

Doctor 601

Chapter 601: Discussing the Dao at the Training Ground

Long Da, Long Er, and the others exchanged looks and gave bitter smiles, thinking that Instructor Fang, after all, was still a young man. Although his strength was formidable enough to be awe-inspiring, he seemed to have a penchant for unrealistic boasting.

"If it's really like what you said, Instructor Fang, then in this year's 'World Meta-Human Organization Elite Tournament', our 'Dragon Guard' may truly have a chance to bring home the championship!"

Dragon Maiden's beautiful eyes shone, expressing her excitement.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Well then, let's strive to bring back the championship this time!"

Dragon Maiden said, "Instructor Fang, I know you are very busy. When you can find the time to come over, remember to contact me in advance. I will arrange for everyone to gather here and listen to your explanation of the Martial Dao."

Fang Bai looked at the time and glanced around at the members of the "Dragon Guard," then asked, "Are all the people from 'Dragon Guard' here today?"

Dragon Maiden nodded and said, "Excluding some peripheral members of 'Dragon Guard', all one hundred and nine core members are here."

Fang Bai nodded and said, "Good! Since everyone is present, and I happen to have some free time right now, let's start by discussing my understanding and insights into the Martial Dao! Everyone can sit around me and listen carefully. Whether you can gain any insights depends on your own fate!"

Upon hearing this, Dragon Maiden's eyes lit up with joy, and she was the first to sit down on the ground.

Back at Shaolin, Fang Bai had once explained Buddhism's Martial Dao to Master Xuan Nan, helping him to advance in level, which showed how miraculous his explanations could be.

Long Da, Long Er, and the others did not know what benefits Fang Bai's explanation could bring to them, but seeing Dragon Maiden sitting down with a joyful face, they also followed suit, sitting cross-legged on the ground, ready to listen intently.

"Brother Fang is going to talk about the Martial Dao? Ha ha, do you mind if this old man also joins in the fun to listen?"

Amidst a burst of hearty laughter, Long Jingtian, dressed in white, loose-fitting training attire, returned to the Training Ground.

Hearing the leader speak in such a manner, Long Da, Long Er, and the others couldn't help but look at each other in astonishment.

They could hardly believe that the leader, with his high cultivation level and despite being extremely busy, would actually come to listen to Fang Bai's explanation of the Martial Dao.

Does that mean Fang Bai's explanations could benefit even the leader?

Could it be that Fang Bai's cultivation level was even higher than the leader's?

Long Da, Long Er, and the other "Dragon Guard" members were astounded and filled with anticipation for what Fang Bai was about to explain.

Standing amid the crowd, Fang Bai was the focus of over a hundred pairs of eyes. His stature was not particularly tall and imposing, but his presence was as majestic as a towering mountain, with a demeanor that was aloof, giving off an aura that invited admiration.

He deliberately released a strand of his aura, covering the whole Training Ground with his oppressive presence, evoking an urge among Long Da, Long Er, and the rest to worship him.

Even Long Jingtian felt a kind of pressure and couldn't help but be inwardly alarmed, thinking that Fang Bai's strength might be even greater than he had imagined.

The world's Martial Dao, vast as the stars in the sky and countless in number, all lead to the same ultimate goal. Fang Bai's Martial Dao was all-encompassing, capable of including everything; thus, his explanation of the Martial Dao progressed from the simple to the complex, from easy to difficult. Each member of the "Dragon Guard" could understand, then draw upon his words to verify and reflect on their own learning, each finding their own enlightenment.

These "Dragon Guard" members present all had decent talent and aptitude, but the reason why the vast majority had not been able to advance to the Earth Level Realm, as Fang Bai had said before, was that including Long Jingtian, the successive leaders of the "Dragon Guard," were not skilled at providing guidance, resulting in these "Dragon Guard" members often entering a "lost path" after reaching Profound Level Perfection, uncertain of where to go next.

Long Jingtian had been able to advance to the Heaven Level Realm because his talent and aptitude were even higher, and he had encountered a great opportunity; otherwise, he might have lingered outside the Heaven Level Realm for his entire life.

Fang Bai's current explanation was like a guiding light, showing these "Dragon Guard" members, whose Cultivation had hit a bottleneck, the way forward, giving them the feeling of emerging from the mist to see the blue sky, their minds becoming instantly enlightened as if a blind man had suddenly seen the light.

Fang Bai spoke about the Martial Dao for over half an hour. These insights into the Martial Dao—gleaned from his Cultivation in both his past and present lives—were simple yet profound, accessible yet each word precious. After listening, some members of the "Dragon Guard" pondered thoughtfully, some had faces of sudden realization, some scratched their heads in confusion, while others gesticulated excitedly, each gaining something different from his words.

An hour later, Fang Bai concluded his explanation. All 108 members of the "Dragon Guard," including Long Jingtian and the Dragon Maiden father and daughter, closed their eyes and entered a state of self-forgetful Cultivation.

The entire

Training Ground fell into silence so profound that one could hear a pin drop.

Fang Bai smiled slightly, then sat down cross-legged and silently began to Circulate his Cultivation Technique. True Yuan emerged from his Qi Sea, passed through the Heart Sea in the center of his chest, rose to the Sea of Consciousness between his eyebrows, and then flowed through the meridians throughout his body. Its speed went from slow to fast, from a trickle to a raging river, and one could even faintly hear the roaring sound of a river surging.

The True Yuan circulated through Fang Bai's meridians in the Microcosmic and Macrocosmic orbits, constantly widening and reinforcing his meridians.

The widened and reinforced meridians could accommodate even more powerful True Yuan, which circulated with increasing speed and smoothness, thereby boosting Fang Bai's strength.

After the recent Martial Dao explanation, Fang Bai himself benefited and after Circulating his Cultivation Technique, he unexpectedly felt the barrier to another advancement.

The hundred-plus members of the "Dragon Guard," including Fang Bai, did not know how long they had been sitting in meditation in the Training Ground, but as darkness fell, some began to tremble slightly, and their breath surged as they broke through one after another.

As Fang Bai expected, the first to advance was the naturally endowed Dragon Maiden with the Fire Spirit Root, progressing from the middle phase of the Profound Level to the High Rank of the Profound Level.

The Dragon Maiden was a Martial Dao Cultivation prodigy. Even she did not know this, and Fang Bai had not told her, but he planned to cultivate her talents further in the future, not letting this Mingzhu go unnoticed.

Following the Dragon Maiden's advancement were Long Wu and Long Shijiu, whose Cultivation Level had already reached Profound Level Perfection. The two almost simultaneously advanced to the Earth Level Realm.

After Long Wu and Long Shijiu's advancements, Xiao Zhou, a twelve- or thirteen-year-old girl, also advanced, moving from the early stages of the Yellow Level to the middle phase of the Yellow Level.

Subsequently, more than a dozen other "Dragon Guard" members advanced one after another, mostly by one small realm.

Although it was only a small realm advancement, it was already very commendable.

One should know that before this, some "Dragon Guard" members had been plagued by Cultivation bottlenecks for many years, and quite a few had even lost confidence, so the joy in their hearts after advancing could be imagined.

Seeing Fang Bai slowly stand up, those advancing "Dragon Guard" members, filled with gratitude, walked up to him and silently bowed deeply to express their thanks.

Fang Bai nodded with a smile, encouraging each person with a few words, urging them to continue their efforts.

Chapter 602: A Woman Wants to See You

Although only a small group of "Dragon Guards" advanced this time, Fang Bai believed that with his future guidance and explanation, more people would break through and ascend.

By then, the overall strength of the "Dragon Guards" would surely receive a significant boost.

Long Jingtian was the last to emerge from the cultivation state. Although he hadn't advanced in rank, Fang Bai sensed that the fluctuation of the Martial Artist Aura around him was stronger than before, a clear sign that his strength had subtly improved.

For a Heaven Level Martial Artist like him, ascending in rank was even more difficult, so even a slight improvement was incredibly precious.

In Long Tianjing's own words, "listening to Fang Bai's lecture was equivalent to practicing for ten years."

After tonight's event, over a hundred core members of the "Dragon Guards" were thoroughly convinced by Fang Bai, and even those who fancied the Dragon Maiden and saw Fang Bai as a romantic rival gave up the idea of competing with Fang Bai for her affection.

In their eyes, only a remarkable man like Fang Bai was worthy of the Dragon Maiden, and her fondness for Fang Bai was only natural.

From that night on, Fang Bai became another figure revered like a deity by the "Dragon Guards" present, aside from Long Jingtian.

That very night, Fang Bai stayed behind to have dinner with Long Jingtian and the Dragon Maiden, his granddaughter, before returning alone to the courtyard house to rest.

The next morning, Fang Bai reported to Yanjing Hospital to officially start his internship after the New Year.

As Fang Bai's fame continued to grow, the Traditional Chinese Medicine acupuncture and massage clinic, where he was stationed, had transformed from a previously quiet bureau into the busiest department of Yanjing Hospital, with patients queuing up in several long lines every day.

To this end, Yanjing Hospital purposely dispatched more medical professionals specialized in Traditional Chinese Medicine to help, and the salaries of the staff in the acupuncture and massage clinic were also successively increased several times, causing envy among staff from other departments.

Although the number of patients kept rising, Fang Bai actually became less busy than before.

Under Fang Bai's guidance, Wu Tian, an intern in the acupuncture and massage clinic, along with several other interns and doctors, made great strides in their medical skills, each capable of holding their own. Unless they encountered some complex and unusual diseases, there was no need for Fang Bai to intervene.

Even Liu Zhenguo, the head of the acupuncture and massage clinic, and the veteran Traditional Chinese Medicine practitioner Xu Yida started to humbly seek advice from Fang Bai and greatly benefited from it.

"Doctor Fang, Dean Zhang is asking you to visit his office."

That afternoon, while Fang Bai was performing acupuncture on a patient and explaining the procedure to Wu Tian and others, a sweet-faced, slender young lady dressed in a white lab coat came in and said.

"Alright, I'll go once I finish what I'm doing here!"

If it were any other doctor, hearing that the dean had summoned them would have meant immediately dropping everything to go to the dean's office. But Fang Bai's status in Yanjing Hospital was extraordinary; he was not just the dean, he was more than that. Even if he did not pay attention to Zhang Chen, the dean could not afford to show any dissatisfaction.

The sweet-faced young lady was called Feng Xiaoyan, the secretary of Yanjing Hospital's Dean Zhang, and had been following him for over a year. She knew that despite being young, Fang Bai was a giant who commanded even Dean Zhang's respect.

Nowadays, Fang Bai, in the eyes of many unmarried female medical staff at Yanjing Hospital, was the ultimate catch, and they all dreamed of snagging him. Although everyone knew that Su Linglong and Fang Bai were a couple, it didn't stop these female medical staff from admiring Fang Bai. They all wanted to steal him away from Su Linglong.

Feng Xiaoyan was one of the many women who aimed to steal Fang Bai from Su Linglong, having long coveted him.

However, Feng Xiaoyan usually stayed in the dean's office dealing with a mass of documents and rarely had the opportunity to visit the acupuncture and massage clinic as she did today. She had wanted to chat more with Fang Bai, and hearing that he would go to the dean's office after finishing his current tasks was perfectly in line with her wishes.

So Feng Xiaoyan stood by Fang Bai's side, watching him perform acupuncture on patients, constantly praising his superb medical skills, while her beautiful eyes ceaselessly roamed his face. The affection in her gaze was apparent to everyone.

Feng Xiaoyan's looks may not rival Su Linglong's, but she was still famed for her beauty at Yanjing Hospital, and many unmarried male medical staff admired her. Seeing her interested in Fang Bai, Wu Tian and others were filled with envy.

As for Feng Xiaoyan's attentiveness, Fang Bai was neither particularly warm nor distant, treating her like an ordinary friend. This left Feng Xiaoyan feeling somewhat disappointed and dejected.

"Alright, Secretary Feng, let's go!"

A moment later, after Fang Bai finished his current tasks and handed over the next patient to Wu Tian, he washed his hands and then walked with Secretary Feng to the dean's office.

"Secretary Feng, do you know why Dean Zhang is looking for me?"

On the way, Fang Bai casually asked.

"It looks like a woman wants to see you; she's sitting in Dean Zhang's office!"

Whenever Feng Xiaoyan thought of the woman who wanted to see Fang Bai, her expression would turn peculiar, throwing a glance at Fang Bai with a touch of silent resentment in her eyes.

Feng Xiaoyan admitted that the woman waiting for Fang Bai in the dean's office was out of her league in looks, figure, and temperament. Among all the women she had met, only Su Linglong could compare.

Moreover, judging by the woman's tone, she seemed quite familiar with Fang Bai. Could it be that the two of them had some sort of close relationship?

If that was the case, her hopes of landing Fang Bai as a prospective wealthy husband were even slimmer.

With that in mind, Feng Xiaoyan couldn't shake off a profound sense of helplessness.

"A woman? What kind of woman?"

Fang Bai casually inquired. He knew many women, but few knew that he was an intern at Yanjing Hospital. If it were something important, they would typically contact him directly by phone, so why go through the dean?

"The woman looks to be about twenty-two or three years old, with shoulder-length hair, good figure, very pretty, dressed in an office lady outfit. I heard her talking to Dean Zhang briefly, and it seems she might be a teacher from some school..."

Feng Xiaoyan recalled and spoke.

"A teacher? Could it be her?"

Fang Bai immediately thought of Qin Yaorao, but if it were her looking for him, she would have made a phone call instead of going through Dean Zhang.

But if it wasn't Qin Yaorao, then who could it be?

Although curious, Fang Bai didn't continue to inquire; he would find out as soon as he reached the dean's office.

"It's really her! I wonder what affair Teacher Qin would need me for, to actually involve Dean Zhang..."

Upon reaching the building housing the dean's office, Fang Bai had already released his Divine Sense, detecting a familiar Martial Artist Aura, confirming the guess in his heart.

Taking the elevator to the sixth floor, led by Feng Xiaoyan, the two arrived at the door of Dean Zhang Chen's office at Yanjing Hospital.

Chapter 603: Teaching at the University

"Teacher Qin!"

Fang Bai strode into the dean's office, first greeting Qin Yaorao, who was seated on the sofa, and then he nodded to Dean Zhang Chen.

The young woman sitting on the sofa was indeed Qin Yaorao. Seeing Fang Bai's entry, she stood up with a face full of joy and said, "Fang Bai, you're here?"

The Qin Yaorao in front of him was still dressed in her OL attire, with her figure curvy in all the right places. However, her usual updo had been replaced by smooth, shoulder-length hair, and the glasses she used to wear had been removed. Even her delicate facial features were now unexpectedly adorned with a light touch of makeup...

This version of Qin Yaorao was somewhat less mature and professional compared to when Fang Bai had studied at the medical university, but she had become more youthful and charming, exuding even more of a feminine allure.

Fang Bai hadn't expected such a significant change in Qin Yaorao, and couldn't help but give her a few more glances, as if he was meeting her for the first time.

Qin Yaorao noticed Fang Bai's gaze, and a bashful expression emerged on her lovely face.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Yes, Teacher Qin, we meet again. You must be very busy to have come to see me, Teacher Qin. Is there something important?"

Qin Yaorao's expression became serious as she nodded and replied, "Yes, there's something..."

"Doctor Fang has arrived? Hahaha... Please take a seat!"

Dean Zhang greeted Fang Bai warmly, asking his secretary Feng Xiaoyan to brew a cup of tea for Fang Bai before smilingly saying, "It must be quite busy in your department on your first day back at work after the New Year, right?"

"Indeed, very busy! After starting work today, I saw dozens of patients one after another; I barely even had time for a sip of water! Considering how hard I've worked, perhaps Dean Zhang should think about giving me a raise?"

Fang Bai joked.

Dean Zhang laughed heartily and said, "Salary is not a problem! As long as Doctor Fang agrees to stay on at Yanjing Hospital after the internship period is over, when that time comes, you can name your price!"

As Fang Bai's reputation rose, major hospitals across Huaxia had taken an interest in luring him away by all means. Dean Zhang Chen of Yanjing Hospital, of course, was determined to keep this divine doctor, offering high positions and salaries.

After a few jokes and some light conversation, Fang Bai learned that Dean Zhang was one of Qin Yaorao's elders and that their families were somewhat related. Qin Yaorao had mainly come to discuss something with him and to visit Dean Zhang at the same time.

"I hear that Doctor Fang and Yaorao used to have a teacher-student relationship?"

Dean Zhang's gaze swept over the faces of Qin Yaorao and Fang Bai before he smiled and smoothly shifted the topic.

Fang Bai and Qin Yaorao both nodded in unison.

Dean Zhang said, "That's good. Since there is that connection between you two, it will make things much easier. Yaorao, why don't you talk with Doctor Fang? I certainly can't make decisions for Doctor Fang regarding this matter!"

Fang Bai turned his head to look at Qin Yaorao, curious about what she wanted from him.

Facing Fang Bai's gaze, Qin Yaorao spoke earnestly, "Here's the thing, Fang Bai, I've now taken up a teaching position at Yanjing Medical University. Our university's Department of Traditional Chinese Medicine has enrolled quite a few students this year but lacks expert professors in the field of traditional medicine..."

Upon hearing of your great reputation, our school's leadership, knowing about the teacher-student relationship we once had, has entrusted me to discuss with you the possibility of appointing you as an honorary professor for our school and to teach students in the Chinese medicine program.

Don't worry, it won't take up much of your time. You'd only need to spare half a day a week to teach. Regarding the remuneration, we can discuss..."

Qin Yaorao said this and glanced at Fang Bai before continuing, "Chinese medicine is one of the treasures of Huaxia civilization, but due to well-known reasons, its influence has declined, and both the medical practitioners of Chinese medicine and the students willing to study it are becoming fewer and fewer, which is extremely disheartening..."

Fang Bai, I know you possess miraculous medical skills and have the virtue of kindness inherent in a healer, but I feel it would be such a pity if your medical skills do not shine brightly, allowing more people to learn and spread them!

Both publicly and privately, I hope you can accept our school's invitation to use your exquisite medical skills to show the students of Chinese medicine the breadth and wonder of Huaxia's medical practices, to get them to like Chinese medicine, fall in love with it, and delve into it, so that they may become renowned doctors, Divine Doctors. Perhaps because of you, Huaxia's Chinese medicine can stand tall in the world medical community in the near future and burst forth with brilliant light!"

When Qin Yaorao finished speaking, she looked at Fang Bai with anticipation, feeling somewhat nervous inside. She didn't know if her impassioned words had moved Fang Bai, nor did she know if her former student would do her the honor.

"Teacher Qin is teaching at Yanjing Medical University?"

Instead of answering Qin Yaorao directly, Fang Bai asked in return, "In the Chinese medicine program at your school, is there a student named Xiong Yingxiong?"

"Xiong Yingxiong?"

Qin Yaorao was taken aback and then shook her head, "I don't know him. I haven't been teaching at the Medical University for long and am not very familiar with the environment and students there... Why, does Xiong Yingxiong have something to do with you?"

Fang Bai said, "He is a disciple I took on a while ago... Teacher Qin, you are right, popularizing Chinese medicine is the responsibility of those of us in the Chinese medicine field, and it's also a great service to the nation and its people! I've decided to accept your school's appointment and can start lecturing at your school anytime!"

Fang Bai decided to accept the offer from Yanjing Medical University for three reasons.

The first reason was out of respect for Qin Yaorao. Fang Bai had a harmonious teacher-student relationship with Qin Yaorao from before, and last time, he had done Qin Yaorao a big favor by disrupting her arranged marriage with Wen Family's Wen Shiba, which changed their relationship from teacher-student to friends.

The second reason was his new disciple, Xiong Yingxiong, who was studying at Yanjing Medical University. When Fang Bai went there to teach, he could also provide guidance to Xiong Yingxiong.

The third reason was that Fang Bai wanted to see if there were any other students with potential in Chinese medicine at Yanjing Medical University. If there were, he planned to provide careful guidance, hoping to mentor several Chinese medicine experts, thus making his own contribution to Huaxia's traditional medical arts and not making his time in this world in vain.

"That's wonderful!"

Qin Yaorao hadn't expected Fang Bai to agree so readily, and her excitement showed as she said, "Fang Bai, thank you! I'll go back and report to the school leadership right away! Once our school makes the corresponding arrangements, we will notify you!"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "You're being too formal, Teacher Qin!"

Qin Yaorao tucked a few strands of hair behind her ear and smiled, "From now on, we will be colleagues, so you can drop the formal title. Just call me by my name!"

Fang Bai nodded, "Okay!"

After that, Qin Yaorao talked about some things related to Yanjing Medical University, giving Fang Bai a preliminary understanding of the school. Seeing that it was getting late, she then stood up to leave.

Fang Bai personally escorted Qin Yaorao to the hospital's main entrance, watched her leave, and then returned to his acupuncture and massage room.

Chapter 604: Are There Really Innately Talented Geniuses in the World?

Two days later, in the morning, Qin Yaorao came to Yanjing Hospital again, and took Fang Bai to Yanjing Medical University.

At Yanjing Medical University, Fang Bai met three of the school's leaders, including the president and two vice-presidents.

As a key medical institution in Huaxia, the leaders of Yanjing Medical University naturally consisted of respected veterans in the Huaxia medical community.

The three university leaders present, the principal and his two deputies, were all over sixty years old, with one of the vice-principals in charge of traditional medicine being over seventy and sporting white hair.

These three university leaders, having immersed themselves in medical practice for decades, had each made significant contributions to the medical community. Although not as renowned as the four National Doctors throughout Huaxia, they were all first-class doctors domestically with numerous students far and wide. Common medical practitioners meeting them would respectfully address them as "senior predecessors."

However, when they met Fang Bai, none of these prestigious medical community seniors dared to take liberties. When Fang Bai stepped out of Qin Yaorao's car, the three who had been waiting there took the initiative to extend their hands and warmly greeted him with handshakes.

Accompanying the three principals in welcoming Fang Bai were many of the school's faculty members.

Despite his youth, Fang Bai's profound medical expertise had begun to spread throughout Huaxia's medical circles. Even the four current National Doctors had mentioned Fang Bai on various occasions, holding his medical skills in high esteem and expressing sentiments about "the new waves pushing the old waves along."

Initially, many medical practitioners in Huaxia's medical community didn't believe that Fang Bai's medical skills could match those of the four National Doctors, thinking how a twenty-year-old could be so highly skilled. However, after hearing the four National Doctors' praises for Fang Bai in person at a medical conference in Huaxia, many realized that this intern at Yanjing Hospital was indeed extraordinary.

In addition, many Yanjing City residents who had been cured by Fang Bai started to spread his fame, saying his treatment could rejuvenate the dying and cure ailments instantaneously, truly befitting a Divine Doctor of this era.

If one or two people said this, maybe no one would believe it, but when thousands echoed it, disbelief was no longer an option. Hence, those who came to Yanjing Hospital seeking treatment from "Divine Doctor Fang" increased, and most of them achieved desirable results.

Therefore, Fang Bai's name started to rapidly spread from Yanjing to the entire country, so much so that many places in Huaxia knew of a "Divine Doctor Fang" in Yanjing who could cure all diseases.

Some even said that Fang Bai's medical skills were comparable to the current four National Doctors.

No matter the rumors, the fact that Fang Bai had excellent medical skills was indisputable.

Before Yanjing Medical University, many well-known medical schools in Huaxia had offered high salaries and esteemed positions to invite Fang Bai to teach, but he had declined them all, citing being spread too thin.

But Yanjing Medical University, having finally managed to invite this great deity through Qin Yaorao, respected him from top to bottom—who would dare to treat him with anything less than reverence?

Although the school's leaders and faculty had already learned a lot about Fang Bai before meeting him, they were still astonished by his youth when they saw him in person.

They simply couldn't fathom how such a young fellow, barely twenty years old, had acquired such miraculous medical skills—is it possible that the rumors were true, and Fang Bai had an elusive Divine Doctor as a master?

With Qin Yaorao's introduction, Fang Bai smiled and shook hands with the three principals of Yanjing Medical University, exchanging pleasantries, and thus familiarized his face with them.

Afterward, everyone went to the school conference room together. Principal Yang Wanshan, on behalf of all faculty and students, delivered an enthusiastic welcoming speech, then presented Fang Bai with his appointment letter, inviting him to be the honorary professor of the school, and agreed that Fang Bai would teach two classes each Wednesday morning for the students majoring in Traditional Chinese Medicine at the school.

Following that, Fang Bai stepped onto the podium and briefly spoke a few sentences.

The teachers and staff below the stage saw that although Fang Bai was young, he was not timid at all nor showed any sign of restraint or nervousness. His calm and composed demeanor and style made even the nearly seventy-year-old Principal Yang Wanshan feel inferior.

"Is Fang Bai really only twenty years old? Why does he give me the impression of someone who has experienced the vicissitudes of life? Could it be that there are truly naturally exceptional talents in this world?"

While Fang Bai was speaking, Yang Wanshan stood beside him, watching this young man who was about the same age as his grandson, filled with emotion.

After Fang Bai finished speaking, it was time for the school's faculty and staff to have a medical exchange and discussion with him.

Although it was called an exchange and discussion, it also implied testing Fang Bai's medical skills. After all, Fang Bai's appointment as an honorary professor of the school had been subject to private dissent.

Moreover, Fang Bai only taught two classes a week but received a salary far higher than all the faculty and staff present—so there ought to be a convincing reason for everyone, shouldn't there?

"Professor Fang, there has been a rumor going around Yanjing recently, claiming you have 'Fiery Eyes', and that you can diagnose some diseases just by looking at them a few times. Is that true? The 'Four Diagnostics' of looking, listening, asking, and feeling the pulse are ancient methods inherited from our ancestors, and every traditional Chinese medicine practitioner needs to apply them when diagnosing patients. How can you accurately diagnose someone's condition just using your eyes?"

A middle-aged man in his fifties asked with a sing-song tone, his voice laden with strong skepticism.

Fang Bai glanced at the middle-aged man, noting his fair complexion, black-framed glasses, neatly combed hair, black suit, and red tie, giving the impression of a cultured and scholarly individual.

"That is Professor Wang Xinglin. He is a professor in our school's Traditional Chinese Medicine department and also serves as the deputy dean of Yanjing Friendship Hospital."

Principal Yang Wanshan, standing beside Fang Bai, introduced the middle-aged man by pointing at him.

Upon hearing the words "Yanjing Friendship Hospital", Fang Bai's thoughts were stirred, and he immediately thought of the Wang Family of Yanjing.

Fang Bai remembered that the "Yanjing Friendship Hospital" was one of the enterprises under the Wang Family of Yanjing, and Wang Jingzhong's wife, Jiang Fenglian, served as the hospital's dean.

With this Wang Xinglin bearing the Wang surname and also holding the position of the hospital's deputy dean, could there be a relationship with the Wang Family of Yanjing?

"Professor Wang is the cousin of Wang Jingzhong, the head of the Wang Family of Yanjing. He is somewhat arrogant. If there's anything offensive he might say to Professor Fang, please do not take it to heart!"

While Fang Bai was pondering Wang Xinglin's identity, Principal Yang Wanshan leaned in close to him and whispered in his ear, a hint of helplessness visible in his expression.

Wang Xinglin, backed by the Yanjing Wang Family, was not only haughty but also spoke and acted unrestrainedly, thereby offending many faculty members of Yanjing Medical University.

Moreover, Wang Xinglin was known for his womanizing nature. He had a poor reputation among the students, and he even caused a scandal by luring a female student into a relationship, which became known throughout the school. If it hadn't been for the Wang Family's intervention to calm the situation, it would have been uncertain whether he could have retained his professorship.

Chapter 605: Take Care of Kidney Health

Although Yang Wanshan disdained Wang Xinglin's character, he had to turn a blind eye: firstly, Wang Xinglin truly had extraordinary attainments in traditional Chinese medicine, and secondly, he dreaded the power of the Wang Family backing Wang Xinglin.

Yang Wanshan's reminder to Fang Bai was also out of goodwill, to prevent Fang Bai from offending Wang Xinglin due to ignorance of his status and background.

Fang Bai smiled upon hearing this and whispered, "Thank you for the reminder, Principal Yang. I know what to do!"

"Wang Xinglin, Professor Wang, is it?"

Fang Bai looked at Wang Xinglin with a beaming smile and said, "The outside world's tales of Fiery Eyes are somewhat exaggerated. However, both medicine and martial arts share a principle; once reaching a certain realm, it is indeed possible to win without a move."

Wang Xinglin sneered and said, "Are you implying that your medical skills are so profound that you have reached the realm where you can win without a move, and you can diagnose a person's illnesses with your eyes?"

Fang Bai did not deny it and said lightly, "Some minor ailments and issues, I can still see."

Wang Xinglin's mouth twitched slightly, his face skeptical, as he pointed to the tip of his nose and said, "Then use your Fiery Eyes to diagnose me and see if I have any issues. If you can see them, it proves you have real skill. If not... heh... it might be hard for people to believe you!"

Wang Xinglin, in seeing such a young man as Fang Bai being valued by the school leaders, not only being appointed as an honorary professor but also teaching fewer classes and earning more salary than himself, felt immensely jealous and wanted to make Fang Bai embarrass himself on the spot.

"You? Heh, you actually do have some issues..."

Fang Bai's eyes narrowed slightly, and his Divine Sense quietly spread out, making a round over Wang Xinglin, and he had already formed a conclusion in his heart.

Fang Bai's Divine Sense, like an invisible hand, not only didn't need the Four Diagnostics, but once released, could discern all the conditions of the patient, such as pulse, breathing, heartbeat, breath, and so on, far more incredible than the world's most advanced medical equipment.

"Acting mystical!"

Seeing Fang Bai's eyes fixed on him, Wang Xinglin huffed, looking down with contempt and declared loudly, "What is my problem? Speak up and let's hear it!"

"Are you sure you want me to say it?"

Fang Bai's eyes shone as he looked at Wang Xinglin with a smile, making the latter feel uneasy.

Wang Xinglin, not believing Fang Bai could discern anything, said loudly, "Enough talk! Let us witness for ourselves just how 'Divine' this Divine Doctor really is!"

"Alright then, you asked me to say it..."

Fang Bai sighed, looked at Wang Xinglin with pity in his eyes, and said leisurely, "Professor Wang, you indulge excessively in sensual pleasures, leading to a depletion of your vitality and leaving your body weak. You often suffer from soreness in your lower back, correct? You have a kidney problem, you should take care of your kidneys! Oh, and during sexual activities, you tend to finish within two or three minutes, utterly failing to display a man's vigor!"

As soon as these words were uttered, the crowd buzzed, and all eyes turned to Wang Xinglin, each person trying to hold back laughter, wearing strange expressions.

"You... you're spouting nonsense!"

Wang Xinglin suddenly stood up and said, "You're the one with a weak body! Your kidneys are the ones with issues! You're the one finishing in two or three minutes! You... you're spouting nonsense!"

Actually, Wang Xinglin did have the problems Fang Bai mentioned, but they were his private matters, known by very few. Now, Fang Bai had publicized them in front of everyone, essentially ripping open his wounds, which to him, amounted to a terrible disgrace.

Seeing Wang Xinglin so angry that he was nearly going mad, Fang Bai's smile broadened as he said, "Saying you last two to three minutes is already giving you too much credit! I estimate that each time you engage in sexual activity, foreplay alone probably takes up two minutes or even more!"

"Nonsense! Complete nonsense!"

Fang Bai's words struck Wang Xinglin's sore point once again. He saw the mocking and mocking looks in the eyes of the faculty and staff around him. His fair face turned bright red "with a puff," and he became as furious as a thunderstorm.

Yang Wanshan, the president of Yanjing Medical University, shook his head and sighed.

He had just warned Fang Bai that Wang Xinglin, backed by the Yanjing Wang Family, was not someone to be trifled with. Yet in the blink of an eye, Fang Bai had offended Wang Xinglin. He thought to himself that although Fang Bai's medical skills were impressive, he was after all a young man, prone to act impulsively.

Qin Yaorao, however, appeared indifferent and showed no concern for Fang Bai.

The incident where a Profound Level Expert from the Jiangnan ancient martial Prominent Clans' Misty Rain Tower was slaughtered had ended inconclusively, with no one knowing who the "murderer" was. But afterward, Qin Yaorao's father, Qin Ling, along with many experts from the Qin Family, all suspected it was related to Fang Bai and his mentor, which led Qin Yaorao to a whole new understanding of her student, who turned out to be a powerful Martial Artist.

Although the Yanjing Wang Family was influential and held a prominent status, dealing with an Ancient Martial expert like Fang Bai would not be so easy.

"Whether I'm talking nonsense or not, you, Professor Wang, know it better than anyone else, don't you? Half an hour ago, you were with a woman, weren't you? Dare you call that woman over and let me ask her if your body is weak, if you can show the virility of a man? We'll know the truth as soon as we ask! Do you dare?"

Fang Bai said with a smile.

"You... How did you know that half an hour ago I..."

Wang Xinglin, looking like he'd seen a ghost, said to Fang Bai in disbelief, but he stopped halfway as he realized he had let something slip and immediately shut his mouth, glowering at Fang Bai with a hostile expression as if he wanted to strangle him.

The faculty and staff in the conference room, seeing Wang Xinglin's furious state, knew that Fang Bai's words were true. Many of them had had fallouts with Wang Xinglin and felt a great sense of satisfaction upon seeing this; some couldn't help but let out a low chuckle.

This laughter, entering Wang Xinglin's ears, was like salt on his wounds, making him feel utterly embarrassed, wishing he could find a hole to crawl into.

"Ignorant brat! Uttering complete rubbish!"

The mockingly disdainful looks that came from all around made Wang Xinglin feel like he was sitting on pins and needles. Suddenly, he stood up, snorted angrily, and stormed out with his sleeve flung.

"Professor Wang has a bad temper, Professor Fang, please do not stoop to his level!"

Principal Yang, worried that the impetuous young Fang Bai would be provoked by Wang Xinglin's rude behavior and make an abrupt exit, hurriedly tried to pacify him with a forced smile.

Fang Bai waved his hand dismissively and said with a smile, "I'm not one to hold petty grudges, so getting angry isn't likely! Nevertheless, this Professor Wang's character and self-cultivation are indeed quite deficient. He asked me to examine him, I did, and then I spoke the plain truth. Why did he leave so indignantly?"

Principal Yang gave a wry smile, thinking to himself that while you can speak the truth about other things, when it comes to matters concerning a man's dignity and privacy, and to say such things in public, not just Wang Xinglin but probably any man would be angered and too ashamed to stay.

However, Fang Bai's comments about Professor Wang's character and self-cultivation resonated deeply with Principal Yang and the rest of the faculty and staff present.

Chapter 606: To Learn Medicine, First Learn Martial Arts

And as for Fang Bai quickly discerning Wang Xinglin's health issue at a glance, everyone present found it astonishing. However, no one dared ask Fang Bai to examine them for fear that their own secrets might also be revealed, which would be far too embarrassing.

A few professors from Yanjing Medical University, highly accomplished in the field of traditional Chinese medicine, discussed some medical problems with Fang Bai. They listened to Professor Fang elaborating on medical principles, speaking eloquently. Many concepts were new to them, and they felt their horizons broadening, gaining substantial benefit. They couldn't help but admire Fang Bai immensely.

Fang Bai had a profound understanding of the Yin Yang Five Elements theory and a deep knowledge of the body's meridians, acupoints, as well as the five viscera and six bowels. He was also proficient in numerous Chinese medical treatments, including herbal medicine, acupuncture, tuina massage, cupping, and dietary therapy. To those veteran traditional doctors, he seemed to know everything and was proficient in every aspect.

Fang Bai's extensive knowledge could be described as vast and immense, making those senior professors feel ashamed of their own shortcomings. They felt that their own medical skills were insignificant compared to Fang Bai's, like frogs in a well, not worth mentioning.

Principal Yang Wanshan saw those renowned traditional Chinese Medicine professors from Huaxia behaving respectfully in front of Fang Bai, constantly asking for his advice with humility, like students before a teacher. Yang felt secretly elated, thinking that his decision to hire Fang Bai at a high position and salary was exceedingly wise.

Principal Yang seemed to foresee a not-so-distant future where Yanjing Medical University produced one famous doctor after another, renowned throughout the Huaxia medical community. And as the principal, he would also leave a significant mark in the history of Huaxia medicine.

That day at noon, Principal Yang Wanshan hosted a banquet for Fang Bai at a hotel, accompanied by Qin Yaorao, two vice-principals, and several veteran professors from the traditional Chinese medicine department.

Before inviting Fang Bai, Principal Yang made a token effort to invite Wang Xinglin. However, Wang resolutely refused to participate and proclaimed that he would firmly avoid any event involving Fang Bai in the future, thus taking a definitive stand against him.

Fang Bai had not formally started teaching and had already offended Wang Xinglin, who had the backing of the Yanjing Wang Family. Everyone, including Principal Yang, was worried for him, but Fang Bai himself was unconcerned, simply laughing it off.

"Principal Jiang, among the traditional Chinese medicine classes you teach, is there a student named Xiong Yingxiong?"

At the banquet, Fang Bai learned that Vice Principal Jiang Hongsheng was also a professor for two traditional Chinese medicine classes and thus inquired about Xiong Yingxiong's whereabouts once more.

"Xiong Yingxiong... Hmm, there is such a student! Why, does Professor Fang know him?"

Jiang Hongsheng had a vivid memory of the student Xiong Yingxiong, knowing that he came from a family with a long history in traditional Chinese medicine, having studied with his father from a young age, and possessing a solid foundation in medical knowledge. If nurtured properly, he could certainly become a great doctor.

Fang Bai smiled and nodded, saying, "He is a disciple I took on a few days ago. Principal Yang, Principal Jiang, and esteemed professors, please take good care of him in the future!"

Yang Wanshan, Jiang Hongsheng, and the others were surprised to learn that Xiong Yingxiong, a student from their own university, was Fang Bai's disciple. They looked at each other, realizing that studying medicine under Fang Bai promised a boundless future. It seemed they would indeed need to pay extra attention to this student called Xiong Yingxiong.

Qin Yaorao had once been Fang Bai's teacher, and Xiong Yingxiong was now his disciple; with these two connections, Yanjing Medical University maintaining Fang Bai on its staff held an innate advantage for the future.

"Xiong Yingxiong is truly fortunate to have been taken as a disciple by Professor Fang! Rest assured, Professor Fang, we will certainly look after your disciple!"

Yang Wanshan spoke on behalf of everyone.

"Then on behalf of Yingxiong, I thank Principal Yang, Principal Jiang, and all the professors. Now, let me toast you all!"

"Professor Fang, you're too kind!"

Fang Bai and Yang Wanshan and the others clinked glasses and drained their drinks.

Although older, Yang Wanshan and the others were strong drinkers, especially Yang himself. Known as "One Catty Yang," he usually started with at least one catty of liquor and rarely got drunk, which made most people cautious about competing with him in drinking at banquet tables.

However, today Yang Wanshan had clearly met his match.

Fang Bai alone fought against four or five veteran drinkers on their side, never refusing a drink, and in a blink of an eye, he had consumed two jugs of Baijiu without showing any sign of intoxication, which left Yang Wanshan and the others clicking their tongues in amazement.

By the end of the banquet, Fang Bai was fine, while Yang Wanshan and the others were all tipsy, eventually being escorted home one by one by the school's drivers.

"Fang Bai, is Chinese medicine difficult to learn?"

As she watched the school driver take Yang Wanshan and the rest away, Qin Yaorao suddenly turned her head to ask Fang Bai.

Fang Bai said, "It's difficult and it's not difficult!"

Qin Yaorao asked, "What do you mean by that?"

Fang Bai explained, "If one has no interest in Chinese medicine and is unwilling to delve into it, then even with guidance from a famous teacher, it will be hard to learn well. Conversely, if one is very interested in Chinese medicine and willing to study quietly, with the addition of guidance from a famous teacher, then it's not difficult to learn well."

Qin Yaorao bit her lip, hesitated, and then with a hint of hopefulness, asked, "Then... is it too late for someone my age to learn Chinese medicine?"

Fang Bai was taken aback for a moment, then smiled and said, "Too late? Teacher Qin, you're not old at all!"

"I told you to stop calling me Teacher! Call me by my name from now on!"

Qin Yaorao interrupted Fang Bai, saying with a hint of annoyance.

Fang Bai nodded and said, "All right. Then I will call you Yaorao from now on! If I remember correctly, you're only twenty-four years old this year, aren't you? It's not too late at all to learn Chinese medicine at this age, and with your intelligence, you should learn it better and faster than most people!"

Qin Yaorao was pleased and asked, "Really? Then you... Could you teach me?"

Fang Bai replied, "Of course! But..."

"But what?"

Qin Yaorao was delighted, then immediately became anxious.

Fang Bai said seriously, "Chinese medicine is profound and vast. Ordinary people can only scratch the surface by treating minor ailments. If you want to truly grasp the essence of Chinese medicine and treat complicated diseases, you must first engage in Martial Dao..."

"Ah? Martial... Martial Dao?"

Qin Yaorao's mouth fell open, puzzled, "Does being good at Chinese medicine have anything to do with martial arts?"

The Qin Family from Jinling, where Qin Yaorao hailed from, also had a martial arts heritage. However, Qin Yaorao, who had disliked violence and fighting from a young age, had always resisted martial arts.

Just before, Qin Yaorao heard that Fang Bai had taken Xiong Yingxiong, a student from their Medical University specializing in Chinese medicine, as a disciple, which sparked her interest in learning Chinese medicine from Fang Bai. Not only could she use her medical skills to save lives, but she could also spend more time with Fang Bai, killing two birds with one stone.

But upon hearing that learning the essence of Chinese medicine also required a foundation in martial arts, Qin Yaorao immediately felt discouraged.

On one hand, Qin Yaorao disliked martial arts; on the other hand, she knew that martial arts training needed to start from a young age. Only by building a solid foundation could one achieve notable success in Martial Dao. However, now in her twenties, even if she wanted to start learning martial arts, she feared it was too late.

Chapter 607: A Bit Excited

"Yes, the medical skills of Chinese medicine and martial arts actually have many similarities, both involving the mysteries of Yin Yang and the Five Elements, meridians, and blood vessels within the human body. Therefore, learning martial arts well will greatly assist in the application of medical skills!"

Fang Bai explained to Qin Yaorao.

Qin Yaorao sighed, "I know nothing about martial arts, and I have never liked fighting and killing since I was young, so I have a natural aversion to martial arts in my heart... With such an attitude, even if I want to learn martial arts now, I'm afraid it will be very difficult to do well, right?"

Fang Bai said, "You must think that martial arts represent violence, right?"

Seeing Qin Yaorao nod, Fang Bai smiled and said, "Actually, you're somewhat biased. Martial arts are not just about fighting and killing. They can also strengthen the foundation and cultivate the Essence Energy, prolong life, and improve physical health... They can be used to support the weak and suppress the strong, save lives and heal the injured, eradicate evil, and uphold justice... The use of a martial artist's Essence Energy in medical arts can have even greater effects..."

Fang Bai patiently explained the wonders of martial arts to Qin Yaorao, gradually reversing her long-standing "hostile" attitude toward martial arts and letting her know that martial arts can have many unimaginable miraculous effects in medicine.

"If you were an ordinary person, starting to learn martial arts at your age might be too late. But you are different..."

Fang Bai's Divine Sense kept sweeping over Qin Yaorao's body, his eyes twinkling like he had discovered a rare treasure, and he continued, "You are naturally good material for practicing martial arts; it's just that no one has discovered it yet!"

"Fang Bai, you must be joking... I don't think there's anything special about me! And..."

Qin Yaorao seemed to think of something funny, her lips curling into a light smile as she said, "And I remember when I was little, my father wanted to teach me martial arts. I followed him for half a day but just couldn't grasp it, so he got so angry that he gave up on me, saying I wasn't cut out for martial arts..."

"Haha, that's because your father was unable to recognize a gem and nearly buried your talent as a martial arts prodigy!"

Fang Bai looked at Qin Yaorao and said, "Every great horse needs its Bole. And I am your Bole! As long as you are willing to learn medical arts and the Martial Dao with me, give me one year, and I will make you a renowned doctor in Huaxia and surpass your father in martial arts!"

"Hearing you say that, I'm getting a little excited!"

Qin Yaorao's beautiful eyes shone, and her mouth held a smile; she hadn't expected Fang Bai to have such high hopes for her. Her previously disheartened mood began to improve, as she thought how wonderful it would be if in the future she could become someone proficient in both medicine and martial arts just like Fang Bai.

"So, have you decided to learn with me?"

Fang Bai asked with a smile.

Having said so much, Fang Bai just wanted to move Qin Yaorao, to have her embark on the path of martial arts so that he would not regret missing out on a martial arts prodigy and in the long martial path ahead, he could also have a friend with whom to share heartfelt conversations.

Qin Yaorao said, "Then I'll give it a try first... I hope learning martial arts isn't too difficult!"

Fang Bai's heart leapt with joy, and he said, "Then it's settled! I'll come to the Medical University for class on Wednesday, and we'll get in touch then! At that time, I will first perform Marrow Cleansing on you to improve your physique and lay a solid foundation for your journey into martial arts!"

The two chatted briefly, and, noticing it was getting late, they said their farewells; one turned around to return to teaching at Yanjing Medical University, and the other headed to work at Yanjing Hospital.

Even though work was getting busier and there were more things to do, Fang Bai still insisted on his early morning training every day. Without using his True Yuan, he had greatly increased the difficulty and intensity, striving to push his potential to the limit and forge his physical body even stronger.

That morning, in a deserted deep mountain to the west of Yanjing, Fang Bai found a waterfall with a vertical drop of over one hundred meters. Below the waterfall was a deep pool with mysterious green waters, its depth unfathomable.

"This is a perfect place for body training!"

Fang Bai raced to the base of the waterfall, looked up at the water cascading down from the hundred-meter-high top, and listened to the thunderous roar of the water hitting the pool, feeling secretly delighted.

Although the weather had started to warm up after the new year, signalling the arrival of spring, the mountain was still chilly. However, for a martial artist like Fang Bai, with both robust strength and a formidable physique, such cold could hardly affect him.

Fang Bai stood beside the waterfall for a moment, then suddenly stripped off his clothes, and tossed them into his Spatial Ring. Taking a deep breath with determined eyes, he leapt naked toward the rock below the direct flow of the waterfall, like an arrow.

The waterfall, plummeting from a height of one hundred meters, was tremendously powerful. Even Fang Bai's mighty physique couldn't withstand the force of the water stream at first; with a stifled groan, he was knocked into the adjoining deep pool.

Prepared for such setbacks, Fang Bai became even more determined. After being knocked into the water the first time, he swam to the edge of the pool and leapt again, only to be knocked back into the water...

After dozens of repetitions, Fang Bai was utterly exhausted and nearly depleted, lying on his back on a flat rock by the pool, slowly regulating his breath to recover. Once he had regained some strength and saw that it was nearly time for meals and work, he finally went home.

The next day, Fang Bai continued this body training, challenging the waterfall's currents repeatedly. Although he ultimately failed each time, he could feel his physique growing stronger with each attempt.

In the meantime, Fang Bai, besides working at Yanjing Hospital, also made time to visit the Dragon Guard headquarters to check on the members' cultivation progress.

Since Fang Bai's last lecture on Martial Dao, many Dragon Guard members were deeply inspired and had gone into seclusion to meditate. This included the Dragon Guard leader Long Jingtian and his granddaughter, the Dragon Maiden.

Dragon One-zero-eight, the little girl, had also advanced a small realm after listening to Fang Bai's talk on Martial Dao last time. However, given her young age and limited understanding, it was unlikely she would advance again soon, so she hadn't entered seclusion.

But the clever girl, with her sweet mouth, knew Instructor Fang had great abilities, so when Fang Bai came to check on everyone's cultivation at Dragon Guard, she followed him like a little shadow, constantly flattering and trying to please him.

Knowing the little girl was trying to curry favor with him to receive some benefits, he passed on to her a set of Martial Arts Techniques suitable for a woman's cultivation.

In his past life, Fang Bai had accumulated thousands of years of knowledge, including both learned and self-created Martial Arts Techniques. Any one of these, if he casually shared it, would drive the Ancient Martial practitioners of this world mad with desire.

After practicing the Martial Arts Techniques under Fang Bai's guidance, One-zero-eight knew they were much better than the ones she had been cultivating from the Dragon Guard heritage. Overjoyed, she looked at Fang Bai with stars filling her eyes.

Chapter 608: Under Immense Pressure

Before they knew it, the scheduled Wednesday class at Yanjing Medical University had arrived.

That morning, after finishing his ablutions in the courtyard, Fang Bai put on a set of white Tang attire he had custom-made two days earlier, and prepared to head to Yanjing Medical University, just as he ran into Baili Mingyue returning from buying breakfast.

"Fang Bai, dressed to kill, where are you going?"

Seeing Fang Bai, clad all in white like a Prince Charming, Baili Mingyue's beautiful eyes lit up, and she couldn't help but give him a few extra glances.

On Fang Bai, there already existed a kind of intoxicating aura, and now, coupled with the white Tang attire, he seemed even more ethereal, like a celestial being descended from the heavens.

Although she was reluctant to admit it, Baili Mingyue was indeed mesmerized by Fang Bai's charm at that moment, and her heart began to pound uncontrollably.

"Attracting bees and butterflies? I'm going to teach a class for the students majoring in Traditional Chinese Medicine at Yanjing Medical University!"

Fang Bai glanced at Baili Mingyue and said irritably, "You have been slacking off in your cultivation these past few days, haven't you? Why aren't you practicing your physical conditioning in the early morning? I've told you many times, the path of martial arts is like rowing upstream, one must advance or else they'll fall behind. Your cultivation level is currently on par with Dongfang Ruhua's, if you keep being lazy, you'll quickly be left behind by Ruhua!"

At that moment, Baili Zhan emerged from the house and, upon hearing Fang Bai's words, his tiger-like eyes glared fiercely, and he said resentfully as if lamenting a failure to meet expectations, "This girl is slacking off again? Don't worry, Fang Bai, from today on, I'll supervise her strictly and make sure she dedicates herself to cultivation! If she dares to slack off again, I'll punish her myself!"

Baili Mingyue pursed her lips and murmured softly, "Beat me up... Soon you won't even be a match for me!"

After uttering these words, she knew Baili Zhan was certain to get angry and immediately hid behind her mother, Jiang Yuzhi, who then came out.

Enraged, Baili Zhan said furiously, "You ungrateful girl, have you grown wings now that you've learned a little something? I'm your father, even if I'm no match for you, would you dare to resist me?"

"I won't resist, but I can always run away, right?" Baili Mingyue whispered behind her mother.

"Enough! Enough! You two are always arguing, it's embarrassing if the neighbors overhear!"

Jiang Yuzhi showed a helpless look and said with a wry smile, coaxing, then turned to Fang Bai, "Mingyue only listens to you! She argues against everything her dad says... Fang Bai, don't spoil Mingyue from now on. Be stricter with her, and don't hesitate to scold or punish her when necessary!"

Baili Mingyue glanced at Fang Bai and whispered so softly that only she could hear, "Spoil me? He's nicer to Ruhua than to me..."

Baili Zhan and his wife, both martial artists, heard their daughter's quiet voice, exchanged a glance, and looked at each other quizzically.

The couple had met Dongfang Ruhua, a charming and adorable young girl, innocent and beautiful. Compared to their own daughter, she was indeed more likable. Did their daughter mean to suggest that Fang Bai actually favored the younger girl?

Yet Dongfang Ruhua was only fifteen years old, perhaps too young. Their own daughter was closer in age to Fang Bai, and if Fang Bai became their son-in-law in the future, they wouldn't have to worry about their daughter anymore.

But their daughter was indeed a headache. Not only did Fang Bai owe their family a life-saving debt, but he also had a teacher's affection for their daughter. Yet she showed little respect for Fang Bai, addressing him by name without any formalities, not even a "Brother," so how could Fang Bai like her?

However, if Fang Bai didn't care for their daughter, why then would he teach her martial arts techniques and often give her careful instruction?

Even if the two occasionally bickered, Baili Zhan and his wife felt it was more akin to young people's playful teasing, and sometimes when they punished their daughter, Fang Bai would take her side, his words tinged with indulgence.

In terms of looks and stature, their daughter was second to none, a point of pride for Baili Zhan and his wife. If only their daughter's temperament were gentler, she and Fang Bai would be a match made in heaven, an impeccable pair!

Yet, outstanding men inevitably attract many women, and Fang Bai was no exception.

Baili Zhan and his wife had seen more than one or two girls who could compare with their daughter in both appearance and figure coming to look for Fang Bai, and it was clear that their relationships with Fang Bai were also very close. If their daughter wanted to come out on top, she'd face fierce competition and tremendous pressure!

But how could the daughter of the Baili family lose out to someone else? They had their minds set on Fang Bai as their son-in-law! When they had the time, they'd talk to their daughter about it and suggest she start by changing her temper.

Fang Bai saw that Baili Zhan and his wife occasionally glanced at him and then at Baili Mingyue, their expressions somewhat off, especially Baili Zhan's gaze, which was like that of a Hungry Wolf, as if he was a tasty prey.

Fang Bai seemed to have an inkling of what was going on and, worried that they would say something embarrassing for both him and Baili Mingyue, forced a laugh and said, "Well... I have some things to do, so I'll be leaving now!"

"Hey, don't go yet! I bought breakfast and there's your share!"

Baili Mingyue stepped out from behind her mother, waving a breakfast bag in her hand.

"Oh, I'll just take two buns to eat on the way!"

Fang Bai strode up to Baili Mingyue, took out two big pork buns from the breakfast bag she was holding, said "Thank you," and, holding one in each hand, bit into them and hurried out.

"Eating so fast, be careful not to choke!"

Baili Mingyue shouted out after him.

"You silly girl, can't you say something nicer?"

Baili Zhan, annoyed by his daughter's lack of tact, lightly smacked her on the back of the head.

...

The sky was clear, the blue vast and unclouded.

The sunlight of dawn cast its rays upon them, bringing a slight warmth.

With the weather so pleasant, one's mood naturally brightened.

Xiong Yingxiong, a second-year student majoring in Traditional Chinese Medicine at Yanjing Medical University, was chatting and laughing with two classmates as they headed to school.

Seeing Xiong Yingxiong shake off his gloominess from the previous days and return to his normal self brought relief to his two classmates.

Just a few days ago, Xiong Yingxiong's girlfriend He Qing, whom he had been dating for nearly half a year, broke up with him without warning. Later, Xiong Yingxiong learned from another classmate that He Qing had been charmed away by a senior student from the same school.

It was said that the senior had better looks and a more prominent family background than Xiong Yingxiong, and it didn't take He Qing more than a few days to surrender to his romantic advances, abandoning the love she once envisioned with Xiong Yingxiong for the embrace of the senior.

Xiong Yingxiong was a straightforward and decisive person. When his girlfriend broke up with him, he didn't create a scene nor did he pester her aggressively.

At the same time, Xiong Yingxiong was a man of deep emotions and loyalty. During the half-year he spent with his girlfriend, he treated her with utmost care and invested a lot of emotion in their relationship. The sudden breakup caught him off guard and dealt him a not insignificant blow.

For several days, Xiong Yingxiong was in low spirits, silent and unapproachable, prompting his concerned friends who had good relations with him to counsel and comfort him, hoping he wouldn't take any drastic steps.

When Xiong Yingxiong arrived at school a few days ago, he intended to get in touch with his master Fang Bai to ask him out for a meal, but this sudden heartbreak completely dampened his spirits.

Chapter 609: Will You Die If You Don't Brag?

Yesterday evening, Xiong Yingxiong had dinner with a few classmates he was on good terms with. They drank a lot of alcohol and got totally drunk; by this morning when he woke up, his mood had finally improved somewhat.

Xiong Yingxiong didn't live in the school dormitory but instead rented a house with several classmates near the school, which made it convenient to commute to and from school every day.

As the three of them approached the school gate side by side, they saw a black imported sedan pull over at the side of the road. When the car door opened, a male and female student climbed out.

Seeing the male and female students, Xiong Yingxiong's face changed.

The pair was none other than his ex-girlfriend He Qing and her new boyfriend Dongfang Yue.

"That car must cost over a million, right? Having a chauffeur drive you to school... Damn it, Dongfang Yue's family is really rich. No wonder He Qing... Sigh!"

"So what if he's rich? Can money just pry people away? And He Qing, that woman is too vain. It's better off without her! Yingxiong breaking up with her was a good thing!"

"That's reasonable! With a woman like that, even if you can afford to marry her, you couldn't afford to keep her in the long run. It's better to end things early!"

The classmates standing on either side of Xiong Yingxiong muttered indignantly as they looked at He Qing and Dongfang Yue walking shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand.

Objectively speaking, He Qing was pretty attractive among women, and definitely above average in looks, especially with a figure that was very eye-catching.

Dongfang Yue was tall and handsome, dressed in designer brands, and had a lethal appeal to girls. Moreover, his whole being exuded a sharpness that clearly showed he was skilled in martial arts.

Compared to Dongfang Yue, the only advantage Xiong Yingxiong might have had was his height.

When Xiong Yingxiong saw He Qing and Dongfang Yue, they also saw him.

He Qing's face showed a bit of awkwardness. She looked down, intending to avoid Xiong Yingxiong, but Dongfang Yue, holding her hand, walked straight towards Xiong Yingxiong with a hint of smugness and a somewhat arrogant air.

"Xiao Qing, you... you've come to school?"

Seeing his ex-girlfriend holding hands with another man, looking all sweet and dependent, Xiong Yingxiong's expression became complex. However, he wasn't a petty man who would turn love into hatred just because a relationship didn't work out. He managed to squeeze out a faint smile and greeted He Qing.

"'Xiao Qing' is for you to call her? You're Xiong Yingxiong, right? Xiao Qing is now my girlfriend, she has nothing to do with you anymore. Keep your distance from her in the future! If I hear about you harassing her, I'll break your legs!"

Dongfang Yue looked at Xiong Yingxiong with disdain and spoke in a domineering manner.

Xiong Yingxiong, far from being angry, smiled and patted his chest, declared loudly, "What do you take me for, Xiong Yingxiong? Since Xiao... I mean He Qing and I have broken up, there's no more connection between us!"

Dongfang Yue sneered, "As if you'd dare!"

"Lin Dahu, Zhao Qiang, let's go!"

Although Xiong Yingxiong was infuriated by Dongfang Yue's arrogance, he didn't want to fight over a girl or let jealousy provoke an altercation. He decided to ignore Dongfang Yue and, after taking a deep look at He Qing, he called out to his two classmates and turned to walk towards the school.

"Yingxiong!"

Just then, a calm and gentle voice reached Xiong Yingxiong's ears.

Turning his head, Xiong Yingxiong saw Fang Bai coming from not too far away, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

Walking amidst a group of students, he wore a white garment and had an extraordinary air, ethereal and otherworldly.

His steps were neither fast nor slow, evoking the sensation of clouds flowing waterlike, as if an Immortal who transcended the mundane world had descended, gliding on the clouds.

"Who is this guy?"

"Is he a student at our school?"

"I've never seen him before!"

"Maybe he's a freshman!"

"He's so handsome! He's exactly my type!"

"There's something indescribable and charismatic about him, very attractive!"

"Suddenly, I feel like our school's top four hunks pale in comparison, they seem so unsophisticated next to him!"

"Oh my, my little heart is 'thump thump' pounding so fiercely!"

"I can't stand it, I have to find out which class he's in and get his phone number! I call dibs on this guy!"

"Dream on, fair competition!"

"Ugh! You've got several boyfriends already, why are you competing with us? Can you give us a break?"

"No no no! I must vigorously develop my own harem... this guy, I want him to be the leader of my harem!"

"Pah! Shameless!"

"What a frivolous little minx!"

...

At this time, during the peak of students heading to school, hundreds of male and female students were converging toward the school entrance from all directions. When they saw Fang Bai in his white attire, with a smile on his lips and an extraordinary demeanor, many of the girls around got lovestruck, pointing at him with longing looks.

Even He Qing, who was standing next to Dongfang Yue, couldn't help but take several more glances at Fang Bai.

Compared to these infatuated girls, the boys had much more complex feelings, mostly jealousy. Dongfang Yue looked particularly hostile, thinking who the hell is this kid? He's stealing the limelight too much!

"Master... Master? How... How come you're here?"

Seeing Fang Bai suddenly appearing at the entrance of his school, Xiong Yingxiong was stunned, then overwhelmed with joy. He went up to greet him and gave Fang Bai a deep bow.

Master?

Xiong Yingxiong's two classmates exchanged glances, wondering when Xiong Yingxiong had taken such a young master, and what did this young master do?

"Yingxiong, he's your master?"

"You're not joking, right?"

Lin Dahu and Zhao Qiang walked up to Xiong Yingxiong, looking at Fang Bai with skepticism, thinking that this guy looked about the same age as Xiong Yingxiong; a friend maybe, but a master was hard to believe.

"Dahu, Zhao Qiang, this is the master I met on the train coming to Yanjing. He's incredible, practicing both medicine and martial arts!"

Xiong Yingxiong, seeing Fang Bai appear there, thought he had come to find him to teach him medicine and martial arts techniques. The depressing mood caused by his girlfriend issues instantly vanished.

"Practicing both medicine and martial arts? Incredible, huh? Pfft... Xiong Yingxiong, you'd die if you didn't brag, right? This kid is your master? You're really making something of yourself, taking such a green youngster as a master... Does your master even know what it means to practice both medicine and martial arts? Has he mastered them?"

Dongfang Yue, who had not left the scene, heard Xiong Yingxiong's words, glanced at Fang Bai disdainfully and laughed coldly, his voice full of scornful mockery.

Born into a prominent Yanjing family, with both Ancient Martial experts and Ancient Medicine Sect disciples in his family, he considered himself well-versed. He figured someone as young as Fang Bai was unlikely to have mastered either the medical or the martial dao, let alone both.

Did he think studying medicine and martial arts was as simple as eating and drinking?

His own family had no shortage of martial artists and medics, and having been immersed in these fields since childhood, he had only learned the basics after more than a decade. This youngster in front of him, who looked to be at most twenty years old, even younger than himself, had already taken on disciples?

Only a fool like Xiong Yingxiong would be dumb enough to take him as a master!

Such a provincial frog in a well, the ignorance is hilarious!

Chapter 610: Apologize to My Master!

"Dongfang Yue, you insult me, and I tolerate it! But if you insult my master, I won't accept it!"

Upon hearing Dongfang Yue's words, Xiong Yingxiong suddenly turned around, his fists clenched tight, glaring at Dongfang Yue as he angrily shouted.

"What about it if I insult him? What can you do to me?"

Dongfang Yue chuckled lightly; he knew real kung fu and didn't take the burly Xiong Yingxiong seriously at all.

"Apologize to my master!"

Xiong Yingxiong's anger rapidly surged as he shouted sternly.

Xiong Yingxiong was not only sentimental and loyal but also deeply respectful of his teachers. He firmly believed Fang Bai was highly capable, and since he had taken him as his master, he respected him to his core. If someone insulted his master, as a disciple, of course, he had to defend him with all his might.

"Forget it, Hero, it's not worth it for such a trivial matter!"

"Dongfang Yue is not someone to provoke lightly!"

Xiong Yingxiong's two classmates, Lin Dahu and Zhao Qiang, advised him in a low voice.

Although they knew Xiong Yingxiong had practiced martial arts at the Martial Arts School and was good at fighting, Dongfang Yue seemed to come from a very powerful family.

These days, no matter how skilled you are, you can't beat money and power!

"Apologize?"

Dongfang Yue smiled arrogantly and pointed at Fang Bai, "What is he? Is he worthy of an apology from me, Dongfang Yue?"

"You son of a bitch!"

Xiong Yingxiong completely lost his temper, and with a low growl, his tall figure charged towards Dongfang Yue, throwing a punch at his chest.

"Don't overestimate yourself!"

Dongfang Yue snorted and threw a punch as well to meet Xiong Yingxiong's.

Xiong Yingxiong stood half a head taller than Dongfang Yue, and his body also looked much stronger, so everyone around them expected Xiong Yingxiong to have the upper hand and for Dongfang Yue to be utterly beaten.

"Xiong Yingxiong, stop it!"

He Qing also thought Dongfang Yue would be at a disadvantage, her face turning pale as she shouted sharply.

Before her voice fell, Dongfang Yue and Xiong Yingxiong's fists collided, followed by a muffled grunt, and a figure staggered back uncontrollably.

Apart from Fang Bai and Dongfang Yue himself, no one on the scene expected the retreating person to be Xiong Yingxiong.

Xiong Yingxiong retreated six or seven steps before barely stabilizing his stance, his punching hand trembling slightly, a flash of pain crossing his eyes.

Clearly, he had taken a big loss from that exchange of punches.

Lin Dahu and Zhao Qiang stood stunned, their faces filled with disbelief.

He Qing's eyes shone brightly, looking at Dongfang Yue with infatuation and admiration on her face.

Son of a bitch, this Dongfang Yue is much more skilled than the trainers at the Martial Arts School!

Xiong Yingxiong gritted his teeth, enduring the pain that came through his fist, feeling a wary caution in his heart.

When he threw that punch, it felt as if he had struck an incredibly hard rock, his knuckles giving the sensation of being shattered. Only then did he realize Dongfang Yue was also skilled in the martial arts and much stronger than himself.

"Do you still want me to apologize now?"

Dongfang Yue looked at Xiong Yingxiong with a mocking smile on his lips.

"I'll fight you with everything I've got!"

Xiong Yingxiong wasn't one to cower or back down easily. Seeing Dongfang Yue's arrogant demeanor, he gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and prepared to charge again.

"Wait a moment!"

Fang Bai suddenly stretched out his hand and lightly patted Xiong Yingxiong's shoulder.

Xiong Yingxiong only felt that when Fang Bai's palm struck, a stream of energy infiltrated his body, circulating through his entire form. When the energy flowed through his fist, the pain there miraculously disappeared, and the energy lingered in his fist without dispersing, seemingly transforming into an inexplicably powerful force.

Xiong Yingxiong was both shocked and delighted, wondering if that stream was the True Yuan Master mentioned on the train, capable of aiding in healing?

"Alright, go and exchange punches with him again!"

Fang Bai smiled, giving Xiong Yingxiong an encouraging look.

His smile seemed to carry a sort of magic power. Xiong Yingxiong nodded vigorously, blood surging with enthusiasm, and roared once more as he charged toward Dongfang Yue without any hesitation.

Before his body arrived, his punch was already unleashed.

Likewise, it was a straight right punch, aiming for Dongfang Yue's chest!

"Courting death!"

Dongfang Yue's eyes flashed coldly as he sneered in disdain and met the punch with one of his own.

He hadn't used his full strength in his punch just now, but this time, he decided to let Xiong Yingxiong taste his true power.

Dongfang Yue wasn't afraid of injuring Xiong Yingxiong.

Firstly, in this confrontation, it was Xiong Yingxiong who had attacked him first, and he was in a position of self-defense;

Secondly, his family donated a substantial sum to Yanjing Medical University every year, so the university authorities wouldn't penalize him over this matter.

At worst, he would compensate Xiong Yingxiong with some money later. Dongfang Yue lacked nothing if not money; even though he was attending university, the amount in his account could sustain many ordinary families for their entire lifetimes.

When the punches collided, Dongfang Yue expected Xiong Yingxiong's knuckles might fracture a bit and then he would rapidly fall backward, landing on his rear among the flower belts two zhang away, making a fool of himself and disgracing his own name.

Watching the fists of both fighters drawing nearer, and imagining Xiong Yingxiong's embarrassing scene, a slight, cold and cruel smile appeared on Dongfang Yue's lips.

Boom—

This time, when the fists met, a dull sound erupted as if two high-speed moving sandbags had collided.

Following the dull sound, Dongfang Yue noticed a very strange phenomenon.

Xiong Yingxiong stood unmoving in his original spot, looking at him with a face full of astonishment, while Dongfang himself seemed to be rapidly distancing from Xiong Yingxiong.

Hearing the exclamations around him and seeing the crowd that had suddenly become much shorter than him, Dongfang Yue realized that he was airborne, flying backward in an inverted posture.

"I've been sent flying by Xiong Yingxiong's punch? How is this possible?"

After this thought crossed his mind, Dongfang Yue suddenly felt an immense pain transmitting from his fist, so intense that he uncontrollably split his mouth wide, emitting a scream like a pig being slaughtered.

Boom—

Then, another dull sound resonated; it was the sound of Dongfang Yue crashing into the flower belt.

His landing posture was a classic 'falling wild goose with the rear facing downward' — textbook material.

Luckily for Dongfang Yue, he landed on a lush, low tree, which absorbed some of the downward force with its dense branches and leaves. Thus, although he fell in complete pain, he wasn't injured, but he couldn't get up for the time being.

By then, many students had gathered at the school's entrance, quite a few bearing witness to the scene of Xiong Yingxiong sending Dongfang Yue flying.

To send a living person flying through the air was something that should only happen in martial arts films; it was incredible in reality. Therefore, some students were staring at Dongfang Yue, and others at Xiong Yingxiong, utterly dumbfounded.

Lin Dahu and Zhao Qiang had their mouths agape enough to fit a duck egg, looking up at the towering Xiong Yingxiong at a 45-degree angle, as if they had just met him today.

"A-Yue!"

He Qing was stunned for a moment, then suddenly screamed and rushed to Dongfang Yue's side, intending to help him stand up.

Hiss—

Perhaps He Qing's way of supporting him was wrong, or she touched a painful spot on Dongfang Yue's body, because the pain made him inhale sharply. He pushed He Qing away with one hand and ended up sitting on the ground again.