

Doctor 391

Chapter 391: The Promotion of Wang Miaomiao

Fang Bai passed on his cultivation methods and medical skills to Wang Miaomiao, which were considered the most common in the Cultivation World back in his time, but for Wang Miaomiao, they opened up an entirely new Martial Dao World and a realm of medicinal techniques, deeply captivating her at once.

After Fang Bai finished imparting what he wanted to teach Wang Miaomiao through his Divine Sense, he sat back on his original stone stool. Seeing that Wang Miaomiao was immersed in it, unable to extricate herself, he wore a slight smile on his face and did not disturb her.

The master leads the student to the door, but progress depends on the individual.

Fang Bai had taught all that he could, and whether Wang Miaomiao would be able to improve greatly in her cultivation level or make substantial progress in her medical skills—all of that was up to her now.

About half an hour later, Essence Energy around Wang Miaomiao fluctuated strangely, her aura surged, reaching a peak, before slowly settling down. In this rise and fall, her entire demeanor had undergone a great change.

"Reached high rank Yellow Level, not bad."

Fang Bai watched Wang Miaomiao with shining eyes, feeling quite content in his heart.

Wang Miaomiao had an average constitution, so the elixirs that Fang Bai had her consume were all of the lowest grade with mild medicinal power, to prevent her meridians from being damaged by a too potent medicinal impact.

Fang Bai did not have high expectations for Wang Miaomiao originally; performing the Marrow Cleansing for her and passing on a Cultivation Method were merely about giving her a chance.

He had thought that with his help, it would be good if Wang Miaomiao could improve by a small realm, but he had not expected her to rise two levels, advancing from low rank to high rank Yellow Level, which was somewhat beyond Fang Bai's expectations.

In just half an hour, Wang Miaomiao achieved what other martial artists might need years to reach; such a speed was a miracle in the eyes of many.

Therefore, it can be said that for martial artists' cultivation, talent is necessary, but so is opportunity. Without that chance, one may never achieve the realm they aspire to in their lifetime.

Having advanced in strength, Wang Miaomiao did not leave her cultivation state but continued to immerse herself in the marvelous medical techniques that Fang Bai had imparted to her.

Even though it was still the art of acupuncture and massage, what Fang Bai taught her was something she could never learn in the "Doctor Pavilion", some even completely overturned Wang Miaomiao's understanding of medical techniques.

Suddenly, in various corners of the "Doctor Pavilion" estate, an electronic broadcast simultaneously echoed, informing the guests wandering around the mountaintop to attend the meeting in the conference center at nine o'clock sharp.

Wang Miaomiao was also awakened by the broadcast. When she opened her eyes, she felt the world in front of her was incredibly clear, and her senses were doubly keen, as she could even capture the faint Heaven and Earth Origin Energy moving around her.

"How is it, feels good, doesn't it?"

Fang Bai looked at the pleasantly surprised Wang Miaomiao and asked with a chuckle.

"I will never forget the help Doctor Fang has given me," Miaomiao said.

Knowing that the changes in herself were all thanks to Fang Bai, Wang Miaomiao's admiration and reverence for him were truly like the endless rolling river or the overflowing Yellow River, unable to be contained once unleashed.

She did not know how to thank Fang Bai enough, so she repeatedly gave him deep bows.

"Whether it is martial arts or medical skills, it's like sailing against the current: advance or fall behind. The things I've passed on to you are just a bit of help. From here on, if you want to achieve greater improvements, you will need to ponder, comprehend, and diligently cultivate and study on your own," Fang Bai said seriously.

"Mm, Miaomiao will remember!"

Wang Miaomiao nodded vigorously, hesitated for a moment, and then said cautiously, "Doctor Fang, the 'World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference' is about to start, I'll take you to the conference center."

"Good."

Fang Bai nodded and, guided by Wang Miaomiao, arrived at the mountain summit's central area where a conference center capable of accommodating thousands of people was located.

Actually, Fang Bai had no interest in meetings, but since he had accepted the invitation from the "Doctor Pavilion" and had come here, he wouldn't refuse to participate in the conferences he was supposed to attend, otherwise, it would appear somewhat unconventional and might give others the impression of being aloof and arrogant, as if he looked down on everyone.

After entering the conference center, Fang Bai, who held a golden invitation, was arranged to sit in one of the most prestigious seats in the front row center as one of the most honored guests of this year's "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference."

Those qualified to sit in the front and center rows, besides the four renowned doctors of Huaxia and the Sect Leaders of the five great Ancient Medicine Sects, were several world-renowned medical experts and high-ranking political officials from Huaxia who had come to attend the conference.

The stalwarts of Huaxia's Chinese medicine world, authoritative experts in the world medical community, and important political figures—when these people sat in the VIP area in the center of the front row, others found it natural and had no objections.

However, when Fang Bai took his seat there, it caused a stir in the conference center, drawing the attention of nearly a thousand people. Almost everyone was whispering to each other, murmuring in low voices as they speculated about the identity of this young man who had received such high regard from the "Doctor Pavilion."

Fang Bai sat in his seat with composure, oblivious to the strange looks and various disapprovals cast by the people around him.

While Fang Bai's seat was excellent, an icy chill that pervaded his surroundings made him feel somewhat uncomfortable.

And this chill came from the black-shirted man sitting next to Fang Bai.

The man in black was none other than the hooked-nose, thin-lipped fellow with a malicious gaze who had appeared earlier on the cliff.

In fact, the man in black had been suppressing his aura all along. The martial artists around him, whose cultivation realms were too low, had not sensed his aura and thus were not affected.

But Fang Bai's sensitivity was extremely keen; the cold and chilly aura from the man in black inevitably affected him, making him feel very uncomfortable.

Moreover, mixed within the man in black's aura were traces of evil qi and malevolence, clearly indicating that he had blood on his hands and that his cultivation techniques were not of a righteous and bright nature.

This made Fang Bai's impression of him turn increasingly sour.

Fang Bai quietly released a thread of his essence energy, gently expelling the icy aura of the man in black from around him. Seeing that the conference had not officially commenced, he then sat there with closed eyes, cultivating in peace.

The seat the man in black now occupied was originally meant for Sikong Lieyang, the Sect Leader of the Ghost Doctor Sect. However, given the man in black's special identity, Sikong Lieyang did not dare to offend him and had willingly given up his seat, opting to sit in the row behind instead.

Sikong Lieyang treated the man in black with utmost respect and was exceedingly cautious around him. Pavilion Master Wen Yu and others from the "Doctor Pavilion" observed this with even greater surprise.

If Fang Bai's seating in the first row of the conference center had sparked controversy among the guests, then the man in black, who had taken the place of Sikong Lieyang, was equally the center of everyone's attention.

In the eyes of the guests around, Fang Bai and the man in black shared one thing in common: both were very young, dressed casually, and out of step with the other guests. They did not exhibit the somberness expected of those attending a world-class conference.

Chapter 392: Change

Fang Bai and the man in the black shirt were different. Fang Bai wore a white casual shirt and always had a faint, barely perceptible smile on his lips, giving off a sense of sunshine, positivity, and harmlessness to people and animals alike.

As for the man in the black shirt, his attire was the complete opposite of Fang Bai's in color, his expression was cold, and his demeanor was aloof, making people respect him from a distance.

Undoubtedly, Fang Bai's appearance and demeanor made him more easily liked by others.

At nine o'clock, the conference officially began, and the whole room fell silent.

As customary, Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of the Doctor Pavilion and the host of this "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference," first took the stage for a brief speech, followed by representatives of various Ancient Medicine Sects, and finally, a Deputy Minister in charge of Traditional Chinese Medicine from the Huaxia Ministry of Health spoke on behalf of the current Prime Minister.

The content of everyone's speeches was the same old tune, not very substantial, nothing more than encouraging colleagues in the medical community to actively promote the culture of Traditional Chinese Medicine and gain wider recognition worldwide.

The conference ran from nine until about twelve o'clock, after which Fang Bai followed the crowd out of the convention center. Just as he was about to head to the restaurant to see if there was anything appetizing to eat, he noticed Wen Yu, the Pavilion Master of the Doctor Pavilion, approaching him with a smile.

Accompanying Wen Yu was Lin Ruoxue, mother of the sisters Dongfang Rushi and Dongfang Ruhua.

Lin Ruoxue was a direct disciple of Wen Yu, holding a much higher status than Wang Miaomiao. After marrying into the Dongfang Family, she was not only busy with raising her family and teaching her children but also managing the family business, which left her no time for her sect, resulting in less and less contact with them.

Recently, because of her acquaintance with Fang Bai, Lin Ruoxue had been summoned by Wen Yu several times to inquire about matters concerning Fang Bai. This time, Wen Yu called for Lin Ruoxue, hoping to use her connection with Fang Bai to discuss an important matter with him.

"Doctor Fang, thank you for attending this grand medical event. Should there be any shortcomings in our hospitality, please be forgiving!"

Wen Yu approached Fang Bai and extended a courteous greeting.

"Doctor Fang, we meet again."

Lin Ruoxue also greeted Fang Bai with a smile.

Fang Bai nodded to Lin Ruoxue and then said to Wen Yu, "It is an honor for Pavilion Master Wen to invite me to this grand event! As for the hospitality... I think Miaomiao has done a great job."

"Where has Miaomiao run off to now? I warned her to accompany Doctor Fang properly..."

Only after Fang Bai mentioned Wang Miaomiao did Wen Yu remember that she had instructed Wang Miaomiao to escort Fang Bai for the entire event. However, now that lunchtime was approaching and Wang Miaomiao was nowhere to be seen, Wen Yu felt a bit irritated.

Considering some guests were visiting the Doctor Pavilion for the first time and weren't familiar with the venue, it was customary for the Doctor Pavilion to assign a disciple to each honored guest to guide and explain things.

Accompanying Fang Bai, the most esteemed guest, was not usually a task for an ordinary disciple like Wang Miaomiao, but given her previous brief encounter with Fang Bai, Wen Yu had assigned her to his side.

Wen Yu had hoped that Wang Miaomiao could bridge the gap and make Fang Bai take an interest in the Doctor Pavilion, thus forming a good relationship.

But what she didn't expect was that, with lunchtime nearing and Fang Bai needing someone to guide him to the dining hall, Wang Miaomiao had disappeared.

Luckily, Fang Bai didn't harbor any dissatisfaction toward Wang Miaomiao. Otherwise, if he had encountered someone with a quirky temperament and a narrow heart, a scene could have erupted, and it was even possible that he would make a dramatic exit.

Just as Wen Yu was in a huff, Wang Miaomiao appeared in her line of sight, her face alight with irrepressible joy as she made her graceful way toward them.

Fang Bai saw the cheerful expression on Wang Miaomiao's face and knew that, during the time he had been in his meeting, she must have had many insights.

"Pavilion Master... Sister Lin..."

As Wang Miaomiao approached, she saw Wen Yu and Lin Ruoxue present and respectfully greeted them. Then she noticed Wen Yu's displeasure—realizing it was because she had not stayed by Fang Bai's side—and bowed her head, earnestly waiting for Wen Yu's reprimand to fall.

"Miaomiao, I asked you to stay with Doctor Fang. What have you been doing? Tell me, where did you go?"

Wen Yu's face turned stern, her voice demanding an explanation with severity.

"I..."

Wang Miaomiao glanced at Fang Bai and stammered, "Doctor Fang transmitted a cultivation technique and some medical skills to me, and I went back to my quarters to practice and comprehend them..."

Wen Yu paused, taken aback. She had thought it would be quite something if Fang Bai could simply offer some guidance to Wang Miaomiao in medical skills, but she had not expected him to actually transmit a cultivation method to her.

In the Ancient Martial World, martial artists place extreme importance on the transmission of cultivation techniques, only teaching them to their closest kin or disciples and never passing them lightly to others.

Little did Wen Yu know that Fang Bai himself was a veritable treasure trove of cultivation techniques, his mind a repository for countless methods of cultivation—he had learned in the past and even those he had realized and created himself—as vast as a sea and unnumberable.

The technique Fang Bai passed on to Wang Miaomiao was merely the most common and lowest-ranked among the methods he had learned in the Cultivation World before ascending to the Immortal Realm.

Even so, if Wang Miaomiao were to reveal the cultivation method she learned from Fang Bai to the outside world, it could cause a sensation in the Ancient Martial World of this realm, which is why Fang Bai instructed her not to share it.

In this realm, a Heaven Level Martial Artist's Heaven Rank Techniques are already considered treasures coveted by martial artists who would risk their lives to fight for them. The technique Fang Bai passed on to Wang Miaomiao was unknowably superior to those of Heaven Rank, making it seem like a scripture from heaven to the martial artists of the Secular World.

Of course, Wang Miaomiao could not yet fathom the profoundness of the cultivation technique given to her by Fang Bai. Only through practice over time would she gradually comprehend its value, a realization far beyond Wen Yu's imagination.

Wen Yu, unable to discern Fang Bai's true strength, speculated that he must be no less than the intermediate level of the Profound Level since he could defeat Wang Huashan of the Yanjing Wang Family with ease. As for how high his realm might be, Wen Yu did not dare to speculate, feeling it was only reasonable he wouldn't exceed the Profound Level.

If Fang Bai had reached the Earth Rank Realm, then he must be a disciple of a Hidden Sect; in Wen Yu's mind, only the powerful and mysterious Hidden Sects could cultivate such a young and strong practitioner by leveraging abundant cultivation resources.

In the Secular Ancient Martial World, it wasn't to say there were no Earth Rank strong men, but the existence of an Earth Rank practitioner around twenty years old was simply inconceivable.

Not only did Wen Yu think so, but this was also the prevailing belief among martial artists of the Secular Ancient Martial World.

"Doctor Fang is supremely skilled in medicine and possesses remarkable strength. The things he passed on to you must be excellent... Huh? Miaomiao, your strength... you've advanced in rank?"

Only then did Wen Yu notice the extraordinary change in Wang Miaomiao, sensing it more carefully she realized that Wang Miaomiao's cultivation level had reached the high rank of Yellow Level.

Chapter 393: The One with the Biggest Fist is the King!

Wang Miaomiao's talent was average. Although she had entered the "Doctor Pavilion" at a young age to learn Ancient Martial Medicine, her progress was not as evident as that of other disciples, especially in terms of strength. After reaching the Yellow Level beginner stage, she had stalled.

Disappointed, Wang Miaomiao's master, Elder Zhu Ying of the "Doctor Pavilion," simply gave up training her and assigned her to perform miscellaneous chores instead.

But now, Wang Miaomiao had made a leap in progress in her weakest area, much to Wen Yu's surprise.

Previously, when Wen Yu met Wang Miaomiao on the cliff, she was still a Yellow Level beginner Martial Artist. Yet, after just one meeting, she had advanced to become a Yellow Level high-rank Martial Artist.

That is to say, Wang Miaomiao's promotion occurred within the short span of two to three hours from before the meeting until its conclusion.

Wen Yu knew this must be related to Fang Bai's guidance, yet she could not imagine what method Fang Bai had used that allowed the average-talented Wang Miaomiao to achieve such rapid progress.

"Yes, Pavilion Master, I have advanced. I am now at the high rank of Yellow Level,"

replied Wang Miaomiao cautiously. After she finished, she stole a glance at Fang Bai, her eyes filled with gratitude.

Wang Miaomiao knew that from the moment she advanced to a high-rank Yellow Level Martial Artist, her prospects and fate were bound to change dramatically.

In the "Doctor Pavilion," the status and treatment of a high-rank Yellow Level disciple were second only to the Pavilion Master and a few Elders. They could access the Martial and Medical textbooks inherited by the "Doctor Pavilion" and would be allotted an independent cultivation residence to focus on practicing Martial Arts and studying medicine.

The difference in status and treatment between a beginner Yellow Level Martial Artist and a high-rank Yellow Level Martial Artist was vast, though they were separated by only a small realm.

"Junior Sister Miaomiao, congratulations. Our 'Doctor Pavilion' will soon see the rise of another expert proficient in both medicine and martial arts."

Lin Ruoxue stepped forward to take Wang Miaomiao's hand, speaking affectionately. At the same time, she felt a bit envious, knowing that this junior sister, who had never been valued by the Pavilion's upper echelons, would now have a higher status and treatment in the "Doctor Pavilion" than herself.

However, Lin Ruoxue was only envious, not jealous or resentful, because her own daughter, Dongfang Ruhua, had a closer relationship with Fang Bai than Wang Miaomiao did and received more guidance from him.

At just fifteen or sixteen years of age, Dongfang Ruhua managed to hold her own against Wen Yu in a few exchanges, neither winning nor losing, greatly shocking the "Doctor Pavilion's" senior ranks.

From this, it was evident that Dongfang Ruhua's strength was much greater than Wang Miaomiao's.

Lin Ruoxue knew that her daughter had a fondness for Fang Bai, even to the point of obsession. She had been somewhat worried about their close relationship, fearing that if the young man and woman spent too much time together, they might do something unexpected, causing harm to her daughter's physical and emotional well-being.

However, as she got to know Fang Bai better, Lin Ruoxue felt her worries were unnecessary.

Although Fang Bai was young, he possessed a level of composure, calmness, and rationality that most young people lacked. His affection for Dongfang Ruhua seemed more like the care and protection of a brother for his sister.

Lin Ruoxue had experience and trusted her own judgment not to be wrong about Fang Bai.

Within the Dongfang Family, there were also objections to Dongfang Ruhua following Fang Bai to cultivate Ancient Martial Arts, stemming from concerns over whether Fang Bai's approach toward Dongfang Ruhua had ulterior motives.

But Lin Ruoxue strongly supported and approved of it, silencing the opponents with a single sentence: "I make the decisions for my daughter."

A prominent clan without an ancient martial master is like duckweed in water; fine when the weather is calm, but once a great wave arises, their fate is left to the heavens, tossed about, and constantly in danger of capsizing.

In this world, strength is always king. The one with the bigger fist is the ruler.

Throughout history, those prominent clans lacking a solid foundation of strength have been unable to continue their family's glory, regrettably vanishing into the long river of history.

While the Dongfang Family has also cultivated some martial artists in secret, they lack a powerhouse like Wang Huashan of the Wang Family to hold the fort. Consequently, even though the Dongfang Family has enormous influence in the Huaxia Business Community, their comprehensive strength still falls short of the Wang Family.

If Dongfang Ruhua, under the guidance of Fang Bai, could reach the realm of power possessed by Wang Huashan of the Wang Family, then the Dongfang Family would usher in a brand new era with her in charge, playing a huge and positive role in the stability and continuity of the Dongfang Family.

In Lin Ruoxue's eyes, Fang Bai, who appeared out of nowhere, was simply a godsend for the Dongfang Family.

Following Lin Ruoxue's thinking, she also wanted her eldest daughter, Dongfang Rushi, to follow Fang Bai's instructions and cultivate ancient martial skills. With two strong members in the Dongfang Family, who could easily shake them?

Unfortunately, Dongfang Rushi was committed to the family business and had no interest in martial arts. Despite Lin Ruoxue's repeated suggestions, she was refused, and with no other choice, Lin Ruoxue had to give up on persuading her.

After a brief shock, Wen Yu took a deep breath and said to Fang Bai earnestly, "Doctor Fang is a rare talent in this world. It's a tremendous opportunity and blessing for Miaomiao to receive guidance from Doctor Fang!"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Good and evil will both be repaid. Miss Miaomiao is kind-hearted; this is what she deserves."

If Wang Miaomiao had not exhibited that act of kindness back then, stopping her car to help Fang Bai treat the injured, she and Fang Bai might still be strangers, and this fortuitous encounter would never have happened.

Wen Yu nodded and said to Wang Miaomiao, "From today, you will stay at the 'Hundred Grass Residence'."

"Hundred Grass Residence" is the courtyard where several elders of the Doctor Pavilion reside. All kinds of martial arts and medical techniques passed down since the creation of the Doctor Pavilion are stored there, making it one of the forbidden areas of the Doctor Pavilion.

Wang Miaomiao's move in meant she had gained the right to access all sorts of legacies at any time. It also indicated that she had jumped from being an ordinary disciple to an upper-level member on par with the elders.

Living in "Hundred Grass Residence" is a goal that every disciple of the Doctor Pavilion aspires to, and Wang Miaomiao had once dreamed of it as well.

But later on, as Wang Miaomiao, who was mediocre in talent, was forsaken by her sect, she also gave up on this dream, prepared to remain an ordinary disciple for her entire life and no longer aspire to higher goals.

A few months ago, when Wang Miaomiao went out on an errand, she encountered a severe car accident. The full vehicle of injured people touched Wang Miaomiao's compassionate heart, and she immediately stopped to help, where she met Fang Bai, who was also helping the injured.

It was that chance meeting that left a good impression of Wang Miaomiao in Fang Bai's mind, laying the groundwork for today's opportunity.

Upon hearing Wen Yu's permission for her to move into "Hundred Grass Residence," Wang Miaomiao trembled slightly and stood there, disbelief written all over her face.

"Miaomiao, aren't you going to thank the Pavilion Master quickly?" Lin Ruoxue gently reminded her.

Wang Miaomiao uttered a sound of acknowledgment and, with tear-filled eyes, bowed deeply to Wen Yu.

Chapter 394: Please Send Doctor Fang to Fight on Our Behalf!

Wen Yu extended her hand to help her up and said with a bitter smile, "The one you should thank is not me, but Doctor Fang!"

Fang Bai waved his hand and said, "No need for that, no need. I've already been thanked many times just now. Pavilion Master Wen, Aunt Lin, do you two have something to discuss with me?"

Wen Yu and Lin Ruoxue had just arrived together, approaching Fang Bai with an apparent desire to speak, but the topic had been sidetracked due to Wang Miaomiao's matter.

Wen Yu looked around and, seeing the large number of guests coming and going, found it inconvenient to talk there, so she spoke in a low voice, "Doctor Fang, may I have a word with you in private?"

Fang Bai saw that Wen Yu was being secretive, and Lin Ruoxue smiled without saying a word, not knowing what medicine they were selling in their gourd, he thought for a moment and then nodded.

"Doctor Fang, please follow me. Ruoxue, Miaomiao, you two come along as well."

Wen Yu said this and walked ahead, leading Fang Bai toward the living quarters of the Pavilion Master of Doctor Pavilion.

Lin Ruoxue and Wang Miaomiao followed behind.

The Doctor Pavilion was divided into two parts: the "Outer Pavilion" and the "Inner Pavilion."

Disciples of the "Outer Pavilion" mostly had average aptitude and weaker strength, with little prospect in martial arts and medical expertise. Their main task was to manage the various businesses of the Doctor Pavilion, and they only had the opportunity to practice cultivation in their spare time.

Meanwhile, the disciples of the "Inner Pavilion" excelled in both martial arts and medicine. Most of their time was spent on the cultivation of ancient martial arts and the study of medical skills.

The "Outer Pavilion" was located on a bustling street in Yanjing, consisting of a row of interconnected shops divided into three areas: one area for treating patients, another for offering beauty and health services, and a third for selling medicinal products exclusively.

Wang Miaomiao was previously a member of the "Outer Pavilion," often traveling far and wide to expand the market for the Doctor Pavilion's medicinal materials and beauty and health products.

The "Inner Pavilion" referred to the current mountaintop complex of buildings where Wen Yu and other high-level figures of the Doctor Pavilion resided year-round. They devoted themselves to the cultivation of ancient martial arts and the understanding of medical knowledge, coming down from the mountain only for important matters.

Fang Bai followed Wen Yu to a classical three-story wooden building at the northwest corner, and they sat down by the window in a room on the third floor.

Looking out the window, the entirety of the mountaintop scenery as well as the distant mountains and waters were almost entirely within view.

After serving the tea, Lin Ruoxue and Wang Miaomiao stood aside with their hands at their sides.

"Doctor Fang, please have some tea."

Wen Yu picked up the teacup and motioned to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai smiled faintly and said, "I'm not one for beating around the bush. Pavilion Master Wen, feel free to speak your mind."

"Alright, Doctor Fang is straightforward, so I won't hide anything either. To be honest, I'd like to discuss a business deal with you."

Wen Yu considered her words and then spoke earnestly.

Fang Bai remained composed, quietly watching Wen Yu as if waiting for her to continue.

Just like Rejuvenation Hall in Zhongzhou, Doctor Pavilion had numerous businesses and properties throughout Huaxia, which had accumulated astonishing wealth over the years, comparable to some large-scale financial conglomerates.

If it were any other businessman who heard what Wen Yu said, they would've been overjoyed, because doing business with Doctor Pavilion meant a tremendous opportunity to strike it rich.

Seeing Fang Bai's calm and collected demeanor, not showing the slightest ripple of emotion, Wen Yu's respect for this enigmatic young man grew even more.

"According to the process of the 'World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference' from past sessions, starting tomorrow, Doctor Pavilion, Xinglin Courtyard from Jiangnan, Ghost Doctor Sect from Tianshan, Immortal Island from Donghai, and Rejuvenation Hall from Zhongzhou—the five great Ancient Medicine Sects of Huaxia will engage in a three-day medical skills exchange..."

Wen Yu observed Fang Bai's expression carefully and slowly said, "This so-called medical skills exchange essentially involves selecting some patients from hospitals on the spot and having disciples from the five great Ancient Medicine Sects treat them live. Whoever can achieve the best treatment effect in the shortest time will be the winner."

"During the medical skills exchange, the difficulty will continuously increase, for example, the patients' conditions will go from mild to severe, and ordinary diseases will turn into various complicated and difficult cases. It's all about who can navigate through the challenges and emerge as the champion!"

"Of course, only disciples from the five great Ancient Medicine Sects are eligible to participate in this segment of the conference, and there are age restrictions; they must be younger disciples not over thirty years old."

"Frankly speaking, Doctor Pavilion hasn't had any outstanding talents among our younger disciples in recent years, so I'm quite worried that we may lose to the disciples of the other four great Ancient Medicine Sects in this medical skills exchange..."

Wen Yu let out a sigh and continued with a grave expression, "If we don't win first place in the medical skills exchange, we'll lose more than just face and reputation. According to the agreement among the five great Ancient Medicine Sects, we will also lose the right to lead and have to concede a large portion of our market share, which would be a considerable loss."

Fang Bai laughed, "Pavilion Master Wen, you seem to be underestimating yourself. The medical skills exchange hasn't even started yet, how do you know you won't come in first?"

Wen Yu said, "The disciples of the Ghost Doctor Sect have already boasted that they will secure first place in this session of the medical skills exchange! Haven't you noticed the man in black next to Sikong Lieyang? That man's identity is a mystery, and his past is unknown, but it is said that he's a powerful helper invited by the Ghost Doctor Sect. Although he is just a Profound Level beginner Martial Artist, I always feel that he's not as simple as he seems..."

"Hmm, that man is indeed not simple!"

Fang Bai nodded in agreement.

Wen Yu's guess was correct; that man in black was not just an Earth Level beginner master but also skilled in both medicine and martial arts. If he took action to assist the Ghost Doctor Sect, securing first place wouldn't be an issue.

"Actually, this session of the Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference isn't only the Ghost Doctor Sect who has sought outside assistance—all the other major Ancient Medicine Sects have their own backers. That's why I'm putting aside my pride and would like to ask Doctor Fang to represent Doctor Pavilion in the competition..."

Seeing Fang Bai frown slightly, she quickly added, "As long as Doctor Fang agrees, we will make sure the compensation satisfies you..."

She said this and gave Lin Ruoxue a meaningful glance.

Lin Ruoxue stepped forward, placed a check on the table in front of Fang Bai, and then said with a smile, "Ruhua has been quite excited recently as she seems to have had some new insights in her cultivation. She's eager to have a discussion with Doctor Fang... Whenever you're free, Doctor Fang, please do come and visit our home."

After hearing Lin Ruoxue's words, Fang Bai couldn't help but smile wryly, knowing that she was playing the emotional card by mentioning Dongfang Ruhua at this moment, hoping to prevent him from refusing Wen Yu's request.

Glancing casually at the check on the table, Fang Bai felt a surge of emotion.

To hire him, Wen Yu had actually offered an entire billion—a truly generous gesture! This also led him to speculate on how much it would benefit Doctor Pavilion to win first place in the medical skills exchange at the World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference.

Chapter 395: I'm a Little Tempted

"Doctor Fang, if you think the offer is too low, we can negotiate further."

Seeing Fang Bai's silence and lack of immediate rejection, Wen Yu felt a surge of hope inside and quickly added another line.

To be frank, the billion yuan price tag that Wen Yu offered Fang Bai was already quite generous.

After all, the fees for inviting one of Huaxia's four great National Doctors were around ten million yuan.

Wen Yu's generosity was a necessary act of desperation.

When it came to medical expertise, the Doctor Pavilion had plenty of famed doctors, such as Wen Yu himself, the several Elders of the Doctor Pavilion, and the honorary Elder Qian Haoduo. Unfortunately, they were all too old.

The medical skills competition segment at each World Chinese Medicine Conference only allowed disciples under thirty from Huaxia's five great Ancient Medicine Sects to participate. This left the Doctor Pavilion, which was experiencing a generational gap, with no suitable candidates.

Feeling the pressure just before the World Chinese Medicine Conference, Wen Yu called a high-level meeting to discuss how to maintain the Doctor Pavilion's leading position among the five Ancient Medicine Sects in the next five years.

After careful consideration, Wen Yu accepted Lin Ruoxue's suggestion and decided to invite Fang Bai to join the battle.

Fang Bai was of eligible age for the medical skills contest and his medical skills had also been lauded by Qian Haoduo, Hua Tianhe, and Ren Juedao—three National Doctors—as well having some connections with the Dongfang Family. Inviting him to help out was more than fitting.

As long as they provided Fang Bai with the status of an honorary Elder in the Doctor Pavilion, he could legitimately represent the Doctor Pavilion in the medical skills contest of the five Ancient Medicine Sects.

A billion yuan could be considered a sky-high price, but to the Doctor Pavilion, it really wasn't much. Moreover, the benefits of winning the first place in the medical skills contest far exceeded a billion yuan, so Wen Yu didn't mind the expense at all.

Wen Yu's only concern now was whether a billion yuan would be enough to sway Fang Bai; she had even prepared herself mentally for him to make an outrageous demand.

"A billion yuan... Honestly, I'm a bit tempted..."

Fang Bai smiled and then said, "However, I do not intend to participate in your medical skills competition."

"Doctor Fang..."

Seeing Fang Bai's refusal, Wen Yu grew anxious. She was about to continue persuading him when Fang Bai interrupted her with a wave of his hand.

"I won't participate, but I can recommend someone for you. She can represent your Doctor Pavilion in battle, and taking first place shouldn't be a problem. Plus, you won't have to pay her any compensation."

"Compensation must be paid. But I'm curious to know, who is the person Doctor Fang would like to recommend?"

Wen Yu's eyes lit up; Fang Bai's certainty meant that the person he recommended couldn't be lacking in medical skills.

"Her!"

As he spoke, Fang Bai raised his hand and pointed toward Wang Miaomiao.

"Ah?"

At his words, Wang Miaomiao, Wen Yu, and Lin Ruoxue all became stunned.

"Doctor Fang must be joking."

Wen Yu glanced at Wang Miaomiao and said with a bitter smile, "Learning medical skills is not an overnight matter. Although Miaomiao has been fortunate to receive guidance from Doctor Fang, the time has been too short..."

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Does Pavilion Master Wen dare to make a bet with me?"

"A bet?"

Wen Yu was taken aback and asked, "What bet?"

"To bet whether Miss Miao Miao can win first place in the medical skills competition."

Fang Bai said earnestly, "If Miss Miao Miao wins first place, I will happily accept one billion from Pavilion Master Wen. If Miss Miao Miao does not win first place, I will owe Pavilion Master Wen one billion. How does that sound?"

Seeing Fang Bai's serious demeanor, Wen Yu wondered whether Fang Bai had some quick success method that could significantly improve Wang Miao Miao's medical skills before tomorrow's competition.

"How about this, if what Doctor Fang says is true and Miao Miao takes first place, I will immediately pay Doctor Fang one billion. If by any chance... if Miao Miao is not skilled enough, it can't be helped, and I absolutely will not take Doctor Fang's money. However... I still hope that Doctor Fang will personally represent 'Doctor Pavilion' in the competition. I can add another billion on top of the earlier amount!"

Wen Yu was still making a last-ditch effort, trying to sway Fang Bai with a hefty sum.

After marrying into the Dongfang Family, Lin Ruoxue had managed quite a few of the family's businesses, often dealing with deals worth several billions, but like Wen Yu, to just get Fang Bai to represent "Doctor Pavilion" in the competition and immediately offer two billion, such daring impressed Lin Ruoxue immensely.

As for Wang Miao Miao, she was close to fainting.

Two billion, that was more money than many people could earn in their entire lives, and all Fang Bai had to do was nod his head to easily claim it.

Fang Bai smiled faintly and said, "What, does Pavilion Master Wen not believe what I say?"

Wen Yu chuckled awkwardly, saying, "It's not that I don't believe you, it's just that with Doctor Fang competing, it's a bit more certain!"

Fang Bai said, "How about this, let Miss Miao Miao compete tomorrow first, and if she is not confident in winning first place, then I will step in."

By proposing this, Fang Bai effectively put a double insurance in place, and upon hearing this, Wen Yu was naturally overjoyed, saying, "That would be best! That would be best!"

According to the "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference" schedule, in the afternoon, attendees would hold several smaller meetings where guests with good relations could discuss and exchange experiences and insights in medicine.

Fang Bai had absolutely no interest in these meetings and decided not to attend. Instead, he planned to use the afternoon to give Wang Miao Miao some more advice, helping her grasp as much essence of medical skills as possible to cope with the medical skills competition between the disciples of the Huaxia's five great ancient medicine sects starting tomorrow.

In the morning, when the general meeting was convened, Fang Bai's Divine Sense enveloped the entire venue. He scanned the thousands of guests present and found that although there were many cultivators who practiced both medicine and martial arts, none was a formidable opponent.

The only one who caught Fang Bai's attention was that mysterious man in black who had Earth Level beginner strength.

However, Fang Bai was the mighty Immortal Realm War Emperor, Doctor Venerable, in his former life. Although he had been reborn and his power had drastically diminished, he was not someone to be compared with a mere cultivator from the Secular World.

After undergoing Marrow Cleansing with the elixir bestowed by Fang Bai, Wang Miao Miao had transformed completely. She was no longer a cultivator with mediocre talent. Fang Bai was confident that by dawn tomorrow, he could train her medical skills to a level not inferior to those of the four great National Doctors, or perhaps even surpass them.

The Cultivation Method and medical skills that Fang Bai imparted to Wang Miao Miao were profound and exquisite, far beyond what martial artists and doctors in this world could reach.

If nothing unexpected happened, tomorrow Wang Miao Miao representing "Doctor Pavilion" in the competition between disciples of the five great ancient medicine sects could very likely win first place.

Even if the man in black from the Tianshan "Ghost Doctor Sect" intervened, as long as he didn't resort to any tricks, Wang Miao Miao might not necessarily lose to him in medical skills.

Fang Bai was not worried about the man in black using tricks. He would be there to watch over and could step in at any time to assist Wang Miao Miao.

Chapter 396: Go Further

That afternoon, Fang Bai and Wang Miaomiao entered the secret chamber that Wen Yu had specially arranged for them, one to continue imparting the art of Ancient Martial Medicine, the other to earnestly cultivate and learn.

It went on until about five o'clock the next morning, when the sky to the east was about to light up but had not yet, Fang Bai and Wang Miaomiao finally emerged from the secret chamber.

Although they had not slept all night, neither of them felt the slightest bit of tiredness or weariness and remained spirited.

The two went to the ancient pine at the edge of the cliff from yesterday, sat cross-legged facing the east, and silently circulated their cultivation techniques, absorbing the purest Heaven and Earth Origin Energy of the day.

After a moment, Fang Bai flicked his right hand and tossed a green-glowing Essence Stone to Wang Miaomiao.

This was a low-grade Wood Element Stone that contained a strand of Wood Element Qi, acquired by Fang Bai previously from a cultivator's abandoned cave dwelling—there weren't many of them.

Wood Element Qi possesses the wondrous ability to stimulate life's potential and bring back the dead.

In Fang Bai's previous world, martial artists with strong Wood Element Qi typically had extraordinary achievements in the field of medicine.

Especially those with an Innate Wood Spirit Root—they had been cultivating Wood Attribute cultivation techniques since childhood, with the purest and most profound Wood Element Qi, blessed with unbeatable conditions, born to be masters of medicine.

At the same time, possessing an Innate Wood Spirit Root was also one of the basic prerequisites for becoming a pharmacist.

Although Wang Miaomiao had undergone a Marrow Cleansing with elixirs provided by Fang Bai, she was still not a body with a Spiritual Root, thus her future achievements in martial arts and medicine would not be too high, unless she stumbled upon an enormous stroke of luck, finding an extremely rare celestial-grade Spiritual Medicine to transform her bloodline and give birth to a Spiritual Root.

Nevertheless, as long as Wang Miaomiao could thoroughly integrate the techniques and medical skills taught by Fang Bai, in the future, within the secular Ancient Martial World and the medical community, her strength would be unmatched, and her medical skills would surpass those of the four great National Doctors of Huaxia.

The Cultivation Technique that Fang Bai had previously passed on to Wang Miaomiao was a Wood Attribute technique, and gifting her the Wood Element Stone was to let her use it in conjunction with the Wood Attribute Cultivation Technique.

As long as Wang Miaomiao could generate a strand of Wood Element Qi within her body, then in the future, when she was treating illnesses and saving lives, using the arts of acupuncture and massage for support, she would achieve effects unheard of by ordinary people.

From yesterday afternoon until now, Fang Bai had already given Wang Miaomiao three low-grade Wood Element Stones for her cultivation, and Wang Miaomiao also showed signs of another impending breakthrough.

Fang Bai took Wang Miaomiao out of the secret chamber and to the edge of the cliff because he wanted her to comprehend the ways of martial arts from nature and see if she had the chance to advance again.

Wang Miaomiao could also sense that she was on the verge of another breakthrough. Holding the Wood Element Stone given by Fang Bai, she looked at him with gratitude, then sat cross-legged on the rock beneath the ancient pine, placing the Wood Element Stone flat in her palms, and rapidly entered a Cultivation State while circulating her cultivation method.

As Wang Miaomiao was at a critical moment in her cultivation, any disturbance from an outsider would adversely affect her, so Fang Bai assumed the role of protector.

At this time, some of the guests had also woken up early, intending to move around at the edge of the cliff and breathe some fresh air, but were turned away by Fang Bai with a smile.

Some martial artists among the guests became displeased at being stopped, but as they saw Fang Bai's handsome, scholarly appearance, they tried to forcefully pass through. However, as soon as Fang Bai released a whiff of his aura, those martial artists scattered like startled birds, their faces pale as they ran far away.

The Martial Artist Aura released by Fang Bai was equivalent only to the Profound Level Martial Artist Realm, but for those who were merely at the Yellow Level Realm, it was as immense as a mountain overhead—completely unbearable.

Only then did they realize that this refined, scholarly-looking and harmlessly smiling young man was actually a hidden powerhouse.

During this time, a mysterious man in a black robe, invited by the Ghost Doctor Sect of Tianshan, also made a round here.

When the man in black saw Wang Miaomiao, who was sitting cross-legged on a rock under the ancient pine, cultivating with a Wood Element Stone in her palm, his eyes sparkled, and his pupils suddenly constricted as if he had seen something tremendously surprising.

He watched from a distance for a moment, his eyes flickering, his expression changing until Fang Bai's gaze fell upon him, at which point he turned and left.

"Who would have thought that in this world, there would also be those who recognize Essence Stones..."

Fang Bai watched the man in black's retreating figure, thinking that if this person truly was a disciple from a Hidden Sect, then within the Hidden Sect, there might exist Essence Stones, and that man in black must have seen them before.

Otherwise, his expression would not have been so peculiar when he saw the Wood Element Stone in Wang Miaomiao's hands.

At present, Fang Bai's cultivation lacked neither talent nor Cultivation Techniques and Martial Arts skills; what he lacked the most were various cultivation resources.

And with Fang Bai's current abilities, he was not yet able to refine Elixirs, so he could only use Essence Stones and Spiritual Medicines to cultivate and advance in strength.

Essence Stones are the simplest and easiest to use among all cultivation resources, available for direct handling and absorption of their essence energy.

In Fang Bai's previous world, many powerful martial artists and even the peak powers like the Immortal Emperor relied on Essence Stones for cultivation.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that in both the Cultivation World and the nine domains of the Immortal Realm, many strong individuals were built up with a prodigious amount of cultivation resources, including Essence Stones.

Of course, the grade of Essence Stones used by those strong individuals in their everyday cultivation was many times higher than the low-quality Wood Element Stone Wang Miaomiao held in her hand, which might be very hard to find in this world.

A moment later, a ripple-like aura began to emanate from Wang Miaomiao's body, spreading outwards in all directions – clearly, her cultivation had reached a critical moment.

To prevent the aura released by Wang Miaomiao from spreading too widely, attracting the senses of more martial artists and causing undue attention, Fang Bai quietly released a strand of his aura, confining Wang Miaomiao's emanating aura within the region of the cliff.

Around six o'clock in the morning, a ray of sunlight broke through the clouds, shining upon Wang Miaomiao, who sat cross-legged with a serene and dignified presence.

It was at this moment that the Wood Element Stone in Wang Miaomiao's palm burst into a "pop" and turned into dust, scattering with the morning breeze, while the last wisp of essence energy within it surged into Wang Miaomiao's body.

Wang Miaomiao's aura, with the influx of that wisp of Wood Element Qi, reached its pinnacle, and her delicate body imperceptibly trembled slightly.

Whoosh—

After slowly expelling a breath of turbid air, Wang Miaomiao opened her eyes, and what fell into her view was the sun, bursting through the thick clouds in the eastern sky.

Although it was only an advancement in a minor realm, not as significant as the advancement through two minor realms yesterday, the strength gained from this single minor realm far exceeded the previous two.

"Yellow Level Perfection... Miaomiao, congratulations on advancing once again. With this realm, your chances of taking the first place in the medical skills competition have increased!"

Fang Bai's voice, filled with satisfaction, floated gently from behind Wang Miaomiao.

Chapter 397: The Heart of a Martial Artist

"Without Doctor Fang's attentive guidance, there would not be the Miaomiao of today. The kindness of Doctor Fang is something Miaomiao will never dare to forget for as long as I live!"

Wang Miaomiao stood up, descended from the rock, and with a heart full of endless gratitude, bowed deeply to Fang Bai.

Wang Miaomiao couldn't recall how many times she had bowed to Fang Bai these past two days. With every bow, the gratitude and emotion within her heart deepened a notch.

In Wang Miaomiao's heart, although Fang Bai was not her master, the kindness he had shown her was comparable to that of a master's.

From yesterday to today, in just a short span of a day and a night, Fang Bai had brought Wang Miaomiao a transformation akin to rebirth. Miaomiao's future prospects had been turned upside down as a result.

Wang Miaomiao had thought that the advancement of two minor realms yesterday was already the end of her path on the Martial Dao. Yet, she hadn't expected to advance even further today and to suddenly reach the realm of Yellow Level Perfection.

The realm of Yellow Level Perfection was the pinnacle for Yellow Level Martial Artists. At the "Doctor Pavilion," once one's strength reached this realm, their status and identity would change, and they could truly be considered equals with several of the elders.

"Upon reaching Yellow Level Perfection, your cultivation will encounter a bottleneck. From now on, if you wish to continue breaking through in the Martial Dao, there is not much more I can help you with; it will all depend on your own opportunities and destiny,"

Fang Bai said with a smile, looking at Wang Miaomiao, who stood before him with hands hanging down and a respectful demeanor.

"Can I... really advance even further?"

Wang Miaomiao asked cautiously, her voice trembling slightly.

A breakthrough from Yellow Level Perfection would mean stepping into the ranks of Profound Level Martial Artists, a goal Wang Miaomiao had never dared to even dream of before.

"Actually... I feel very satisfied with the achievements I have now. Whether I can break through again isn't important to me,"

Wang Miaomiao quickly added.

"You are wrong!"

Fang Bai's expression became serious, and he said solemnly, "Martial Artists must always maintain an aspiring heart, a spirit of progress, a never-say-die attitude, and a heart that never admits defeat! I have already used elixirs to perform Marrow Cleansing on you; your foundation is now better than that of most martial artists in this world. As long as you do not cease cultivating, you are certain to continue making progress!"

Fang Bai walked to the edge of the cliff, hands behind his back, and looked at the morning sun that had just risen above the sea of clouds. He then said, word by word, "Always remember this: Effort does not guarantee success, but giving up ensures failure."

The whistling mountain wind fluttered Fang Bai's clothes and his black hair, giving off the impression that he might take flight with the breeze at any moment. The sunlight casting upon him added a touch of holiness and mystery to his figure.

"Yes, Miaomiao will remember!"

Wang Miaomiao nodded vigorously.

At that moment, in Wang Miaomiao's eyes, Fang Bai, bathed in the glow of the morning sun, stood tall like a towering deity, inducing an urge to prostrate in worship.

By now, the day had fully dawned, and the majority of guests attending the "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference" had already awoken.

Seeing more and more people approaching the cliff area, Fang Bai and Wang Miaomiao did not linger any longer; they left one after the other, as if gliding away.

Accompanied by Wang Miaomiao, Fang Bai went to the restaurant for breakfast and then met up with Wen Yu, Lin Ruoxue, and others at the "Hundred Grass Residence."

"I'm quite familiar with Hua Chun and Hua Yi from Zhongzhou's 'Rejuvenation Hall.' To avoid suspicion, after I enter the conference center, I won't sit with you all. Don't worry, I have a way to keep in touch with Miaomiao at all times. The first prize in this medical skills competition is as good as Miaomiao's!"

After Fang Bai finished speaking, he gave Wang Miaomiao an encouraging look, exchanged a few pleasantries with Wen Yu, Lin Ruoxue, and others, then left for the conference center alone.

"Miaomiao, what did Doctor Fang teach you during the whole night you two were in the secret room?"

After Fang Bai left, Wen Yu looked at Wang Miaomiao with a smile and asked softly.

Wang Miaomiao used to be just an ordinary disciple of the "Doctor Pavilion," not significant enough to catch the attention of higher-ups like Wen Yu.

But now, things were different. With her connection to Fang Bai, Wang Miaomiao's role had become important, and the attitudes of the "Doctor Pavilion" elders, including Wen Yu, toward her were getting better and better.

Moreover, after receiving personal guidance from Fang Bai, Wang Miaomiao's strength had improved by leaps and bounds, and her medical skills had also increased; she was no longer comparable to an ordinary "Doctor Pavilion" disciple.

"Doctor Fang asked me to go over the medical skills I learned from him yesterday, and he also explained some martial arts concepts..."

Wang Miaomiao remembered Fang Bai's words well and did not reveal a single word about the cultivation methods and medical skills he had taught her.

"Doctor Fang is very confident that you will take first place. How confident are you yourself?"

Wen Yu smiled and asked again.

Wen Yu was not annoyed by Wang Miaomiao's tight-lipped demeanor; on the contrary, he appreciated it, thinking that the disciple was honest and trustworthy, with good character, and deserved to be nurtured.

"I will do my utmost not to disappoint the Pavilion Master and the elders, and not to embarrass Doctor Fang!"

While Fang Bai had told Wang Miaomiao that with her current medical skills, she was no less skilled than the four National Doctors of Huaxia and had a great chance of taking first place, Wang Miaomiao did not boast to Wen Yu that the first place in the medical skill competition was hers to claim.

Wang Miaomiao felt she was still too young and had much too much to learn, so she dared not harbor any arrogance or complacency. She decided to devote herself to cultivating ancient martial arts and studying medical skills after the "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference," continuously enhancing herself.

In the past, Wang Miaomiao had aimed to reach the level of her master Zhu Ying in terms of ancient warrior cultivation and medical skill learning. However, after being guided by Fang Bai, her horizons were greatly broadened as she realized the existence of such miraculous cultivation methods and extraordinary medical skills in the world.

Now, Wang Miaomiao had set her sights on reaching Fang Bai's level.

Having reached Yellow Level Perfection realm, she could now sit as an equal with several elders in the pavilion. If it had been any other "Doctor Pavilion" disciple, they would have already been bragging to Wen Yu and the other high-levels, but Wang Miaomiao kept silent.

The cultivation method passed down to Wang Miaomiao by Fang Bai was very special, able to conceal one's aura well, so Wen Yu and the others did not realize for a while that Wang Miaomiao had advanced in strength again.

A moment later, the "Doctor Pavilion" disciples, led by Wen Yu, dressed in the pavilion's distinctive white attire, and headed together for the conference center at the center of the mountaintop to participate in the medical skills comparison among the disciples of the five ancient medical sects starting promptly at eight o'clock.

The "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference" was a prestigious event in the world of medical science, and the comparison of medical skills among the disciples of the five ancient medical sects was the highlight within the highlight, eagerly anticipated by all guests during the congress.

When Wen Yu and others arrived at the entrance to the conference center, they encountered the elders of the other four ancient medical sects arriving one after another with their disciples.

Chapter 398: Must Work Hard!

In Yanjing, the white robes of Doctor Pavilion; in Jiangnan, the apricot-yellow attire of Xinglin Courtyard; in Tianshan, the black tunics of Ghost Doctor Sect; in Donghai, the sea-blue garments of Immortal Island; in Zhongzhou, the red Tang suits of Rejuvenation Hall... The distinctive clothes of the disciples from the five great ancient medicine sects were strikingly prominent.

When the disciples of the five great ancient medicine sects encountered each other at the entrance, the glances exchanged between disciples of different sects were all tinged with sparks of rivalry.

Actually, among the five great ancient medicine sects, there were business partners with good relationships on normal days, but the outcome of the medical skill competition at the Traditional Chinese Medicine conference dictated how much market share each sect could secure for the next five years. Therefore, none of them would show restraint or courtesy to each other, prepared to defeat the disciples of the other four sects and come out on top, securing the largest portion of the benefits.

"Wen Pavilion Master, why don't I see Doctor Fang?"

Hua Chun of Zhongzhou's Rejuvenation Hall came forward with a smile, cupping his hands in greeting to Wen Yu, then his gaze swept over the group of Doctor Pavilion disciples behind her. Not seeing Fang Bai among them, he couldn't help but ask while inwardly he sighed in relief.

When Fang Bai appeared at Doctor Pavilion's estate yesterday, Hua Chun had already taken notice of him, but since Wang Miaomiao had been with him the entire time, Hua Chun had not approached Fang Bai for a chat.

Seeing Fang Bai with Doctor Pavilion's disciples and seeming to have a close relationship with them made Hua Chun feel somewhat uneasy.

As for Fang Bai's medical skills, Hua Chun was well aware of how proficient he was. If Fang Bai were to join Doctor Pavilion's side and replace them in the competition, it would not bode well for the other four great ancient medicine sects.

"Doctor Fang? I was just chatting with him a moment ago; perhaps he has already entered the conference center by now!"

Wen Yu replied composedly, keen on presenting an impression to the other four ancient medicine sects' disciples that Doctor Pavilion had a good relationship with Fang Bai, which could exert some psychological pressure on them.

However, Wen Yu had not anticipated that apart from Rejuvenation Hall, the disciples of the other three ancient medicine sects didn't know who Fang Bai was, nor were they aware of the extent of his medical skills, so there was no question of any psychological pressure.

"Heh, I didn't expect Wen Pavilion Master and Doctor Fang to be old acquaintances."

Hua Chun nodded, then cast a meaningful glance towards Wang Miaomiao.

During most of the time yesterday after Fang Bai came to Doctor Pavilion, it had been this woman who accompanied him; this made Hua Chun rather puzzled about the relationship between this woman and Fang Bai.

To say they were friends, it seemed their relationship was beyond that of mere friendship.

To say they were lovers, it didn't quite seem so either.

Hua Chun knew early on that Fang Bai had a close relationship with Su Linglong from the Zhongzhou-based Su Family; they seemed more like lovers. Besides, compared to Wang Miaomiao, Su Linglong was clearly the better match on every front, and if Fang Bai were to choose a girlfriend, Su Linglong was the most suitable candidate.

Moreover, Hua Chun had carefully observed that Wang Miaomiao behaved with respectful humility in front of Fang Bai, which made it more likely that they had a mentor-student relationship.

Despite being full of questions, Hua Chun felt it impolite to inquire. After exchanging a few pleasantries with Wen Yu, both parties courteously entered the conference center and found their respective seats to sit down.

Among the five ancient medicine sects, apart from the simple exchange of courtesies between Wen Yu and Hua Chun, there was no interaction between the higher-ups or the ordinary disciples of the other three sects, everyone wore a serious expression, their demeanor cold.

According to the rules of the World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference in previous years, in the medical skill competition section, each ancient medicine sect could only send three disciples under thirty from the younger generation to participate.

The medical skills competition used an elimination system, where after each round of competition, several participants with relatively inferior medical skills were eliminated, until only one person remained.

And the last person left would undoubtedly be the deserved first place, whose Ancient Medicine Sect would dominate the largest share of the Huaxia traditional Chinese medicine market for the next five years, leading all alone.

The candidates for the medical skills competition from the five Ancient Medicine Sects were secretly selected long ago and would make their appearance once the conference began.

At Doctor Pavilion, aside from Wang Miaomiao, there was also a direct disciple of Wen Yu and another direct disciple of an elder.

Among the three, Wang Miaomiao was the youngest, with the other two female disciples being almost thirty years old.

Both Wen Yu and that elder's direct disciple had excellent medical skills and were certainly outstanding among the young generation of disciples at Doctor Pavilion.

However, only Wen Yu and that elder were well aware that their own direct disciples were somewhat inferior compared to the shining talents from the other Ancient Medicine Sects.

This was the fundamental reason Wen Yu did not hesitate to spend a fortune to invite Fang Bai to represent Doctor Pavilion in the competition.

After Fang Bai declined Wen Yu's invitation, the higher-ups of Doctor Pavilion could only pin their hopes on Wang Miaomiao to win the first place in the medical skills competition.

Wang Miaomiao, having received guidance from Fang Bai, had significantly improved both her martial arts and medical skills. Although she was already quite confident, upon entering the conference center and seeing the overwhelming crowd, she couldn't help feeling a bit nervous and sweaty.

After all her sisters settled down in the conference center, Wang Miaomiao's gaze wandered through the thousands of guests, looking for Fang Bai.

Fang Bai was still seated in the prominent VIP area right in the front row center. When Wang Miaomiao was looking for him, he sensed it and turned his head to look back.

When their eyes met, Fang Bai smiled slightly and raised his right hand, making a victory sign.

From his gaze, Wang Miaomiao saw warmth and encouragement, and in a flash, all her nervousness and unease vanished, replaced by a strong sense of confidence.

"Miaomiao, you must try your best! You can't let Doctor Fang down! You need to strive for the highest honor for Doctor Pavilion!"

Wang Miaomiao kept encouraging herself internally.

The medical skills competition had a total of ten judges, all authoritative experts from the Chinese medicine community.

Although Qian Haoduo and Hua Tianhe from the four National Doctors were heavyweight figures in Chinese medicine, one being an honorary elder of Doctor Pavilion and the other a member of the Hua Family of Rejuvenation Hall, they did not serve as judges to avoid the appearance of bias.

And following the principles of fairness and impartiality, the Sect Leaders of the five great Ancient Medicine Sects, including Hua Chun and Wen Yu, also did not serve as judges.

Lacking the four National Doctors and the Sect Leaders of the five great Ancient Medicine Sects, the judging panel might seem less persuasive, but the ten judges were elected by the consensus of thousands of guests and were also highly respected authorities in the Chinese medicine community with status not to be underestimated.

Chapter 399: Ghost Doctor Sect, Ghost Doctor Valley

Around eight o'clock, the host of this conference, Pavilion Master Wen Yu from Doctor Pavilion, took to the podium. He briefly explained the specific process and precautions for the medical skills competition and then announced the official start of the competition.

After the fifteen disciples from the five Ancient Medicine Sects took the stage one after the other, Wen Yu held a list in his hand and introduced each of the fifteen contestants to the thousands of guests below, listing their names, ages, and respective sects.

When the introduction reached "Honorary Elder Nangong Ming of the Ghost Doctor Sect," there was a stir among the audience below, with many guests' gazes falling on the man in the black robe standing among the three competing disciples from the Ghost Doctor Sect.

"I've never heard of such an Honorary Elder from the Ghost Doctor Sect; this is clearly a reinforcement invited by Sikong Lieyang!"

"This Nangong Ming looks aloof and arrogant, disdainful of everything, yet he has an extraordinary demeanor, seemingly with the air of a recluse Master—it looks like he's quite significant!"

Some guests familiar with the Ghost Doctor Sect had never heard of Nangong Ming before, not even in passing, so they speculated that he was an expert invited by the Ghost Doctor Sect at the last minute.

Inviting masters for support and having them participate under the identity of "Honorary Elder" or similar roles is quite common. The five Ancient Medicine Sects had an unspoken understanding, and no one would reveal the truth.

The fifteen contesting disciples from the five Ancient Medicine Sects stood side by side on the podium, under the scrutinizing gaze of the thousands of guests below.

Aside from Nangong Ming, who wore a black robe and maintained an indifferent and cold expression amidst the thousands of eyes cast upon him, the other fourteen, including Wang Miaomiao, appeared somewhat restrained or nervous.

Among the fifteen, Nangong Ming was neither the tallest nor the most handsome, but the unique aura of chilling aloofness emanating from him made him particularly stand out among the group.

In the eyes of the guests below, Nangong Ming, with his hands behind his back and his head lifted, stood like a towering, stalwart mountain, whereas the other fourteen, except for Wang Miaomiao dressed in a white robe and also possessing an outstanding temperament, resembled thirteen unremarkable small hills.

Although Nangong Ming appeared motionless and calm, he was actually quietly gauging the strength of the fourteen competitors around him.

Wang Miaomiao, in particular, was the focus of Nangong Ming's attention.

Nangong Ming had happened to see Fang Bai with Wang Miaomiao early in the morning, practicing cultivation by a cliffside with a Wood Element Stone in hand. At the time, he was greatly surprised but did not make any moves.

The true identity of Nangong Ming was that of one of the ten Core Disciples from the Hidden Sect, Ghost Doctor Valley.

And Ghost Doctor Valley was exactly the sect that Baili Zhan had defected from years before.

Originally, Ghost Doctor Valley had sent two disciples, Cuihun and Life-Snatching, to the Secular World to execute a clean-up mission, targeting Baili Zhan and his family. Thanks to Fang Bai's intervention, who killed the two, Baili Zhan's family managed to survive.

Without any news from Cuihun and Life-Snatching for a long time, Ghost Doctor Valley concluded that they probably met with misfortune and thus dispatched even stronger disciples to continue the pursuit of Baili Zhan's family.

This time, Nangong Ming was ordered by his sect to leave the mountains, and one of his missions was to continue searching for Baili Zhan's family to carry out the sect's assassination orders.

If Nangong Ming knew that Cuihun and Life-Snatching died at the hands of Fang Bai, he would have sought out Fang Bai for a fight to the death long ago.

Another task for Nangong Ming when he descended from the mountain was to retrieve several Wood Element Stones that a disciple of the Ghost Doctor Sect had recently discovered.

In the secular world, there is the "Ghost Doctor Sect", and in the hidden world, there's the "Ghost Doctor Valley".

The "Ghost Doctor Sect" in the secular world could be said to be a legacy left behind in the secular world by the hidden "Ghost Doctor Valley", serving also as a pivot for the "Ghost Doctor Valley" to maintain contact with the secular realm.

The mission of the "Ghost Doctor Sect" was to gather cultivation resources from the secular world for the "Ghost Doctor Valley", as well as to scout for geniuses in the field of ancient martial medicine.

Those Wood Element Stones had been found by a disciple of the "Ghost Doctor Sect" in a valley and brought back to the sect.

For martial artists, Wood Element Stones are crucial cultivation resources, exceedingly rare not just in the secular world but also in hidden sects.

Although Sikong Lieyang, the leader of the "Ghost Doctor Sect", knew that Wood Element Stones were excellent for enhancing strength, he did not dare to use them rashly. Instead, he contacted the "Ghost Doctor Valley" using a secret method and informed them that he had several Wood Element Stones.

Upon receiving this news, the "Ghost Doctor Valley" immediately commanded Nangong Ming, a core disciple who was then executing a manhunt for the Baili Zhan family in the secular world, to go to the "Ghost Doctor Sect" and retrieve the Wood Element Stones.

After Nangong Ming obtained the Wood Element Stones from the "Ghost Doctor Sect", at the request of Sikong Lieyang, he prepared to fight on behalf of the "Ghost Doctor Sect" as an "honorary elder", aiming to help the sect secure first place in the medical technique exchange at the current World Traditional Medicine Conference, as a way of reciprocating Sikong Lieyang for providing the Wood Element Stones.

Being proficient in both martial arts and medicine, Nangong Ming, as a core disciple of the "Ghost Doctor Valley", possessed an Earth Level early-stage strength that was formidable enough to look down upon the Secular Ancient Martial World. His medical skills were beyond compare with those in the secular world. He was confident that without even needing to exert his full power, he could easily secure first place in the medical technique exchange.

However, the emergence of Fang Bai and Wang Miaomiao added an unpredictable element to Nangong Ming's path to victory.

In Nangong Ming's eyes, although Fang Bai seemed to be merely a Profound Level early-stage martial artist at first glance, upon closer inspection, he emanated a profound and impenetrable aura that unsettled Nangong Ming.

As for Wang Miaomiao, even though she wasn't even a Profound Level martial artist, the fact that she used a Wood Element Stone for cultivation at the edge of a cliff at dawn greatly shocked Nangong Ming.

He began to suspect that Wang Miaomiao, like himself, had a hidden sect background, and moreover, that she held a lofty status within the hidden sect.

It should be known that Essence Stones are one of the vital but scarce cultivation resources in hidden sects. Even ordinary disciples in hidden sects could not afford to use Essence Stones during their usual cultivation practices. Only core disciples with exceptional talent and aptitude like Nangong Ming received a few of these stones each year as a reward from the Valley Master.

The "Ghost Doctor Valley" is one of the ancient medicine sects with a thousand-year legacy. The cultivation techniques practiced by the disciples of the valley were primarily of the Wood Attribute, which made the Wood Element Qi-containing Wood Element Stones the most suitable and essential cultivation resources for them.

If Wang Miaomiao was using Wood Element Stones for cultivation, could it be that she was also a disciple from one of the ancient medicine sects within the hidden world?

Nangong Ming's thoughts turned rapidly, and a chilling, ominous gaze swept past several people, landing on Wang Miaomiao.

After Wang Miaomiao cultivated the technique passed on by Fang Bai, she became extremely sensitive. When Nangong Ming's hostile gaze reached her, she instinctively turned her head to look.

As their gazes met, Wang Miaomiao caught a glimpse of the murderous intent that flashed in Nangong Ming's eyes, which startled her suddenly.

Chapter 400: The Gambler Qian Haoduo

"I have no grudges or enmities with this Nangong Ming, yet he actually harbors a killing intent against me... No wonder Doctor Fang warned me earlier to keep a close eye on this person! Does he really want to kill me over that Wood Element Stone?"

Wang Miaomiao shifted her gaze away without showing any emotion, but her heart was filled with caution.

Wang Miaomiao had cultivated by the cliffside with Fang Bai early in the morning, holding the Wood Element Stone, which Nangong Ming had witnessed. Afterwards, Fang Bai warned her to be more vigilant of this person in the upcoming days, and she took his advice to heart.

In Wang Miaomiao's view, this place was Doctor Pavilion's territory, not only inhabited by the high-ranking officials of Doctor Pavilion but also home to over a thousand guests from all over the world. Even if Nangong Ming had great audacity, he wouldn't dare to take any adverse action against her during the "World Chinese Medicine Conference."

Nangong Ming's gaze did not linger on Wang Miaomiao for long and soon shifted to Fang Bai, who was seated below the stage.

Although Fang Bai appeared to be just a Profound Level beginner Martial Artist on the surface, Nangong Ming always had an intuition that Fang Bai was not as simple as he seemed.

From the first glance at Fang Bai, Nangong Ming noticed that this young man always had a calm and composed demeanor, no matter the situation or place, even when facing an Earth Level beginner Martial Artist like himself.

This bearing and poise, in Nangong Ming's view, had already far surpassed Fang Bai's age and cultivation level.

The more mysterious and unpredictable Fang Bai acted, the more uneasy Nangong Ming felt in his heart, even thinking that Fang Bai might, like himself, be concealing his true cultivation level, playing a game of a sheep in wolf's clothing.

When his gaze settled on the slightly smiling Fang Bai seated below, Nangong Ming decided to carefully probe this young man's reality.

Nangong Ming's eyes narrowed slightly, and his gaze became as sharp as electricity and arrows, staring straight at Fang Bai. At the same time, a whiff of his aura was released, stealthily pressing down on Fang Bai.

If Fang Bai's cultivation realm were truly just the Profound Level beginner stage he had shown, then he would hardly be able to withstand the pressure of Nangong Ming's aura, and his face would turn pale, and his body would tremble uncontrollably.

If Fang Bai remained unmoved under the pressure of Nangong Ming's aura and showed no signs of distress, then Nangong Ming could be sure that his conjecture was correct: Fang Bai was a strong practitioner concealing his true strength.

Fang Bai's sensitivity was incredibly sharp—he sensed Nangong Ming's approaching pressure the moment it was released and guessed what Nangong Ming was thinking.

"Want to probe my true strength? Heh, then I shall play along!"

A mocking smile flitted across the corner of Fang Bai's mouth. He quietly elevated his cultivation to the high rank of the Profound Level realm.

When Nangong Ming's oppressive aura came bearing down, Fang Bai immediately pretended to look slightly pale, wiped sweat from his forehead, and acted restless.

"Profound Level high rank? He indeed concealed his strength!"

Nangong Ming finally ascertained Fang Bai's "true strength" as he had wished, and while he silently sighed in relief, he also couldn't help feeling amazed.

He was relieved because Fang Bai's strength was not as formidable as he had imagined.

Amazement was because Fang Bai, at the age of twenty, had already achieved the strength of a Profound Level high rank Martial Artist. Even in his own Ghost Doctor Sect, this would be considered a rare talent, and in the secular Ancient Martial World, he would be regarded as a top fighter.

There is a huge gap in strength between Profound Level Martial Artists and Earth Level Martial Artists, and although Fang Bai's strength surprised Nangong Ming, he no longer regarded him as a threat and couldn't be bothered to pay him any more attention.

Looking at the fifteen disciples of the five great Ancient Medicine Sects, ready to compete in medical skills on the stage, the nearly a thousand guests below chattered and speculated, wondering which disciple could defeat the others and take first place.

The thousands of guests attending the "World Chinese Medicine Conference" included many from the Ancient Martial World, and some were proficient in both healing and martial arts.

Martial Artists are not only fond of fighting but also of gambling.

Before the medical skills comparison segment of each "World Chinese Medicine Conference" begins, martial artists from the Ancient Martial World would openly start gambling on which of the five great Ancient Medicine Sects would win the champion title during the medical skills comparison segment.

The guests qualified to attend the "World Chinese Medicine Conference" are either rich or noble, so the bets placed by these gambling guests are often not small, easily amounting to tens or even hundreds of millions.

"Brother Fang, are you interested in placing a bet?"

Taking advantage of the free time before the start of the medical skills comparison, Qian Haoduo approached Fang Bai with a beaming face and asked with a chuckle.

Qian Haoduo, who not only loved money as much as his life but also was as addicted to gambling, was the one who started the gambling trend at the "World Chinese Medicine Conference." Moreover, during each conference, he actively sought to increase the number of "gamblers" and tried to get more guests involved.

Qian Haoduo did this because in most cases during the "World Chinese Medicine Conference," he was able to correctly bet on the champion of the medical skills comparison and then make a hefty profit.

It wasn't because Qian Haoduo had the ability to predict the future, but because he had reliable sources of information that allowed him to know in advance who the disciples of the five great Ancient Medicine

Sects participating in the medical skills comparison were and the level of their medical skills. This way, he could make an informed decision and deduce who was most likely to win the championship.

Qian Haoduo, who had previously lost a bet and issued a cashier's check of twenty million to Fang Bai, still felt the pinch and approached Fang Bai to strike up a conversation, simply to coax him into betting, giving himself a chance to win more money.

"What's the bet? How do we bet?"

Fang Bai, out of boredom and having a fair amount of money on hand, asked with interest upon hearing Qian Haoduo mention "betting."

When Qian Haoduo heard Fang Bai's response, he perked up, sensing an opportunity, and said, "The bet is on which of the five great Ancient Medicine Sects will take first place in this medical skills comparison segment!"

After a pause, he added, "As for how to bet... it's simple. I'll act as the bookmaker, pick an Ancient Medicine Sect to win first place, and you, whichever Ancient Medicine Sect you think will take first place, you place your bet on them! You can bet on the same Ancient Medicine Sect as me or choose another... The minimum bet is one million, the maximum ten million, you can double the wager, but the maximum can't exceed tenfold..."

Qian Haoduo explained to Fang Bai incessantly before finally laughing and saying, "How about it? The chance to make a fortune is right in front of you, do you dare to take the bet? If you win, you might get ten times the amount of your bet!"

"Which Ancient Medicine Sect are you, the bookmaker, betting will take first place?"

Fang Bai asked with a smile.

"Ghost Doctor Sect!"

"Being an honorary elder of the Doctor Pavilion, you're not even choosing the Doctor Pavilion?"

"Our Doctor Pavilion disciples are very skilled, but this time I have a better hope for a Ghost Doctor Sect disciple to win the championship! Hehe... who would want to part with money?"

"Fine then, if you won't bet on it, I will! Ten million at tenfold, Doctor Pavilion first!"

Fang Bai said offhandedly.

"Damn, you're playing that big? You're not kidding, are you?"

Hearing Fang Bai place a bet of one billion, and on the Doctor Pavilion, which even he wasn't optimistic about, Qian Haoduo couldn't help but take a sharp breath.