

Doctor 411

Chapter 411: The Way of the Fist

"The cultivation method I transmitted to you is rather special, this Nangong Ming even thought you had acquired some Heaven Rank Martial Artist's legacy treasure... Hah, how ridiculous! However, Miaomiao, you must also be careful next time when you cultivate to avoid being seen by those with ill intentions!"

After watching Nangong Ming's figure disappear, Fang Bai turned around and said to Wang Miaomiao with a smile.

"Hmm, Miaomiao has remembered!"

Wang Miaomiao, with a look of embarrassment, lowered her head and spoke respectfully.

"Actually, Nangong Ming didn't attack you just now, he should feel fortunate."

Fang Bai laughed smugly and said, "That jade pendant I gave you is not just for show. If he had dared to hurt you, he would have been skinned alive if not killed outright!"

Hearing this, Wang Miaomiao couldn't help but touch the jade pendant at her chest again.

She had previously only known that this jade pendant could withstand a strike from an Earth Level Martial Artist, but she had never expected it could also counterattack and injure an opponent. Although she found this somewhat unbelievable, she still believed Fang Bai's words.

In her eyes, Fang Bai was someone who could perform miracles!

"Come, take this opportunity, I'll practice the 'Swallow Dance Breeze Fist' once through. Watch closely!"

Fang Bai walked slowly to a flat spot beside an ancient pine, clenched his hands into fists, and moved his feet like dragons and snakes. With fist technique coordinating with movement technique, every move and style were performed slowly.

With Fang Bai's current realm, if he were to fully exert himself in practicing 'Swallow Dance Breeze Fist', the pathways of the fist technique, the footwork of the movement technique, and so forth, Wang Miaomiao would simply not be able to discern clearly, and she also wouldn't be able to stand within a radius of three meters from him, otherwise, she would definitely be hurt by the force of his punches.

In order to let Wang Miaomiao understand as much as possible of the profound meanings of the 'Swallow Dance Breeze Fist', Fang Bai reduced the speed of his practice to the slowest, and the range covered by the force of his punches was also reduced to within one meter around him, so Wang Miaomiao could come close to observe.

When Fang Bai previously transmitted this 'Swallow Dance Breeze Fist' to Wang Miaomiao, it was through verbal instruction, and then he guided her as she repeatedly practiced. This was the first time he personally demonstrated it.

If Wang Miaomiao's practice of 'Swallow Dance Breeze Fist' gave the impression of being agile, quick, powerful, and graceful, then Fang Bai's practice of this set of fist techniques was simple and brutal, giving an impression of nothing but power and destruction.

Fang Bai used only thirty percent of his True Yuan, but it still displayed a frightening might.

With each punch he struck, it was like a gust of strong wind sweeping by, the sound of the wind from his fists was deafening, and the pebbles on the ground were stirred up and flew around. The ancient pine beside him was affected by the force of his punches, its pine needles fell swiftly, leaving nothing but bare branches in a blink of an eye.

Fang Bai practiced the 'Swallow Dance Breeze Fist' four times back to back, with his True Yuan improving continuously, each time faster and stronger than the last.

By the fourth practice, Fang Bai was like a Giant Eagle incarnate, his movement technique soaring and his fists striking out as if he were a Giant Eagle flapping its wings to take flight. Wherever he passed, the sky darkened, the earth blurred, and stones flew chaotically, creating a heart-stopping scene.

Wang Miaomiao's eyes widened in shock and disbelief as she watched Fang Bai.

She dared not imagine what the result would be if she were to stand within the range of Fang Bai's punching force at that moment.

The forceful True Yuan that formed the wind from his punches would instantly turn any pebbles caught in it into dust—let alone her flesh and blood body?

Wang Miaomiao had never anticipated that a fist technique could be cultivated to such a powerful realm. This far surpassed her understanding.

Before, Wang Miaomiao thought that a Profound Level Martial Artist like Pavilion Master Wen Yu was already a top-notch expert in the Secular Ancient Martial World of Huaxia. But compared with Fang Bai, Wen Yu was simply like a minor magician in the presence of a great sorcerer, not even worth mentioning.

"I wonder when I'll be able to practice this fist technique to such a realm!"

Wang Miaomiao, watching Fang Bai beside the ancient pine leap like a Giant Eagle, move like a Divine Dragon, and strike with force enough to topple mountains and overturn seas, wore a face full of intoxication and fascination, her heart yearning dreamily.

Fang Bai performed the fist technique several times, while the watching Wang Miaomiao was shocked, excited, thrilled... a mix of emotions swirling inside her. However, Fang Bai himself remained calm and collected, his expression unchanged, as if he had just done something utterly trivial.

Fang Bai leaped up and landed on a two-meter tall standing stone, where he sat down cross-legged, and said to Wang Miaomiao, "This 'Swallow Dance Breeze Fist' may seem simple, but when practiced to the extreme, it can still unleash immense power! Did you clearly see the crucial points of what I just demonstrated?"

This technique is considered simple? Please, it seemed to me incredibly profound and unfathomably mysterious!

Wang Miaomiao felt speechless and nodded, saying, "I saw most of it clearly... There are some parts I don't understand, please enlighten me, Doctor Fang!"

"Hmm, show me what you've learned!"

As he spoke, Fang Bai took out some baijiu and snacks that he had stored in his Spatial Ring from his finger, and set them in front of him. Then he began to eat and drink leisurely, savoring each bite and sip.

Wang Miaomiao knew that Fang Bai had the ability to observe and listen in all directions, and his perception was extremely powerful. Although he was not looking at her, he would clearly know everything she did next.

Practiced by the same person, Wang Miaomiao's performance of the fist technique added a touch of softness and elegance, fitting the artistic conception of "Swallow Dance" and "Breeze" of the technique, but the power of each punch, compared to Fang Bai's, was simply incomparable.

One could say Wang Miaomiao's execution of the fist technique was more aesthetically pleasing, while Fang Bai's approach was simple and brutal, an art designed for killing.

"Doctor Fang, I've finished practicing! Please give me your guidance!"

Having completed her round of the technique, Wang Miaomiao was greatly exhausted, her breaths short and labored, her body dripping with sweat, and a blush spreading across her cheeks. She wiped the sweat from her forehead and looked up at Fang Bai.

Fang Bai tilted back his head and drained the remaining liquor in the bottle, wiped his mouth, and said, "Too flexible, lacking in firmness and vigor! Moreover, your strength and realm are not sufficient. You can only unleash three to four parts out of ten parts of the power, which is quite a pity!"

Rising from the stone, he leaped down and continued with a smile, "However, considering you've just started learning, it's already quite good that you've reached this level! Now watch closely as I throw another punch, and pay attention to how I concentrate the True Yuan to a single point before releasing it explosively!"

He walked over to the ancient pine that was now covered with fallen needles and, without any fancy moves, threw a direct punch.

Boom—

A bursting sound echoed in the night sky.

At the moment Fang Bai's fist made contact with the trunk of the ancient pine, a potent accumulation of True Yuan that had already been gathered at his fist suddenly exploded outward like a thousand-pound hammer smashing fiercely against the thick trunk.

Instantly, wood chips flew, and the robust and resilient ancient pine, under the assault of Fang Bai's punch, exploded into pieces of splintered wood that whirled through the night air with the wind.

Wang Miaomiao stood dumbfounded, petrified where she was.

If that ancient pine were replaced with a person, wouldn't the person just turn into a pile of flesh under Fang Bai's punch?

Chapter 412: One Day Later

"Someone is coming this way... Let's go, it looks like we won't be able to train today!"

Fang Bai glanced towards the distance, furrowed his brows, and knew that the commotion he had caused with that punch was a bit too loud; he had already alarmed the Doctor Pavilion's on-duty disciples and some guests who had not yet retired for the night.

The two of them left from the side of the cliff and quickly disappeared into the night.

A moment later, several Doctor Pavilion on-duty disciples and a dozen guests from the Ancient Martial World who had come to attend the "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference" rushed to the scene.

When they saw the ancient pine tree that Fang Bai had exploded with one punch, everyone at the scene looked at each other in dismay, and after recalling the earlier explosion, they couldn't help but shudder, seeing a hint of horror in each other's eyes.

Among the crowd were several Profound Level Martial Artists, and with their keen eyes, it was natural for them to realize at a glance that the ancient pine had been shattered by a single punch. If it had been them, maybe after ten or even eight punches, they might have been able to fell the ancient pine, but to pulverize it to sawdust with one punch was absolutely impossible for them.

This terrifying strength had surpassed their realm of understanding, and probably only the Earth Level experts or above from the legendary Hidden Sects possessed such power, right?

But why would Hidden Sect experts appear here? And what was the purpose of destroying this ancient pine? It was truly puzzling.

For a time, the Doctor Pavilion disciples were on high alert; some stayed at the scene, while others immediately went to report to Pavilion Master Wen Yu.

After Wen Yu and several Elders from the Pavilion had arrived and inspected the scene, their faces did not seem to show much surprise. Wen Yu dismissed the guests, telling them to disperse and rest on their own.

After returning to his residence, Wen Yu immediately summoned Wang Miaomiao and inquired in private. Confirming the thoughts in his mind, he then cheerfully waved his hand, saying there was nothing to worry about, and told the Elders and disciples to go back to sleep.

When Wen Yu inspected the edge of the cliff, he had not found any traces of a fight. The ancient pine was exploded, more likely due to, an extremely domineering martial arts attack.

In Wen Yu's mind, among the thousands of guests who came to the "World Traditional Chinese Medicine Conference", there were only two people who possessed such horrendous attacking ability.

One was the mysteriously identified Nangong Ming, and the other was the unfathomable Fang Bai.

According to a Doctor Pavilion on-duty disciple, she saw Wang Miaomiao heading towards the cliff at dusk, so by deduction, Fang Bai was likely to have been at the cliff as well, preparing to teach Wang Miaomiao a cultivation technique.

The exploded ancient pine was probably the result of Fang Bai demonstrating a martial skill to Wang Miaomiao.

"Miaomiao, that girl, is blessed. To have met a master like Doctor Fang who is proficient in both medicine and martial arts. Hmm, looks like we need to cultivate this girl properly in the future. The significant task of becoming the next Pavilion Master might just fall onto her shoulders. The ancestors have revealed themselves; the rise of the Doctor Pavilion is hopeful!"

Wen Yu murmured to himself, imagining the Doctor Pavilion's glorious future as the perennial leader among the five great Ancient Medicine Sects of Huaxia, and his eyes and brows were filled with joy.

The next morning's main agenda was still various medical technique exchange discussions, attended by the thousands of guests and the representatives sent by the five great Ancient Medicine Sects.

However, Nangong Ming, Wang Miaomiao, and the other five Ancient Medicine Sect disciples, who were advancing to the third round of medical technique exchanges, were nowhere to be seen, possibly preparing for the next round of medical skill exchange.

Around two in the afternoon, the thousands of guests and the Ancient Medicine Sect disciples once again gathered at the conference center.

Yesterday, Wang Miaomiao, Nangong Ming, and three other disciples from the Ancient Medicine Sect treated five burn patients and applied ointment that was mixed on the spot.

Now, ten judges will determine the final two winners based on the effectiveness of the treatments on the five burn patients' wounds, setting off the battle for first place in the medical skill exchange segment.

Around half-past two, the five burn patients who received treatment yesterday walked slowly onto the stage accompanied by five nurses, followed by Wang Miaomiao, Nangong Ming, and the other three Ancient Medicine Sect disciples arriving onstage one after another.

In front of thousands of eyes at the venue, Wang Miaomiao and the other four Ancient Medicine Sect disciples personally started to remove the dressings from the five burn patients.

Wang Miaomiao's ointment, which she had prepared onsite yesterday under Fang Bai's "Thread Condensation Sound Transmission" guidance, was something she learned on the fly. Even though she had full confidence in Fang Bai's medical skills and knew that the ointment would be effective, her heart still fluttered with nervousness as she unraveled the dressings.

Whether Wang Miaomiao could win first place was tied to the "Doctor Pavilion's" interests for the next five years; thus, she inevitably felt enormous pressure.

Some observant individuals noticed that Nangong Ming, representing the "Ghost Doctor Sect," had lost the arrogance he displayed yesterday. He no longer looked at the audience below with a condescending gaze, and appeared to have become much more subdued.

What they didn't know was that last night's experience at the edge of a cliff made Nangong Ming's wariness of Fang Bai deepen even further. With Fang Bai present, how could he afford to be arrogant?

At this moment, Nangong Ming stood on stage with his arms hanging down and a blank expression, occasionally glancing at Wang Miaomiao beside him, his eyes flickered, unknown thoughts crossing his mind.

As for Fang Bai, who was seated below the stage, Nangong Ming didn't dare to look at him from start to finish, afraid that it would affect him and disturb his state of mind, impacting the upcoming medical skill exchange.

Shortly, the dressings on the five burn patients were removed, revealing the wounds still covered with ointment.

Simultaneously, close-ups of the patients' wounds were broadcast live on the huge screens on either side of the conference center stage, allowing the thousands of guests at the venue to see the recovery of the burns clearly.

Nangong Ming flicked his fingers lightly, cleaning the ointment off the hand of the patient he had treated, exposing the wound underneath.

"My wound... haha... my wound is healed... it's healed..."

The patient treated by Nangong Ming was a young man, only eighteen or nineteen years old, who had burned the back of his left hand in an accident three days ago, and the treatment in the hospital had not been promising.

After being treated by Nangong Ming yesterday and getting a night's rest, the young man surprisingly felt no more pain or itchiness, only a cool and refreshing sensation.

After removing the ointment, the young man lifted his palm in front of his face, stared incredulously, then with an excited face, extended his right hand, touched the healed skin a few times, and quickly burst into an ecstatic dance.

The young man's thrill and excitement immediately drew the attention of the thousands of guests at the event.

Yesterday, this young man had displayed his wound to the thousands of guests present, which looked severely damaged and bloody—a frightening sight indeed.

But today, when the cameras once again focused on his wound, the image displayed on the big screen made all the guests' eyes light up, followed by a chorus of astonished exclamations.

Chapter 413: Thunderous Applause

Sitting under the main stage, the Sect Leader of Ghost Doctor Sect, Sikong Lieyang, twirled his beard with a smile in his eyes, as the heart that had been hanging finally settled down completely.

Sikong Lieyang considered his medical skills to be a cut above the other four Ancient Medicine Sect Leaders, but even he did not have the ability, like Nangong Ming, to heal the burnt skin of a person to such an extent overnight.

Indeed, the reputation of the disciples of Hidden Sect was well-deserved!

At this moment, Sikong Lieyang had an even greater sense of respect and awe for Nangong Ming and the Ghost Doctor Valley behind him.

Even the always expressionless Nangong Ming couldn't help but show a hint of pride on his face after seeing the young man's wounds.

The young man's injuries, originally festering and bleeding, looked completely unrecognizable, but now a new layer of skin had grown, although there was an obvious gap compared to the healthy skin of other parts. Yet, such a healing result was nothing short of miraculous and would surely cause a sensation in the global medical community.

Some of the guests sitting under the main stage saw immense potential for profit, their hearts racing with excitement, they decided to privately contact the Sect Leader of Ghost Doctor Sect, Sikong Lieyang, after the meeting, to see if they could collaborate with Ghost Doctor Sect and industrialize the production of the ointment formulated by Nangong Ming before launching it into the market.

After seeing the healing effect of Nangong Ming's treatment, Wang Miaomiao felt even more restless and somewhat afraid to remove the layer of ointment from the wounds of the young girl standing next to her.

After Nangong Ming, the other three Ancient Medicine Sect disciples also began to remove the ointment from their respective patients' wounds in succession.

Although the effects of their burn treatments were very good, they visibly paled in comparison to Nangong Ming's.

At this point, out of the five Ancient Medicine Sect disciples, only Wang Miaomiao had not yet removed the ointment from her patient, and all eyes in the audience were focused on her.

"Miaomiao, we are all looking forward to you bringing us an even bigger surprise!"

Ren Juedao, one of the ten judges, said to Wang Miaomiao with a chuckle.

"Ah... okay..."

As Wang Miaomiao's gaze swept below the main stage, her heart's restlessness and insecurity dissolved in an instant when she saw Fang Bai's face with a smile on it.

Taking a deep breath, Wang Miaomiao turned to the girl next to her, who seemed a bit nervous, smiled gently, and said softly, "Don't worry, your wounds will definitely heal!"

The girl was only fourteen or fifteen years old, with snow-white skin, sweet and cute; she was naturally lively, talkative, and laughing. However, after her arm was burnt and left with a palm-sized wound, she suffered a great blow, becoming silent and reticent.

The girl had received treatment from Wang Miaomiao the day before, her heart filled with hope as well as anxiety, and she had not dared to look at her injured arm ever since the bandaging was removed.

"Sister, will it truly heal?"

Upon hearing Wang Miaomiao's soft comfort and seeing her warming smile, the girl cautiously asked.

"Mmm... Now I will remove the ointment, and let's see together if it's better, shall we?"

Wang Miaomiao said with a smile.

"Okay. If my wound heals, I'll treat you to something delicious!"

The girl said with earnestness.

Wang Miaomiao nodded, extended her delicate and slender jade-like hands, and carefully cleaned off the layer of ointment on the girl's wound.

As Wang Miaomiao was clearing the ointment, the girl mustered her courage, widened her beautiful eyes, and stared unblinkingly at the wound on her arm.

When the wound was completely exposed, the girl's expression clearly froze for a moment, followed by her little face flushing with excitement, then her eyes reddened, brimming with tears.

"Sister, thank you... sob... thank you... sob... I'm so moved... I'm so happy... sob sob sob..."

The girl suddenly embraced Wang Miaomiao and burst into loud sobs, her voice choked with emotion.

Wang Miaomiao gently patted the girl's back, feeling as if a great weight had finally been lifted from her heart, relaxing her considerably.

She had seen clearly that after the ointment was removed, the girl's burn wounds had new skin growing, and although it still looked somewhat different from the other areas of skin, the healing effect was clearly a few notches better than Nangong Ming's.

After calming the girl, who was crying incessantly out of joy and excitement, Wang Miaomiao asked her to stand properly on the stage, and then the camera focused on the girl's healed burn wound.

Thousands of guests, looking at the big screens on either side of the main stage, saw the girl's wound healing and fell silent for a moment. Then there was a stir, and following that, thunderous applause suddenly erupted.

This applause, naturally, was for Wang Miaomiao.

Even with the naked eye, the guests present could determine that Wang Miaomiao was the winner of this round of medical competition.

Amidst the applause, ten judges walked onto the main stage, one by one, to examine the healing progress of the five patients.

As everyone expected, the outcome of this round of medical competition placed Wang Miaomiao first and Nangong Ming second, both advancing to the ultimate showdown.

Although theoretically, he should have been happy to come in second and advance to the final showdown, Nangong Ming's face showed not a trace of joy, but rather a gloomy, ice cold expression.

Nangong Ming was an exceedingly proud and conceited person, wishing to be the first and win the top spot in everything.

Invited by Sikong Lieyang, he came solely for the first prize in the medical competition segment. He initially felt confident that victory was in his grasp, but Wang Miaomiao's unexpected emergence posed a threat that became more intense with each round.

Especially in the just concluded third round of the competition, he had been bested by Wang Miaomiao, a sensation as unpleasant for Nangong Ming as swallowing a fly.

At this rate, the outcome of the forthcoming ultimate medical showdown was unpredictable.

The situation had completely slipped out of Nangong Ming's control.

If it were not for Fang Bai's presence, Nangong Ming's murderous intent would have spread far and wide, aiming directly at Wang Miaomiao.

A moment later, Pavilion Master Wen Yu of Doctor Pavilion stepped onto the stage to announce the results of this round of the medical competition.

When she said, "Congratulations to Doctor Pavilion's Wang Miaomiao for winning first place in this round," Wen Yu's mood was indescribably good. Seeing Sikong Lieyang's Sect Leader's face, filled with gloom, she really wanted to burst into triumphant laughter.

In the last two years, Ghost Doctor Sect seemed to have the support of some mysterious force, becoming increasingly aggressive, almost to the point of challenging for the position of leader of the Ancient Medicine Sects, putting Doctor Pavilion under immense pressure.

Before the commencement of this "World Traditional Medicine Conference," Wen Yu had learned through various channels that Ghost Doctor Sect had invited a mysterious figure to ensure victory in the medical competition segment.

Having no genius in medical and martial arts among Doctor Pavilion's younger disciples and failing to secure a suitable external aid despite her efforts, Wen Yu had already prepared herself for the loss of the position of leader among the Ancient Medicine Sects.

However, what Wen Yu did not expect was that their average disciple Wang Miaomiao, who wasn't highly regarded by anyone in the pavilion, had a fortuitous encounter with the remarkable Fang Bai while out on an errand and received his teachings.

Chapter 414: Phoenix Rebirth Cream

What Wen Yu hadn't anticipated was that, in the three rounds of the medical competition over the last two days, Wang Miaomiao's performance had become increasingly astonishing with each round. She had just managed to outperform Nangong Ming, the expert invited by the Ghost Doctor Sect, taking first place.

This was truly a glorious reversal, how could Wen Yu not be delighted? How could she not be thrilled?

If this trend continued, it was very likely that Wang Miaomiao would clinch the top spot in the ultimate showdown of the medical competition.

When Wen Yu stood on the podium, proudly announcing Wang Miaomiao's advancement to the final showdown, thunderous applause erupted once again from below.

"Miss Miaomiao, may I ask what you call the ointment you formulated?"

After the applause died down, a guest from below couldn't help but stand up and loudly inquired to Wang Miaomiao on stage.

The burn ointment formulated by Wang Miaomiao, which achieved such therapeutic effects within a day, was nothing short of miraculous. If it could be industrially produced and introduced to the market, it would undoubtedly dominate the field, with no other burn medicine able to compete.

As for Nangong Ming, even though his ointment was also outstanding, his brilliance was completely overshadowed by Wang Miaomiao. At this moment, everyone's attention was fixed on her, and nobody seemed to care about him anymore.

In the Hidden Sect's Ghost Doctor Valley, Nangong Ming, as one of the core disciples, was truly a favored son of heaven.

In the secular Ghost Doctor Sect, Nangong Ming was regarded as a reclusive master, his status sublime and revered by all.

Nangong Ming's life could be said to have always been spent amidst praise and flattery, which nurtured his conceited and arrogant character, leading him to believe that wherever he went, he should be the center of attention.

But now, all eyes were on Wang Miaomiao, and Nangong Ming had been coldly neglected and ignored, filling him with intense rage.

Nangong Ming hung his head low, his gaze fixed on the ground, his jaw clenched, his eyes bloodshot, and his hands hidden in his sleeves had balled into fists, making a faint "cracking" sound as his knuckles popped.

Although he was trying his best to conceal the murderous intent that was spreading in his chest, it did not escape the sharp perception of Fang Bai.

Fang Bai was sitting below the podium, his gaze sweeping past Nangong Ming, with a slight curl of the lip that carried a hint of mockery.

Fang Bai possessed a fearless heart, and he did not care about any Hidden Sect background Nangong Ming might have.

If Nangong Ming dared to make a move on Wang Miaomiao, Fang Bai was prepared to disable him on the spot.

What was the Hidden Sect to him?

Fang Bai had once roamed alone through the nine domains of the Immortal Realm, challenging powerful Immortal Sects. And even though he had now fallen to the mortal world and was reborn in a different body with greatly diminished strength, the pride in his heart still remained, the fighting spirit still alive. How could he possibly regard the mere Hidden Sect with concern?

Besides, with his current strength, fully applied, he dared to battle even the strongest Heaven Rank Martial Artist from the Hidden Sect!

"This..."

Upon hearing someone ask about the name of the ointment on the podium, Wang Miaomiao was initially startled, then her gaze involuntarily sought Fang Bai in the audience below.

Fang Bai had previously taught Wang Miaomiao the method to formulate the ointment through "Thread Condensation Sound Transmission," but he had never mentioned the name of the ointment.

Seeing Wang Miaomiao looking towards him, Fang Bai smiled faintly, his lips moving imperceptibly as he secretly exchanged a few words with Wang Miaomiao.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the name of this ointment is 'Phoenix Rebirth Cream'!"

Upon receiving Fang Bai's Thread Condensation Sound Transmission, Wang Miaomiao's spirit rallied, and she cleared her throat before speaking in a crisp voice.

"Phoenix Rebirth Cream... what a good name!"

"The therapeutic effect of this cream complements its name perfectly—it's incredibly fitting!"

"The name is good! The effects are even better!"

"Miaomiao is truly a prodigy in the medical field of our time!"

"I wonder if the 'Phoenix Rebirth Cream' will be produced on a large scale in the future? If so, our 'Tianlun Pharmaceutical Group' would like to collaborate with the 'Doctor Pavilion'!"

"Our 'Yankang Pharmaceutical Company' is hoping to secure the distribution rights for the 'Phoenix Rebirth Cream' in the Yanjing region!"

"Our 'Yaofu Group' is also interested in collaborating!"

...

Among the thousands of guests present, a considerable number praised Wang Miaomiao and her medicinal cream, before the scene evolved into a struggle for future distribution rights, creating a certain degree of chaos.

The disciples of the other four Ancient Medicine Sects present felt envious, jealous, and resentful upon seeing the situation.

With the "Doctor Pavilion" in possession of the formula for the "Phoenix Rebirth Cream," if Wang Miaomiao were to win first place in the medical competition, the "Doctor Pavilion's" standing in the Huaxia medical community would be unshakable for the next five years, if not longer.

The anxiety on Sikong Lieyang's face was readily apparent on his wrinkled countenance as he glanced periodically at Fang Bai, who was seated not far beside him, contemplating the frightening prospect that Wang Miaomiao's rapid medical advancement could be the result of Fang Bai's mentoring.

Wang Miaomiao's rapid rise not only posed a fierce threat to Nangong Ming but also nearly shattered Sikong Lieyang's confidence. Now, all Sikong Lieyang could hope for was that Nangong Ming would pull

off an extraordinary move in the final medical showdown and defeat Wang Miaomiao, winning first place for the "Ghost Doctor Sect."

In past medical competitions, the subjects of the final round's treatment were usually patients with serious illnesses, providing a comprehensive test of medical skills for the two Ancient Medicine Sect disciples involved. It was also the most anticipated event for the guests.

However, in this year's ultimate showdown of the medical competition, to the surprise of all the guests, the subjects of treatment were not patients with serious illnesses, but rather two overweight individuals.

The clinic targets for Wang Miaomiao and Nangong Ming were to help two overweight individuals lose weight.

For Ancient Martial physicians like Wang Miaomiao and Nangong Ming, helping someone lose weight wasn't difficult. The challenge lay in the time limit set by the ten judges, who demanded noticeable results within an hour.

The two overweight individuals weighed themselves in front of thousands of guests at the conference center, differing in weight by less than a kilogram. After the treatment, they would weigh themselves again. Whichever one showed significant weight loss would crown their Ancient Medicine Sect disciple as the ultimate victor.

The two overweight individuals, one male and one female, were not old and not tall, but each weighed over 200 kilograms, resembling two meatballs standing there.

To reduce weight through acupuncture and massage, one needs to pinch and prod, to tap and slap the patient's body. After deliberation, the ten judges decided to avoid unnecessary trouble by assigning the male overweight individual to Nangong Ming's care, while the female was entrusted to Wang Miaomiao's treatment.

Nangong Ming approached the male overweight individual with an expressionless face, glanced at Wang Miaomiao, and quickly scanned Fang Bai below the stage. Seeing that both of them appeared calm, his eyelids started to twitch uncontrollably.

Chapter 415: Acupuncture for Weight Loss?

"The first place in this medical skill competition belongs to no one but me, Nangong Ming! Anyone who stands in my way will be shown no mercy!"

A flash of cold light briefly appeared and then disappeared in Nangong Ming's eyes.

The fat man who was about to receive treatment from Nangong Ming happened to catch that fleeting glint of coldness in Nangong Ming's eyes, and couldn't help shuddering, fearfully shrinking his head back.

The challenge was to make two fat men lose weight, without any restrictions on the methods or means. Acupuncture, massage, medication—anything that could achieve the purpose of weight loss was acceptable.

"Time's up, you may begin!"

Acting as the host, Pavilion Master Wen Yu of the Doctor Pavilion checked the time, gave Wang Miaomiao an encouraging look, and then loudly announced the start of the ultimate showdown in the medical competition.

"If you want to lose weight, swallow this!"

Nangong Ming took out a peanut-sized black pill from his robes and said to the fat man in a deep voice.

The black pill carried a slight putrid scent that made one want to vomit. The fat man held it in his hand, sniffed it close to his nose, and almost threw up.

"What is this stuff? It smells awful..."

Making a disgusted face, the fat man was about to throw the black pill away, but when he met Nangong Ming's cold gaze, he was stricken with terror. He laughed nervously and pulled his hand back.

"Swallow it!"

Nangong Ming's expression darkened, and he glared at the man, speaking coldly.

As he spoke, he quietly released a whiff of his aura. The fat man was just an ordinary person; how could he withstand the pressure of Nangong Ming's aura? Suddenly feeling as if a mountain loomed over him, his face turned pale, his legs trembled, he sweated profusely, and he nearly collapsed to the ground.

Seeing the fat man scared out of his wits, Nangong Ming snorted coldly, grabbed his chin with his left hand, and applied a bit of force until the man's mouth opened; then he simply stuffed the pill into his mouth and withdrew his aura.

"I say... cough... cough cough... what did you just make me eat? Ough... ough..."

The pressure on the fat man's body suddenly vanished, and he returned to normal. However, he promptly felt nauseous, realizing the foul-smelling pill he had swallowed was made of unknown substances.

Nangong Ming couldn't be bothered with him. He closed his eyes to adjust his breath for a moment, and when he opened them again, his eyes sparkled with sharpness, and the unique aura of a martial artist burst forth from his body.

Even though Nangong Ming was only revealing the aura of a martial artist at the Profound Level's middle stage, it still greatly shocked the thousands of guests at the conference center.

In the Secular Ancient Martial World, a martial artist with the strength of the Profound Level's middle stage could already be considered a top master, usually an elder over the age of sixty. A thirty-year-old Profound Level middle-stage martial artist like Nangong Ming was an extremely rare existence.

A thirty-year-old at the Profound Level middle stage indicated an extraordinarily powerful backing sect. Considering the previous rumors that Nangong Ming might be a disciple of a Hidden Sect, the guests now looked at Nangong Ming with eyes full of awe.

Taking a deep breath, Nangong Ming set his sights on the fat man. Suddenly, his figure shifted rapidly as he circled around the fat man. At the same time, his palms flipped and flew, striking the fat man's body like lightning.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

With Nangong Ming's constant clapping of his palms, amid the unceasing crisp sounds, the fat man's body swayed like a falling leaf in the wind, a duckweed in water, rocking unsteadily to the left and right.

Oddly, the fat man always stood like a roly-poly toy, no matter how violently his body swayed, his feet remained firmly planted in place, never moving an inch.

If one were to slow down Nangong Ming's speed by several times, they would notice that with each palm strike, the fat man's flesh would tremble violently, soon followed by sweat seeping out from his body and dripping onto the ground.

Nangong Ming had infused True Yuan into his palms with each strike on the fat man; without harming him, a strand of True Yuan would permeate into his body, thereby promoting his metabolism and rapidly consuming the excess fat, achieving the purpose of quick weight loss.

Nangong Ming's palm techniques were exceedingly fast, and few in the audience could clearly see them. In the blink of an eye, he had already delivered hundreds of palms.

In contrast, the fat man had been hit by hundreds of palms, and the skin exposed outside his clothing had turned slightly red. The sweat seeping out from his body became more and more abundant, until at last it poured like rain, quickly soaking the ground beneath his feet.

On the large screens flanking the chairman's stage, the treatment progress of Nangong Ming and Wang Miaomiao was displayed in real time.

Nangong Ming made the first move, therefore, temporarily, all the guests' attention fell upon him, captivated by his lightning-fast palm and movement techniques.

Setting aside Nangong Ming's medical skills, just his strength alone was enough to make people aspire and marvel.

Medical practitioners in the audience knew that a considerable part of the sweat flowing from the fat man was the fat he had consumed. If this continued, after an hour of treatment by Nangong Ming, the fat man would surely have lost a significant amount of weight.

The black pill that Nangong Ming had previously given to the fat man was for thoroughly cleansing the stomach and intestines. After more than half an hour, once the medicine took effect, the fat man would rush to the nearby toilet and experience an intense purge.

When the fat man returned from the toilet to the chairman's stage, it would signify the completion of Nangong Ming's treatment.

Seeing Nangong Ming act before her to begin the fat man's weight loss process, Wang Miaomiao did not rush or panic. After briefly communicating with the fat woman beside her, asking her to relax her mind and body, Wang Miaomiao then opened her acupuncture case and extracted five silver needles one after another.

"Is she preparing to use acupuncture for weight loss?"

As soon as Wang Miaomiao made her move, a considerable part of the audience's attention was drawn over, but upon seeing Wang Miaomiao actually taking out an acupuncture box and pinching silver needles, those guests felt a bit disappointed.

Although acupuncture can be used for weight loss, the effects typically take time to become noticeable, and it is almost impossible to see significant results within an hour.

Moreover, compared to Nangong Ming's exquisite and rapid palm techniques and movement techniques, the old-fashioned approach of acupuncture for weight loss seemed somewhat to fall short.

Even the disciples of Doctor Pavilion were worried for Wang Miaomiao. They had heard that Junior Sister Wang had been learning acupuncture and massage from Doctor Fang in the last two days. Did she intend to conquer the world with just a few silver needles and a set of techniques?

The disciples at Doctor Pavilion could not know that what Wang Miaomiao was learning was the "Emperor's Ten Needles" created by Fang Bai in the past, nor could they comprehend what the "Emperor's Ten Needles" represented or signified.

The "Emperor's Ten Needles" was not just a marvelous set of acupuncture techniques designed by Fang Bai in the past to cure and save people, but it also encompassed a profound Martial Dao that could not only heal but also kill.

Wang Miaomiao had only learned the first five needles of the "Emperor's Ten Needles" from Fang Bai, and her grasp of it was still merely at the surface level, far from truly comprehending and mastering it.

Otherwise, with just the first five needles of the "Emperor's Ten Needles," Wang Miaomiao would be able to traverse the world invincibly.

Chapter 416: The Ultimate Showdown of Medical Skills

The fifth needle among the "Imperial Conquest Ten Needles," "Five Elements Needles," is the strongest needling technique Wang Miaomiao can currently perform, as well as having the best therapeutic effect on various diseases among the first five needles.

Of course, with each needle in the "Imperial Conquest Ten Needles" being more powerful than the last, it is destined that each one will exhaust more True Yuan and mental effort.

Wang Miaomiao originally planned to face Nangong Ming in the ultimate duel using the fourth needle, "Four Symbols Needle," from "Imperial Conquest Ten Needles," but after some deliberation just now, she decided to go all out and use the fifth needle, "Five Elements Needles," hoping to steadily secure the first place.

The exertion of True Yuan and mental effort required to perform the fifth needle had reached the limit that Wang Miaomiao's current strength could bear, and after administering the needle, she would likely collapse due to the excessive depletion of True Yuan and physical strength.

But for the honor of Doctor Pavilion, Wang Miaomiao decided to take the risk.

Five silver needles, emitting a faint silver gleam under the light, slipped silently into five key acupoints on the woman's body under the delicate manipulation of Wang Miaomiao's slender jade-like fingers, as if endowed with sentience and life.

Streams of water-like True Yuan, through the bodies of the five silver needles, surged into the woman's limbs and throughout her meridians and blood vessels under Wang Miaomiao's continuous twirling and manipulating, causing her excess fat to tremble uncontrollably and her blood to roar and rush like a torrential flood, flowing ceaselessly.

The incessantly trembling fat and the rapidly flowing blood caused the woman's body temperature to rise, and soon sweat began to seep out from all over her skin.

Unlike the sweaty man treated by Nangong Ming, the woman's sweat did not flow down her body but evaporated directly into mist, slowly rising upward.

Wang Miaomiao continued to drive her True Yuan, manipulating the five silver needles on the woman's body, and during this process, her True Yuan rapidly diminished, and soon streaks of white vapor began to emerge from the top of her head.

Among the thousands of guests seated under the president's stage, some were martial artist-cum-medical practitioners. They could tell from this sight that Wang Miaomiao was giving it her all, using her own True Yuan to drive the needling technique.

Although these guests were practitioners themselves, they couldn't fathom the intricacies of the "Five Elements Needles." Instead, they worried that such a consumption of True Yuan for needling might harm the woman's body and at the same time damage Wang Miaomiao's own Cultivation, deeming it more trouble than it was worth.

If Wang Miaomiao caused injury to the woman during the treatment, then no matter how effective her weight loss treatment was, she would be deemed a failure by the judges and lose her first-place position.

Nangong Ming and Wang Miaomiao, each showcasing their unique skills on the president's stage not far from each other, were providing weight loss treatments to the man and woman respectively, one with palm techniques, and the other with acupuncture.

Nangong Ming moved with grace like drifting clouds and flowing water, his palm techniques rapid like lightning and thunder, seeming not so much to be treating a patient but performing a set of extremely profound martial arts, giving a visually stunning impression.

Wang Miaomiao, however, simply walked slowly around the woman, intermittently raising her hands to manipulate the five silver needles on the woman's body, without any other flashy movements. To the guests watching below, it seemed rather dull and uninteresting.

Therefore, in the hearts of the guests, the balance of victory naturally tilted toward Nangong Ming.

Time passed quickly, and half an hour went by in an instant.

In this half-hour of treatment, both Nangong Ming and Wang Miaomiao had expended a great deal of True Yuan and mental effort.

As an Earth Rank Martial Artist, Nangong Ming had profound True Yuan that was depleted quickly but recovered just as quickly, so he wasn't much affected.

Wang Miaomiao, although she had practiced the special cultivation technique passed on by Fang Bai, was after all only a Yellow Level Martial Artist. After a significant consumption of her True Yuan, she appeared somewhat powerless, her face turned pale, and her hands started to tremble slightly as she administered the needles.

It was during the half-hour treatment process that the nearly thousand guests at the venue, through the large screens flanking the dais of the conference center, observed a miraculous change taking place in the bodies of the two obese individuals.

The excessively fatty areas on the two individuals, under the palm techniques of Nangong Ming and the acupuncture treatment of Wang Miaomiao, were noticeably slimming down.

There is a saying: amateurs watch the excitement, professionals watch the technique.

In the eyes of the majority of the guests, the therapeutic effects of Nangong Ming and Wang Miaomiao seemed quite similar, but to the ten highly skilled medical judges, subtle differences were discernible.

The obese man treated by Nangong Ming, although much slimmer, had loose, wrinkled skin in the areas he had lost weight, lacking elasticity and luster, as if the fat beneath had been suddenly emptied.

This kind of condition was obviously caused by losing weight too quickly, a very normal occurrence, which would need some time of exercise and recuperation to recover from.

The obese woman treated by Wang Miaomiao, however, fared much better.

As Wang Miaomiao used acupuncture to dissolve the fat in certain areas of the obese woman, she also gave brief massages to those areas. As a result, under the continuous nourishment of her True Yuan, the skin of those rapidly slimming parts appeared much firmer and more luminous.

Therefore, although the obese man and woman treated by Nangong Ming and Wang Miaomiao had lost about the same amount of weight, when it came to the results, Wang Miaomiao obviously had an edge.

If this situation continued, by the time the predetermined treatment duration was over, Nangong Ming would undoubtedly lose.

Nangong Ming, observant and attentive, was treating the obese man while also keeping an eye on the situation over there.

Coming from a reclusive medical family, Nangong Ming possessed superb medical skills and extraordinary vision. With just a fleeting glance towards Wang Miaomiao, he knew that if he did not come up with a plan, he would decidedly lose this ultimate medical competition.

"Bitch, you're forcing my hand!"

Nangong Ming, driven by malice, flicked his finger, and a red insect, as thin as a hair and nearly invisible to the naked eye, shot towards Wang Miaomiao's nape like a phantom.

The insect, known as the "Fire Dragon Silkworm," was a rare and venomous creature. Although tiny in size, its toxicity was extreme. A single bite would cause instant numbness, and without timely medical treatment, the victim's body would fester and rot, leading to a gruesome death.

Because "Fire Dragon Silkworms" were not easy to raise and overly malicious, when Nangong Ming left his seclusion, his seniors specifically admonished him not to use such venomous insects unless it was absolutely necessary.

Nangong Ming had resorted to such a vile tactic as he saw no hope for victory and was driven to desperation by Wang Miaomiao.

As for whether Fang Bai would notice that he was the perpetrator after Wang Miaomiao was bitten by the "Fire Dragon Silkworm," Nangong Ming, in the heat of the moment, did not carefully contemplate these potential consequences.

In the presence of nearly a thousand guests, no one except for Fang Bai had noticed Nangong Ming's subtle actions, nor did they see the "Fire Dragon Silkworm" he had released.

Chapter 417: I Surrender!

The "Fire Dragon Silkworm" was incredibly fast. In the blink of an eye, it had already closed in on Wang Miaomiao. Although Wang Miaomiao sensed an intense crisis approaching, she simply had no time to mount an effective defense.

In that critical moment, the jade pendant hanging from Wang Miaomiao's chest grew slightly warm. A surge of killing intent burst forth from the pendant, hurtling towards the incoming "Fire Dragon Silkworm."

The body of the "Fire Dragon Silkworm" collided with that surge of killing intent midair, was immediately severed in two, and, after writhing on the ground for a moment, died.

Hiss—

Nangong Ming involuntarily took a sharp intake of breath; now it was his turn to be utterly shocked.

It was known that the "Fire Dragon Silkworm" not only had an extremely potent poison and quick speed but also agile reactions. Even the full-force attack of an ordinary Profound Level Martial Artist couldn't harm it.

The powerful surge of killing intent that had just burst forth from Wang Miaomiao had been sensed by Nangong Ming as well, but he knew that the killing intent did not belong to Wang Miaomiao.

"Could it be that Wang Miaomiao possesses the legendary Spiritual Artifact?"

As soon as the words "Spiritual Artifact" crossed his mind, Nangong Ming felt his blood rush, his heart pounded wildly, and intense excitement made his whole body tremble slightly.

In Nangong Ming's view, a Spiritual Artifact was a treasure that cultivators in the Cultivation World of legend could forge, endowed with a degree of spiritual intelligence and able to defend and attack in accordance with the will of the forger, even capable of enabling flight.

Earlier, when Nangong Ming had sent the "Fire Dragon Silkworm" to attack Wang Miaomiao, and just when it was about to succeed, a surge of killing intent suddenly sprang from her, easily slaying the "Fire Dragon Silkworm." If it wasn't for a legendary Spiritual Artifact on her, what else could it be?

"Could it be... this woman didn't come across a treasure left by a Heaven Level Martial Artist, but one left by a cultivator?"

The more Nangong Ming thought about it, the more he considered it a possibility. He was itching to rush over, seize Wang Miaomiao, and interrogate her harshly, forcing out all her secrets.

Currently, Nangong Ming was just a core disciple of Ghost Doctor Valley, not a significant figure in the world of the Hidden Sect with clouds of powerful individuals, and he didn't hold much influence. But if he could obtain a legendary Spiritual Artifact, wielding its power, he could roam freely across the entire Hidden Sect World.

"With Fang Bai present, I can't make a move against that woman. Once this 'World Traditional Medicine Conference' is over and Fang Bai leaves, it won't be too late to find her then! Heh heh... Once Fang Bai is gone, who in the mere Doctor Pavilion could stop me?"

As Nangong Ming was thinking this, he suddenly felt an inexplicable, invisible force, sharp as steel needles, fiercely piercing his mind several times.

"Ouch..."

Nangong Ming's head throbbed with severe pain, he clutched at it with both hands, cried out loudly, his vision darkened, the world spun around him, and his body swayed unsteadily a few times before he was barely able to remain on his feet.

At this moment, Nangong Ming looked pale, his breathing was rapid, and his face was filled with terror. His entire demeanor was one of collapse, as though he had just experienced something extremely terrifying.

"Nangong Ming, what's wrong with you?"

Ren Juedao, who was serving as a judge, saw Nangong Ming in such excruciating, listless distress and couldn't help but frown and ask.

The other judges were also looking at each other, puzzled, unable to comprehend how Nangong Ming, who had just been spiritedly giving treatment, could suddenly turn out like this. Could it be that he had some kind of sudden hidden illness?

After steadying his mind, Nangong Ming subconsciously glanced toward Fang Bai, seeing his cold eyes filled with a diffuse Killing Qi, and his heart skipped a beat as he thought, "It must have been him! Has his strength already grown powerful enough to attack using his psychic power?"

Nangong Ming was a clever man, and right after the brief but intense pain in his brain, he immediately thought that he might have been attacked using a mental force.

Upon further reflection, Nangong Ming realized that his stealth attack on Wang Miaomiao using the "Fire Dragon Silkworm" might have been discovered by Fang Bai, and the intense pain in his brain just now might have been Fang Bai's retaliation against him.

It was at this time that Nangong Ming came to understand that he had greatly underestimated Fang Bai's strength, and became even more certain that Fang Bai must be a disciple from the Hidden Sect, and moreover, his status in the Hidden Sect World must be incredibly high.

Because as far as Nangong Ming knew, only Heaven Level Martial Artists were capable of executing spiritual attacks, and Heaven Level Martial Artists belong to the highest echelon in the Hidden Sect World.

"With such formidable strength, why doesn't Fang Bai remain in the Hidden Sect World, which offers a better cultivation environment, and instead mingles in this mundane world with its turbid air and harsh conditions? Could it be for the purpose of cultivating his mental state?"

If earlier Nangong Ming felt only a measure of wariness towards Fang Bai, now he felt a bone-deep dread.

Especially at this moment, as Fang Bai's piercing gaze fixed on him, Nangong Ming felt a cutting edge at his back, and wished he could leave this place immediately.

As for the ongoing medical skills competition, Nangong Ming had completely lost interest.

"I'm feeling unwell and cannot continue with the medical skills competition... I admit defeat!"

In response to the inquiry from the judge Ren Juedao, Nangong Ming left behind these words and, amid the stunned gazes of the thousands of guests present, hurriedly stepped down from the podium and walked towards the exit of the conference center.

Seeing Nangong Ming actually admit defeat on his own, the Sect Leader of Ghost Doctor Sect, Sikong Lieyang, became livid with anger. As Nangong Ming was about to step out of the conference center's main entrance, he immediately got up and chased after him.

After a moment of silence inside the conference center, a group of female disciples from Doctor Pavilion suddenly rose from their seats and burst into cheers for Wang Miaomiao on the podium.

Then, nearly a thousand guests also stood up and gave Wang Miaomiao the warmest round of applause.

With Nangong Ming conceding defeat, the medical skills competition came to an abrupt halt.

Wang Miaomiao naturally took the first place in this year's medical skills competition, securing for Doctor Pavilion the dominant position among the five ancient medicine sects for the next five years.

Amidst the applause, Wang Miaomiao bowed deeply three times to the audience below.

No one knew that those three bows were meant for Fang Bai.

It was at the moment of Nangong Ming's departure that Fang Bai, using the "Thread Condensation Sound Transmission" technique, informed Wang Miaomiao of Nangong Ming's attempt to attack her with the "Fire Dragon Silkworm," and only then did Wang Miaomiao realize the peril she had narrowly escaped.

Wang Miaomiao bowed to Fang Bai, firstly to thank him for gifting her a jade pendant that saved her life at a critical moment, and secondly to express gratitude for Fang Bai's covert intervention that drove Nangong Ming away.

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Having left the conference center at the mountain summit, Sikong Lieyang of Ghost Doctor Sect used his movement technique to chase from the peak to the base of the mountain, finally spotting Nangong Ming, who was waiting for him there.

"Brother Nangong, what happened back there? Didn't we agree that I would give you the Wood Element Stone, and you would compete for the first place in the medical skills competition on my behalf? What should we do now..."

Sikong Lieyang asked with an exasperated stomp of his foot, his face full of annoyance.

"What, you want to go back on your word? Not hand over the Wood Element Stone?"

Nangong Ming slowly turned around, his face as dark as water, brimming with killing intent, and asked coldly.

Chapter 418: Ambush on a Moonlit Night

"Damn it, what fierce things are you saying about me? If you really had the ability, why didn't you go against that Wang Miaomiao just now? A scoundrel who bullies the weak and fears the strong!"

Sikong Lieyang cursed silently, yet he could only force a smile on his face, shaking his head as he said, "No, how could I go back on my word? I will definitely hand over those Wood Element Stones to the 'Ghost Doctor Valley'. It's just that Brother Nangong..."

"I can't help you with this matter!"

Nangong Ming interrupted Sikong Lieyang, saying expressionlessly, "When I come down the mountain next time, I will compensate you with another method! I offer you a piece of advice: stay as far away from Fang Bai as possible, and don't even think about provoking him! And even the 'Doctor Pavilion,' you should stay away from it in the future!"

As he spoke, he extended his right hand forward, then said, "Bring me the Wood Element Stones; I'm ready to return to the mountains and report back!"

When Sikong Lieyang heard Nangong Ming suddenly bring up Fang Bai, his heart skipped a beat, and he carefully asked, "Brother Nangong's sudden withdrawal... could it be related to that Fang Bai?"

Nangong Ming's gaze turned icy as a powerful aura pressed down, his voice stern, "Don't ask what you shouldn't! Where are the Wood Element Stones?"

Under the immense pressure from Nangong Ming, Sikong Lieyang's forehead broke out in a sweat, his body trembling as he hastily responded, "They're in our 'Ghost Doctor Sect's' secret chamber in the Yanjing branch. I will take you to get them right away!"

Nangong Ming snorted and finally retracted his aura, following Sikong Lieyang towards the direction of Yanjing City.

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As dusk fell that day, Fang Bai and Wen Yu, along with other high-ranking members of the "Doctor Pavilion," said their farewells at the foot of the mountain and returned to Yanjing.

Before leaving, Wen Yu subtly expressed her interest in collaborating with Fang Bai, planning to dilute the "Phoenix Rebirth Cream" several times before commercializing it and launching it into the market.

After pondering for a moment, looking at Wang Miaomiao's face, Fang Bai eventually agreed to Wen Yu's proposal.

Seeing Fang Bai's agreement, Wen Yu was overjoyed and immediately stated that forty percent of the profits from the "Phoenix Rebirth Cream" would belong to Fang Bai, promising to regularly transfer this money into an account provided by Fang Bai.

For Fang Bai now, money was truly just a number, and he didn't care whether he had more or less of it. However, since Wen Yu had brought it up proactively, he didn't refuse and accepted the offer.

"That Nangong Ming harbors resentment against you, and he might do something crazy. Be extra careful these days! The jade pendant I gave you must be kept on you at all times!"

A few steps away, Fang Bai's voice ethereally reached Wang Miaomiao's ears, using the "Thread Condensation Sound Transmission" technique, audible only to her.

Wang Miaomiao nodded silently, her fingers instinctively touching the jade pendant on her chest once more.

Inside the pendant, Fang Bai had sealed three strikes filled with killing intent. One had been used during the slaying of the Fire Dragon Silkworm, and the remaining two were invaluable treasures to Wang Miaomiao.

After having dinner with Wen Yu and other high-ranking members of the "Doctor Pavilion," Wang Miaomiao descended the mountain alone, drove back to Yanjing, and headed to the local "Doctor Pavilion" branch. She planned to retrieve her clothing and some daily necessities from her original residence.

Starting tomorrow, Wang Miaomiao was prepared to move into the "Doctor Pavilion" headquarters at the top of the mountain, where she would join the high-ranking members in diligently studying medical skills and cultivating Martial Arts techniques, protecting the "Doctor Pavilion."

Shortly after Wang Miaomiao left the "Doctor Pavilion" headquarters, a dark shadow closely followed her.

The figure donned a set of black tight-fitting attire, slim in build, with their entire head covered in a black cloth, leaving their features indiscernible, only revealing a pair of eyes gleaming with a cold light.

As Wang Miaomiao drove along the mountain road, the shadow followed on a rocky path nearby, displaying their movement technique. Their figure was swift as if a wisp of smoke, keeping pace with Wang Miaomiao's car.

After turning around the bend ahead, with only a few more miles to the plains, the shadow suddenly sped up. In minutes, it overtook Wang Miaomiao's sedan and then made an incredible sideways movement to position itself right in front of her car.

Wang Miaomiao was driving intently when she suddenly noticed a shadowy figure pop up on the road ahead, like a ghost; her first instinct was to slam on the brakes.

The moment the sedan stopped, Fang Bai's previous warning echoed in her ears. Using the headlights, Wang Miaomiao carefully examined the figure's build and, despite the person wearing a hood, she recognized at a glance that it was undoubtedly Nangong Ming.

"He's blocking my way here, and dressed up like that, could he really be planning to harm me?"

Wang Miaomiao's heart skipped a beat. She was about to reignite the sedan and forcefully charge through when she saw Nangong Ming raise his hands and throw out two streaks of cold light.

Hisss—

Hisss—

The sound of the sedan's tires deflating almost immediately followed, and Wang Miaomiao felt the two front tires of her car rapidly collapse, realizing that Nangong Ming had thrown darts or something similar.

With the front tires deflated, the car couldn't move and was stranded there.

Wang Miaomiao took a deep breath, trying to suppress the panic spreading in her heart and to calm herself down.

The jade pendant on her chest, warmed by her own body temperature, gave Wang Miaomiao some confidence.

As long as the murderous intent contained within the jade pendant, as Fang Bai said, was capable of injuring a strong fighter like Nangong Ming, then Wang Miaomiao had a greater chance of escaping.

After Nangong Ming forced Wang Miaomiao's sedan to a halt, he walked up to the car and stopped a few meters away, beckoning Wang Miaomiao out with a jerk of his hand.

Knowing that staying in the car wasn't an option, Wang Miaomiao slowly opened the door, got out, and stood beside the car.

"Nangong Ming, what do you want?"

Wang Miaomiao glared angrily at Nangong Ming across from her, not hesitating to blow his cover.

Nangong Ming also knew it would be difficult to deceive Wang Miaomiao, so since he was recognized, he no longer hid his identity. With a sneer, he took off his hood and casually tossed it aside.

"There are two things, accomplish them and you can leave safely. Fail—and you'll stay here forever!"

Nangong Ming said in a voice laden with threats.

At the same time, he no longer concealed his true strength, with the oppressive aura of an Earth Level early-stage Martial Artist spreading out, instantly enveloping Wang Miaomiao.

Enduring pressure heavy as a mountain, Wang Miaomiao struggled to even stand straight. She silently circulated the Cultivation Technique taught by Fang Bai and gradually began to mitigate the crushing force exerted upon her.

"Indeed, there's some skill involved!"

Nangong Ming became more certain that Wang Miaomiao had a Cultivation treasure on her, his eyes flashing with frenzied greed. He stepped forward aggressively and barked, "Now, hand over all the good things on you... I don't need to tell you what they are. You should know!"

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

As Nangong Ming advanced another step, Wang Miaomiao could only retreat a few steps to dissipate the overwhelming aura barreling down on her like tumultuous waves.

Chapter 419: Asking for Help

"If you won't hand it over, then I'll just have to take it myself! Heh heh, Junior Sister Wang, you look quite fine, and your figure is top-notch. I'm really worried that while searching your body, I might not be able to control myself!"

Nangong Ming's sneer had now turned into a grim smile as he took another step closer.

The Hidden Sect that Nangong Ming belonged to, Ghost Doctor Valley, was never considered an upright and honorable sect. The disciples of the valley had a history of robbing others of their money and forcing themselves on women, and their reputation in the Hidden Sect World was very poor, looked down upon by many martial artists.

Nangong Ming harbored resentment towards Wang Miaomiao, and didn't feel any psychological burden about taking cultivation treasures from her body and, incidentally, violating her physical integrity.

Despite fearing potential retribution from Fang Bai, Nangong Ming thought that after silencing Wang Miaomiao, he would make his escape and return to his Hidden Sect. Then, could Fang Bai really charge into the Ghost Doctor Valley to seek justice?

With hundreds of disciples in Ghost Doctor Valley and Earth Level Experts abundant, and the Valley Master Li Ao being a Heaven Rank early-stage powerhouse, even if Fang Bai dared to attack the Ghost Doctor Valley, he would face an assault from all sides. At that time, even with immense capabilities, he wouldn't be able to escape alive.

"Doctor Fang is my benevolent teacher, if you dare to touch me, he will not let you go!"

Confronted with Nangong Ming's sinister, evil, crazed, and greedy gaze, Wang Miaomiao felt a surge of panic, retreating while shouting loudly in hopes of deterring him.

"I have to admit, that Fang Bai is indeed formidable, and I'm somewhat wary of him. But... after I finish here, I'll make a clean getaway, and I doubt he has the means to find me. Heh heh..."

Nangong Ming was smug, with a sinister smile on his face, his steps relentless as he continued to advance on Wang Miaomiao at a steady pace.

In his eyes, Wang Miaomiao, dressed all in white, was no more than a plump and tender lamb ready for slaughter.

Seeing her threats had no effect, Wang Miaomiao suddenly drew a half-foot-long cylinder from her sleeve, pressed hard on the bottom of the cylinder, then lifted her arm high, pointing it toward the sky.

Whoosh—

A fiery streak shot out from within the cylinder, soaring skyward with a whistling sound, and exploded in a brilliant burst of plum-shaped sparks high up in the night sky.

This was a specialized signal flare for requesting aid, made by the Doctor Pavilion. Each Doctor Pavilion disciple carried one, and any disciple in the vicinity would come to help at the first sight of it.

The distance from here to the headquarters of the Doctor Pavilion wasn't too far, and Wang Miaomiao believed that as long as she could hold off Nangong Ming's attacks for a while, she could wait for reinforcements from her fellow disciples.

"Asking for help? Heh, too late! By the time your rescuers arrive, I'll have done everything I needed to!"

Nangong Ming spoke with a chilling voice as his figure suddenly sped up. One moment he was about ten meters from Wang Miaomiao, and the next, he was less than a meter in front of her, with his fingers spread out like talons, swiftly reaching for the clothing over her chest.

His hands, like the claw of a hawk, carried a fierce gust of wind, intending to shred the clothing over Wang Miaomiao's chest to see what treasures she had hidden there.

Wang Miaomiao clenched her fists tightly, bit down on her silver teeth, and with a forceful push against the ground with her heels, her body recoiled backward, attempting to dodge Nangong Ming's surprisingly fast grab.

Wang Miaomiao's retreat was fast enough that ordinary people might not even catch a clear glimpse of her figure, but in Nangong Ming's eyes, this speed was laughable.

"You can't dodge it, just stand still for me!"

Nangong Ming let out a sinister chuckle and quickened his pace once more. The arm he stretched out seemed to suddenly lengthen, and it was less than a foot from touching the clothing over Wang Miaomiao's chest.

"Despicable cur! I'll fight you to the death!"

Seeing Nangong Ming reaching for her chest, Wang Miaomiao felt a mix of shame and rage. She knew the gap between their strengths was too vast and that escaping his grasp was highly unlikely. A look of determination flashed across her eyes as she braced herself for a desperate struggle.

She pushed off the ground, spinning her body like a swift that deftly threads through the trees, barely evading Nangong Ming's ferocious grab. At the same time, she unleashed her "Swallow Dance Breeze Fist."

Her punches lacked the raw power and overwhelming dominance of Fang Bai's, but they carried the lightness and speed of a swallow and a breeze. She struck out with a fist, stirring True Yuan energy that howled through the air, aiming fast and true for Nangong Ming's throat.

Even though she was merely a Yellow Level High Rank Martial Artist, her punch burst forth with the formidable combat strength usually seen in a Profound Level Martial Artist.

"This kind of technique could not possibly exist in the Secular Ancient Martial World! You still say you haven't obtained a Heaven Rank Martial Artist's treasure? Hmph, hand it over, and I'll spare your life!"

The sight of the technique Wang Miaomiao demonstrated, with its potential to challenge those above her level, sent Nangong Ming into ecstatic delirium. He grew tantalizingly eager and issued another threatening demand.

It was well-known that a martial artist could only challenge those above their level if two conditions were met.

First was an innate talent, possessing an exceedingly powerful physique; and second, the cultivation of an exceptional High Rank cultivation technique.

Although Wang Miaomiao had only revealed a fraction—one-tenth or two-tenths—of the true power of her "Swallow Dance Breeze Fist," Nangong Ming still found it stunningly exquisite.

To Nangong Ming, the rank of this fist technique clearly far surpassed Wang Miaomiao's own cultivation level and could not possibly exist in the Secular Ancient Martial World. Surely, she must have stumbled upon the legacy of some Heaven Rank Martial Artist, maybe even from a legendary cultivator.

Despite the vast difference in their strengths, Nangong Ming did not dare to underestimate Wang Miaomiao. His expression grew solemn as he channeled True Yuan to neutralize her punch, then with even greater speed and ferocity, he lunged again towards her chest.

Seeing the technique Wang Miaomiao had used, Nangong Ming grew more impatient than ever, desperately wanting to seize the treasure she had acquired for himself.

Nangong Ming had only used thirty percent of his strength in his first attempt, but this time he exerted seventy percent. The speed and force he unleashed were beyond what a martial artist of Wang Miaomiao's level could withstand.

As Nangong Ming's fingers approached, a powerful oppressive force enveloped her, rendering her immobile as if trapped in a quagmire. Despair welled up in Wang Miaomiao's heart, and she cried out, not backing down, her fists driven by all her might to meet Nangong Ming's oncoming grip.

"Court death!"

A scornful and mocking smile played upon Nangong Ming's lips as he swiftly turned his grab into a punch. True Yuan converged at his fist, on the brink of erupting.

The disparity in strength between a Yellow Level High Rank Martial Artist and an Earth Level Initial Stage Martial Artist was so vast, it could be described as heaven and earth apart.

Predictably, when their fists collided, Nangong Ming's robust True Yuan would explode instantaneously, engulfing and overwhelming Wang Miaomiao as if a mountainous tide crashed down upon her.

Nangong Ming was never the type to be merciful to the fairer sex, and his eagerness to obtain the treasure Wang Miaomiao held left no place for concerns of her wellbeing or life.

What Nangong Ming failed to anticipate was the three strands of killing intent Fang Bai had infused into the jade pendant worn by Wang Miaomiao.

Chapter 420: The Power of Killing Intent

In those three strands of killing intent, there was a thread of Fang Bai's Divine Sense, condensed with all his combat power. As long as someone threatened Wang Miaomiao's life, the killing intent would be triggered, and it would retaliate automatically in proportion to the threat: weaker against the weak, stronger against the strong.

The punch Nangong Ming had thrown posed a grave threat to Wang Miaomiao's life, prompting one strand of killing intent to burst forth from the Jade Pendant before her own fist could strike, rushing to meet Nangong Ming's attack.

"Not good!"

Nangong Ming sensed that terrifying surge of killing intent rising to the skies almost immediately, his face drastically changing color.

He was not unfamiliar with the sudden eruption of killing intent. Previously, at the "World Traditional Medicine Conference" during the medical skills exchange, he had released a "Fire Dragon Silkworm" to bite Wang Miaomiao, but ultimately failed. It was a similar strand of killing intent that had slain the "Fire Dragon Silkworm".

What terrified Nangong Ming was that the current killing intent bearing down on him was countless times stronger than the one that had killed the "Fire Dragon Silkworm". Even the elders of the Ghost Doctor Valley with Earth Level high rank strength, putting forth their full power in a single strike, could do no more.

Could this be the might of a Spiritual Artifact?

Suddenly, Nangong Ming recalled that Wang Miaomiao might possess a Spiritual Artifact refined by cultivators, and he couldn't help but regret his oversight, thinking that he had let this crucial detail slip his mind.

Had he known earlier, he would have sought some expendable martial artists from the Ghost Doctor Sect to deplete the killing intent stored in the Spiritual Artifact on Wang Miaomiao's person. Then he could have made his appearance and reaped the benefits like a fisherman enjoying the spoils.

But now, it was already too late for regrets.

Before Nangong Ming could retract his punch to dodge, the killing intent had already brutally struck his fist.

Bang——

As Nangong Ming's fist collided with the invisible killing qi, it surprisingly made a muffled sound, like thunder.

Nangong Ming felt an overwhelmingly powerful and domineering force crazily rushing into his fist, traveling up his arm and swiftly spreading throughout his entire body.

Spurt——

Nangong Ming's body shook violently as if struck by lightning, a tangy sweetness filled his throat, followed by a spurt of fresh blood erupting forth.

And his right arm, the one he had used to attack Wang Miaomiao, snapped under the impact of that fearsome force, hanging limply by his side.

"I hate this!"

Nangong Ming, gravely injured and unsure of how many more powerful strands of killing intent Wang Miaomiao's Spiritual Artifact could unleash, was filled with dread. Not daring to stay a moment longer, he left behind a wail full of resentment, sounding as if it came from the depths of hell, and quickly fled.

Whew——

Watching Nangong Ming's figure disappearing into the night, Wang Miaomiao let out a long breath of relief, wiping away the cold sweat that had beaded on her forehead, leaning against the mountain wall beside the path to keep herself from collapsing.

"This Jade Pendant has saved me once again! Three strands of killing intent represent three chances at life, yet I've already used two, what a pity!"

After recuperating on the spot for a moment, Wang Miaomiao's spirits lifted slightly. She took out the Jade Pendant hanging at her chest, her face showing a look of painful regret.

Fang Bai had warned her before that Nangong Ming had a killing intent towards her and might do something crazy. She didn't expect it to come true so soon.

If it weren't for the life-saving Jade Pendant, Wang Miaomiao would likely already be lying dead on the scene, her life extinguished as if snuffed out.

More than ten minutes later, over a dozen white figures hurried along the mountain path to arrive, from the "Doctor Pavilion," rushing to aid their fellow sect member; leading them was Wang Miaomiao's master, Zhu Ying.

"What? Nangong Ming actually ambushed you halfway? Preposterous!"

After listening to Wang Miaomiao recount her harrowing experience, Zhu Ying couldn't help but rage furiously, "Miaomiao, let's go, we'll return to the mountain first and report this matter to Wen Pavilion Master. I believe Wen Pavilion Master will definitely seek justice for you! Hmph, no matter if that Nangong Ming is a 'Ghost Doctor Sect' disciple or not, he can't escape his ties with the 'Ghost Doctor Sect'!"

That very night, upon learning that their disciple Wang Miaomiao had been ambushed by Nangong Ming, the master of the "Doctor Pavilion," Wen Yu, was equally enraged and decided on the spot to lead Wang Miaomiao and the high-ranking members of the "Doctor Pavilion" to confront Sikong Lieyang and Nangong Yang at the "Ghost Doctor Sect's" Yanjing branch face-to-face.

The "World Traditional Medicine Conference" had just concluded not long ago; the "Ghost Doctor Sect" disciples should still be in Yanjing.

If, after a face-to-face confrontation, it was confirmed that Nangong Ming was indeed responsible for ambushing Wang Miaomiao and Sikong Lieyang refused to hand him over, then given Wen Yu's temper, he would absolutely mobilize the full force of the "Doctor Pavilion" for a battle with the "Ghost Doctor Sect."

However, Nangong Ming's identity was mysterious, and it was uncertain whether he truly came from the Hidden Sect as rumors suggested, which made Wen Yu somewhat apprehensive.

If they punished Nangong Ming and provoked retaliation from his mysterious backing, it could spell disaster for the "Doctor Pavilion."

Before descending the mountain, Wen Yu thought it over and decided to first have Wang Miaomiao contact Fang Bai to inform him of the situation, to see what he would suggest.

Based on Fang Bai's previous actions, Wen Yu suspected that he might, like Nangong Ming, have a background in the Hidden Sect; otherwise, it was unimaginable for someone in their twenties to possess such exceptional medical and martial skills.

If Fang Bai was willing to stand up for Wang Miaomiao, it would prove that he truly had a Hidden Sect background and feared neither Nangong Ming nor the powers behind him. In that case, with Fang Bai and his Hidden Sect's support, the "Doctor Pavilion" wouldn't have to worry about retaliation.

Wang Miaomiao also felt it necessary to discuss the matter with Fang Bai, so she took out her phone and dialed Fang Bai's number in front of Wen Yu and others.

Strangely, for some reason, Fang Bai's phone was switched off at the time.

Unable to reach Fang Bai, Wen Yu did not act rashly and sent disciples from the pavilion to monitor the "Ghost Doctor Sect" disciples' movements, to prevent them from escaping overnight, deciding to wait until daylight to take further action.

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When Wang Miaomiao tried to contact Fang Bai with her phone, Fang Bai was standing atop a towering mountain peak outside of Yanjing City, his eyes sharp and indifferent as he overlooked a black figure speeding away at the foot of the mountain.

The figure in the black robe, with disheveled long hair and an arm dangling limply as though broken, hurried away. Every now and then, it looked back as if worried about being pursued.

Under the light of the stars and the moon, the features of the black silhouette were faintly visible – who else could it be but Nangong Ming?

Nangong Ming had not expected that his attempt to ambush Wang Miaomiao would backfire, and he ended up wounded by the killing intent inside her Jade Pendant. Filled with a chilling fear, he immediately fled to find a secluded place to recover from his injuries.

"The three strands of killing intent I embedded in the Jade Pendant are equivalent to the full-strength attack of an Earth Level mid-rank expert. That this guy only lost an arm to the counterattack from the killing intent, he's lucky to be alive!"

Watching Nangong Ming's embarrassing escape, a sneer appeared on Fang Bai's lips.

"However... you might escape the killing intent's counterattack, but don't expect to escape from me! What does it matter if you're a disciple of the Hidden Sect? I will still show no mercy in killing you!"

A cold glint flashed in Fang Bai's eyes, and with arms outstretched like a hawk soaring from the mountaintop, he dived towards the fleeing Nangong Ming.