

Doctor 31

Chapter 31: No Room for Discussion in Beating You!

“Scram!”

Fang Bai’s eyes flashed fiercely as he bellowed out, raised his fists, and met the two punches aimed at his chest.

Smack—

Smack—

Two crisp sounds almost simultaneously erupted as the bones in the two men’s fists fractured, and they screamed while retreating.

In the blink of an eye, out of the seven men who had surrounded Fang Bai, three were already incapacitated.

The remaining four paused, seemingly not expecting Fang Bai to be so formidable; they then each drew ready-made steel pipes from their waists and swung them down at Fang Bai.

Fang Bai snorted coldly, took a few steps back, bent down, and grabbed the legs of the man he had knocked down, swinging his entire body up and using it as a weapon to smash against the four men rushing at him with steel pipes.

With Fang Bai’s current strength, the man’s body, weighing over a hundred pounds, felt almost as heavy as a steel pipe in his hands, difficult to lift.

Wielding this human-shaped weapon, Fang Bai swung through the air, sweeping the four attackers off their feet like a gust of autumn wind scattering fallen leaves.

“Damn, tough guy!”

Time to bail!”

Seeing the situation turning dire, the tattooed young man turned and bolted.

“And down you go too!”

Fang Bai’s right foot firmly kicked out along the ground, sending a steel pipe whistling into the air, striking the tattooed young man’s calf as he fled, neither too high nor too low.

The tattooed young man, happily sprinting away, suddenly felt an intense pain in his calf and screamed as he fell forward, face planting into the ground and smearing his face with blood.

Fang Bai strode over to the tattooed young man, crouched down, and coldly asked, “Talk, who paid you to come after me?”

“We live by our own code in our world, we can’t betray our employer!

I won’t tell you!”

Surprisingly, the tattooed young man was defiant, wiping the blood from his face and glaring fiercely at Fang Bai.

“Is that so?”

Fang Bai sneered, pressing the tattooed young man’s head down hard against the ground.

Thud—

The tattooed young man's forehead made a brutal contact with the ground, instantly swelling up like an egg.

"If you don't talk, I'll smash your head like a watermelon!"

Fang Bai's tone was chilling, and a thread of killing Qi released, involuntarily making the tattooed young man shiver.

"I...

I'll talk..." Under Fang Bai's icy, piercing gaze, the tattooed young man's mental defenses crumbled, raising his hand to point towards an alley not far away, "Our employer...

is over there..."

Fang Bai turned his head, looking in the direction the tattooed young man pointed, and saw a head poking out of the alley, peering in their direction — it was none other than Liu Yichen.

When Liu Yichen's eyes met Ye Luo's, he jumped with fright, his face paled, and quickly withdrew his head, turning to run deeper into the alley.

Liu Yichen had wanted to find trouble with Fang Bai at the Medical College that day, but instead was beaten by Fang Bai, leaving him disgruntled.

Therefore, he had paid the tattooed young man and seven others to take revenge on his behalf, all of whom were hired from Master Hong in the West Suburb.

What Liu Yichen didn't expect was that Master Hong's men would prove no match and were swiftly taken down by Fang Bai.

And that tattooed young man, known as "Long Si," seemed to have just betrayed him.

Liu Yichen was both shocked and enraged, seething with anger, and inwardly cursed Long Si and the others for being a bunch of useless trash.

He thought that if he could escape this time, he would definitely spend more money next time to hire some real experts to teach Fang Bai a lesson, otherwise he wouldn't be able to swallow this humiliation.

Liu Yichen's father was a famously wealthy real estate tycoon in Zhongzhou, possessing billions in assets.

As a rich second generation, he lacked for nothing, least of all money.

As he was about to escape the alley, a figure suddenly blocked Liu Yichen's path—it was Fang Bai.

"Spending money to hire people to teach me a lesson...

huh, Liu Yichen, it's not the first time you've provoked me, right?

Do you really think I'm a soft persimmon that you can just squeeze however you want?"

Fang Bai stepped closer to Liu Yichen with each word, his smile making Liu Yichen shiver with fear.

Having suffered at the hands of Fang Bai before, Liu Yichen knew that he stood no chance against him alone and wisely chose to run away again.

He turned around and dashed towards the other end of the alley with the speed of a sprinter.

However, his speed was nothing compared to Fang Bai's.

He had only run a few steps before Fang Bai caught up with him.

"Let's go!"

Fang Bai reached Liu Yichen from behind, grasped his collar with a big hand, and dragged him out of the alley like a dead dog, onto the pedestrian street.

The eight men beaten by Fang Bai, including Long Si, were just getting up from the ground with groans, not yet having managed to leave, when they saw Fang Bai returning and shivered all over.

"I have a task for you.

Do it well, and I'll let you go.

Fail, and I'll break a leg for each of you!"

As he spoke, Fang Bai pushed Liu Yichen in front of Long Si and the other seven men, crossed his arms, and said coldly, "You all start beating him...

hmm, don't stop until I say so, keep going until I'm satisfied!"

"Let's see who dares to hit me?" Liu Yichen screamed like a slaughtered pig.

"My father is Liu Yuanlong!

Our family has connections in both the underworld and in legitimate circles!

Whoever dares to hit me, I'll make sure they don't see tomorrow's sun!

I...

ow!"

Before he could finish speaking, he was spun around by a slap from Fang Bai and fell to the ground, buttocks first.

“Don’t talk about your dad being Liu Yuanlong, even if he were a True Dragon, I’d hit you without discussion!”

In his previous life, Fang Bai was the Immortal Emperor, a towering figure in the nine domains of the Immortal Realm, feared by all.

When had he ever feared anyone?

In this world, there were rules and laws that bound people, and Fang Bai would not seek out trouble, but once someone angered him, he would break all constraints and retaliate tenfold, a hundredfold.

For Fang Bai, a true martial artist should live passionately, with clear debts of gratitude and vengeance.

Otherwise, they would lose their Dao heart, which would negatively affect their cultivation.

Under Fang Bai’s intimidating gaze, and having experienced his prowess firsthand, the eight men including Long Si, gritted their teeth through their pain and began to attack Liu Yichen.

The men were filled with resentment towards Liu Yichen, thinking: “You damned fool, you hired us to beat someone up without telling us how formidable the opponent was, or else we brothers wouldn’t have taken on this job.

Damn, you’re setting us up, brother!

You deserve to be beaten to death!”

The more they thought about it, the angrier they became, and unintentionally, they started to strike with even greater force.

Liu Yichen, a regular high school senior who grew up with a silver spoon in his mouth, when had he ever experienced such a beating?

The punches and kicks rained down on him like a storm.

He curled up, rolled around protecting his head, and continuously let out agonizing screams.

Moments later, his body began to twitch, his eyes rolled back, and he lay motionless, apparently having fainted.

After knocking Liu Yichen out, Long Si and the others stopped and turned to look for Fang Bai, only to find that he had disappeared.

“Brother Long Si, what do we do now?”

A youth with dyed yellow hair, rubbing his aching arm, leaned in and asked Long Si.

“Let’s go, head back first and talk to Master Hong.

To hit us is to offend Master Hong.

Who can afford to offend Master Hong in the territory of Zhongzhou City?

That kid named Fang Bai...

he’s done for this time!”

Not long after Long Si and the others had left, the bruised and swollen Liu Yichen stealthily opened his eyes, looked around, then quickly got to his feet and disappeared around the corner of the street, limping away under the astonished gazes of the passersby.

Chapter 32: Master Hong At this moment, Fang Bai was riding his bicycle, on his way home.

As for how badly Liu Yichen had been beaten, he couldn't care less; today's events had taught Liu Yichen a significant lesson and had also demonstrated his own strength.

If Liu Yichen didn't learn his lesson and continued to provoke him, then next time, Fang Bai would simply cripple him, solving the problem once and for all.

As for whether beating up Long Si and the others would lead to their retaliation, Fang Bai didn't concern himself with it.

An army would be met with a general, a flood with earth.

Whatever came his way, he would face it.

The next day at the medical college, Fang Bai didn't hear any rumors about Liu Yichen being beaten.

It was clear that Liu Yichen knew he was in the wrong and hadn't told anyone about the incident.

Moreover, Liu Yichen didn't come to class at the medical college today, claiming he was feeling unwell and had specifically requested a few days off.

"Unwell?"

Ha, he's clearly at home licking his wounds, not wanting others to see his bruised face!"

A cold smile played on Fang Bai's lips.

When he was leaving school at noon and was still dozens of meters away from home, Fang Bai's ears twitched slightly as he faintly heard the crying of his mother, Yang Mei.

Frowning, Fang Bai quickened his steps and rushed into his own courtyard.

What met his eyes was utter disarray.

His father, Fang Gang, was sitting on the ground in the courtyard, his wheelchair toppled over, panting heavily, his face filled with anger.

His mother, Yang Mei, was crying as she tidied the chaotic mess in the courtyard, mumbling something continuously.

“Dad, Mom, what happened?”

Fang Bai walked over to his parents and asked sternly.

Seeing Fang Bai return, Yang Mei immediately dropped what she was holding, grabbed Fang Bai’s arm, looked him up and down with a nervous expression, and asked, “Fang Bai...

son...

Are you okay?

Did those people hit you?”

“Mom, I’m fine.

What happened?

Tell me clearly.”

“A bunch of people stormed into our house earlier, they started smashing things without saying a word.

They...

they also shoved me and your dad around a few times...”

Relieved to see her son unharmed, Yang Mei spoke tremulously, “After they thrashed the place, a bald man with a dragon tattoo on his left arm said his name was Master Hong, and claimed you hit his people.

He said this was a lesson for you...

Son, who is Master Hong?

What is going on?”

Fang Bai didn’t answer but took a deep breath to calm his emotions.

Then, together with his mother, they helped his father, Fang Gang, back up.

“Dad, Mom, I got into a bit of trouble with someone at school...

Don’t worry, I’ll handle this matter.”

Turning to leave the courtyard, Fang Bai’s expression was as dark as turbulent waters.

If anyone had been standing beside him at that moment, they would have felt suffocated by the intense killing Qi emanating from his body.

Around the courtyard, other than a few familiar neighbors, no one else could be seen; the people who stormed into the house making a mess had long gone.

Fang Bai thought for a moment and then pulled out his mobile phone, quickly dialing a number.

“Haha, Brother Fang Bai, how come you’ve got time to call me?”

Over the phone came the hearty laughter of a young man, the voice of Eldest Young Master Su, Su Yifei.

“Su Yifei, help me check someone.”

Although filled with raging fury, Fang Bai’s voice was unnaturally calm.

“Check on someone?” Su Yifei sounded puzzled on the other end, “Who are you looking for?”

“A man called ‘Master Hong,’ bald, with a dragon tattoo on his left arm...

Also, he has an underling, about 1.75 meters tall, with a crew cut, and a wolf head tattoo on his left arm...”

Fang Bai knew that the Su Family had significant clout in Zhongzhou City.

Although there were millions of people in Zhongzhou, checking on a few well-known individuals was still an easy task for the Su Family.

There was a sound of assent from Su Yifei, and then he said, “Brother, did that guy called ‘Master Hong’ provoke you?”

If so, just say the word, and I’ll handle it for you.

Do you want him alive or dead, just one word from you!”

“I’ll handle my own matters!

Su Yifei, just find out where ‘Brother Along’ lives for me.

Please, I’m asking you this favor.”

“Alright, I’ll arrange for someone to investigate.

Wait for my call.”

Su Yifei was very efficient in handling matters, and Fang Bai received his call just after finishing school in the afternoon, learning all the ins and outs about Master Hong.

...

Dusk.

After a thunderstorm, the weather became cooler, and the streets and alleys of Zhongzhou City bustled again with more pedestrians and vehicles.

In the West Suburb of Zhongzhou City, underneath a giant banyan north of the national highway, a man and a woman were playing billiards, while four young people, with dyed blond hair and cigarettes in their mouths, watched from the side.

The billiard player’s name was Ruan Hongpeng, a local snake of the West Suburb, known as “Master Hong.”

Master Hong just turned thirty this year, his head bald and shiny, wearing a black vest with jeans.

A ferocious Azure Dragon tattoo adorned his left arm, and his muscles were as hard as iron blocks.

At a height of one meter eighty, he looked incredibly fierce.

The woman playing billiards with Master Hong was his girl, Xiao Yan, in her early twenties, wearing a short skirt and black stockings, with a voluptuous figure and quite pretty.

“Great shot!”

“Master Hong’s billiard skills are truly unmatched!”

“Even if I practiced my whole life, I couldn’t reach one ten-thousandth of Master Hong’s level!”

“What Higgins, what O’Sullivan, they’re far behind compared to Master Hong!”

“They’re not even worthy to carry Master Hong’s cue stick!”

...

Whenever Master Hong pocketed a ball, the four onlooking young people clapped vigorously, flattering him to the skies and proclaiming his billiard skills as the best in the world, unmatched by anyone else.

“Master Hong, your billiard skills are amazing!

Nobody can beat you!”

At the end of the frame, Xiao Yan, swaying her serpent-like waist, walked to Master Hong’s side and rubbed gently against his arm.

“I have another set of even more outstanding skills, want to give it a try?”

Master Hong chuckled, “Heh heh,” and firmly grabbed one of Xiao Yan’s ample mounds.

“Master Hong, you’re so naughty!”

Xiao Yan’s coquettish whine, loaded with allure, made the four onlooking young people chortle wickedly.

“Are you Ruan Hongpeng?”

A cold, emotionless voice suddenly sounded from behind Master Hong.

“Huh?”

Master Hong turned around abruptly, seeing a young man wearing a black casual shirt, with a fair and handsome face.

The young man was indeed Fang Bai.

Following the information provided by Su Yifei, he had promptly found this place, seeking an encounter with Master Hong, known as the West Suburb Local Snake.

“Who are you?”

Master Hong frowned, sizing up Fang Bai.

He thought hard but couldn’t recall having seen such a figure anywhere.

“Are you Ruan Hongpeng?”

Fang Bai asked again, his gaze fixed on Master Hong's face, his tone gaining a touch of chilliness.

"I am Ruan Hongpeng!

What about it?"

Master Hong, who had made his way through life with violence and killings, knew from his years of experience that this young man was bad news.

Fang Bai nodded and said, "Good, just making sure so I don't hit the wrong person."

From Fang Bai emerged a chilling Killing Qi that made Master Hong's eyelids twitch, and a foreboding feeling of doom rose within him.

Chapter 33: With a son around, no one will dare to bully us!

"I'll beat you to death!"

Master Hong, a ruthless man, guessed that it might be an old enemy seeking revenge after hearing Fang Bai's words.

Following the principle 'strike first or suffer the consequences', he immediately swung the cue stick in his hand, aiming a sweeping blow at Fang Bai.

Although Master Hong had not trained in martial arts, he had been through countless fights.

When he wielded the cue stick, it produced a whooshing sound and looked impressive.

Master Hong was fast, but Fang Bai was faster.

At the instant Master Hong lifted his stick without yet swinging, Fang Bai had already moved forward a step, landing a seemingly light palm strike on Master Hong's chest.

His family was Fang Bai's sore spot, untouchable even by the Heavenly King.

Not only had Master Hong barged into his house and caused destruction, but he had also struck his parents.

Fang Bai felt the urge to kill.

With a palm strike to Master Hong's chest, a stream of True Yuan burst forth explosively from Fang Bai's palm center.

Boom—

Master Hong felt an immense force slamming brutally into his chest, causing his blood to surge and spew out a mouthful of fresh blood.

His burly body flew backward, crashing heavily on the pool table before rolling off to the floor, blood filling his mouth and nose, and several ribs broken.

"Fuck, how dare you hit Master Hong!"

"You're fucking asking for it!"

"Let's kill him!"

"Get him!"

The scuffle between Fang Bai and Master Hong lasted only a moment or two.

The four young men by the side were initially stunned, then sprang into action.

Some were unarmed, others grabbed a cue stick or a stool, and they all charged toward Fang Bai amidst shouts and curses.

A muscular young man came at Fang Bai head-on, his fierce momentum powering a straight punch to Fang Bai's chest, with a faint whistling of fist wind.

Fang Bai snorted coldly; he extended his right arm with his fingers spread wide, capturing the young man's fist, and then gently applied force.

A soft 'crack' sounded and the young man's knuckles instantly fractured.

Amid the anguished howls, the young man clutched his fist, crouching down, tears and mucus streaming down his face.

Almost simultaneously, two other young men, one wielding a cue stick and the other hoisting a stool, charged at Fang Bai from both sides.

Fang Bai's toes lightly touched the ground, his figure leaping into the air, and he kicked out with both feet simultaneously.

The two young men took the blows directly to their chests: one tumbled into a roadside flower bed, groaning and unable to get up, while the other staggered back seven or eight steps before collapsing backward, curling up like a shrimp.

The last young man somehow found an empty beer bottle and, with a furious yell, tried to smash it onto the back of Fang Bai's head.

Fang Bai executed a spinning back kick, sending the young man flying onto the road next to them, nearly getting run over by a passing car.

After dealing with the four young men, Fang Bai dusted off his hands and then turned to walk towards Master Hong.

Master Hong had suffered broken bones and bleeding from mouth and nose from Fang Bai's palm strike, yet he hadn't passed out on the spot.

Seeing Fang Bai approach, and thinking he would continue the assault, Master Hong shakily said, "Wait...

wait!

Brother, what grudge have we actually had between us?"

Fang Bai looked down upon Master Hong with a cold gaze, his face a picture of mockery, "Master Hong, have you really forgotten?

Don't you remember what you did today?"

Master Hong raised his head to look at Fang Bai's face and suddenly, as if struck by Fortune's Blessing, exclaimed in shock, "You...

you're that Fang...

Fang Bai?"

Fang Bai smiled crookedly, "That's right, I'm Fang Bai.

Master Hong, you led people to break into my home, smashed our things, and hit my parents.

Quite the impressive display!”

Although he was smiling, his smile was tinged with murderous intent, causing Master Hong to shiver uncontrollably.

“I, Ruan Hongpeng, was blind and have offended Master Fang.

Please spare my life, Master Fang.

I swear, I will never dare to offend you again, or else, you may take my head to play football with!”

Master Hong, though cruel and ruthless, was also someone who could bend or stand as needed.

He knew that persisting in his defiance would lead to no good end, and so, he reluctantly began to beg for mercy.

“For the damages to Master Fang’s family home, I am willing to pay one hundred thousand...

no, two hundred thousand in compensation!”

In reality, there wasn’t much of value in Fang Bai’s home, and the total damage caused by Master Hong and his men didn’t even add up to ten thousand yuan.

Master Hong offered two hundred thousand merely as a means of buying his life.

Master Hong was no fool.

He knew that if Fang Bai could find him so quickly and dare to come alone for retribution, he had to possess significant abilities, and surely powerful backing.

Otherwise, just the reputation of Master Hong would have been enough to intimidate him.

“You should be thankful that you didn’t injure my family members because, if you had, you would be dead by now.”

Fang Bai swept a chilling glance over Master Hong and his lackeys, his gaze sharp as a knife, frightening them into silence.

Having said that, Fang Bai turned and strode away.

He knew that Master Hong was smart enough to know what to do next without being told.

Master Hong’s woman, Xiao Yan, was petrified by the scene that had just unfolded.

It wasn’t until Fang Bai had walked far away that she rushed to Master Hong’s side to help him up, and said with resentment, “Master Hong, that brat is too arrogant!

Once your wounds have healed, call all your men and give him a ruthless lesson...”

“Nonsense!” Xiao Yan was cut off by a sharp scolding from Master Hong, “Damn it, can’t you see I’m injured?

Hurry up and call an ambulance to take me to the hospital!

We’ll talk about everything else later!”

The following afternoon, when Fang Bai returned home from Zhongzhou Medical College, his mother Yang Mei told him that the group who had made trouble yesterday had come again, but this time they had come to apologize.

Before leaving, they had left two hundred thousand yuan as compensation for the vandalism.

After hearing this, Fang Bai nodded.

Master Hong had indeed done the right thing by coming to apologize and offer compensation; otherwise, Fang Bai wouldn't have let him off easily.

With Fang Bai's current martial skills and his unfathomable medical expertise, taking Master Hong's life would not only have been easy, but it also wouldn't have left any trace.

"The things they broke in our house are not worth more than twenty thousand yuan together, and they compensated us with two hundred thousand.

That's too much!

Son, we should return the excess money to them!"

Yang Mei knew that her son had recently learned some skills from a "Master" and had become extremely formidable.

The troublemakers had arrived with fierce momentum to vandalize yesterday, but today they were humble and apologetic, which she knew had a lot to do with her son.

But a compensation of two hundred thousand yuan was indeed excessive, far beyond the damage to their home.

While Fang Gang didn't think much of it, Yang Mei felt it weighed on her like a disease, worried it would bring trouble to her son.

"Mom, that money was paid willingly as compensation to our family.

Just keep it with peace of mind!

With your son here, no one will dare to bully us!”

Fang Bai patted his chest, a look of pride on his face.

As time moved into June, the weather gradually grew hot, and the female students of Zhongzhou Medical College began to don their beautiful summer attire, flaunting their youthful charm and splendid figures.

It was in this season that Su Linglong, who had recently recovered from a serious illness, returned to Zhongzhou Medical College to continue her studies.

Chapter 34: How Should I Repay You

After nearly a month of relentless treatment by Fang Bai, Su Linglong’s brain tumor had miraculously disappeared, and she had regained the delicate beauty and fair skin of a young girl.

Once again, her pretty and cute face bore a sweet smile that had been absent for so long.

Because of her illness, Su Linglong had all her long, black hair shaven off.

When she went to classes at the medical university, she wore a wig, but this was a secret known only to her and Fang Bai.

In the eyes of the teachers and students of the medical university, Su Linglong was still the girl who was pure, lovely, with a slender figure and flowing hair.

However, what broke the hearts of the male students at the medical university was that the “big-eyed cutie” who was like a goddess in their eyes returned to the university with an astonishingly close relationship with Fang Bai, frequently appearing together as if they were a couple.

What was even more shocking was that it wasn’t Fang Bai who was pursuing Su Linglong, but rather Su Linglong who was actively pursuing Fang Bai.

Every day after class, Su Linglong would follow Fang Bai around like a little assistant, with sparkling eyes and a sweet smile, looking at Ye Luo with eyes filled with admiration.

It seemed as though in her view, Fang Bai was the only man left in the world.

The male students at the medical university were both envious and jealous, especially those who liked Su Linglong.

They vehemently criticized Fang Bai, branding him as their greatest rival.

Some male students even initiated a “Protect the Goddess Campaign” on the university’s online forum, arguing that given Su Linglong’s qualifications, Fang Bai was unworthy of her and it was blasphemous to pair them up.

They felt that at any cost, Fang Bai must not succeed, and they had to figure out a way to drive him away from Su Linglong.

Regarding these matters, Fang Bai naturally heard about them, but he neither commented nor retaliated.

He just kept doing his own thing every day, indifferent to it all.

“Fang Bai, it’s the weekend today.

Let’s go out for food!”

That afternoon after school, as Fang Bai was packing up to leave, Su Linglong, sitting in the front row, suddenly turned around and spoke.

“Class Leader Su, why the sudden invitation to dinner?”

Fang Bai asked with a chuckle.

“You cured my illness, and my whole family is so grateful to you.

They’ve asked me several times to invite you home for a visit, but you’ve always refused.

So, my grandfather simply suggested that I invite you to dinner alone as a way to express our gratitude!”

“Forget it, it’s nothing!” Fang Bai waved his hand dismissively, “Besides, we are both classmates and friends.

Why be so formal?”

Su Linglong shook her head seriously and said, “How can you call it nothing?

You’re my lifesaver, and you put in so much effort to treat me.

I’ve seen it all.

I’d feel uneasy if I didn’t show some gratitude.”

Seeing that most of the classmates had left the classroom, she grabbed Fang Bai’s arm with both hands, shaking it as she said, “Fang Bai, I’m begging you, let’s just go have a meal together, please!”

With her little mouth puckered up slightly, Su Linglong’s tone was somewhat coquettish, just like a Little Lover pleading with their beloved.

In his past life, Fang Bai was the Passionate Immortal Emperor, surrounded by countless enchanting Female Immortals, and he could never resist the pleas or tears of the women he loved.

Although he couldn't claim to "love" Su Linglong, it was clearly false to say he felt no affection for her.

Thus, faced with the soft pleading of this youthful and beautiful girl, Fang Bai couldn't bring himself to outright refuse.

"Alright, then let's go have a meal together."

Fang Bai nodded in agreement.

"Yay!"

Su Linglong's little face flushed with excitement.

She hurriedly packed up her things on the desk and then walked out of the classroom side by side with Fang Bai.

"Where shall we go to eat?"

Once out of the classroom, Fang Bai casually asked.

"I'm treating, so of course, you get to pick the place!"

Su Linglong had a bank card given to her by Old Master Su, Su Hongyuan, containing a whole million, more than enough for both of them to splurge.

Fang Bai thought for a moment and said, "After exiting the medical college gate, turn east, and walk for about three hundred meters.

I heard there is a 'Peach Blossom Fairyland Pickled Fish' that's quite good.

Let's go there!"

"Great!

My driver will pick me up at the main entrance.

We can take the car together."

Every day on her way to and from school, Su Linglong would be picked up and dropped off by a car, accompanied by two bodyguards, to ensure the personal safety of Old Master Su's most beloved granddaughter.

"I'm riding my bicycle!

How about this: you take the car, and I'll ride my bike.

We'll meet at the entrance of 'Peach Blossom Fairyland Pickled Fish.'"

"In that case...

I'll ride your bicycle.

You push the bike, and I'll wait for you in front!"

"Okay."

Ten minutes later, Fang Bai's bicycle slowly made its way out of the medical college gate, with Su Linglong sitting sideways on the back seat.

In the evening breeze, Su Linglong, wearing a white dress, appeared somewhat nervous, holding onto Fang Bai's clothes tightly.

Her skirt fluttered in the wind, revealing a segment of her beautifully shaped, snow-white, slender legs.

A moment later, the nervous look on Su Linglong's face gradually vanished.

She looked up at Fang Bai's back, her expression slightly infatuated.

"Fang Bai, I'm a little scared.

Can I hold you a bit tighter?"

Feeling the speed of the bicycle picking up, Su Linglong asked shyly.

After getting Fang Bai's agreement, Su Linglong moved her body closer, gently wrapping her arms around Fang Bai's waist and resting her cheek against his back.

Inhaling the masculine scent coming from Fang Bai, a shy blush quietly appeared on Su Linglong's delicate cheeks.

She closed her eyes slightly, her expression filled with a trace of bliss and sweetness.

As summer clothes are thin, and with them sitting close, Fang Bai could only feel Su Linglong's soft, pliant body pressing against his.

The boneless softness sent his mind reeling.

"Fang Bai, you saved my life.

How should I repay you?”

Su Linglong suddenly asked in a low murmur.

“Aren’t you planning to treat me to a meal?”

“But...

just one meal doesn’t seem enough!

Is my life only worth one meal to you?”

“Then you might as well offer yourself to me.

Haha...”

Fang Bai joked off the cuff.

“Ah...” Su Linglong exclaimed softly, biting her luscious, red lips.

Her eyes glistening, she said in a voice too embarrassed to be heard, “My life was saved by you, so however you want...

is fine with me...”

“Really offer yourself to me?

Haha, then call me ‘husband’ and let me hear it.”

There was a brief silence behind him, followed by a voice as faint as a mosquito's, "Hu...

husband..."

Fang Bai thought Su Linglong was just joking with him and laughed, "Now that you've called me 'husband,' you are mine from now on!"

"Mhm."

Behind him, Su Linglong nodded seriously, her slender arms holding him even tighter.

"Peach Blossom Fairyland Pickled Fish" was famously busy, and by the time Fang Bai and Su Linglong arrived, private rooms were fully booked, so they had no choice but to take a seat at a dining table in the hall.

The hall's twenty-odd dining tables were mostly full of guests, noisy and bustling with energy.

Chapter 35: I Like to Listen

Su Linglong was a person who enjoyed a lively atmosphere; she felt that eating in such an environment had the right vibe, while Fang Bai could adapt to any setting, be it noisy or quiet—it was all the same to him.

A moment later, the waiter brought over the dishes and drinks, and the two began to eat and drink.

"Fang Bai, your traditional Chinese medicine skills are so impressive, why did you choose to major in Western medicine when you first applied to medical school?"

Su Linglong suddenly asked, her charming eyes blinking gently, filled with curiosity and questions.

"Over the years, the medical circles in Huaxia have been flooded with the 'uselessness of traditional Chinese medicine' theory.

I chose the Western medicine major because I heeded my parents' advice.

Plus, I hadn't met my current master back then!"

Fang Bai put down his chopsticks and smiled as he explained.

Now, whenever someone asked him about this matter, Fang Bai would attribute it to that nonexistent "master." Otherwise, he simply couldn't explain it properly.

He certainly couldn't say he was the Immortal Emperor reborn, inherently possessing the "martial arts expert" and "Divine Doctor" aura, could he?

If he did, he would probably be considered a fool or a madman and sent straight to a psychiatric hospital.

Su Linglong added, "My grandfather said that your master must be a reclusive master.

Only such a master could have taught a divine doctor like you."

Fang Bai smiled without saying a word.

"By the way, Fang Bai, our medical college is about to have summer vacation soon.

Many of our classmates have already arranged internships at hospitals.

Where do you plan to intern?"

Su Linglong pulled out a napkin, gently wiped the grease from the corner of her mouth, and then rested her chin in her hands as she asked.

“Internship hospital?” Fang Bai paused, then gave a wry smile, “If you hadn’t mentioned it, I would have completely forgotten about it...”

Forget it, I’ll just wait for the college to arrange something!”

After three years of theoretical study, Zhongzhou Medical College would arrange for students to intern at a hospital.

Those with connections or means had the option to arrange their own internships as well.

Interning at a hospital was an essential phase for medical students, and without an internship, or with unsatisfactory internship results, they would not be able to receive their diploma.

Since his reincarnation, Fang Bai had been busy with his own cultivation and the study of theoretical knowledge.

If it wasn’t for Su Linglong’s sudden mention, he wouldn’t have thought about it at all.

“The medical college won’t arrange for you to learn at any good hospitals, so if possible, you should make your own arrangements!”

Fang Bai shrugged his shoulders: “I have neither connections nor means, so where would I go to arrange that?”

“I can help you with that!”

Su Linglong started to smile, her eyes curving like crescents and she cheerfully said, “I plan to intern at Yanjing Hospital, one of Huaxia’s top hospitals.

I’ll talk to my grandfather and arrange a spot for you there as well.

That way, we can both learn and exchange knowledge at the same hospital..."

As she spoke, she seemed to remember something, and her pretty face flushed slightly.

Fang Bai honestly didn't care which hospital he would intern at, but since Su Linglong was kindly offering to help, he wouldn't refuse.

He smiled and said, "Alright, then Yanjing Hospital it is!

Thank you, Class Leader Su!"

"You saved my life; helping you is the least I could do!

And hey Fang Bai, don't call me 'Class Leader Su' anymore, it feels like it puts a distance between us..."

"I'm used to it..."

If not Class Leader, what should I call you?"

"My family calls me Linglong, you can call me that from now on!"

"Linglong... doesn't that seem a little too intimate?"

"I like hearing it!"

Su Linglong said softly, her cheeks blushing even more.

With snow-like skin and large eyes, her beauty was exceptional; the blush on her cheeks only added a further touch of allure.

Listening to her sweet and soft voice, seeing her slightly shy appearance, and reflecting on their playful exchanges, if Fang Bai couldn't understand Su Linglong's feelings, he would indeed be a fool.

Fang Bai was unaware that Su Linglong, having watched him diligently treat her every day amidst great difficulties, harbored immense gratitude in her heart.

In addition, Fang Bai personally prepared medicine for Su Linglong every day, inquiring about her well-being with the utmost care.

Moreover, during acupuncture, physical contact between them was inevitable.

Over time, his image became deeply embedded in Su Linglong's heart, unable to be shaken off.

Su Linglong's personality greatly resembled that of her grandfather, Su Hongyuan— honorable and loyal.

Besides, she had a fondness for Fang Bai.

If Fang Bai truly asked her to dedicate herself to him, she would agree without hesitation.

Just then, the door to a private room on the north side of the hall swung open, and a group of men and women emerged, making a ruckus as they exited.

Fang Bai glanced at the group and unexpectedly spotted Master Hong and his underling Long Si amongst them.

Having been severely taught a lesson by Fang Bai before, Master Hong seemed to have mostly recovered from his injuries by now.

He was slightly tipsy, with an arm around each of two enchanting women, brazenly flirting with them as if no one else was present.

Su Linglong, dressed in a white gown, her flowing hair enhancing her youthful beauty, stood out with her distinct charm and garnered much attention.

As soon as Master Hong and Long Si, along with their group, stepped out of the private room, their eyes were drawn to her.

“This girl looks lovely!”

Master Hong’s eyes sparkled as he sized up Su Linglong from head to toe, completely overlooking Fang Bai, who was sitting next to her and looking at his food.

“Master...

Master Hong...”

Seeing Master Hong let go of the two women beside him and move to strike up a conversation with Su Linglong, Long Si, who was following behind, was startled and quickly reached out to stop him.

“Long Si, what are you doing?”

Master Hong turned his head and frowned at Long Si, clearly annoyed.

“Fang Bai...

Fang Bai...”

Long Si reminded him in a low voice, his voice trembling slightly.

Having been injured by Fang Bai before, and learning later that Master Hong had also been hospitalized because of Fang Bai, Long Si had developed a psychological shadow of him.

Upon seeing Fang Bai sitting across from Su Linglong, Long Si turned pale with fear.

Had it not been for the presence of Master Hong, he would have already snuck away.

“Ah?”

Master Hong, who had been hospitalized for an entire month after being injured by Fang Bai, had broken out in a cold sweat upon hearing the name “Fang Bai,” and all his drunkenness vanished.

His gaze shifted from Su Linglong.

When he saw Fang Bai sitting opposite her, he encountered Fang Bai’s eyes, which held a mocking smile.

Gulp—

Master Hong felt his throat dry up, and he swallowed hard, preparing to slink away when Long Si suddenly whispered something in his ear.

After hearing Long Si’s words, an amused smile appeared on Master Hong’s face, which had been quite pale moments ago.

“Master Fang, are you here for a meal?”

Master Hong, who had previously been arrogant and overbearing, now scurried over to Fang Bai’s side with a sycophantic and submissive demeanor, leaving his followers dumbfounded.

“Does Master Hong have any instructions?”

Fang Bai gave Master Hong a glance and spoke indifferently.

Master Hong chuckled awkwardly, then looked around before bending down and whispering mysteriously, "Master Fang, you've had conflict with someone named Mao Qiangwu, haven't you?"

He's recently hired some Masters from the outside to deal with you.

You need to be careful."

Chapter 36: I Won't Be a Man Who Lives Off a Woman!

"Oh?" Fang Bai raised an eyebrow, "How do you know?"

Master Hong spoke softly, "This was told to me by Long Si, one of my underlings.

He was dining at a hotel a couple of days ago and passed by a private room, where he heard someone mention Master Fang's name.

He stood outside the door and eavesdropped for a bit, so he learned about this..."

After a pause, he continued, "Master Fang, as far as I know, Mao Qiangwu has studied martial arts at Shaolin Temple.

The expert he hired might be from Shaolin Temple.

You know... all martial arts under heaven originated from Shaolin.

Although you are formidable, Master Fang, you still shouldn't take it lightly!"

“Why are you telling me this?” Fang Bai looked at Master Hong with interest, “You’ve suffered at my hands before.

Now that someone is coming after me, shouldn’t you be secretly pleased?”

“Not at all, Master Fang.

Mao Qiangwu is a fellow from the underworld too.

He has cut off my money, stolen my woman, and beaten up my men.

My hatred for him is as deep as the sea; it is irreconcilable!” said Master Hong, grinding his teeth with a face full of hatred when he mentioned “Mao Qiangwu.”

“Compared to that, the minor conflicts between Master Fang and me don’t amount to much.

I dare not bear a grudge against Master Fang.

There’s a saying, ‘The enemy of my enemy is my friend.’ From now on, I, Ruan Hongpeng, will consider Master Fang a friend!”

Severing one’s means of livelihood, taking one’s wife, those indeed are grievances that warrant a sworn enmity; thus, Master Hong’s profound hatred for Mao Qiangwu was understandable.

“Alright, I’ll remember this favor,” Fang Bai nodded at Master Hong, revealing a faint smile at the corner of his mouth.

As the saying goes, “One does not slap the hand that reaches out in friendship.” There was no hatred between Fang Bai and Master Hong that couldn’t be resolved.

Now that Master Hong was taking the initiative to make amends, Fang Bai did not respond with indifference.

Moreover, although Fang Bai was strong, he wasn't arrogant enough to consider himself invincible in the world.

Master Hong's reminder gave him a mental preparation, so he wouldn't be caught off guard when his opponent suddenly appeared before him.

Master Hong was somewhat flattered by Fang Bai's response and flattered him casually: "Master Fang's martial arts skills are unparalleled in the world, gods and Buddhas fall before him, Mao Qiangwu and his ilk will surely be no match for you.

Here, I wish Master Fang great success!"

Seeing Fang Bai's brow furrow slightly, Master Hong, fearing he had displeased him, chuckled nervously, "I won't disturb your meal any longer.

We shall meet again!"

From the moment he saw Fang Bai until his departure, Master Hong did not dare to glance at Su Linglong more than necessary, behaving as virtuous as a saint.

Master Hong knew how to conduct himself.

Before leaving, he paid the bill for Fang Bai and Su Linglong.

However, his gesture of goodwill left Su Linglong feeling frustrated.

"It was supposed to be my treat.

Why did he pay the bill?" Su Linglong pouted her plump and tender lips, expressing her discontent.

Fang Bai laughed, "What, you're not happy that someone else paid for us?"

Su Linglong huffed, "I'm not happy about it!

No way, Fang Bai, this one doesn't count.

Next time, I'll have to invite you again!"

Fang Bai couldn't help but laugh and shrugged, "Fine by me.

Your family is rich after all; I'd be happy to be treated to a meal every day!"

After dinner, night had fallen; the streets were illuminated with dazzling lights, cars flowed like torrents, and pedestrians bustled like ants.

The urban night was beautiful and splendid, vibrant and bustling.

Fang Bai initially planned to go home after dinner, but Su Linglong said, "It's too early to go home now.

Grandpa rarely gives me a night off, and I want to have a blast!

Fang Bai, will you accompany me for a stroll?"

Fang Bai wasn't much of a fan of shopping, but with a youthful and beautiful girl pleading playfully and sweetly in front of him, how could he bear to refuse?

Thus, the two of them walked side by side along the sidewalk, heading towards a nearby commercial street.

Two of the Su family's bodyguards followed behind at a measured pace, their eyes keenly scanning the surroundings to prevent anyone from harming Su Linglong.

The Su family of Zhongzhou was renowned throughout Huaxia, and while they had many friends, they also had no shortage of enemies.

Hence, every core member of the Su family was accompanied by bodyguards.

As the most doted-on granddaughter of Su Hongyuan, the helmsman of the Su family, Su Linglong naturally enjoyed the same treatment, having a chauffeured car and bodyguards for her daily trips to and from school.

The two bodyguards protecting Su Linglong were both elite ex-special forces soldiers; ten or even eight ordinary people were no match for them.

Furthermore, both bodyguards were equipped with weapons like daggers and guns.

It would be difficult for anyone wishing to harm Su Linglong to succeed.

Fang Bai and Su Linglong walked side by side, chatting and laughing, their demeanor intimate.

Coupled with their good looks and similar ages, to onlookers, they indeed resembled a pair of young lovers.

Feeling the adoring glances cast their way from all around, Fang Bai and Su Linglong were both struck by the same thought and simultaneously turned to look at each other.

"It seems that we...

have been misunderstood!"

Fang Bai gazed straight at Su Linglong, a hint of a smile on his lips, his smile exuding a charming allure.

“Misunderstood what?”

Su Linglong met Fang Bai’s eyes, her heart fluttering, her eyes rippling, tinted with a touch of shyness.

Under the multicolored street lights, her delicate, tender face was like a blooming begonia, indescribably charming and enchanting.

“Misunderstood that we’re a couple!” Fang Bai said with a smile.

Su Linglong’s face suddenly flushed red, thinking to herself that it would be nice if they were really a couple; she could walk the streets with him just like the other couples, boldly holding hands.

“Not to mention, the clothes we’re wearing today do look somewhat like a couple’s outfits,” Fang Bai added.

Su Linglong was dressed in a white sundress, while Fang Bai wore a black casual shirt.

Black and white, they complemented each other perfectly.

“Fang Bai, you’re taking advantage of me!”

Su Linglong pouted, pretending to be upset.

“How am I taking advantage of you?” Fang Bai looked puzzled.

“You said that we look like a couple... Doesn’t that make me your girlfriend?” Su Linglong huffed.

Fang Bai burst into laughter, "Taking advantage?"

I was just speaking casually, don't take it seriously..."

"My grandfather said that a man should be responsible for his words, that he must take responsibility for what he says!"

"Are you suggesting..."

"You don't want to admit to what you just said?"

Fang Bai paused, then realized what she meant and laughed helplessly, "Class Leader Su..."

oh no, Miss Su...

that's not right either, Linglong, you don't really want to be my girlfriend, do you?"

"You... fool... dummy... blockhead..."

Su Linglong, her secret feelings revealed by Fang Bai, was shy and embarrassed, pinching Fang Bai's arm gently twice.

"Well..."

my family is really poor..."

"I... I don't care..."

"You're the affluent and nobly born daughter of the Su Family, and I'm just an ordinary citizen with no car, no house, and no savings."

If we were together, I wouldn't be able to provide for you," he said.

"You're a Divine Doctor, you'll make a lot of money in the future!

And even if you don't, I can provide for you...

and if all else fails, you could work at the Su Family's company.

You saved my life, my family wouldn't mistreat you," she said.

"I, Fang Bai, won't be the kind of man who lives off a woman!"

Suddenly, Fang Bai reached out and captured Su Linglong's soft hands in his, looking her in the eye, "My girlfriend, I will provide for her myself!"

"Is he accepting me with what he said?"

Su Linglong's hands were grasped by Fang Bai, her body trembled slightly, blush spreading rapidly from her cheeks to her ears, her heart brimming with sweetness.

A faint air of ambiguity spread between them.

Chapter 37: Shaolin Martial Monks

Both knew that from this moment on, their relationship would no longer be limited to classmates and ordinary friends.

"Amitabha!"

An incongruous voice rose beside their ears, shattering the ambiguity between Fang Bai and Su Linglong.

They turned their heads to look and saw two monks in yellow robes striding towards them.

Both monks were in their thirties or forties, one tall and thin, the other short and stout, both with prominent Taiyang Acupoints, their eyes flashing fiercely as they opened and closed them.

As they walked, the tall and thin monk moved lightly like a cat, while the short and stout monk was steady as a mountain.

Fang Bai could tell at a glance that both monks were martial artists, and that the tall and thin monk surely had excellent movement technique, while the short and stout monk definitely had a solid foundation in physical strength.

The “Amitabha” just now had come from the short and stout monk.

To Su Linglong, it seemed nothing out of the ordinary, but it made Fang Bai’s heart tremble, his eardrums buzzing as if thunder had exploded beside his ears.

Fang Bai looked at the short and stout monk with some surprise, knowing he had used a kind of sonic cultivation technique, similar to his own “Lion’s Roar Sonic Wave,” though it seemed less powerful.

After his rebirth, Fang Bai had spent considerable time seriously understanding the martial arts of this world, knowing that Huaxia’s martial arts were divided into Buddhism, Taoist Sect, and Confucian Sect, with numerous other martial arts sects existing abroad.

Based on the short and stout monk’s attack method, Fang Bai judged that he was using the Buddhist “Buddhist Lion Roar.”

This cultivation technique condensed the sound to a point, causing severe vibrations through the air to assault the auditory nerves of the opponent.

If Fang Bai had been an ordinary person, he would have already been dizzy and collapsed on the ground from that “Buddhist Lion Roar” attack.

Luckily, Fang Bai was a martial artist himself, and was also an expert in sonic cultivation techniques, possessing an immunity far beyond normal people, which is why he wasn't embarrassed on the spot.

However, the monk's attack carried clear hostility, and with a raised eyebrow, Fang Bai immediately moved Su Linglong behind him to protect her from any unforeseen events.

Su Linglong's two bodyguards also noticed something was amiss and rushed forward, standing in front of Fang Bai and Su Linglong, blocking the path of the two monks.

The two monks stopped close by, their gaze passing over the Su Family bodyguards to land on Fang Bai.

Their eyes were sharp as lightning, their aura intimidating, and standing there, they seemed like two small mountains, causing an intangible pressure that made it difficult to breathe and filled one's chest with heaviness.

Under this invisible pressure, the faces of the Su Family bodyguards subtly changed, knowing they had encountered masters.

Their right hands immediately reached inside their black suits for their guns.

If they detected any abnormal movement from the monks towards Su Linglong, they would not hesitate to draw their guns and shoot.

As for whether they would kill the two monks, that matter was not within their scope of consideration at all.

Their duty was merely to protect Su Linglong's personal safety.

"May I ask if this is Benefactor Fang, Fang Bai?"

The two monks made no suspicious moves, and the tall and thin one placed his hands together in a salute to Fang Bai, asking in a deep voice.

“What is your relationship with Mao Qiangwu?”

Instead of answering, Fang Bai countered with a question.

As soon as these two monks appeared, Fang Bai, who had been reminded by Master Hong before, guessed that they were probably Shaolin experts invited by Mao Qiangdong.

In Fang Bai’s mind, Shaolin monks should be devoted to their practice and uninvolved in worldly affairs, and he found it unexpected that they would come out to confront him over a lay disciple.

“Mao Qiangwu is a secular disciple accepted by this humble monk.” The tall and thin monk’s face remained neutral, neither joyful nor sorrowful, as he put his hands together again and asked, “Are you Fang Bai, Benefactor?”

“I am,” Fang Bai answered with a chuckle.

“A disciple has been beaten, so are you here as his master to take revenge for him?”

The tall and thin monk spoke indifferently, “We dare not impose, I merely wish to seek some guidance from Benefactor Fang.”

Su Linglong, her hands being held by Fang Bai, was enveloped in happiness and sweetness, her displeasure evident as the two bald monks interrupted them.

Though she was usually good-natured, the knowledge that these two bald monks had come to trouble Fang Bai instantly filled her with hostility.

“Fang Bai, accompany me to buy clothes!”

Su Linglong pointed to a clothing store ahead and, gathering her courage, took Fang Bai’s arm.

She then turned to their two bodyguards and said, “Brother Zhao, Brother Li, these two...

these two monks are so annoying, don’t let them follow me and Fang Bai any longer!”

“Linglong, you should go home first,” Fang Bai said with a smile, patting Su Linglong’s little hand.

“I will accompany you shopping another time if the opportunity arises.”

Fang Bai’s nature was not to shrink back or evade but to face difficulties head-on with a readiness to shoulder responsibilities.

The two Shaolin monks who had traveled a great distance to seek him out surely would not retreat easily.

Rather than dragging it out or hiding, it was better to decisively resolve the issue once and for all.

“But...

but I’m worried about you!”

Although Su Linglong didn’t understand martial arts, born to a reputable family, she had encountered many formidable people.

She could feel an aura from the two monks stronger than that of her own bodyguards, which naturally made her worry.

Even though Fang Bai had told her that he once learned martial arts from a “master”, being outnumbered, he would be at a disadvantage against two.

Fang Bai patted his chest, confidently stating, "Rest assured, I won't be in any trouble!

Besides, we're just sparring...

You know what sparring is, right?

It's an exchange of martial arts knowledge among us martial artists."

Seeing Su Linglong still reluctant to leave, he continued to persuade her, "If you're really worried, I'll give you a call tonight when I get home to let you know I'm safe...

Be good, and go home now!"

Then he signaled the two bodyguards, "Could you two gentlemen please escort your Miss home."

The primary duty of the two bodyguards was to protect Su Linglong, not concerning themselves with Fang Bai's life or death.

Hearing Fang Bai's words, they positioned themselves on either side of Su Linglong and respectfully said, "Miss Su, let's go!"

"Then...

I'll wait for your call at home...

You must call me, otherwise I'll be very worried!"

"Definitely!"

Fang Bai said, nodding with a smile.

“Then...

I’m off!”

Su Linglong glanced at the two Shaolin monks before reluctantly getting into a sedan parked at the street corner, escorted by the two bodyguards.

“Gentlemen, shall we engage here or find another place?”

After watching Su Linglong depart, Fang Bai turned to face the two Shaolin monks, the previous smile on his face gone, replaced by a cold indifference.

It mattered not to Fang Bai whether the two Shaolin monks were good or bad, righteous or evil; he knew only that they had been sent by Mao Qiangwu to deal with him.

In Fang Bai’s view, they were both opponents and enemies.

Fang Bai treated his friends with the warmth of spring, but his enemies would always face his wintry coldness.

“It is better not to disturb the ordinary people when martial artists spar,” said the taller monk.

“Let’s go outside the city!” the shorter, stockier monk declared.

“Fine, outside the city it is!”

Said Fang Bai, turning and striding away.

Chapter 38: I’m Not Willing to Accept This!

Fang Bai faced situations by following two principles: one was caution, and the other, taking the initiative.

Worried about being ambushed by following the two Shaolin Monks out of the city, he decided to take control and have them follow him instead, seeking an isolated spot outside the city to resolve the matter.

If the two Shaolin Monks followed him out of the city without hesitation, then everything would be normal.

If they hesitated or dared not to follow, then it would suggest they had something to hide, and at that point, Fang Bai definitely would not proceed with the so-called “sparring”.

No sooner had he stepped out than the two Shaolin Monks followed suit, their expressions unchanged and without any hesitation.

The three, being Martial Artists, were cautious among crowds and simply walked briskly, but once they reached a secluded spot, they immediately quickened their pace, their legs flying.

Twenty minutes later, they reached an abandoned construction site outside the city.

In Fang Bai’s past life memories, this had been a sports stadium under construction which, for various reasons, had been left unfinished.

In the abandoned stadium, some areas were overgrown with weeds reaching half a person’s height, while others were just bare concrete.

Fang Bai walked to a cement area the size of a basketball court, slowly turned around, and faced the two Shaolin Monks who had followed.

Under the starry sky, with hands clasped behind his back, he stood proudly erect like a javelin.

In the eyes of the two Shaolin Monks, he stood tall and immovable, his eyes electric, exuding a formidable presence, almost like a Martial Arts Sect Master.

“My disciple Mao Qiangwu said that Fang Bai is likely a Yellow Level Martial Artist, and now it seems, his words were not false!

This person, not easy to deal with!”

The tall, thin Monk and the short, stout Monk exchanged a glance, their faces showing solemnity.

In the eyes of the common folk of Huaxia today, so-called “Martial Arts” are flashy but impractical, failing the test of real combat.

However, what they didn’t know was that the true lineage of Huaxia Martial Arts did not lie in the secular world but in the Ancient Martial World.

The “Ancient Martial World” refers to the secluded or semi-reclusive Sects and Prominent Clans, where Huaxia Martial Arts have been well preserved.

The world is full of formidable figures, with experts as numerous as clouds.

Martial Arts Experts from the Ancient Martial World are ranked from strong to weak, categorized into Heaven, Earth, Profound, and Yellow, each divided into four stages: lower, middle, higher, and perfection.

The two Shaolin Monks, Wuxing and Wuzhen, were both at the initial stage of Yellow Level.

In the eyes of the secular world, they could be regarded as experts, but in the Ancient Martial World, they were merely at the threshold of entering a Sect.

As for Wuzhen's disciple, Mao Qiangwu, who had learned only the surface of Ancient Martial Arts, he couldn't even be regarded as having touched the threshold, let alone be called a "Martial Artist".

"Are you two coming at me one by one, or together?"

Fang Bai was in no mood to waste time on these two Monks; cold light flashing in his eyes, he stepped forward slowly.

With his step, a gust stirred, and the wildflowers and weeds before him were swept against the ground as if by a strong wind.

Facing him, Wuxing and Wuzhen felt a wave of pressure rushing toward them, making their breathing halt for a moment.

This young man's strength was definitely not just at the initial stage of Yellow Level!

Wuxing and Wuzhen's eyelids twitched and their expressions grew even more somber.

"I will be the first to experience Benefactor Fang's skillful moves!"

Wuzhen said in a deep voice, his lean body suddenly soaring like a swallow piercing the clouds, leaping high into the air.

Swallow Soars Through Clouds!

One of Shaolin Martial Arts' light movement techniques, comparable in its ingenuity to Wudang Sect's "Cloud Ladder Leap".

In the air, Wuzhen inverted his body, clenched his fists, and dove down toward Fang Bai with the momentum of a hawk snatching a rabbit.

Before the fist arrived, the power of the punch came first, accompanied by a sharp sound of tearing through the air, causing Fang Bai's dense, black hair to stand on end.

Shaolin Arhat Boxing!

Wuzhen took action with the ferocious and vigorous Shaolin Arhat Boxing.

His punch sliced through the air with a frightening force.

Even if Fang Bai's body were made of bricks and stones, it would still crack and splinter under the impact of his fist.

Wuxing stood ten meters away, watching with detached interest.

In his view, his fellow disciple Wuzhen had consecutively used the Cloud Ladder Leap and the Arhat Fist, Shaolin's unique skills, striking with all his might, evidently treating Fang Bai as a formidable enemy and aiming to defeat him with a single blow.

But Fang Bai's body was flesh and blood, certainly not as solid as bricks and stones.

If hit by Wuzhen's fist, at best he might suffer broken tendons and fractured bones, and at worst, he might lose his life on the spot.

Although it is virtuous to cherish life as bestowed by the heavens, and Buddhist Sect disciples do not kill lightly, both Wuzhen and Wuxing were also Martial Monks and Martial Artists of the Ancient Martial World.

The duels between Martial Artists of the Ancient Martial World are not like those of "Martial Arts Experts" in the mundane world who stop at the first touch.

Their punches and kicks are so powerful that injury and disability are very common, and death is often inevitable.

Life or death; it all comes down to one's own abilities.

That is the rule of the Ancient Martial World that true Martial Artists all understand.

From his higher position, Wuzhen sent his fist plunging from the sky, the force of his punch firmly targeting Fang Bai, who seemed to have no other method but to meet force with force.

Wuxing mentally chanted a Buddha name, pressed his palms together, ready to recite scriptures for Fang Bai's soul's passage.

"A trivial technique!"

Fang Bai scoffed coldly, throwing a punch upwards to meet Wuzhen's.

His punch appeared effortless, as if he were simply brushing away dust from his body.

Thud!

A muffled sound erupted as their fists collided in midair, their strength bursting forth from their fists simultaneously.

Fang Bai stood unshaken, as steadfast as a mountain.

Wuzhen, however, flipped backward in the air and landed several meters away, retreating seven or eight steps before managing to brace himself and stand firm.

He stood upright, his eyes wide with shock, his face flushed red, standing tall like an enraged Arhat.

"What's the point of forcing yourself like this?" Fang Bai sneered.

“You’ve been shaken internally by my punch.

If you don’t sit down and recuperate now, you might very well lose your life.”

Splat—

At the fall of Fang Bai’s words, Wuzhen spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

His body swayed, and his complexion turned sallow.

“Elder brother!”

Wuxing was taken aback.

He rushed to Wuzhen’s side, reached out to support him, and helped him sit down cross-legged on the ground.

“It’s your turn now.”

Fang Bai had defeated Wuzhen with a single punch, treating it as if it were a trivial matter, showing no sign of pride on his face as his gaze shifted to Wuxing.

Wuxing clenched his fists tight and suddenly turned to face Fang Bai, his eyes blazing with anger.

“Junior brother, you’re no match for him.

Let it go!”

Wuzhen spoke weakly, then gazed deeply at Fang Bai, his eyes filled with a trace of respect.

Respect for Fang Bai, who, despite his young age, possessed such formidable strength.

Fear that if Fang Bai were ruthless, both he and his junior brother might not escape their fate.

“Elder brother, I won’t be satisfied until I fight!”

Wuzhen’s advice evidently had no effect, as Wuxing shouted, his body darting toward Fang Bai like a cheetah.

Though his legs were short and thick and his figure stocky, his speed was astonishingly fast, a vague shadow cutting through the night, reaching Fang Bai in a blink of an eye.

Chapter 39: The Lady in the Red Dress

Whoa—

Wuxing exhaled and began to shout, like the explosion of spring thunder, a burst of qi abruptly erupted from his mouth, transforming into a Sonic Wave Strike toward Fang Bai, creating ripples in the air as it passed through the space.

Buddhist Lion Roar!

Wuxing once again used this Shaolin ultimate technique against Fang Bai.

At the same time, Wuxing’s left palm struck forward, and his right palm followed, stacking on top of the left.

Both palms then pushed outward, aiming for Fang Bai’s chest.

Great Strength Vajra Palm!

Vajra Pushing Mountain!

Vajra Pushing Mountain was the most powerful technique within the Great Strength Vajra Palm series of Shaolin, where the double-stack of palms doubled the force, capable of breaking stones and splitting steles.

The sonic waves screamed, and the palm wind was fierce.

One after the other, the combined assaults made Fang Bai's clothes flutter and his hair dance wildly.

If Wuxing's opponent had been an ordinary person or a martial artist of mediocre strength, they would have first been dizzy and disoriented by his Sonic Wave Strike, completely losing their focus.

Then, they would have been struck in the chest by his palm, spitting blood, tumbling backwards, and severely wounded.

Then this "sparring match" would have concluded with Fang Bai's defeat.

Unfortunately for Wuxing, Fang Bai was not an ordinary person, and his strength was not something that a Yellow Level beginner martial artist like Wuxing could match.

Watching Wuxing charge at him like a human tank, a mocking cold smile surfaced on the corners of Fang Bai's mouth.

"Scram!"

As Wuxing approached within two meters, Fang Bai's eyebrows raised, cold light burst from his eyes, and he shouted loudly.

Lion's Roar Sonic Wave!

This shout, similar in essence to Wuxing's Buddhist Lion Roar, was also intended to shock the opponent's mind with sound waves.

However, with Fang Bai's greater strength, he was able to focus his voice into a fine line, exploding directly beside Wuxing's ears.

The attack was several times more effective than Wuxing's Buddhist Lion Roar.

It was as if Wuxing had hit an invisible wall, his forward charge abruptly stopping.

His palms remained in a striking pose, his eyes filled with disbelief as he looked at Fang Bai.

"Both are sonic wave attacks, yet yours is clearly inferior to mine."

Fang Bai suddenly grinned, his teeth whiter than the moon in the night sky, his gaze more brilliant than the stars in the heavens.

"You..."

Wuxing's mouth opened and closed, wanting to say something, but he no longer had the chance.

Blood suddenly streamed from his ears, followed by a sensation of the world spinning.

His vision darkened and he slowly collapsed to the ground.

Fang Bai's Lion's Roar Sonic Wave had ruptured his eardrums, knocking him out on the spot.

"Junior brother!"

Wuzhen, not knowing the fate of his junior brother, shouted out in alarm, his throat bitter and almost spitting out another mouthful of blood.

“Don’t worry, he won’t die.”

Fang Bai glanced at Wuzhen indifferently and said coldly, “I’m not interested in martial arts sparring, so I hope there won’t be a second time, otherwise someone might actually die.

Goodbye...ugh, rather, better not to meet again!”

After finishing his words, he turned around and strode away.

“To think that there would be such a master in the secular world...”

Wuzhen watched Fang Bai’s retreating figure, his face constantly changing, eyes flickering uncertainly.

Previously, incited by his disciple Mao Qiangwu and by his own fervent passion for martial arts, he had left the mountain with his junior brother Wuxing to confront Fang Bai, hoping to demand justice for his disciple and to vent his frustration.

Unexpectedly, not only did he fail to vent that frustration, but he also suffered a great loss instead.

“This young man’s strength must have surpassed the Yellow Level.

Perhaps only the elders of the Dharma Hall, Prajna Hall, Arhat Hall, Discipline Hall, and Reception Hall could defeat him.

But then again, the elders of the one hall and four temples spend all their years reciting Buddhist scriptures and studying Martial Dao, and unless it’s a matter of life and death or honor of our temple, why would they intervene?”

Wuzhen's gaze then turned to his junior Wuxing, who lay unconscious on the ground.

He felt a mix of self-reproach and regret.

He sighed softly and began to meditate to recover his energy.

...

Tiangong Grand Hotel, located in a bustling part of Zhongzhou City, is one of the city's top five-star hotels, frequented by the rich and powerful elite.

Around eight o'clock in the evening, the hotel's parking lot was filled with luxury cars, and several security guards were sweating profusely as they strove to maintain order.

Outside the hotel, eight young ladies were dressed in matching bright red cheongsams, youthful and beautiful, with shapely figures.

With professional smiles plastered on their faces, they were greeting and bidding farewell to the guests.

A gust of night wind lifted the corners of their cheongsams, revealing long, straight, beautifully-shaped snowy legs, drawing the gaze of many passersby.

Above the grand entrance of the hotel, the glowing sign "Tiangong Grand Hotel" lit up brightly, casting a warm glow across half the sky.

After defeating Wuzhen and Wuxing, Fang Bai journeyed from the abandoned stadium in the suburbs back into town, hastening home along the sidewalk.

As he passed the entrance of Tiangong Grand Hotel, a young woman in a red dress stumbled out, nearly colliding with Fang Bai who swiftly sidestepped.

Frowning, Fang Bai glanced at the woman in red.

She reeked of alcohol, her head hung low, and her disheveled hair obscured half of her face, concealing her features.

Her figure, however, was exquisite, with graceful curves, and her exposed skin was luminous and creamy, more delicate than that of most women in the world.

Looking out of sorts, the woman dashed past Fang Bai toward the parking lot across the street.

She nearly fell on the steps of the sidewalk, stumbling as she went.

“Catch her!”

“Don’t let her get away!”

“The girl that Third Master Liu fancies thinks she can fly away?”

“Third Master Liu said there would be a handsome reward for bringing her back!”

...

Amidst shouts and jeers, three burly men in black tank tops rushed out of Tiangong Grand Hotel, chasing the woman in red like hungry wolves pursuing their prey.

“Miss Xia, Third Master Liu has already prepared a room for you.

How could you leave?

Hehe, come back with us!”

The three burly men blocked the woman in red's path, two of them smiling sleazily as they grabbed her arms and dragged her back towards the Tiangong Grand Hotel.

When a night breeze lifted the hair from the woman's face, Fang Bai caught a glimpse of her.

She was a stunning beauty in her twenties, her cheeks flushed with inebriation, eyes glazed, adding to her allure.

"Please...

save me..."

As they passed by Fang Bai, the struggling woman in red suddenly let out a weak plea.

Although her voice was barely audible, Fang Bai, with his acute hearing, heard her loud and clear.

"Hmm?"

Fang Bai looked at the woman in red curiously and then, as he smelled something, his nostrils flared.

His brows furrowed deeply.

The scent emanating from the woman wasn't just alcohol; it was also the odor of "Illusion Grass."

Chapter 40: No matter how skilled one is in kung fu, they still fear the kitchen knife!

Fang Bai, in his past life, had entered the path of medicine and knew that "Illusion Grass" was an extremely potent hallucinogenic substance.

When dried and ground into powder, even a small dose could make a person dazed and listless, as if they had lost their soul and were at the mercy of others.

It was unexpected that in this world, there existed such a drug that could bewitch the minds and confuse the hearts of people.

From the actions and demeanor of the three burly men, Fang Bai could imagine the fate that would befall the lady in the red dress once she was taken into the Tiangong Grand Hotel.

“What are you looking at, you little brat?

Get lost!”

The last of the burly men, seeing Fang Bai staring non-stop at the lady in the red dress, suddenly glared at him menacingly and raised his hand to shove him.

Fang Bai didn’t like to meddle in other people’s business or to start trouble on his own, but he couldn’t tolerate others provoking him.

The burly man’s words, “you little brat,” ignited his anger.

Fang Bai lashed out in anger.

Crack!

With a light snap, the arm of the man trying to shove Fang Bai broke, and then the man himself flew backward, landing stiffly on the ground two yards away, immediately losing consciousness.

The two hulking men carrying the lady in the red dress heard the commotion behind them, turned their heads in unison, and saw only a fist rapidly enlarging before their eyes.

Then their consciousness was overwhelmed by an immense pain and darkness.

The two hulking men fell backward to the ground, and the body of the lady in the red dress, lacking support, also slumped to one side.

Fang Bai promptly reached out, steadying the soft and boneless body of the lady in the red dress.

Then with his right hand's index finger, he pressed firmly on her head, chest, and abdomen in several spots.

Wow—

The lady in the red dress felt her stomach churn violently all of a sudden and immediately bent over, beginning to vomit.

"Feeling better now?"

Fang Bai supported the lady in the red dress, waiting until she had almost finished vomiting before he asked.

After throwing up, the flush faded from her face, her gaze was no longer blurred, she recovered some strength and was noticeably more lucid.

Perhaps because of the alcohol, she still felt a headache.

Hearing Fang Bai's inquiry, the lady in the red dress nodded subconsciously, then stood up.

Seeing the three fallen hulking men on the ground, the lady in the red dress paused, then she understood that it was Fang Bai who saved her.

She wanted to say a few words of thanks, but Fang Bai interrupted her with a wave of his hand.

Fang Bai glanced toward the entrance of the Tiangong Grand Hotel and said, "If you don't want to be captured and taken back to the hotel, you should leave quickly."

As soon as he finished speaking, two more burly men charged out of the hotel, heading toward them with a furious momentum.

The lady in the red dress cast a quick glance at Fang Bai, then clenched her teeth and ran to her red Ferrari parked nearby, opened the door, and dove in.

Before the two burly men could catch up, the sports car started up, roaring away into the distance.

The two burly men failed to catch up with the lady in the red dress, stomping their feet in anger and sporting frustrated expressions.

When they turned back, they found only their three companions lying unconscious on the ground, but Fang Bai was nowhere to be seen.

"It's Fang Bai again!

Dad, this bastard has beaten me twice, and now he's ruined your plans.

Can you tolerate it?"

In the "Fortune Hall" on the sixth floor of the Tiangong Grand Hotel, a young man with a rather handsome appearance stood in front of a glass window, looking out at the departing silhouette of Fang Bai with a flickering gaze and a grim expression.

"No, I cannot!"

Standing beside the handsome young man was a middle-aged man with a big belly and a rosy complexion, who at this moment was also looking at Fang Bai's retreating figure, his face flush with anger.

"I must find someone to teach him a harsh lesson!

Damn it!

A little brat who's still in school, daring to mess with us, the Liu Family father and son, has turned the world upside down!"

Letting go of his son being beaten for the moment, what was most infuriating was that if it weren't for that "Fang Bai" meddling, allowing Xia Chenyu to slip away, that woman with enchanting charm and a hot figure would have become his plaything under him tonight.

But now, the duck that was about to be cooked had flown away; the joyful pleasures had slipped through his fingers.

How could the middle-aged man not be enraged?

The young man said, "But Dad, Fang Bai knows martial arts and won't be easy to deal with.

You saw it just now; those bodyguards you brought were knocked down by him in just a few kicks."

"No matter how high one's kung fu is, they still fear the kitchen knife!

No matter how good one's skills are, they will fall to a bullet!"

The middle-aged man sneered: "In today's world, firearms reign supreme; cold weapons and martial arts are worthless!"

The young man exclaimed, "Dad, you're not really planning to use guns against Fang Bai, are you?"

The middle-aged man huffed, saying, "Is that necessary?"

Besides, we, the Liu Family, are now legitimate businessmen, law-abiding citizens.

How could we knowingly break the law?"

He turned around, gestured to a bodyguard behind him, then extended his index and middle fingers, mimicking the action of holding a cigarette.

The bodyguard understood, immediately lit a cigar, and respectfully handed it to him.

"Yichen, later give Black Panther a copy of Fang Bai's detailed information."

The middle-aged man took a deep draw on his cigar and slowly exhaled a cloud of smoke, addressing the bodyguard who had lit his cigar: "Black Panther, find a few brothers with good skills, and when time allows, go and break the arms and legs of that kid mentioned in the information."

"Understood, boss."

The bodyguard known as "Black Panther" bowed to take the order, his small but sharp eyes gleaming cruelly and excitedly.

"The women I, Liu Yuanlong, desire have never escaped my grasp!

Xia Chenyu, consider yourself lucky this time, but next time you won't be able to escape from the palm of my hand!"

The middle-aged man's gaze turned back to the window, looking out into the distance where lights twinkled dimly.

He seemed to see the stunning face, the proud figure, and the myriad charms of the woman in a red dress, a parched and greedy smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

.....

On an early summer night, with a cool breeze blowing, couples were walking hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, along the artificial riverbank in Peace Park.

Willows swayed gently by the river, each tree accompanied by a bench.

Tired couples would sit down to rest, cuddling and whispering sweet nothings to each other.

On the north side of the artificial lake, separated by an iron chain fence and a strip of flowers, lay the straight and broad Peace Avenue.

At this moment, with the streetlights just coming on, the lighting made Peace Avenue as bright as day, with a continuous stream of traffic.

Suddenly, a red Ferrari sports car lost control for some reason, broke through the flowing traffic, ran over the roadside flowerbed, broke through the iron fence by the artificial river, and plunged into the water.

The artificial river was two meters deep, enough to submerge a sports car.

If the person inside could not escape in time, it would be extremely dangerous.

This sudden emergency caused many pedestrians by the riverbank to cry out in shock and scream, quickly attracting dozens of people to the scene.

After plunging into the river, the sports car began to sink visibly fast, and in a blink of an eye, the front half of the car had been swallowed by the river.

Using the bright moonlight and the streetlights, some people on the riverbank saw someone desperately pounding on the car windows inside the submerged car.