

Doctor 381

Chapter 381: Jinling Qin Family

"This... Brother Fang, there was a little misunderstanding among the children... I came over to find out what happened..."

Fang Bai hadn't even released his own aura, yet with just one glance, Qin Shan felt enormous pressure and didn't dare bring up the matter of seeking justice for Qin Yujie anymore.

Qin Yujie had been kicked by Baili Mingyue, and although he had fainted from the pain at the time, a later examination at the hospital confirmed that he was not seriously injured; he would be fine after a few days of rest. Otherwise, no matter how strong Fang Bai was, Qin Shan would have had to stand his ground and argue with him.

But now, Qin Shan had no intention of clashing with Fang Bai. After all, it was not worth provoking such a powerful individual who excelled in both medical and martial arts, let alone someone he should be eagerly befriending.

"If it weren't for Teacher Qin's sake, I would have already thrown all you intruders out! Leave now, and don't come here again, or I won't be polite!"

Fang Bai said this and turned away, too lazy to pay any more attention to Qin Shan and the others.

"Didn't you hear that? My master told you to get out!"

When Ghost Hand saw Qin Shan attempting to speak again, he stepped forward, his aura suddenly bursting forth, his gaze sharp as a knife, landing on Qin Shan's face.

Now a Profound Level Martial Artist, Ghost Hand held an overwhelming advantage over Yellow Level Martial Artists like Qin Shan. The aura he released made Qin Shan unsteady, forcing him to stagger back several steps.

"Master?"

When Qin Shan heard Ghost Hand actually calling Fang Bai 'Master,' he was completely shocked.

If Ghost Hand was a Profound Level Martial Artist, just how powerful was Fang Bai, the master who had trained a Profound Level Martial Artist? The more Qin Shan thought about it, the more alarmed and scared he became. Upon seeing Ghost Hand take another step forward, as if they wouldn't leave, he would attack, Qin Shan could only sigh and lead Qin Yujie and the others away dejectedly.

"Fang Bai, do you know Qin Yujie?"

After watching Qin Shan and the others leave, Baili Mingyue couldn't help but ask.

Fang Bai shook his head and said, "I don't know Qin Yujie, but I do recognize that fat man just now. His name is Qin Shan, a famous jade businessman in Huaxia, and 'Qin's Jade' is his creation."

Baili Zhan frowned slightly and said solemnly, "So they are from the Qin Family of Jinling."

"The Qin Family of Jinling? Are they that impressive?"

Baili Mingyue asked again.

"The Qin Family is a prominent clan in Jinling with influence equivalent to that of the Lu Family in Yanjing. Would you say that's impressive?"

Jiang Yuzhi explained softly; despite their minimal outings, the couple was quite informed about the affairs of the world.

Having grown up in Yanjing, Baili Mingyue knew somewhat about the Lu Family, so upon hearing this, she stuck out her tongue, realizing she had got herself into no small trouble. If Fang Bai hadn't been there, the other party definitely would not have let the matter rest.

"This isn't Mingyue's fault, don't berate her any further!"

Seeing Baili Zhan and his wife starting to scold Baili Mingyue again, Fang Bai interrupted them with a smile and said, "Qin Shan is a relative of a teacher at Zhongzhou Medical College. I'll give that teacher a call and explain the situation, and everything should be fine."

As he spoke, he took out his phone and dialed the number Qin Yaorao had left him, unexpectedly finding the line was busy.

"It seems the teacher is busy; I'll call her again tomorrow!"

Fang Bai put away his phone and said to Ghost Hand, "Go fix the front gate, and then buy some liquor and food. Brother Baili and I are going to have a few drinks!"

"Ghost Hand bro will fix the gate, I will go buy the liquor and food!"

Baili Mingyue said this and made a mischievous face at her parents before merrily scampering out the front door.

"This girl... she's really something else!"

Baili Zhan watched his daughter's retreating figure and shook his head with a wry smile.

Baili Zhan and his wife only had this one daughter, doted on from a young age. Although the trouble their daughter had caused this time was not trivial, they did no more than scold and lecture her a few times, the idea of actually hitting her was something they could never bring themselves to do.

Ghost Hand took some tools from the house to repair the gate that was broken by a kick, while Fang Bai and the Baili couple continued their conversation in the courtyard.

Meanwhile, Qin Shan and others, who had been driven out of the courtyard, had not left the area and were lingering at an intersection not far from the courtyard.

Fang Bai's reason for calling Qin Yaorao to say he was busy was because Qin Shan was on the phone with Qin Yaorao.

Qin Shan had upset Fang Bai and was worried about the repercussions it might have for the Qin Family, so as soon as they left the courtyard, he immediately called Qin Yaorao, hoping she would speak to Fang Bai and quell his anger.

Qin Shan knew that when Qin Yaorao was a teacher at Zhongzhou Medical College, she had taught Fang Bai and their current relationship was one of both teacher and friend, quite good indeed. Having Qin Yaorao step in should be effective.

Qin Yaorao had transferred this semester to work at a school in Yanjing and lived not too far from here. Upon hearing the full story from her uncle Qin Shan, she immediately drove over.

After arriving in Yanjing, Qin Yaorao had met Fang Bai several times and had been "sweet-talked" by him into practicing a Cultivation Method called "Myriad Sword to Origin," which he claimed was taught by a remarkable individual. According to him, by following this method, one could retain youth and beauty.

Initially skeptical, Qin Yaorao began to practice and discovered that, indeed, it was more effective than using products from Beauty Company. She then started to take it seriously.

Although she started practicing later, she had already made significant progress, reaching the level of an early-stage Yellow Level Martial Artist.

After receiving Cultivation Technique teachings from Fang Bai and becoming a Martial Artist, Qin Yaorao realized just how formidable Fang Bai's strength was.

Hearing that her uncle had a disagreement with Fang Bai, Qin Yaorao was secretly alarmed, worrying that the situation might escalate out of control. Therefore, she hurried to Fang Bai's residence.

Not long after Qin Shan finished his call, Baili Mingyue, who had gone out to buy drinks and food, passed by and gave them a warning glare. She made a few threatening gestures with her clenched fists before returning to tell Fang Bai.

"Ghost Hand, go take a look! If those guys don't leave, don't hold back – throw them out!"

Fang Bai said, frowning.

"Understood, Master!"

Ghost Hand excitedly rubbed his hands together, body flickering slightly as he darted out of the courtyard.

Having just advanced to a Profound Level Martial Artist, Ghost Hand was itching for a fight. Finding a few Martial Artists to spar with was precisely to his liking.

"I'll go take a look!"

Baili Mingyue's face was also alight with excitement. Before the echo of her words faded away, she twisted her slender waist and followed after Ghost Hand.

Jiang Yuzhi wanted to stop her daughter, fearing she might get into trouble, but it was already too late.

"With Ghost Hand around, there won't be a problem!"

Fang Bai said, smiling with ease.

Not to mention Ghost Hand, with Baili Mingyue's ability to take on opponents beyond her level, if a fight did break out, she could easily overpower Qin Shan and the others.

Chapter 382: Teacher Qin Arrives

Just as Ghost Hand, radiating killing qi, pounced towards Qin Shan and others at the intersection, a red sedan raced from the distance and came to a stop next to Qin Shan and his party.

The car door opened, and out stepped a young beautiful woman of exquisite appearance, elegant demeanor, wearing a deep blue office suit.

"Hmm?"

Upon seeing the young woman, Ghost Hand's face registered surprise and he paused in his steps, studying her intently.

From the young woman, Ghost Hand sensed a familiar martial artist aura.

Born in Myriad Medicine Valley, Ghost Hand knew only disciples from the same sect who had cultivated similar cultivation techniques would have this special sense of connection.

Could it be that this young woman had some kind of connection with Master Fang Bai?

The young woman was none other than the hastily arriving Qin Yaorao.

While Ghost Hand was sizing up Qin Yaorao, Qin Yaorao was also examining the outwardly projecting Ghost Hand; her pretty face was filled with surprise and uncertainty.

"Do you know Fang Bai?"

Qin Yaorao, seeing Ghost Hand's gaze drifting towards Qin Shan and the others now and then, with an unpleasant expression, quickly stood in front of Qin Shan and asked with furrowed brows.

"Fang Bai is my master. May I ask who you are...?"

As soon as Ghost Hand heard Qin Yaorao mentioning his master's name, he became even more certain of his speculation, and his demeanor and tone became a lot more respectful.

"When Fang Bai was at Zhongzhou Medical College, I taught his class! Where is Fang Bai now?"

As Qin Yaorao spoke to Ghost Hand, her gaze swept over Second Uncle Qin Shan and Cousin Qin Yujie by her side, feeling somewhat displeased with them for provoking Fang Bai.

In the face of Qin Yaorao's gaze, Qin Shan smiled sheepishly, while Qin Yujie, who was somewhat afraid of his cousin, kept his head lowered, not daring to meet her eyes.

"Teacher Qin, I'm over here!"

The moment Qin Yaorao finished speaking, Fang Bai's voice had already sounded from afar. Then everyone on the scene only felt a blur before their eyes, and when they looked again, they found that Fang Bai had already appeared right before them, as if he had materialized out of thin air.

"Such astonishing speed!"

Qin Shan's pupils contracted suddenly, his face full of shock.

There were several hundred meters between the quadrangle and this place, yet Fang Bai had crossed this distance in the blink of an eye. Such speed, if not for witnessing it with his own eyes, would have been hard for Qin Shan to believe.

As a martial artist, Qin Shan clearly understood that Fang Bai's movement technique had reached an extraordinarily profound realm, which to ordinary people would seem like the legendary ability of shrinking the earth to an inch.

Looking at Fang Bai's face beaming with a sunshine-like bright smile, and thinking of his unapproachable strength, the cold sweat that had just subsided on Qin Shan's forehead began to seep out once again. The evening breeze blew over, sending chills down his entire body.

"Fang Bai, I'm sorry!"

Seeing Fang Bai appear, Qin Yaorao walked up to him with a solemn expression and spoke with a full sense of apology.

Her "I'm sorry" was to apologize to Fang Bai on behalf of her Second Uncle Qin Shan and Cousin Qin Yujie.

Qin Shan stood by nervously watching Fang Bai, his heart in his throat.

In Qin Shan's view, the vast majority of martial artists in the world enjoyed fighting and were vengeful, resolute in killing, and if Fang Bai decided to seek trouble with him for provoking his friend, it would be truly unpredictable.

As long as Fang Bai could accept Qin Yaorao's apology, it would mean that he had forgiven her, and only then could she leave in peace. Otherwise, she would always have to watch out for Fang Bai's retribution, and life would never be peaceful.

Qin Shan was certainly terrified, and Qin Yujie was nearly scared out of his wits too.

Although Qin Yujie was not a Martial Artist and couldn't feel the pressure from Fang Bai's aura, he could tell by looking at Qin Shan and Qin Yaorao's attitudes towards Fang Bai that he had offended someone he shouldn't have. He had no hope of getting any "justice" back, and if Fang Bai didn't trouble him, that in itself would be a blessing.

"Teacher Qin, I never intended to trouble them; you don't need to apologize!"

Although Fang Bai's relationship with Qin Yaorao was no longer that of a teacher and student, he had always maintained respect for her and treated her as a close friend. The term "teacher" had become habitual for him and he couldn't change it on the spot.

"No, when you do something wrong, you must apologize. It's a matter of principle!"

Qin Yaorao had inherited her father's straightforward nature, and her pretty face showed a serious and solemn expression.

Fang Bai sighed, "You must already understand the cause of this incident, Teacher Qin?"

Qin Yaorao nodded and said, "Hmm, my second uncle told me what happened. It was my cousin's fault."

As she spoke, she glared at Qin Yujie with an expression that showed she was frustrated with him, causing him to lower his head even more.

Fang Bai smiled faintly, pointed at Qin Shan and Qin Yujie, and said, "Speaking of apologies, it is they who should be apologizing, not you, Teacher Qin. And the ones they should apologize to are Mingyue and the girl named Aling, right?"

When Qin Yaorao heard the name "Mingyue," her heart stirred, and her gaze fell on the slender, standing Baili Mingyue beside Fang Bai, her eyes shining with appreciation as she silently praised, "What a beautiful girl."

Based on what her second uncle had previously described, Qin Yaorao had guessed that this beautiful girl before her was likely the Baili Mingyue who had kicked her cousin, Qin Yujie.

"I understand."

Qin Yaorao said this, then she gave her second uncle, Qin Shan, and her cousin, Qin Yujie, a meaningful look.

Qin Yujie didn't comprehend the significance of Qin Yaorao's look, but Qin Shan, who had been in the business world for many years, understood immediately. He quickly pulled his nephew Qin Yujie over to Baili Mingyue and said with an ashamed face, "Baili student, Qin Yujie and I were both at fault in today's incident. We are truly sorry. Please forgive us."

He paused, then continued, "I will have Yujie go and apologize to that Aling student right away, and ask for her forgiveness."

Baili Mingyue looked at Fang Bai, who nodded with a smile. After tilting her head and thinking for a moment, she then said, "I accept your apology. As for Aling, don't bother her any more. I'll talk to her about it."

Qin Shan and Qin Yujie both breathed a sigh of relief, only to hear Baili Mingyue add, "In the future, do not let me see you bullying girls again, or I'll kick you! And it'll be harder than this time!"

The last sentence was clearly directed at Qin Yujie.

Qin Yujie's head shrank back in fright, not daring to say a word.

Qin Shan pulled out his checkbook, which he carried with him, wrote a series of numbers on two checks, tore them out, and handed them to Baili Mingyue, apologizing with a smile, "We damaged your family's gate, so here is some compensation. Please accept it... This check can be cashed directly at the bank. And the other one, please pass it on to that Aling student."

"This much money..."

Baili Mingyue casually took a glance at the checks and was startled by the numbers, looking uneasily towards Fang Bai.

Fang Bai laughed, "Mr. Qin is a wealthy man, this amount of money is nothing to him. Accept it, if you don't, Mr. Qin might not feel at ease."

Qin Shan chuckled nervously, "Yes... yes..."

"Alright then!"

Since Fang Bai had spoken, Baili Mingyue was not shy, and she stuffed both cash checks into her pocket.

Chapter 383: Doctor Pavilion

Invited by Fang Bai, Qin Yaorao visited the quadrangle dwelling and sat for a while, where she chatted with Fang Bai about recent events in their lives and work, and took the opportunity to exchange some insights on cultivation.

As for Qin Shan, Qin Yujie, and others, they were not invited by Fang Bai and could only wait outside the quadrangle.

While sitting to one side and listening to the conversation between Fang Bai and Qin Yaorao, the Baili Zhan family learned that Qin Yaorao used to be Fang Bai's English teacher at Zhongzhou Medical College, but now Fang Bai was Qin Yaorao's Ancient Martial Arts teacher.

Baili Mingyue was sitting beside Fang Bai, supporting her cheeks with her hands, while her bright, clear, large eyes were constantly rolling around, occasionally glancing at Fang Bai and then at Qin Yaorao, as if she were trying to discern something from their expressions and demeanor.

"Intelligent, elegant, beautiful, and generous... A woman like Teacher Qin must be very popular with men!"

After seeing off Qin Yaorao, who refused to stay for dinner, Baili Mingyue stared at the departing sedan and blurted out, seemingly out of nowhere.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Indeed. Teacher Qin is known as the number one beauty in the education sector of Zhongzhou City and the dream girl of many male students and teachers at our Medical College!"

"Are you also one of the male students who likes her?"

Baili Mingyue turned her head and asked.

Fang Bai couldn't help but laugh, not avoiding the question, and nodded in admission, saying, "Like most of the boys in my class, I indeed had a secret crush on Teacher Qin back in the day."

"What about now?"

Baili Mingyue pressed on with her question.

"You little girl, always asking questions you shouldn't!"

Baili Zhan glared at his daughter, his face darkening, and said irritably, "Come on, let's go home for dinner!"

Baili Mingyue didn't get the answer she wanted and was reluctantly pulled by her father to head back to the direction of the quadrangle, thinking to herself, "Fang Bai and Ye Wumei have a good relationship; if he also likes his Teacher Qin, wouldn't that mean he's playing two-timing? Hmph, all men are fickle!"

Neither Fang Bai nor the adult Baili Zhans had the time to ponder or guess the peculiar thoughts of the young girl Baili Mingyue. The three sat by a small table in the courtyard, under the moon in the night sky, toasting and drinking liberally, talking merrily until midnight before they retired to rest.

The next morning, after a night of cultivation, Fang Bai felt refreshed and stepped into the courtyard. After washing up, he left some instructions for Ghost Hand and then slowly walked out of the quadrangle, heading toward the Doctor Pavilion.

In fact, Fang Bai wasn't particularly interested in the so-called "World Traditional Medicine Conference," but being a man of his word, since he had accepted the invitation from Lin Ruoxue, he wasn't going to miss it.

Another reason Fang Bai was going to the Doctor Pavilion was to see if, at the conference which represented the world's highest level of medical skills, he could meet other Martial Dao cultivators like himself.

In Fang Bai's view, the vast majority of doctors in this world were ordinary people with mortal bodies, who could handle minor illnesses but were often helpless when it came to serious diseases. To reach the pinnacle of medical art, which is to "revive the dead and mend bones," one must have the support of True Yuan, which is the so-called dual cultivation of medicine and martial arts.

The Doctor Pavilion was located on the edge of the northern mountainous region of Yanjing, with all buildings constructed alongside mountains and water. The air here was fresh, the scenery beautiful, offering a refreshing and pleasant environment to everyone amidst its tranquility.

Walking along the broad mountain road leading to the Doctor Pavilion, Fang Bai admired the landscape and strolled at a leisurely pace, his demeanor relaxed, with a parade of luxury cars speeding past him from time to time.

The people sitting in these luxury cars, coming from all corners of the country, were mostly Traditional Chinese Medicine practitioners who had been invited by Doctor Pavilion to attend the "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference."

Fang Bai occasionally sensed the aura of Martial Artists from the luxury cars passing by, indicating that many of the guests arriving were skilled in both medicine and martial arts.

Unfortunately, in Fang Bai's eyes, most of these dual practitioners only possessed Yellow Level strength, and even the strongest few were merely at the early stage of the Profound Level, not considered real experts.

Moreover, medical skills and True Yuan complement each other; a physician with weak strength was destined to have limited medical expertise.

Halfway up the mountain, he saw a large boulder by the roadside with the red characters "Doctor Pavilion" inscribed on it, written in a powerful and flamboyant style, the dragons and phoenixes seeming to soar and dance.

On both sides of the mountain path, two vast parking lots had been laid out. The vehicles stopped here one after another to park, and the guests alighted, forming groups and ascending the mountain with their friends.

Among those guests, Fang Bai noticed some familiar figures, including three of the "Four National Doctors" of Huaxia today: Qian Haoduo, Hua Tianhe, and Ren Juedao.

At this moment, Qian Haoduo, Hua Tianhe, and Ren Juedao were walking and laughing shoulder to shoulder with another man of similar age dressed in traditional Chinese garments.

The identity of anyone who could walk shoulder to shoulder with Qian Haoduo and the others was certainly not simple; Fang Bai guessed this man in Chinese attire must be Huang Tianpeng, whom he had not yet met from among the Four National Doctors.

Among the Four National Doctors, Ren Juedao and Huang Tianpeng were western medicine experts, known as "North Juedao" and "South Tianpeng"—one an authority in the field of cancer, the other in cardiovascular and cerebrovascular diseases.

As for Hua Tianhe and Qian Haoduo, they were the leading figures in the Traditional Chinese Medicine community of Huaxia, one renowned as "First Person of Acupuncture in Huaxia" and the other's bone-setting skills claimed to be unparalleled.

The Four National Doctors were famous throughout Huaxia and even abroad. Their arrival drew much attention, and many guests invited to the World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference approached them to greet them upon recognition.

The guests invited to past "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conferences" were either renowned elders in the Western medical community or influential figures from all walks of life, each with some fame. Although Fang Bai was already a famous doctor at Yanjing Hospital, very few people in the entirety of Huaxia knew of him.

Thus, as Fang Bai walked along, nobody greeted him, and the few who glanced at him guessed he might be a young member of a medical family or the young scion of a family.

The "Four National Doctors" rarely gathered together given their esteemed status. The attention their joint arrival commanded this time was imaginable.

"Look, the Wen Pavilion Master is coming!"

While the guests were flocking around the Four National Doctors, exchanging pleasantries, someone pointed towards the mountain trail ahead. There, Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of Doctor Pavilion, approached with a group of disciples at a brisk pace.

Personal reception by the Pavilion Master of Doctor Pavilion was a courtesy only a few ancient medical sect leaders and the Four National Doctors could enjoy.

Doctor Pavilion was the only one amongst the five great ancient medical sects of Huaxia that only accepted female disciples, and Qian Haoduo had become the honorary Elder of Doctor Pavilion due to his past connection with its previous Pavilion Master.

"Qian Haoduo, isn't it time to honor our bet?"

As Wen Yu and the Four National Doctors were exchanging conventional greetings, an unexpectedly clear voice rang out.

Chapter 384: Honor the Bet

Holy smokes, who is so audacious to dare call out National Doctor Qian by his name?

Upon hearing that voice, the guests all paused, then they all turned their heads to look toward the source of the sound.

What appeared in their line of sight was a young man around twenty years old, radiant and handsome.

The young man was dressed in a white casual shirt, paired with sky-blue jeans and a pair of white sneakers, walking leisurely with an unhurried pace towards them, his face bearing a smile warmer than the morning sun rising in the east.

"The World Congress of Chinese Medicine" is a grand event in the world of medicine, and the guests not only include well-known Chinese and Western medicine practitioners from Huaxia but also some of the world's distinguished experts in the medical field.

The various guests attending the event were all in formal attire, and finding a second person dressed as casually as this young man was probably unlikely at this congress.

"Cough cough cough..."

When the guests looked at Fang Bai with anger, mockery, or indifference due to his impudence, Qian Haoduo, who was in the midst of the crowd, let out a series of dry coughs, his face turning extremely awkward.

Back then, Fang Bai was severely injured while trying to save Tang Wenrou, his back a bloody, scarred mess. The Tang Family specially invited Qian Haoduo to treat Fang Bai. Later, Qian Haoduo wanted to take Fang Bai as a disciple, but Fang Bai looked down on his medical skills, which led to a bet in a moment of anger.

They verbally agreed that if Fang Bai could eliminate the scars on his back within a year, Qian Haoduo would lose and give Fang Bai ten million in cash and, moreover, he would have to take Fang Bai as his master.

On the other hand, Fang Bai would have to become Qian Haoduo's apprentice and follow him to learn medical skills.

Now, just over half a year had passed since they made the bet, and the scars on Fang Bai's back had long since completely disappeared, so according to the bet, Qian Haoduo had already lost.

Qian Haoduo later learned about this through Tang Wenrou and was surprised, yet somewhat worried.

He was surprised because he thought the scars on Fang Bai's back would accompany him for life and could not be completely erased, but Fang Bai had done it, and in just a few short months.

His worry was that if he encountered Fang Bai in the future, giving him ten million in cash wouldn't be an issue, but what if the guy wanted him to take him as a master? What would he do then?

If he became an apprentice, him being an old man in his seventies or eighties bowing to a twenty-year-old young man as his master would be laughable.

However, not becoming an apprentice would equate to reneging on his promise, a betrayal of trust, and would ruin his reputation.

After racking his brain, Qian Haoduo decided to simply avoid Fang Bai and not meet him at all.

But what Qian Haoduo never expected was that Fang Bai, the person he least wanted to see, would appear right in front of him and bring up the matter of their bet in front of all the guests.

Qian Haoduo's face turned red with embarrassment, and after a fit of coughing, he looked at Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of Doctor Pavilion, with a look of "grievance," thinking, why did you invite this kid here? Aren't you just giving me a headache? How am I supposed to focus on the meeting now?

"If I break my word, may my son be born without an anus... Qian Haoduo, I recall this is what you said, right?" Fang Bai casually walked up to Qian Haoduo, saying with a grin.

"Who said I'd go back on my word? Did I ever say I would go back on my word?"

Qian Haoduo, like a fighting rooster, jumped up agitatedly and said, "The ten million in cash is still in Tang Chongshan's hands. I'll call him right now to have it delivered!"

He paused for a moment and suddenly remembered something. He turned to Fang Bai's back, reached out to lift Fang Bai's shirt, and said, "Let me look at your back... I just don't believe there's any Spiritual Medicine in this world that can completely erase the scars on your body in just a few months..."

Fang Bai stood there, motionless, allowing Qian Haoduo to lift his shirt and reveal his entire back.

"This..."

When Qian Haoduo's gaze landed on Fang Bai's back, he froze in place.

Not a single scar could be seen on Fang Bai's back; it didn't look like it had ever been injured at all. The skin there, including the back, was smooth, delicate, and luminous as jade, seemingly even faintly glowing—a sight that most women in the world would envy tremendously.

"What kind of miraculous medicine could have healed the once scar-marred skin on his back to its current state?"

At that moment, the only question in Qian Haoduo's mind was this.

"Now you've lost, fair and square, haven't you?"

With a sunny, brilliant smile, Fang Bai straightened his clothes and continued, "Since there's no problem with this matter, isn't it time for you to fulfill your promise regarding the other matter?"

His smile was radiant, but to Qian Haoduo, it seemed more hateful than a demon from hell.

Qian Haoduo knew that the "other matter" Fang Bai referred to was his own promise to take Fang Bai as his master, a humiliation he couldn't possibly endure, so he pleaded, "Fang Bai, there are many people here... that matter... cough, let's discuss it in private... in private..."

Fang Bai didn't press Qian Haoduo too hard but said with a laugh, "How about this, you give an additional ten million, and we'll never mention the other matter again. How does that sound?"

"Really?"

Upon hearing he didn't have to take Fang Bai as his master, Qian Haoduo perked up.

Although Qian Haoduo was extremely greedy and parting with an additional ten million yuan would cause him some pain, when compared to his reputation and face, even if he had to cough up a hundred million, he'd do so though it hurt.

Fang Bai nodded and said, "The total is twenty million. I don't need cash, just write me a check."

"Okay!"

Qian Haoduo, fearing Fang Bai might change his mind, didn't hesitate to write a check for twenty million and handed it to him.

"Alright, from now on, we're even!"

With a clear conscience, Fang Bai accepted the check and put it away. Under the astonished gazes of the other guests, he turned and continued walking up the mountain.

Qian Haoduo raised his hand, wanting to call Fang Bai back to ask how the scars on his back were removed, but ultimately he gave up, deciding to find another opportunity to have a detailed talk with Fang Bai.

Although the other guests didn't know the specifics of the bet between National Doctor Qian and the young man named Fang Bai, it seemed that National Doctor Qian had lost. Otherwise, given his extreme greed, how could he willingly part with twenty million?

"Elder Qian, who is that young man? What's going on between you two?"

Wen Yu walked up to Qian Haoduo's side, watching Fang Bai's retreating figure, and asked with a frown.

Wen Yu couldn't sense any Martial Artist Aura from Fang Bai, but her innate female intuition made her feel that this young man was no simple individual.

Qian Haoduo let out a sigh, seemingly reluctant to bring up Fang Bai again, and waved his hand, saying, "It's a long story about that matter... alas, let's not talk about it! Let's not talk about it!"

Chapter 385: A Hero Emerges in Youth

Wen Yu saw that he was unwilling to speak, so he tactfully refrained from asking further. Taking another glance at Fang Bai's retreating figure, he felt somewhat puzzled.

For this event, "Doctor Pavilion" had invited over a thousand guests, the majority of whom were physicians over the age of thirty. There were also some youths in their twenties, but most of these were the junior disciples from various major medical sects. However, the young man just now had not worn any identifying garb from a medical sect, clearly not belonging to any.

"Later, ask the sisters responsible for distributing the invitations to see who invited such a young man," Wen Yu thought for a moment and then bent down to speak to a female "Doctor Pavilion" disciple by his side.

A person who had made a bet with Qian Haoduo and could win didn't fail to catch Wen Yu's attention.

Wen Yu was aware of Lin Ruoxue inviting Fang Bai to the "World Chinese Medicine Conference"; however, as a Pavilion Master, he had been preoccupied with various tasks these past few days and had not made the connection between the Fang Bai in front of him and the one Lin Ruoxue had invited.

Out of the four great National Doctors of Huaxia, aside from Huang Tianpeng, the other three were all acquainted with Fang Bai.

Regarding the wager between Fang Bai and Qian Haoduo, although National Doctors like Hua Tianhe, Ren Juedao, and Huang Tianpeng were also full of questions, seeing that even Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of "Doctor Pavilion," couldn't get an answer, they simply refrained from asking any further.

"You three take your time; I'll go ahead," said Qian Haoduo.

Seeing the odd looks from the surrounding guests directed at him made Qian Haoduo uncomfortable, so he didn't walk with Hua Tianhe and the others. Instead, he squeezed through the throng and hurried towards the "Doctor Pavilion" at the mountain's summit.

"I'm very curious what kind of bet old Qian made with that Fang Bai, to willingly lose twenty million to him!" Hua Tianhe said, twirling his beard, to Ren Juedao at his side.

"Heh, everyone knows how much old Qian loves his money; those twenty million are like a chunk of his own flesh!" Ren Juedao said with a smile, looking at Qian Haoduo, who was already far away.

"The Jiang Family's young girl's illness was truly cured by him; it's inconceivable! It's unfortunate that we had something to attend to at that time; otherwise, we could have learned from him," Hua Tianhe said with a look of regret.

Ren Juedao nodded, "Indeed, it's inconceivable! I always thought Western medicine was superior to Chinese medicine, but after that incident, I realized that Chinese medicine is more magical than I imagined! Now that Fang Bai is attending the 'World Chinese Medicine Conference,' it's a perfect opportunity to learn from him!"

Last time, when Jiang Xiaoyu from the Jiang Family was diagnosed with breast cancer, Hua Tianhe and Ren Juedao were invited to participate in the treatment. Fang Bai also expressed his willingness to treat Jiang Xiaoyu, but the Jiang Family gently declined.

At that time, the two National Doctors suggested a mastectomy of the left breast as a treatment, but Jiang Xiaoyu adamantly refused. Later, due to an emergency, the two National Doctors had to leave earlier, and it was only afterwards that they heard from the Jiang Family that Jiang Xiaoyu's illness had been cured under Fang Bai's treatment.

After learning this result, both National Doctors marveled at it when they met.

"Tianhe, Juedao, the Fang Bai you're talking about, is he that young man just now?" Huang Tianpeng, who was nearby, couldn't help but interrupt and ask after hearing the conversation between Ren Juedao and Hua Tianhe.

The ears of Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of "Doctor Pavilion," perked up as well, hoping to get a confirmed answer from the mouths of Hua Tianhe and Ren Juedao.

She only suddenly remembered the invitation for Fang Bai to attend the "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference" that Lin Ruoxue had mentioned a few days ago when she heard Hua Tianhe and the other mention the name "Fang Bai". Her heart sank with unease.

A few days prior, through the mother and daughter, Lin Ruoxue and Dongfang Ruhua, Wen Yu had gained a general understanding of Fang Bai and had come to regard him as an equal to the four great National Doctors. If the young man she had just ignored were truly Fang Bai, had she not offended him?

After all, he was the one who had cured Dongfang Leiming's heart disease and Jiang Xiaoyu from the Jiang Family's breast cancer, and he was also the one who had single-handedly trained Dongfang Ruhua, the young female expert. Offending such a master skilled in both medicine and martial arts was not a wise thing at all.

"Hmm, he is indeed Fang Bai!"

"A hero emerges from the young. Despite his young age, his current achievements are already not below you and me."

"Proficient in both medicine and martial arts, his future prospects are boundless!"

"Wen Pavilion Master, excuse my bluntness, but not exchanging pleasantries with him just now was somewhat impolite!"

Ren Juedao and Hua Tianhe went back and forth, commenting on the situation.

Wen Yu replied with a bitter smile, "What the two National Doctors may not know is that I have only heard of Fang Bai and have never seen him in person! If it weren't for the two of you bringing him up, I wouldn't have known he was Fang Bai!"

Hua Tianhe said, "So you mean to say Fang Bai came uninvited?"

Wen Yu replied, "No, Ruoxue sent him an invitation. It's just that I had forgotten about it."

Ren Juedao said, "Then, Fang Bai is probably not one to harbor small grievances; otherwise, he wouldn't have helped out the Jiang Family's girl in the first place. Wen Pavilion Master, just go and greet him, and make sure not to neglect him anymore!"

Wen Yu nodded and was about to turn back up the mountain when she noticed that the disciples of the four great Ancient Medicine Sects, under the leadership of their Sect Leaders, were approaching together.

The four great Ancient Medicine Sects were just as renowned as the Doctor Pavilion, and both the status and strength of their Sect Leaders were no less than that of Wen Yu. As old acquaintances, it would probably also displease them if Wen Yu did not personally welcome them.

Wen Yu, unable to be in two places at once, inwardly groaned with dismay. Then, an idea struck her, and she turned to a disciple behind her, saying, "Inform Miaomiao that Doctor Fang has arrived. Tell her to

accompany Doctor Fang throughout and to maintain the utmost respect for him, without any discourtesy or neglect!"

The disciple acknowledged the order and went to carry it out.

Fang Bai, carrying the twenty million cheque he had just won from Qian Haoduo, continued alone toward the Doctor Pavilion at the mountain's summit.

He wasn't the least bit displeased by the Doctor Pavilion's neglect; on the contrary, he felt more carefree and untroubled without anyone accompanying him.

Set amidst a scenic landscape, the Doctor Pavilion was built between mountains and waters, where one could sense the faint diffusion of Essence Energy along the mountain paths. It was considered a prime cultivation location for the average Martial Artist, but for Fang Bai, it certainly couldn't compare to the small valley he had discovered.

Along the mountain trail, medicinal plots had been established on either side, where multiple herbs were grown. However, most of these herbs were merely decades old, and the Spiritual Medicines over a century old were extremely rare.

Young female disciples, looking pure and dressed in the Doctor Pavilion's garb, flitted among the clusters of herbs, meticulously tending to the gardens.

In the eyes of ordinary healers, herbs with decades of maturity were already quite valuable, but to Fang Bai, apart from the few century-old Spiritual Medicines that were somewhat useful, the rest were practically worthless weeds.

Chapter 386: Meeting Wang Miaomiao Again

Inside Fang Bai's current space ring, there were still plenty of spiritual medicines that he had gathered from that hidden little valley, each one being over two to three hundred years in age.

"The Ancient Medicine Sect in the secular world is still lacking in heritage, after all. I wonder if those places where the Hidden Sects are located might harbor some treasures that could catch my eye!"

Fang Bai walked on, musing to himself.

Baili Zhan, a disciple of the Hidden Sect "Ghost Doctor Valley," had recently braved great risks to sneak back into the Hidden Sect for the purpose of expelling the "Man-Eating Flower" poison from his wife Jiang Yuzhi's body. He had brought back many rare spiritual medicines, which had indeed sparked Fang Bai's interest in the Hidden Sects.

Hidden Sects were isolated from the world and very difficult for the average person to find. Fang Bai speculated that most of the world's Hidden Sects were probably located in remote and hard-to-reach places that were abundant in Essence Energy, and the entrance to these sects might also be concealed by some sort of formation to distract and prevent ordinary people from discovering them.

It was said that there were numerous Earth Rank Martial Artists in the Hidden Sects, with Heaven Rank Martial Artists being a minority, representing the most powerful entities there.

Although Fang Bai was interested in the Hidden Sects, his current strength did not guarantee his safety within them, so he did not rush to seek out their traces.

Moreover, Fang Bai also wanted to spend more time in the mortal world to undergo refinement in his state of mind.

The so-called "Red Dust Heart Refinement" of Martial Artists was to merge into the ordinary life of the secular world, learning the Way of the Martial Dao through the small details and bits and pieces of ordinary life.

Do not underestimate the common people in the secular world and their everyday concerns like firewood, rice, oil, salt, soy sauce, and tea; sometimes, profound truths of the universe and supreme Martial Dao are born among them.

Fang Bai had started from the bottom as an inconspicuous figure, slowly making a name for himself. Through repeated heart refinement within the Red Dust, braving dangers, and engaging in life-and-death battles, he had eventually reached the Martial Dao Peak and became the Invincible War Emperor of the Immortal Realm's nine Heavenly Domains.

For a Martial Artist, to progress further on the path of Martial Dao, one should not only pursue breakthroughs in strength but also pay attention to the elevation of their mental state. Only by complementing both aspects could one achieve greater accomplishments.

In fact, disciples of some Hidden Sects would also disguise themselves as mortals and immerse themselves in the secular world once their strength reached a certain realm, to experience the Red Dust for a period before returning to their sect for continued seclusion.

Fang Bai walked leisurely along the way and, before he knew it, had reached the mountain summit. Looking up, he saw a massive and majestic estate before him, with many large and small buildings within.

A red carpet was laid at the estate's main gate, stretching all the way into a large conference center within the estate. On both sides, ten uniformed female disciples of "Doctor Pavilion" stood welcoming guests from all over.

The twenty welcoming female disciples, all around twenty years of age, were each graceful in figure and pleasant in appearance, wearing courteous smiles as they welcomed various guests from far and wide.

A few heavyweight figures of the "Doctor Pavilion" stood at the entrance of the estate, personally greeting any major figures from Ancient Medicine Sects or distinguished and influential VIPs as they arrived.

For guests with less renown, they were received by the younger disciples of the "Doctor Pavilion" and guided into the conference center to take their seats.

As Fang Bai approached the estate's main gate, ready to join the group of guests entering the estate, he was stopped by a round-faced young female disciple of the "Doctor Pavilion."

"Excuse me, sir. Could you please present your invitation? Thank you!"

The round-faced female disciple asked with a polite and gentle smile.

"Oh."

Fang Bai took out the invitation that Lin Ruoxue had given him and handed it over. The round-faced disciple saw that it was the highest-level gold invitation issued by their pavilion, and her expression changed slightly. She looked at Fang Bai again, with a surprised look in her eyes,

"What's the matter, is there a problem?"

Fang Bai noticed the round-faced disciple's strange expression and asked with a smile.

"No... nothing..."

The round-faced female disciple snapped back to reality and said somewhat flusteredly, "Sir, you are our Doctor Pavilion's most esteemed guest! Did you not encounter our Pavilion Master Wen on the way here?"

Fang Bai shook his head and said, "No, I don't know your Pavilion Master Wen."

The round-faced female disciple was greatly surprised, thinking to herself that only those of equal status to the Pavilion Master would get a golden invitation. How could he possibly not know the Pavilion Master?

"Doctor Fang, you've come?"

A voice filled with immense surprise suddenly came from the side. Fang Bai and the round-faced female disciple turned their heads to look and saw another female disciple from the Doctor Pavilion hurrying towards them.

The disciple had an oval face, was about the same age as the round-faced one, and had a slender figure and a clear, beautiful appearance. It was Wang Miaomiao from the Doctor Pavilion, who had once encountered Fang Bai.

Wang Miaomiao had been busy with other matters just moments before when she suddenly received a phone call from a fellow sister, informing her that the Pavilion Master had instructed her to take charge of receiving Fang Bai.

Wang Miaomiao's admiration and reverence for Fang Bai were no less than that for their own Pavilion Master. Upon hearing that Fang Bai had arrived at the Doctor Pavilion, her heart blossomed with joy, and she was overjoyed, immediately dropping everything and rushing to the front gate of the estate, just in time to see a round-faced fellow disciple stopping Fang Bai to check his invitation.

"Miaomiao, do you know this gentleman?"

The round-faced female disciple asked curiously.

Wang Miaomiao replied earnestly, "Doctor Fang is a distinguished guest personally invited by our Pavilion Master. Sister Wang just called me and said the Pavilion Master asked me to accompany Doctor Fang inside."

"I'm so sorry, Doctor Fang! I... I didn't recognize you... I'm sorry..."

The round-faced female disciple, upon hearing Fang Bai was a guest invited by the Pavilion Master and realizing she had been checking his invitation, feared that if Fang Bai took offense and the Pavilion Master found out, she would be punished. She turned pale with fright and kept bowing and apologizing to Fang Bai.

In truth, it wasn't the round-faced female disciple's fault; Fang Bai looked too young and dressed too casually, not at all like the kind of guest who would attend the "World Chinese Medicine Conference." Worried that he was just someone trying to sneak in for a look, she had stopped him to check.

Fang Bai wasn't one to hold grudges over such minor incidents. Seeing her quite scared, he laughed and said, "It's not your fault. My outfit is too casual, indeed inviting misunderstanding. Haha... It seems that next time I attend such an event, I'll have to wear a suit!"

His smile was very affable, which immediately relaxed the round-faced female disciple's tense and anxious heart.

"This Doctor Fang is not only young and handsome but also has a great temperament. He isn't like some guests who are arrogant and snobbish, acting as if they are better than everyone else! Hmm, since he is personally invited by the Pavilion Master, this Doctor Fang is no simple character!"

As Wang Miaomiao led Fang Bai into the estate, the round-faced female disciple turned her head to gaze at Fang Bai's receding figure, her eyes shining with admiration and her face the picture of infatuation.

Chapter 387: Wang Miaomiao's Opportunity

Wang Miaomiao, though not as lovestruck as the round-faced female disciple, felt an irrepressible excitement and anticipation pulsing beside Fang Bai, watching that handsome profile. Her heart raced like a little deer, thumping wildly.

In her heart, Wang Miaomiao kept telling herself that she must give Doctor Fang, with his exquisite medical skills and profound strength, the best possible reception and not allow him to have any dissatisfaction with her.

Actually, ever since Wang Miaomiao knew that Doctor Fang was invited to this "World Chinese Medicine Conference", she had harbored a little hope in her heart, wishing that Doctor Fang could provide her some guidance in medicine during his spare time at the conference.

After all, an opportunity for close contact with such an extraordinary person was rare. Maybe missing this chance would mean waiting indefinitely for another.

However, Wang Miaomiao didn't dare to abruptly ask Fang Bai for medical guidance. She planned to wait until Doctor Fang was in a good mood and then hint at it. If Fang Bai was willing to guide her, she would be thankful to heaven and earth. If Fang Bai ignored her hint, it would be a gentle refusal.

"Doctor Fang, it might be a while before the conference starts. Would you like to go to the conference center to sit and have some tea first? Or would you rather walk around the estate and enjoy the scenery?"

Upon entering the estate, Wang Miaomiao checked the time and asked respectfully.

"The scenery here is nice; let's walk around a bit! If you have things to do, you can go ahead. If not, accompany me for a walk!"

Fang Bai said casually.

It was Wang Miaomiao from the Doctor Pavilion who had helped to save the severely injured during the car accident plotted by the "Wrathful Beauties" assassins, along with Ye Wumei. Therefore, Fang Bai had a good impression of her.

This time, as Wang Miaomiao was responsible for receiving guests at the "World Chinese Medicine Conference", Fang Bai intended to offer her some guidance, considering it the fate of their meeting.

Wang Miaomiao, with her ordinary talents, was currently at the primary stage of the Yellow Level, which destined her medical skills not to be very high.

In the eyes of the higher-ups at the Doctor Pavilion, Wang Miaomiao, limited by her talents, had little room for improvement and could only remain an ordinary disciple for life. But with Fang Bai's current abilities, enhancing Wang Miaomiao's strength and medical skills by a level was still achievable.

"No problem... I'm free..."

Wang Miaomiao might not have high talents, but she wasn't dull. After hearing Fang Bai's words, her pretty face blushed with excitement, her heartbeat quickening once more, feeling that her opportunity had arrived.

Fang Bai smiled faintly and walked slowly towards the rising sun in the east.

Wang Miaomiao followed closely behind Fang Bai, walking together to the base of a massive ancient pine tree at the top of the hill near the cliff edge.

This was the farthest eastern point of the estate; perhaps for convenience to enjoy the sunrise and sunset, there was no wall built along the edge of the cliff—one could walk forward and be on the thousand-feet cliff.

Most of the guests at the conference were mingling and chatting inside the conference center. Only a few walked around, and even fewer came to the edge of this cliff. It was a rare moment of tranquility.

"The sun rises in the east, and essence energy is abundant. Now is a great time for cultivation and learning!"

Fang Bai, with hands clasped behind his back, faced the sun that had just risen in the east and spoke to himself.

Wang Miaomiao felt a jolt in her heart, and, as if Fortune's Blessing had touched her, approached Fang Bai's side. She bowed deeply and earnestly said, "Miaomiao is of limited talent, and even though she has been following the master at the Doctor Pavilion since childhood, cultivating and learning medicine, she falls behind her fellow sisters in both martial arts and medical skills. I implore Doctor Fang to offer guidance!"

Fang Bai turned around, looking at Wang Miaomiao with a gentle gaze and smiled, "In my view, as a healer, talent is not important; what matters is moral character and medical ethics. A healer with corrupted morals and lost ethics, even if their medical skill is the best in the world, what's the worth of it?"

Wang Miaomiao nodded with deep agreement. Among the healers she had encountered, there were no shortage of "renowned doctors" and "Divine Doctors," but many of them were pretentious and would not lift a finger without the promise of personal gain.

Such healers' motives for practicing medicine were not to save the dying and heal the sick, nor to serve the public good, but for their own selfish interests, making it hard to truly hold them in awe or admiration, let alone be praised through the ages.

"During the last car accident, many vehicles passed by the scene; among them, there were likely other doctors, yet only you stopped to help treat the injured. That is commendable. Sometimes, opportunity is created by oneself! Since we've met, it is fate, and now I will give you a transformative opportunity!"

Fang Bai spoke, and with a flip of his left palm, several pills emitting a faint medicinal fragrance appeared in his hand.

Wang Miaomiao, invigorated by the scent of the pills, fixed her gaze on the few pills in Fang Bai's palm. Seeing their emerald color and the shimmering surface hinting at some mysterious power, she knew these were no ordinary elixirs.

"Take these pills first and consume them! Later, I will teach you a Cultivation Method and impart some medical skills to you," Fang Bai said with a smile.

Wang Miaomiao, gripped by excitement, walked up to Fang Bai, took the pills, swallowed them without hesitation, and then, per Fang Bai's instructions, went to sit cross-legged on the rocks under the ancient pine tree nearby. She began to circulate the Cultivation Method passed down by the Doctor Pavilion to assimilate the power of the pills.

The pills Fang Bai had given Wang Miaomiao to swallow were the Marrow Cleansing Pill, Gathering Yuan Pill, and Creation Pill. Although these were of the lowest grade and contained weak True Yuan, they were perfectly suited for a low-level Martial Artist like Wang Miaomiao.

In just a short while, the pills began to transform into streams of True Yuan within Wang Miaomiao's body, carrying out the Marrow Cleansing and purging various impurities from her body.

Immersed in her Cultivation State, Wang Miaomiao was lost in an extraordinary sensation. It felt as if the myriad meridians within her body were rivers and the True Yuan the water in them, surging and rushing forward with force.

The True Yuan sometimes flared like a Fire Dragon, and at other times, it flowed like a glacier's pass—alternately hot and cold. Wang Miaomiao alternated between unbearable pain and exhilarating release; amid this cycle, her body was soon drenched in sweat.

Along with the sweat, black grimy residue, the impurities within Wang Miaomiao's body, seeped out.

As these impurities were expelled, Wang Miaomiao's body underwent a profound transformation, parting ways with her ordinary mortal flesh, thus laying the foundational conditions to pursue higher realms within the Martial Dao.

During this process, occasionally guests would wander over to this area out of curiosity upon noticing Wang Miaomiao's condition, only to be unceremoniously sent away by Fang Bai.

Some more arrogant guests, unwilling to back down, sought to argue with Fang Bai, but a single icy look from him caused them to break out in a cold sweat and flee in an embarrassing hurry.

A few disciples from the Doctor Pavilion also heard about the events here and tried to come over to inquire, but they, too, were unapologetically turned away by Fang Bai.

Chapter 388: Essence Energy Disturbance

Wang Miaomiao, though a mere common disciple of the Doctor Pavilion, had an excellent rapport with the other disciples.

Seeing Wang Miaomiao sitting cross-legged under the ancient pine, her eyebrows flexing in apparent pain as if enduring some agony, and not recognizing Fang Bai, the arriving disciples feared Fang Bai might have done something to harm Wang Miaomiao. They exchanged glances, ready to forcefully break through Fang Bai's obstruction.

Whoosh—

Just then, Wang Miaomiao, who had remained motionless for a long time, finally reacted. She took a deep breath and slowly opened her eyes, which were brimming with joy, excitement, and exhilaration.

When Wang Miaomiao emerged from her cultivation state and opened her eyes, she saw several of her fellow disciples confronting Fang Bai with drawn swords and strained crossbows, as if they were about to fight at the slightest provocation.

"Sister Liu Juan, don't do it!"

Startled, Wang Miaomiao leaped to her feet and rushed between them, shouting out in her tender voice.

Who was Fang Bai?

He was one of the most esteemed guests at this year's "World Traditional Medicine Conference," with exquisite medical skills and boundless strength.

Wang Miaomiao had personally witnessed Fang Bai use his miraculous hands to pull dozens of critical car accident victims back from the brink of death. It was nothing short of a miracle.

Wang Miaomiao had also seen with her own eyes Fang Bai, despite being weakened from treating a large number of casualties and having spent a great deal of True Yuan, still forcefully kill several assassins from the Wrathful Beauties with the strength of Profound Level Martial Artists.

Whenever Wang Miaomiao recalled that scene, she would feel as if it were a dream, filled with excitement.

The strongest among her companions, Sister Liu Juan, was only a mid-stage Yellow Level Martial Artist. If they were to clash with Fang Bai, it would be as easy for him to snuff out their lives in his anger as it would be to crush a few ants.

This was something Wang Miaomiao certainly did not wish to see and hence promptly cried out to stop them.

The Doctor Pavilion disciples seeing Wang Miaomiao unharmed, visibly relaxed.

"Sister Miaomiao, are you alright?"

The disciple named Liu Juan stepped forward, scrutinizing Wang Miaomiao with concern.

"I'm fine! Fellow sisters, let me introduce you. This is Doctor Fang Bai, invited personally by our Pavilion Master as a distinguished guest!"

Wang Miaomiao, having calmed the overwhelming joy and excitement brought on by the immense change in her body, introduced Fang Bai to her fellow disciples.

When mentioning "invited personally by our Pavilion Master as a distinguished guest," Wang Miaomiao deliberately emphasized her words, as if to remind her fellow disciples to maintain enough respect and deference toward Fang Bai.

The "World Traditional Medicine Conference" was held once every five years, hosted in turn by the five major Ancient Medicine Sects of Huaxia. The guests who could be personally invited by the Sect Leaders of these major medical sects were very few and were not top figures in the secular medical world; they could not earn such an honor.

In the eyes of Liu Juan and the others, Fang Bai was far too young and dressed too casually, and he was not famous in Huaxia's medical community, making it impossible for them to associate him with a "guest personally invited by the Pavilion Master."

However, Liu Juan and the others also knew Wang Miaomiao would not lie about such a matter, so after her introduction, their attitudes towards Fang Bai changed significantly, showing respect to him at least on the surface.

"Sister Miaomiao, there's a lot of dirt on your face and body..."

A female disciple of the Doctor Pavilion behind Liu Juan suddenly pointed at Wang Miaomiao and remarked.

Wang Miaomiao let out a gasp, and when she lowered her head to look, she saw her originally fair hands were now coated with a layer of black, greasy substance, which also emitted a strange smell.

Thinking that her face must look the same, Wang Miaomiao became terrified and murmured, "How could this have happened..."

For a young woman who loved beauty and cleanliness, being covered in filth was intolerable.

"You should go wash up first! Find me here later,"

Fang Bai said with a smile as he sat down on a small stone stool next to an ancient pine tree, looking at Wang Miaomiao's face, which was filled with horror.

"Then... Then I'll be going..."

Wang Miaomiao hurriedly left these words behind and fled the scene as if she were flying.

Once Wang Miaomiao had left, the disciples of the Doctor Pavilion, including Liu Juan, also dispersed one after another, leaving Fang Bai alone near the cliff.

Fang Bai sat quietly on the stone stool, the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" naturally began to circulate, swiftly entering a state of selflessness, as he seemed to merge with the heaven and earth.

If someone were to approach Fang Bai at that moment, they would have found him seemingly enveloped within a misty haze, ethereal and almost illusory.

As the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" circulated, Fang Bai's body generated a powerful suction force. Heaven and Earth Origin Energy from within a several-mile radius, under the influence of this powerful attraction, formed into countless invisible streams, consistently flowing into Fang Bai's body from all directions.

By this time, the area around the Doctor Pavilion had already gathered over a thousand guests, among them were some Profound Level Martial Artists.

Martial Artists have a certain sensitivity to the fluctuations of Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, a sense that grows stronger with increasing power. At the Profound Level Martial Artist realm, even a slight change in the surrounding Heaven and Earth Origin Energy could be keenly perceived.

As Fang Bai was circulating the cultivation technique and drawing in Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, several Profound Level Martial Artists within the Doctor Pavilion could sense the rapid depletion of Heaven and Earth Origin Energy around them, which naturally changed their expressions.

To those Profound Level Martial Artists, anyone capable of causing such significant changes in the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy must possess unimaginably strong power.

There were also many Martial Artists who were secretly guessing who could possess such formidable strength.

After cultivating on the stone stool for a moment, Fang Bai emerged from the state, concealing all of his breaths, and once again appeared to others as an ordinary person.

Fang Bai did not wish to stop cultivating, but he had no choice, as his Divine Sense, which he projected outward, detected many Martial Artists sensitive to the movement of Heaven and Earth Origin Energy converging towards the cliffside.

If they discovered that he was the initiator of the fluctuation in Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, he would become the center of everyone's attention, the topic of much discussion, and that was not something Fang Bai wished to see.

Although Fang Bai's Divine Sense was weak, when fully extended, it could cover a range of several hundred meters. He quickly detected several Martial Artists rapidly approaching the location, as swept by his Divine Sense.

The strength of those few Martial Artists was no less than that of Profound Level, and the aura of one was so strong that it had already exceeded the Profound Rank, which came as a surprise to Fang Bai.

This was the first time Fang Bai had encountered an Earth Rank Martial Artist since he arrived in this world.

That Earth Rank Martial Artist apparently did not want to reveal his true power and was using some cultivation technique to suppress his realm and conceal his aura. While other Martial Artists might

assume he was just a beginner Profound Level Martial Artist, Fang Bai knew he already possessed the strength of an Earth Rank beginner.

Chapter 389: The Mysterious Earth Level Martial Artist

Among the approaching martial artists, there were a few that Fang Bai recognized, including Qian Haoduo and Hua Tianhe from the Four Great National Doctors, and Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of the Doctor Pavilion.

The martial artist who possessed the initial stage strength of the Earth Rank, however, was an unknown figure to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai withdrew his Divine Sense, turned around, and watched the horizon ahead with interest.

The first person to come into view was, surprisingly, National Doctor Qian Haoduo, closely followed by Hua Tianhe, and then Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of the Doctor Pavilion, plus three middle-aged men that Fang Bai did not recognize.

Fang Bai's gaze swept over Qian Haoduo and the others, then settled on the last young man to appear in his line of sight.

The young man looked to be around thirty years old, with a lean figure, a hooked nose and thin lips, slightly high cheekbones, and a gloomy look in his eyes, giving off a cold and harsh aura. He seemed to be enveloped by a chilly and grim atmosphere, making him seem unapproachable.

Fang Bai had thought that his casual outfit already stood out amidst the formal attire of the other guests, but to his surprise, the young man was wearing a black long robe that had gone out of fashion decades ago, making him even more distinctive and eye-catching.

From the man in the black robe, Fang Bai detected a scent of medicinal herbs and guessed that he must be from an Ancient Medicine Sect of Huaxia.

"Damn, why is this kid here? The disturbance in the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy just now, could it have been caused by him?"

Qian Haoduo glanced up and saw Fang Bai sitting under an ancient pine tree on the edge of the cliff in front, smiling at them. He was taken aback at first, then his old face flushed red with embarrassment, and he turned away to walk off into the distance, clearly not wanting to encounter Fang Bai.

Hua Tianhe and the others also saw Fang Bai at the same time. They exchanged glances, their expressions full of surprise.

"Doctor Fang, are you here alone? Has anyone else been here just now?"

Hua Tianhe walked over to the ancient pine and looked around as if searching for someone.

As far as Hua Tianhe was concerned, the Cultivation of an ordinary Profound Level Martial Artist simply could not cause the kind of disturbance in the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy that had happened just before. It must have been a martial artist at the level of Profound Level Perfection, or even the Earth Rank Realm, to do so.

Although Fang Bai gave Hua Tianhe an inscrutable feeling, Hua Tianhe did not believe his strength had reached Profound Level Perfection or Earth Rank.

Since it wasn't Fang Bai, it must have been someone else. With no one other than Fang Bai present, that was why Hua Tianhe had asked the question.

"Just now... indeed, there was an elder with an immortal and Taoist-like manner here. But in the blink of an eye, he disappeared. I didn't even have a chance to exchange a few words with him,"

Fang Bai casually fabricated a story, saying this because he didn't want Hua Tianhe and the others to suspect him regarding the recent disturbance of Heaven and Earth Origin Energy.

Hua Tianhe and the others looked at each other, believing Fang Bai's words without suspicion, each expression tinged with regret. They lamented that surely the elder, who was like a Divine Dragon showing his head but not his tail, must be an esteemed Master from outside the world. It was a pity they had missed the chance to meet him.

Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of the Doctor Pavilion, felt worried amid his lamentations, wondering what the purpose of the Master's appearance near the Doctor Pavilion could be and whether it was auspicious or ominous for the Pavilion.

The man in the black robe who stood behind the crowd remained silent, his gaze scrutinizing Fang Bai thoughtfully.

If it were someone else under his cold, scrutinizing gaze, they would definitely feel uneasy. However, Fang Bai remained calm and collected, ignoring the gaze directed at him.

The man in black was paying attention to Fang Bai because he had sensed an extraordinary demeanor about this seemingly ordinary young man who appeared to be only in his twenties.

This kind of demeanor, the man in black had only ever found in his master, Li Ao, the Valley Master of the Hidden Sect's Ghost Doctor Valley.

"This young man, he is clearly only a beginner at the Profound Level... Yes, I must be mistaken! How can a beginner at the Profound Level be compared to my master?"

The man in black shook his head and withdrew his gaze from Fang Bai.

A twenty-year-old beginner at the Profound Level was considered a rare talent in the Secular Ancient Martial World, but such individuals were not uncommon in the Hidden Sect's Ghost Doctor Valley, where the man in black came from.

Take the man in black himself, for instance. He was one of the personal disciples of the Ghost Doctor Valley's Valley Master, Li Ao. By the time he was twenty, he had already reached the High Rank of the Profound Level. After ten more years of arduous cultivation, he had achieved his current status and joined the ranks of Earth Rank Martial Artists.

In the Hidden Sect, only martial artists like the man in black were qualified to be called "geniuses."

Having not been able to find the master who caused the abnormal movement of the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, the man in black lost interest and left without saying hello to anyone else.

As he left, Sikong Lieyang, the Sect Leader of the Ghost Doctor Sect, one of the five great Ancient Medicine Sects of Huaxia, also took his leave.

Seeing Sikong Lieyang, a Sect Leader no less, treating a man in black who was more than half his junior with such deference and reverence, Wen Yu and the others couldn't help but be astonished.

The man in black had come with Sikong Lieyang, and when Sikong introduced him, he merely mentioned that he was a friend, without elaborating, so Wen Yu and the others didn't ask any further questions. However, they made a mental note of this man in black, who possessed the strength of a beginner at the Profound Level.

After all, a thirty-year-old beginner at the Profound Level in the Secular Ancient Martial World was also considered a talented individual.

Of course, that the man in black was at the beginner Profound Level was a result of him suppressing his true level of power. If he were to display his real strength, just by releasing his aura, he could make Wen Yu and the others collapse to the ground, completely unable to resist.

This just shows how vast the gap in strength can be between martial artists of different major realms.

It was only after seeing Sikong Lieyang's respectful attitude towards the man in black that Wen Yu and the others realized that the man must have an extraordinary identity and background. How else could he make the typically proud and arrogant Sect Leader Sikong Lieyang bow and scrape in obsequiousness?

The five great Ancient Medicine Sects of Huaxia cooperate but also compete against one another. Each Ancient Medicine Sect wants to seize the dominant position in the Huaxia traditional medicine community, thereby gaining access to more resources related to traditional Chinese medicine.

And each "World Medical Congress" is not only a convention for traditional Chinese medicine doctors from all over the world to exchange and discuss medical techniques, but also a platform for the major Ancient Medicine Sects to compare skills.

At that time, the Ancient Medicine Sects would send out their best young disciples for a public medical technique showdown, and the sect that ultimately wins would naturally take the dominant position in the traditional Chinese medicine community for the following five years.

The appearance of the man in black was odd in itself, and Wen Yu and the others speculated that he might be a helper invited by the Ghost Doctor Sect, although they had no idea which Sect he was from.

Watching Sikong Lieyang accompany the man in black as the two walked away, Wen Yu and the others watched their retreating figures with contemplation and complicated expressions. None of them had any remaining interest in Fang Bai.

Chapter 390: Teaching the Art

"The World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference" was scheduled to commence at around nine o'clock in the morning. Wen Yu glanced at the time; it was already eight o'clock. She was preparing to leave to check on the conference center when she noticed Wang Miaomiao, her own Pavilion disciple, approaching briskly and cheerfully like a little bird.

"Pavilion ... Pavilion Master ..."

After returning to her own residence and cleaning herself of all filth, Wang Miaomiao quickly dressed in new clothes and hurried back to the cliff.

While washing, she clearly felt a significant change in herself and knew that she had encountered an incredible opportunity, feeling both joyful and excited.

As she walked, she speculated about the cultivation methods and medical techniques Fang Bai was going to impart to her. Suddenly, she looked up and saw Wen Yu standing in front of her with a frown on her face.

"Miaomiao, I told you to accompany Doctor Fang. Where did you run off to?"

Wen Yu's face darkened as she spoke in a low voice.

Wen Yu was usually reserved and stern, hardly flexible with her smiles, and she was strict with the disciples of her Pavilion; hence, most of them feared her, including Wang Miaomiao.

"I ... I ..."

Chided by Wen Yu, Wang Miaomiao trembled with fear and didn't even dare to breathe too loudly.

"Wen Pavilion Master, it was I who asked her to leave."

Fang Bai said indifferently before waving to Wang Miaomiao and pointing to a stone stool beside him, "You come here, sit down."

Wang Miaomiao really wanted to go over, but intimidated by the Pavilion Master's authority, she dared not move her feet.

Seeing that Fang Bai's attitude towards Wang Miaomiao seemed somewhat different, Wen Yu's heart stirred slightly and her expression softened a bit. She said to Wang Miaomiao, "Doctor Fang wants you to come over, so go ahead. Remember not to neglect Doctor Fang!"

"Understood, Pavilion Master."

Wang Miaomiao responded and then slowly walked over to Fang Bai and sat down erect on the stone stool opposite him.

Seeing Wang Miaomiao appearing restrained and unsure where to place her hands and feet, Fang Bai smiled gently and spoke in a warm voice, "You can relax a bit. Pretend nobody else is here."

With the Pavilion Master and a few dignitaries of equal status watching, how could Wang Miaomiao relax?

"Wen Pavilion Master, does your 'Doctor Pavilion' prohibit disciples from learning cultivation methods and medical techniques from outside the Pavilion?"

Fang Bai's gaze shifted toward Wen Yu as he asked.

"Our 'Doctor Pavilion' is an open and inclusive Ancient Medicine Sect. Any disciple, after mastering the Pavilion's own cultivation methods and medical techniques, may learn other cultivation techniques or medical methods as a complement."

While Wen Yu said this, she felt a bit regretful.

After piecing together various pieces of information, she surmised that Fang Bai's medical skills were not inferior to any of the current four National Doctors, and it was indeed an opportunity for Wang Miaomiao to receive personal guidance from him.

However, Wang Miaomiao's talent and Wuxing were quite ordinary among the disciples of the "Doctor Pavilion"; even with Fang Bai's guidance, it was unlikely for her to make any significant progress.

If possible, Wen Yu would have preferred to reserve this rare opportunity for other disciples with higher talent and better Wuxing.

Fang Bai seemed to have his eyes set on Wang Miaomiao. Wen Yu felt it wasn't his place to say much, thinking to himself that it didn't matter how much Wang Miaomiao could learn. What was important was that through this incident, a good relationship could be formed with the Doctor Pavilion, and that was fine as well.

Fang Bai said, "Alright, since that's the case, I'll overstep my bounds and impart some knowledge to her."

"To be favored by Doctor Fang is an honor for Miaomiao! Miaomiao, don't you hurry and thank Doctor Fang!"

Wen Yu hurriedly gave Wang Miaomiao a meaningful glance.

Before Wang Miaomiao could stand up to express her gratitude, Fang Bai was already waving his hand and saying, "Spare me the formalities! Our two meetings can be considered a form of destiny."

Through relatives like Hua Chun, Hua Tianhe had gained a deeper understanding of Fang Bai's medical skills. Twirling his mustache, he chuckled to Wang Miaomiao, "Young girl, your luck has arrived! Doctor Fang is proficient in both medicine and martial arts. As long as you diligently study, you will benefit immensely."

Ren Juedao, standing to the side, nodded in agreement.

The way Fang Bai cured Jiang Xiaoyu's breast cancer had left a deep impression on Ren Juedao, leading him to reevaluate traditional Chinese medicine and to remember Fang Bai, this remarkably talented demonic genius who had appeared out of nowhere.

Although Huang Tianpeng did not know Fang Bai personally, seeing Hua Tianhe and Ren Juedao's high regard for Fang Bai's medical skills, he also began to look at Fang Bai with new respect, not underestimating him because of his youth.

As for the onlookers, Mo Huayi, the owner of Xinglin Courtyard, and Gu Yang, the Island Master of Shenxian Island, also developed a strong interest in Fang Bai. They secretly decided to find an opportunity for a good talk with Fang Bai. If Fang Bai lived up to his reputation, it was worth making his acquaintance.

With Fang Bai preparing to instruct Wang Miaomiao, the others felt it was inappropriate to stay and watch. They greeted Fang Bai and dispersed.

Soon, only Wang Miaomiao and Fang Bai were left at the scene.

"Those elixirs from earlier have already cleansed your marrow, transforming you completely. You should be able to feel the changes within yourself. I have a Cultivation Method here, as well as some experience in acupuncture and massage to pass on to you. Remember, the knowledge I'm giving you is rather unique, so don't share it lightly with others, or it might bring trouble upon you."

Fang Bai solemnly cautioned her.

Wang Miaomiao nodded vigorously, indicating she would definitely remember.

"Close your eyes, gather your thoughts, and stay calm and peaceful. The process I will use to teach you might not be what you're expecting, so don't panic. Just open your mind and accept it."

Fang Bai stood up, walked in front of Wang Miaomiao, and gently placed his right palm on the top of her head, then channeled a thread of his Divine Sense into her brain.

Having developed Divine Sense, Fang Bai now possessed some unique and wonderful abilities that were unimaginable in this world to any Martial Artist from the Secular World or the Hidden Sect.

For example, when he projected his Divine Sense outward, everything within hundreds of meters became like a picture, reflected in his mind, as if blessed with clairvoyance, with everything under his control.

Another example, when he transmitted Cultivation Techniques to others, he no longer needed to dictate them word by word; he could simply infuse his Divine Sense with the knowledge and channel it directly into the other person's mind for them to slowly digest and comprehend.

In the future, his success rate in crafting elixirs would also see a significant increase with the aid of Divine Sense.

Once his Cultivation Level reached even higher realms, he would be able to materialize his intangible Divine Sense and launch attacks from beyond the range of sight, catching opponents off guard.

In short, for a Martial Artist, Divine Sense is like an extended limb, its significance and benefits beyond imagination.

Although Fang Bai asked Wang Miaomiao to relax, as his palm rested on her head, she remained tense, her nerves and body wound tight.

Suddenly, Wang Miaomiao's mind seemed to explode with a loud bang, as if a flood of information was pouring into it, causing her delicate body to quiver slightly. The next moment, her mind was filled with an incredibly profound Cultivation Method and acupuncture and massage techniques unheard of before.