumei's eyes.

"I am an intern doctor in the acupuncture and massage department of the Traditional Chinese Medicine section at Yanjing Hospital."

With how perceptive Fang Bai was, he certainly noticed the contempt and disdain in Xie Yifeng's eyes, and if it weren't for Ye Wumei's acquaintance with him, Fang Bai wouldn't have bothered with such a conceited person.

"Traditional Chinese Medicine section? Acupuncture and massage department? An intern doctor?"

Xie Yifei was taken aback, having assumed that anyone who could become Ye Wumei's "very good friend" would undoubtedly be a man of wealth or status, outstanding in every aspect. Yet, this guy was just an intern doctor – and in the least esteemed acupuncture and massage department of the Traditional Chinese Medicine section, no less.

When Xie Yifei first saw Fang Bai, noticing the ordinary sedan worth a mere tens of thousands and his non-affluent attire, he had guessed that Fang Bai was someone without much wealth or influence. Now, knowing Fang Bai's profession, he looked down on him even more.

Although the kid was good-looking, there were plenty more handsome than him, and attending such an important event, this kid didn't even have a decent car. Clearly, he was short on money. Ye Wumei must be blind to consider such a person a good friend.

Moreover, the two arrived in the same car, seemingly ready to attend the charity auction together tonight, leading to the inference that their relationship might be more than just "very good friends."

Perhaps this kid had a gift for gab and used sweet talk to gain Ye Wumei's trust, aiming to be a man living off a woman.

Ye Wumei, although revered as the queen of the music world and the National Sweetheart, had never been involved in any scandals, reportedly never even dated, a picture of unblemished innocence.

For such a woman, to encounter a suave, sweet-talking man who also happened to be fairly attractive – it would be easy for her to be swept away.

Yes! That must be it!

Damn it, this is intolerable! I look a hundred times better than this kid, suave and wealthy, so why can he be Ye Wumei's "very good friend" while I am not?

This is unfair!

The more Xie Yifeng thought about it, the angrier he felt, the hostility in his gaze towards Fang Bai growing stronger.

"President Xie seems to look down on Chinese medicine," Fang Bai said. "Also, as an intern, if I perform well during my internship, there is a chance for me to become a regular employee."

Fang Bai frowned, his expression slightly displeased and his tone rather cold.

"Heh, interns in the acupuncture and massage department of Chinese medicine, so what if they become regulars? They still end up with no prospects!"

While Xie Yifeng thought this, he obviously wouldn't say it out loud. He waved his hand and said, "Mr. Fang has misunderstood me. What I mean is... Chinese medicine is in decline, it's a marginal field within the hospital. Why would Mr. Fang choose to intern in the Chinese medicine department?"

"Because I like Chinese medicine, and it's also what I studied," Fang Bai answered. "Moreover, although Chinese medicine is currently at a low point, I believe that one day it will rise again and its future will be even more glorious and splendid!"

Ye Wumei had witnessed Fang Bai's miraculous medical skills and, hearing his bold words, she didn't think he was just talking big. With his drive, the decline of Chinese medicine was bound to reverse.

"Mr. Fang hopes for the rise of Chinese medicine, and that is a beautiful wish, but reality is often cruel," Xie Yifeng responded.

After hearing Fang Bai's words, Xie Yifeng couldn't help but find them amusing and with a dismissive tone he said, "Just look at the patients nowadays. How many of them choose Chinese medicine? They only turn to it when Western medicine can no longer help them, with the hope that the dead horse they're treating might somehow come back to life... Haha, when it comes to the superiority of Western medicine over Chinese medicine, this says it all!"

Fang Bai knew that Xie Yifeng's words held some truth, and his expression grew darker.

The decline of Chinese medicine had many reasons, but the primary ones were two:

First, Western medicine often produced faster results in treating diseases, so from patients' perspectives, it was naturally the preferred choice; second, entering the field of Western medicine had fewer barriers to learning and better career prospects compared to Chinese medicine, which led to an increase in people studying Western medicine and its consequent widespread adoption in Huaxia.

To become a qualified practitioner of Chinese medicine is quite challenging. It not only requires innate talent but also years of accumulated practical experience. Some practitioners gray at the temples before

achieving even a modicum of success, deterring the youth from entering the field and leading to an ever-diminishing competency in successive generations.

Seeing Fang Bai fall silent, Xie Yifeng thought he had left him speechless with his arguments, and a smug look appeared on his face. He thought to himself that it would be good enough if a mere Chinese medicine intern like Fang Bai could secure a permanent position, let alone talk about the revival of Chinese medicine, which seemed laughable and delusional.

"I have some business dealings with Yanjing Hospital and am quite familiar with Vice Dean Li, who is in charge of personnel. If you, Fang Bai, would like to stay at Yanjing Hospital in the future, I can put in a good word with Vice Dean Li. There may be some hope for you."

President Xie's statement was tinged with ostentation, and after he finished speaking, he looked at Fang Bai with a smug smile, seemingly expecting gratitude and possibly even a bow in thanks, which would certainly boost his own status in front of Ye Wumei.

After learning that Fang Bai was a Chinese medicine intern, Xie Yifeng's disdain for him intensified, and "Mr. Fang" was thus demoted to "Fang Bai" in his speech, which carried a condescending and imposing tone.

Ye Wumei glanced at Fang Bai and saw his strange expression, struggling to suppress a laugh. Her look towards Xie Yifeng carried a hint of mockery.

Fang Bai might be an intern, but he was no ordinary one. Even the "Four Great National Doctors" who are seen as pillars of Huaxia's medical community would likely feel inferior before him.

If Fang Bai were willing, any hospital in Huaxia, or even the world, would spare no expense to compete for him. There was no need for Xie Yifeng's introduction.

This Xie Yifeng really has too high an opinion of himself!

Chapter 300: I seldom resort to violence!

"I appreciate President Xie's kind offer."

There was no bowing in gratitude, nor were there any tears of thankfulness; Fang Bai indifferently refused the "kind offer" to speak up for him from Xie Yifeng.

"Yifeng was trying to help you out of kindness, and you actually refused it? Really ungrateful!"

The female companion beside Xie Yifeng rolled her eyes at Fang Bai and said irritably.

"Luo Xiaoli, you shut your mouth!"

No matter what, Fang Bai was a friend of Ye Wumei, and seeing Luo Xiaoli lash out at Fang Bai, Xie Yifeng, although secretly pleased, still considered Ye Wumei's background and connections, glared at Luo Xiaoli and verbally chastised her.

Luo Xiaoli was the runner-up of this year's Huaxia model contest, in the prime of her youth, with fair skin and a youthful beauty. Once Xie Yifeng took a fancy to her, he paved the way with money, and it wasn't long before the two of them got together.

Recently, Xie Yifeng also used the Xie Family's connections to secure Luo Xiaoli the leading role in several movies and TV dramas, preparing to make her a star.

This charity auction was specifically attended by Xie Yifeng with Luo Xiaoli, partly to show off his model companion with both a great figure and looks, and also to give Luo Xiaoli a chance to expand her contacts during the evening.

Luo Xiaoli knew of Ye Wumei and recognized her as a superstar queen of the music world, but she was unaware of Ye Wumei's real identity; she thought, no matter how big a star the queen was, she was still just an actress like herself. How could she compare to Xie Yifeng, who had a personal fortune of billions and the powerful backing of the Yanjing Xie Family?

She believed that with Xie Yifeng's support, she had no need to fear Ye Wumei, let alone pay any attention to Fang Bai, Ye Wumei's friend. She had intended to speak up for Xie Yifeng, but before Ye Wumei and Fang Bai could say anything, Xie Yifeng scolded her instead.

"Yifeng..."

Luo Xiaoli trembled with the reprimand from Xie Yifeng, her face immediately filled with grievance, and her eyes reddened, looking pitiful.

"Miss Ye, I'm sorry... Xiaoli, let's go!"

Fearing that Luo Xiaoli might clash with Ye Wumei and thus offend the Ye Family, Xie Yifeng hurriedly gave an apologetic smile to Ye Wumei, then grabbed Luo Xiaoli's hand and quickly walked towards the entrance of the "Triumph Grand Hotel."

"Hmph, ran away pretty fast! That woman just now was really annoying, saying you were ungrateful. I really wanted to slap her!"

Ye Wumei's beautiful eyes followed Luo Xiaoli's retreating figure, her pretty face cold as frost, as she spoke in a low voice.

"Don't stoop to the level of such people; it's not worth it!"

Fang Bai appeared not angry at all, smiling as he spoke.

"Still, that woman was talking about you, and I can't stand it! I've already told everyone that you're my close friend, yet she dared to be rude. It's as if she doesn't take me seriously at all... It's infuriating!"

Ye Wumei said, fuming.

Fang Bai said earnestly, "It's okay if she doesn't take me seriously, but to ignore Star Ye, that's a heinous crime! Unforgivable! If that woman dares to be arrogant in front of us again, I'll help you beat her up!"

Ye Wumei burst into laughter and said, "Divine Doctor Fang, wouldn't it be beneath you to start a physical fight with a woman in public?"

"That's true... So, you'll beat her up instead?"

"Hey, I am a lady, how could I bring myself to hit someone in public?"

"Who was it that said she wanted to slap that woman just now?"

"I was just talking, I rarely get physically violent with people..."

The two stood beside Fang Bai's sedan, joking and laughing. In the meantime, several guests arrived in luxury cars. Two of the guests knew Ye Wumei and came over to exchange pleasantries. After learning about Fang Bai's identity, they gave Fang Bai's car a once-over, inevitably looking somewhat disdainful.

"Looks like you need to get a better car..."

Watching those guests walk away after the small talk, full of contempt for Fang Bai, Ye Wumei couldn't help but chuckle softly, "You are, after all, one of the major shareholders of Beauty Company with a net worth of hundreds of millions. Driving a car worth just over a hundred thousand really doesn't fit the status of Divine Doctor Fang!"

Fang Bai shrugged his shoulders, nonchalantly saying, "Driving a car worth millions sure is flashy, but that kind of ostentatious life isn't what I want. As a Martial Artist, what I'm pursuing is the ultimate Martial Dao, eternal life. Wealth and riches are just passing clouds!"

"Alright, my Divine Doctor Fang, stop with the grand principles! The charity auction starts at eight, and my best friend must be getting anxious. Let's go in!"

With that, Ye Wumei hooked her arms through one of Fang Bai's, walking toward the "Triumph Grand Hotel."

At the hotel's second-floor entrance, Ye Wumei presented the invitation sent out by the organizers of the charity auction, then she and Fang Bai passed through a golden gate into the luxurious hall on the second floor.

At this moment, hundreds of guests gathered in the hall, mingling in small groups and chatting. The vast majority brought along a companion of the opposite sex; everyone was dressed to the nines, appearing either rich or noble.

Fang Bai's Divine Sense swept through the main hall, spotting a few acquaintances, some with good relations and others with whom he had conflicts.

Among those he was on good terms with were Dongfang Rushi, the "Business Prodigy Lady" from the Dongfang Family of Yanjing, Lu Jianfeng, the son of Minister Lu from Yanjing, and Hua Yi, the grandson of Hua Family Patriarch Hua Chun from Zhongzhou who had also taken the initiative to show goodwill toward Fang Bai, and could be considered one as well.

Those he had conflicts with included Wang Dong, the son of Wang Family Patriarch Wang Jingzhong from Yanjing, Shen Huanian, the son of Shen Family Patriarch Shen Dongyang from Anxi, and also Xie Yifeng and his companion Luo Xiaoli, whom he had just seen in the parking lot.

Dongfang Rushi and others had their backs to the entrance, socializing with people and hadn't noticed Fang Bai. Fang Bai also didn't go out of his way to greet them.

It was Shen Huanian whose wandering gaze landed on Fang Bai, causing his expression to darken. When he saw Ye Wumei affectionately linked to Fang Bai's arm, his face became even more unsightly, rage flashing through his eyes.

This bastard, already entangled with his half-sister Xia Chenyu and his crush Tang Wenrou, now he's mixed up with Ye Wumei and showing up together at such an event, utterly infuriating!

No, I have to take a picture of this little jerk and Ye Wumei together, then send it to Xia Chenyu, send it to Tang Wenrou. I want them to see his true face!