

Doctor 61

Chapter 61: Tu Fu

What puzzled Fang Bai was why Xia Chenyu, who clearly wasn't drunk, pretended to be?

Was she deliberately giving herself an opportunity for a kiss, or was she testing if he would take advantage of her?

What was her purpose in doing so?

Fang Bai thought about it for a long time but couldn't figure it out, so he simply stopped thinking about it.

Since Xia Chenyu didn't have any bad intentions, and she wanted to act, he might as well play along with her.

During the act, they pulled and tugged at each other, hugging and holding, barely separating; Fang Bai could feel that Xia Chenyu's body was very soft, her waist slender, and her chest full.

After walking a dozen steps, Fang Bai felt as if a pair of eyes were watching him from behind.

The stronger a martial artist's power, the more acute their sensitivity to their surroundings and the flow of energy.

If the owner of those eyes harbored a killing intent towards Fang Bai, he would immediately feel his scalp tingle as if he were being targeted by a venomous snake.

But at that moment, the gaze felt tepid and peaceful, so Fang Bai guessed it must be Xia Chenyu sneaking glances at him.

"Her sneaking looks at me means there are only two possibilities: one is that I'm quite good-looking; the other is that she's fallen for me."

Fang Bai couldn't help but touch his own cheek, realizing for the first time that he had the potential to be a pretty boy.

However, he soon began to fret.

What should he do if Xia Chenyu made it clear she wanted to pursue him the next time they met?

Should he half-heartedly agree?

For a man, that would be too much of a loss of face, too degrading!

Should he reject her sternly and righteously?

But she was a top-notch beauty.

Only a fool would push her away!

In the midst of his dilemma, Fang Bai left the residential area where Xia Chenyu lived and headed in the direction of Zhongzhou Medical College.

The weather in June was already hot, especially during the afternoon when even pedestrians were seldom seen on the streets.

After passing the bustling Peace Avenue, just cross the lively Flower and Bird Street, and he would reach the street where Zhongzhou Medical College was located.

But Fang Bai did not continue straight ahead; instead, he suddenly changed direction and turned into a nearby, deserted side street.

Seeing him change his route, the two black sedans that were following him from a distance hesitated for a moment before continuing to tail him.

This side street was about three hundred meters long; to the west was a pale pink wall, and to the east was a row of shops, mostly occupied by internet cafes, with young people occasionally coming and going.

Fang Bai, with his hands in his pockets, deliberately slowed his pace, as if waiting for something.

One of the black sedans behind him stopped, while the other suddenly sped up, passing Fang Bai and stopping about ten meters in front of him, blocking his path.

The two sedans, one in front and one behind, blocked Fang Bai's advance and retreat.

Fang Bai stopped walking, his eyes narrowing as he observed the man emerging from the car in front, nearly bursting into laughter.

The man was in his thirties, with a ruddy nose and small eyes, a face so ordinary that he'd be hard to find in a crowd if not for his highly recognizable bald head that shone brightly in the sunlight and could be likened to an oversized Luminous Pearl at night.

The bald man was not tall, around five foot seven, but his girth was twice that of Fang Bai, which made him look like a comical meatball.

He only wore a black apron over his upper body and large shorts underneath, with flip-flops on his feet, and a blue wolf tattoo on his left arm.

Unfortunately, the excess fat on his body made most of the wolf sink into his flesh, making it nearly invisible.

A gust of wind brought a scent of blood and raw meat from the bald man, reminding Fang Bai of the butchers at the meat markets selling pork, beef, and mutton.

"Judging by this guy's outfit, is he really a pig butcher?"

Fang Bai pondered in secret.

“I am a pig butcher, and my name is Tu Fu!”

The bald man said without expression, his voice was so deep it was as if he carried two subwoofers with him.

Fang Bai couldn't help but burst into laughter.

His guess was correct, this fellow really was a pig butcher, and his name truly matched his profession!

“We don't seem to know each other, do we?”

Fang Bai didn't recognize Tu Fu, but he could see a murderous intent in the other's gaze, so he asked with a smile.

Tu Fu nodded, “Indeed, we don't.”

Fang Bai asked curiously, “Then why are you blocking my path?”

“Because I'm going to cripple your hands and feet.”

Tu Fu shook his right hand, and a pig butcher's knife appeared in his right hand as if by magic, out of thin air.

The butcher's knife, about a foot long, reflected a dazzling light under the sun, chilling despite the scorching heat.

On the blade of the butcher's knife, there seemed to be residual bits of flesh and blood, as if he had come straight here after slaughtering a pig.

"I'll use the tip of the knife to sever your tendons in your hands and feet...

don't worry, I've butchered many pigs and have plenty of experience.

My cuts are quick and light, so you won't feel any pain..."

Tu Fu gripped the knife handle and said woodenly as he stepped towards Fang Bai, his eyes sharper than the blade fixed on him.

His footsteps were heavy and steady, each one measured as though calculated.

At that moment, two young men walked out of an internet café nearby.

Upon seeing Tu Fu wielding the butcher's knife, they immediately turned pale and ran back inside, not daring to show their faces again.

Soon, the doors of several internet cafés were shut.

The owners and customers hid inside, with the faint-hearted trembling in corners and the braver ones peering through the cracks in the windows.

"Could you give me a reason?"

Fang Bai, watching Tu Fu approach step by step, feeling his mounting aura, sighed, "I really don't want my limbs broken for no good reason."

"Because I am Tu Fu!"

Tu Fu proclaimed proudly, "Does a butcher need a reason to kill pigs and slaughter sheep?"

"Killing pigs and slaughtering sheep indeed doesn't require a reason, but I am a human being."

"In my eyes, there's no difference between humans and pigs or sheep."

"That's lawlessness!"

"In Zhongzhou City, neither law nor heaven can touch me."

In the underworld of Zhongzhou, after years of fighting and consolidation, only three forces still existed, and the Hungry Wolf Group was one of them.

And Tu Fu was the most ferocious warrior of the Hungry Wolf Group.

Over the years, that foot-long butcher's knife in Tu Fu's hands had been stained with the blood of countless enemies, terrifying many adversaries.

It could be said that the Hungry Wolf Group's share of power in the Zhongzhou underworld was largely due to Tu Fu's contributions.

If Fang Bai had been a lowly henchman in the underworld, the name "Tu Fu" and the sight of him walking over with a knife would have sent him running in fear, crying and begging for mercy on his knees.

Unfortunately, Fang Bai had never dabbled in the underworld, nor was he any kind of henchman.

This was his first encounter with Tu Fu, and the first time he had heard the name Tu Fu.

Perhaps it was ignorance breeding fearlessness, but he was surprisingly indifferent to Tu Fu's approach.

Chapter 62: The Butcher is Butchered

Before approaching Fang Bai, Tu Fu had viewed a profile of him from Black Panther and knew that this medical student was anything but ordinary.

He had easily knocked down several bodyguards around Liu Yuanlong, and not one of those bodyguards was a match for him with a single move.

The bodyguards around Liu Yuanlong had all practiced martial arts, and although their skills were far from true Ancient Martial, it made them superior fighters among ordinary people.

Yet, those experts were effortlessly taken down by Fang Bai, one by one.

Tu Fu concluded that Fang Bai, like himself, was an Ancient Martial Cultivator.

So, despite his arrogance, Tu Fu did not underestimate Fang Bai.

Usually, he would fight using only his fists, but this time he brought out his butcher's knife.

When he got within two Zhang of Fang Bai, Tu Fu's corpulent body suddenly fell to the ground, turning into a meatball and rolling forward towards him.

The speed of Tu Fu's rolling was unimaginably fast.

As he rolled under Fang Bai's feet, the butcher's knife in his hand turned into a sharp white flash, cleaving the air with a piercing scream, aiming straight for the tendons in Fang Bai's feet.

If the tendons were severed and not promptly reattached, the feet would become useless.

For a martial artist, the severing of tendons meant a fate worse than death.

Tu Fu's knifework was not only fast but also vicious and accurate.

If the knife's edge so much as touched Fang Bai, his tendons would instantly snap.

This indicated that slicing tendons was something Tu Fu had done more than once or twice; he had perfected the technique to an art form.

Perhaps Tu Fu's attack was too fast, leaving Fang Bai with no time to react.

The tip of the knife was less than two inches from Fang Bai's tendons, yet Fang Bai still made no move to dodge.

Tu Fu couldn't help but feel a bit smug.

Before attacking, he saw Fang Bai's calm demeanor and thought the fight would be tough, so he went all out with no reservations.

He didn't expect that the battle could end in the blink of an eye, so easily won.

Thinking of the generous reward he would get on his return, a trace of a smile emerged on Tu Fu's lips.

However, that smile had yet to spread before it froze on his face.

The butcher's knife did not manage to sever Fang Bai's tendons; instead, it had been stepped on by him.

With a mere light lift and drop of his right leg, Fang Bai trapped the butcher's knife, which was about to touch his skin, under his foot.

Tu Fu's face turned pale with shock.

He clenched his left fist and attacked the leg that Fang Bai used to trap his knife.

If Fang Bai shifted his right leg, Tu Fu could pull out his knife and continue with even more ferocious attacks.

Thump—

Tu Fu's fist struck Fang Bai's leg solidly, producing a dull thud.

It should have been a happy moment to hit the target, but instead, Tu Fu cried, tears streaming down his face along with his snot.

Tu Fu had thrown his punch with almost all his strength, but hitting Fang Bai's leg felt like striking steel, shattering his knuckles and causing excruciating pain.

Even though Tu Fu's fists were hard enough to break stones, when stone collides with steel, the stone is bound to suffer.

Crack—

Another sound of breaking bones echoed.

Tu Fu's knife-holding hand had also been fiercely stepped on by Fang Bai.

In an instant, both of Tu Fu's hands were rendered useless.

Amidst the agony and fear, Tu Fu let out a shrill and piercing scream, similar to the sound of a pig being slaughtered.

Fang Bai, standing on Tu Fu's hand, prevented him from getting up.

Then he squatted down and asked softly, "I know someone must have sent you to trouble me.

Tell me, who was it?"

Surprisingly, Tu Fu was rather tough.

Despite the pain turning his face pale and causing him to sweat profusely, he clenched his teeth and remained silent.

"Was this really necessary?"

Fang Bai sighed, "All you had to do was tell the truth, and I would have let you go, pretending nothing happened.

But if you refuse to talk...

then you'll have to continue enduring the pain."

"Pah!

I've walked through a Corpse Mountain Blood Sea Killing; I'm not afraid of death, what else should I fear?

Come on, use whatever methods you've got!

If I even frown, I'm no man!"

Tu Fu growled in anger.

Fang Bai gave a snort of laughter and said, "You may act above the law, but I can't!

I'm still a student, you know!

Don't worry, I won't kill you.

I'm a reasonable person.

You wanted to cripple my hands and feet, right?

Fine, I'll just return the favor."

He picked up Tu Fu's pig-slaughtering knife, moved behind Tu Fu, and with a swift motion, severed the tendons in both of Tu Fu's feet.

With his hands' bones broken and his feet's tendons severed, Tu Fu had completely become a cripple.

Seeing the situation turn dire, the sedan that had blocked Fang Bai's retreat quickly turned around and left.

"You will get your retribution!"

Tu Fu lay on the ground, his body twisting in struggle, his facial features contorted together in pain, and he howled as if mad.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "If a butcher like you isn't afraid of retribution, what do I have to fear?"

With a light flick of his foot, he flipped Tu Fu's body over and extended his right index finger to lightly touch Tu Fu's chest, introducing a slender strand of Qi as fine as a silver needle into one of Tu Fu's meridians.

If Qi followed along the meridians, it would naturally be beneficial for a Martial Artist.

But if the Qi flowed in the opposite direction, the result would be the exact opposite.

At first, Tu Fu only felt a stream of energy entering his body, flowing against his meridians.

It was painful, but bearable.

However, in just a moment, that stream of energy split into ten, then a hundred, then thousands, and the speed of the reverse flow increased rapidly, as if countless red-hot steel needles were darting through his internal organs.

Tu Fu couldn't help but moan in pain, sweat rolling off him like beads, quickly creating a puddle shaped like a human on the ground.

Tu Fu's life had been one of licking blood off the knife's edge, fighting and killing, sustaining countless injuries, yet none of the pain he had ever experienced compared to even one ten-thousandth of what he felt now.

If he could die, Tu Fu would have preferred to die immediately rather than continue to bear such agony, as if being roasted over a raging fire.

"It's very painful, isn't it?"

Fang Bai knelt beside Tu Fu, smiling as he said, "Tell me who's pulling your strings, and you won't have to suffer this pain anymore..."

After gritting his teeth and enduring for a while, during which he fainted several times and was revived each time by Fang Bai's special methods, Tu Fu finally broke down.

"I'm from the Hungry Wolf Group!"

Tu Fu's eyes were bloodshot, bulging out as he roared in pain, "The one who ordered me to target you was the Hungry Wolf Group's boss, Hungry Wolf!"

"An obedient Tu Fu is a good Tu Fu."

Fang Bai laughed heartily, asked a few more questions in a low voice, gathered the information he wanted from Tu Fu, and then strode away.

Tu Fu lay on his back, seemingly relieved as he let out a long breath.

Moments later, the fleeing sedan reappeared on the street, slowly driving past Tu Fu's body, then stopped on the side of the road ahead.

"Boss, the mission failed.

Tu Fu has been crippled by the other party, and he seems to have spilled some beans...

"

One of the men in the car dialed a number on his cell phone and reported solemnly.

There was silence on the other end of the phone for a moment before a hoarse voice came through, "If he's a cripple now, then there's no need to keep him."

"Understood, boss."

Chapter 63: Hungry Wolf Group

Soon after, a chaotic sound of footsteps arose, as a group of tattooed, bare-chested youths appeared in the alley, wielding machetes and yelling as they hacked at each other.

Strangely, their machetes never seemed to hit one another, but mostly landed on the body of Tu Fu, who lay on the ground.

Tu Fu's face bore a tragic smile, blood incessantly flowing from the wounds on his body, until he soon stopped breathing.

The sharp knife, once used for slaughtering pigs, had somehow ended up in a nearby trash can, submerged by a pile of rubbish.

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The death of Tu Fu caused a considerable stir in the underworld of Zhongzhou.

About how Tu Fu had died, there were various opinions, but the message from within the Hungry Wolf Group, where Tu Fu had belonged before his death, was—that Tu Fu was killed in a street fight by a bunch of thugs.

Of course, no one believed this answer.

In the underworld of Zhongzhou, Tu Fu's abilities were said to be invincible; even if he were surrounded by a hundred thugs, he could have easily broken free.

It was impossible for him to be killed in such a way.

Tu Fu was the number one warrior of the Hungry Wolf Group, and his death was a significant blow to them.

For the rivals of the Hungry Wolf Group, however, they saw a golden opportunity to expand their territory and seize profits.

And so, the long-quiet underworld of Zhongzhou became turbulent and unsettled once again due to the death of Tu Fu.

With the underworld in chaos, the public order in Zhongzhou City was directly affected, the crime rate visibly increased, citizens were filled with anxiety, and the police force began to have headaches.

That afternoon, Fang Bai, who was attending a class at the medical college, received a call from Tang Wenrou, saying he was implicated in a homicide case and needed to come to the police station to assist with the investigation.

In Tang Wenrou's words, the police department already had conclusive evidence that proved Fang Bai was associated with the homicide case.

Originally, the police had planned to send someone to the medical college to bring Fang Bai to the station, but considering Fang Bai's prior good cooperation with the police, and the many peculiarities in the homicide case, they decided to inform Fang Bai through Tang Wenrou, asking him to come to the station himself.

After school in the afternoon, Fang Bai rode his bicycle to the Zhongzhou City Police Station.

Waiting for Fang Bai was Tang Wenrou, in her office.

"Sit."

Tang Wenrou gestured to the seat across her desk, indicating for Fang Bai to sit, then stood up to pour him a glass of water and placed it before him.

If Tang Wenrou's colleagues saw this scene, they would surely be green with envy—Section Chief Tang personally pouring water was a treatment not even the chief of the bureau enjoyed, so what deeds had Fang Bai done to deserve such favor from Beauty Tang?

“Take a look at this first.”

Tang Wenrou pushed a laptop that was on her desk towards Fang Bai.

The laptop was looping a video recorded on a smartphone.

The scene in the video was an alley, one that Fang Bai was very familiar with since he had passed it earlier at noon.

In the first half of the video, there were only two people.

One was Fang Bai, and the other was Tu Fu.

The entire process of their confrontation was captured, from Tu Fu stepping forward with a pig-slaughtering knife, to Fang Bai leaving with large strides—a brief few minutes.

To ordinary eyes, the fight between the two was too brief and lacked spectacle, not exciting at all.

But to Martial Artists, their movements were astonishingly fast, especially Fang Bai’s counterattack, which was swift, fierce, simple, and effective, achieving a kill with a single strike.

The latter half of the video showed a gang of thugs fighting chaotically around the injured and fallen Tu Fu.

After the thugs retreated, Tu Fu lay there with dozens of knife wounds, bleeding profusely, his eyes open in death.

Fang Bai carefully watched the video on the laptop, while Tang Wenrou was just as intently watching his face, her gaze hazy, her mind seemingly pondering something.

“The conflict between you and Tu Fu was captured by many netizens in nearby internet cafes with their phones.

The video you are watching is the most complete one.

Fang Bai, do you have anything to say?”

It was only after Fang Bai finished watching the video that Tang Wenrou withdrew her gaze and asked indifferently.

“I didn’t kill Tu Fu.”

Fang Bai picked up the cup in front of him and took a sip of water, a trace of fragrance lingered on his lips.

The water was brought by Tang Wenrou, and the scent came from her palm.

Fang Bai’s eyes fell on Tang Wenrou’s palm.

Her hands were fair and delicate, her fingers slender, as if carved from white jade.

It was hard to imagine that a police officer who often dealt with criminals and walked the edge of life and death would have such enchanting hands.

“You didn’t kill Tu Fu, but Tu Fu died because of you.

If it wasn’t for you wounding him first, how could he have been slashed to death by that gang of thugs?”

Tang Wenrou noticed Fang Bai’s gaze and a surge of anger rose in her heart.

Her beautiful eyes flashed sharply, commanding an aura of unspoken authority.

Fang Bai immediately averted his eyes, sitting upright and said solemnly, "Officer Tang, don't wrong me!

You saw it too, Tu Fu wanted to hurt me with a butcher knife.

Wounding him was a last resort and constituted self-defense."

Tang Wenrou nodded, "Based on the video, it was indeed Tu Fu who struck first.

Therefore, we consider your actions to be self-defense and will not hold you responsible."

Fang Bai gratefully replied, "Thank you."

Tang Wenrou frowned and asked, "But I am curious, why did you have a conflict with Tu Fu?

Did you know him before?"

Fang Bai shook his head and said, "I also find it strange.

I had no grudge against Tu Fu, so why did he act this way towards me?"

Tang Wenrou said, "You should know Tu Fu's identity by now, right?"

Fang Bai nodded and said, "After I took down Tu Fu, I asked him some questions and learned that he belonged to the 'Hungry Wolf Group,' and it was their gang leader who ordered him to target me.

But...

I don't have any dealings with the 'Hungry Wolf Group'!"

Tang Wenrou explained, "The 'Hungry Wolf Group' is a power in the Zhongzhou underground world; they have done many atrocious deeds that infuriate both heaven and men.

I have always wanted to take them down, but unfortunately, we lack concrete evidence."

After a pause, she continued, "Many underground forces do the 'take a man's money and eliminate calamities for him' kind of work.

Tu Fu targeting you doesn't necessarily have to be a matter of personal grudge.

You need to be more cautious in the future.

Since the 'Hungry Wolf Group' wants to target you, they might not stop until they achieve their goal.

Especially after Tu Fu's death, if they blame you, they are certain to seek relentless vengeance."

Fang Bai chuckled, his expression one of unconcern.

Tang Wenrou said with a stern face, "I know you are very strong, but an underground force like the 'Hungry Wolf Group' can become madly determined, stopping at nothing, which can catch you completely off guard."

"If it's impossible to guard against, then simply don't guard at all!"

Fang Bai said with a smile, "For me, the best defense is offense.

If I can nip the danger in the bud, I wouldn't mind doing so."

Tang Wenrou's expression grew more serious as she spoke softly, "As far as I know, the 'Hungry Wolf Group' has at least hundreds of members, and there are not a few experts like Tu Fu among them.

They have not just knives and clubs, but also firearms, so you must not act rashly."

Fang Bai nodded and said, "Don't worry.

I value my life more than anything and wouldn't joke about it lightly."

Chapter 64: Tang Wenrou is My Girlfriend

Tang Wenrou nodded, her gaze locked onto Fang Bai, and she said earnestly, "The strength of one person is ultimately limited.

If you can find any evidence of the 'Hungry Wolf Group's' suspected crimes, be sure to tell me.

I can mobilize the power of the police to help you!"

"I will."

"You don't need to worry about Tu Fu anymore.

I will take care of it for you."

"Officer Tang, I don't know how to thank you... How about I treat you to dinner?"

"There's no need, I still have a lot of things to take care of."

"Then I'll be on my way."

Fang Bai gave Tang Wenrou a slight smile and stood up to leave.

Tang Wenrou watched Fang Bai's departing figure, with the image of a man surfacing in her mind, her gaze filled with intense obsession and affection.

"Officer Tang, if there's a reward for catching a fugitive, remember to notify me!

I'm really short on cash lately!"

As Fang Bai reached the door, he suddenly turned back and said.

Tang Wenrou was slightly startled, and immediately lowered her eyelids, hiding a flicker of panic within her heart.

Then, with a voice as calm as still water, she said, "Understood.

You can go now."

Watching Fang Bai leave, Tang Wenrou let out a soft sigh of relief, slowly sat down, and rubbed her somewhat sore eyes.

Tang Wenrou was a workaholic who had recently handled many significant cases in succession.

Although she had been practicing Ancient Martial arts since she was young, and her vitality far exceeded that of an ordinary person, the continuous and heavy workload still inevitably left her feeling somewhat fatigued.

After a moment, there were light footsteps, and her assistant Xiao Meng came over and said in with an unusual expression, "Section Chief Tang, Mr.

Shen is waiting for you outside the police station.

He is asking how much longer it will take for you to finish your work.”

Tang Wenrou was taken aback and said coldly, “What does he want?”

“He seems to want to invite you to dinner.”

“Tell him I still have work to take care of and don’t have time right now.”

“Mr.

Shen said he will wait outside for you until you have finished all your work.”

“ ... ”

The Tang Family and the Shen Family were both prominent clans in Anxi City, and in addition, they were century-old friends.

Tang Wenrou and Shen Huanian had known each other since they were children and grew up together.

As they matured, Shen Huanian became more handsome and dashing, and Tang Wenrou became even more beautiful.

In the eyes of many, the two of them were a perfect match, a golden boy and a jade girl made in heaven.

Therefore, many relatives and friends wanted to match them together.

Shen Huanian had liked Tang Wenrou since childhood.

After reaching an age of awareness, he boldly confessed his feelings to her, only to be decisively rejected as Tang Wenrou regarded him only as a friend and did not harbor romantic feelings for him.

Unwilling to accept rejection, Shen Huanian pursued her even more aggressively.

Even when Tang Wenrou had a boyfriend during her time at the police academy, Shen Huanian did not give up.

Tang Wenrou, known for her typically bad temper, had said all sorts of harsh words to fend off Shen Huanian's persistent pursuit.

If it were not for the relations between their families, she would have even considered resorting to violence.

After Tang Wenrou's boyfriend died in the line of duty, Shen Huanian saw it as an opportunity.

He dedicated all his efforts and used every means to win over Tang Wenrou's heart, to her great annoyance.

One of the reasons Tang Wenrou transferred to the Zhongzhou City Police Station was to get away from Anxi and escape Shen Huanian's pursuit.

Yet, to her dismay, Shen Huanian would travel from Anxi to Zhongzhou almost every month, sometimes even directly coming to the police station to find her and openly declaring himself as her boyfriend to her colleagues, which left her feeling both angry and helpless.

The last time Shen Huanian came to the police station with flowers, Tang Wenrou used Fang Bai as a shield, causing Shen Huanian to leave in anger.

Unexpectedly, just a few days later, he was back again, with an attitude that suggested he would not give up until he achieved his goal.

Annoyed, Tang Wenrou waved her hand for her assistant Xiao Meng to leave.

She then paced back and forth alone in her office, her chest heaving uncontrollably.

Tang Wenrou was very angry and wanted to storm out of the police station to give Shen Huanian a good beating, but she ended up holding back.

A moment later, a smile appeared on Tang Wenrou's lips as she walked to her desk and picked up the phone to dial Fang Bai's mobile number.

"Officer Tang, what's up?"

When Fang Bai received Tang Wenrou's call, he had already ridden his bike several miles away, and the sun was about to set.

"Didn't you want to invite me to dinner?"

"I'm free now."

Tang Wenrou's indifferent voice came from the other end of the phone.

"..."

Fang Bai was taken aback and then shook his head with a wry smile.

He didn't know what game this woman was playing; she had said earlier that she had a lot to deal with when he asked her to dinner, and now that he was almost home, she suddenly had time.

Women really were fickle creatures.

“Where are you?”

“At the police station.”

“Where shall I wait for you?”

“Could you come to the police station to pick me up?”

“All right.”

Fang Bai was still hoping that Tang Wenrou could give him some “business,” allowing him to catch a few more wanted criminals and earn some rewards, so he called home to say he wouldn’t be back for dinner.

Then he turned his bike around and headed back to Zhongzhou City Police Station.

Upon arriving at Zhongzhou Police Station, he saw a white sports car parked at the entrance with a man in a white suit, elegant and debonair, holding a bouquet of flowers and leaning against the car door, seemingly waiting for someone.

When Fang Bai saw the man in the white suit, he couldn’t help but laugh; it was unexpected that after bumping into each other at the Four Seasons Spring hotel at noon, they would meet again here—it really was a small world for enemies.

It was obvious that the other party was waiting for Tang Wenrou.

The white-suited man was indeed Shen Huanian, who almost at the same time noticed Fang Bai.

Thinking back to the last time he came to bring Tang Wenrou flowers, when she was hugging and embracing Fang Bai with an intimate demeanor, Shen Huanian’s face immediately darkened.

However, considering that Fang Bai was an ancient martial cultivator, and even Hua Yi, the top young fighter from Rejuvenation Hall, admitted he was no match for him, Shen Huanian felt somewhat apprehensive.

He dared not speak unpleasant words to Fang Bai, snorted coldly, and turned his gaze away.

While he was not interested in paying attention to Fang Bai, Fang Bai walked up to him, pushing his bike, and said with annoyance, "Shen Huanian, what are you doing here again?"

Shen Huanian replied coldly, "What I'm here for is none of your business."

Fang Bai said, "I'm warning you, Tang Wenrou is my girlfriend.

If you dare harass her again, I'll beat you up!"

Shen Huanian retorted angrily, "You're talking nonsense!

Wenrou never said you were her boyfriend!

Since she doesn't have a boyfriend, I have every right to pursue her!

I know you're strong, but what's the point of being able to fight?

If you're a man, compete fairly!"

Fang Bai laughed and said, "Okay, fair competition it is, just as you said!"

Having said this, he parked his bicycle to one side and strode into the police station courtyard with his head held high.

He was planning to go to Tang Wenrou's office to look for her but found that Tang Wenrou had already come out to meet him.

Tang Wenrou was still in her fitted police uniform, simple and capable, valiant and handsome, with a pretty face and a cool temperament.

"Let's go to Fresh Fish Manor.

I like eating fish."

Tang Wenrou said, and, surprisingly, she took the initiative to link arms with Fang Bai.

However, her facial expression remained as indifferent as ever.

Chapter 65: Shen Family's Plan

Fang Bai thought about Shen Huanian outside the police station holding flowers and suddenly understood why Tang Wenrou wanted him to invite Shen to dinner.

Even though he was used as a shield once again, Fang Bai wasn't angry and smiled as he walked shoulder to shoulder with Tang Wenrou towards the outside.

"How did you come here?"

As they exited the police station building, Tang Wenrou suddenly asked.

"I have a bike."

"Then I'll ride with you."

"It's a bicycle."

“...”

“No way, I’m poor, can only afford a bicycle.”

“Didn’t you just get a reward of a hundred thousand yuan?”

You could buy a car with that!”

“I gave the money to my mom to improve our family’s living condition.”

“With your skills, earning money should be easy.”

“No connections!

How about Officer Tang, do you have a high-paying job to introduce to me?”

“I can.

If you’re willing, I can introduce you to a job immediately, guaranteed to pay no less than a hundred thousand a month.”

“I was joking... I’m still studying at Zhongzhou Medical College, can’t work for now.

Let’s talk after I graduate.”

“Fresh Fish Manor isn’t far, let’s just ride your bicycle there!”

The two chatted as they walked to the police station’s main entrance.

Just now, Shen Huanian heard from Tang Wenrou's assistant, Xiao Meng, that Tang Wenrou had many official duties to handle, so he waited patiently here, swearing not to leave without seeing Tang Wenrou.

But as soon as Fang Bai arrived, Tang Wenrou suddenly had no official duties to deal with and left with him, which made Shen Huanian feel wronged and angry.

Shen Huanian's pupils constricted, his teeth clenched tightly, and as he saw Tang Wenrou was about to ride away on Fang Bai's bicycle, he quickly stepped forward, gently saying, "Wenrou..."

Tang Wenrou turned around, glanced at the fresh flowers in his hands, and said without expression, "What is it?"

"Have you finished your official duties?"

"Hmm."

"Then let me take you out to dinner..."

"Sorry, I've already accepted Fang Bai's invitation."

"I invited you first."

Shen Huanian glanced at Fang Bai, who was smiling, and his teeth itched with hatred.

"I made a date with Wenrou this afternoon."

Fang Bai said with a smile.

Seeing Tang Wenrou nod, Shen Huanian could only say, "Then... may I invite you out for lunch tomorrow?"

“We’ll talk about it tomorrow.”

Tang Wenrou replied coolly, and seeing that Fang Bai had already pushed the bicycle over, she sat on it sideways.

Fang Bai waved to a sullen Shen Huanian, pedaled the bicycle, and rode with Tang Wenrou towards Fresh Fish Manor.

“Bastard!”

Shen Huanian watched the two ride away on the rickety bicycle, threw the flowers he held on the ground, and trampled on them hard.

Only when he had vented his rage did he return to his sports car, took a deep breath, and quickly dialed a number on his mobile phone.

“Dad...”

As the call connected, Shen Huanian’s voice was listless as he spoke.

“Your tone is filled with defeat and dismay...

what, was your trip to Zhongzhou not smooth?”

A deep, middle-aged man’s voice came from the other end of the phone.

“I’ve relayed your message to Chenyu, but she’s very resistant, and it seems there’s no room for negotiation.”

"I knew it would turn out like this...

There's no rush with this; we'll plan slowly."

"Also, there's another man around Chenyu now...

I can't tell if she's just playing around or if she's serious."

"Oh?

That's more interesting...

Have you found out who that man is?"

"His name is Fang Bai, from an ordinary family, currently a student at Zhongzhou Medical College...

It's said that Chenyu was once in a car accident and that man saved her life."

"Given Chenyu's personality, she wouldn't do something absurd like 'repaying a life-saving debt with a promise of marriage'...

Hmm, she must be putting on a show for us."

"There's another thing...

Tang Wenrou also has a man by her side now..."

"Shouldn't that man be you?"

"It's not me..." Shen Huanian ground his teeth as he said, "You might not believe it, but the man with Chenyu and the man with Tang Wenrou, it's the same person."

The middle-aged man on the other end of the phone seemed to pause, then laughed and said, "This is getting more and more interesting..."

Tell me, how did Tang Wenrou get to know this Fang Bai?"

"It's said that the two of them once teamed up to catch two A-level fugitives..."

Oh yes Dad, Fang Bai is actually an Ancient Martial Cultivator.

Hua Yi from 'Rejuvenation Hall' had a confrontation with him, and Hua Yi was no match."

"Ancient Martial Cultivator..."

There was silence on the other end again as if the middle-aged man was pondering something.

After a moment, he spoke solemnly, "Keep a close watch on this person, and don't clash with him rashly."

"What if..."

I mean, what if Chenyu really likes him?

And Tang Wenrou...

she just went to dinner with that Fang Bai..."

"Chenyu cannot end up with him, and Tang Wenrou can only be your wife, Shen Huanian.

Otherwise, our Shen Family's interests will be harmed, and our plans will be disrupted...

Come back to Anxi first.

We need to think things over and come up with a viable strategy.”

...

Tang Wenrou sat on the back seat of Fang Bai's bicycle, head tilted, gazing at his back with a captivated expression, her eyes revealing a rare touch of tenderness.

Of course, this touch of tenderness was unseen by Fang Bai, who was pedaling hard, focused on the road ahead to avoid hitting pedestrians and other vehicles.

Tang Wenrou wasn't wearing her police cap; the evening breeze played with her ponytail at the back of her head, bringing back a sense of her girlhood days.

There was a time when she had sat like this on the bicycle of a man she loved, her cheek pressed against his back, her arms wrapped tightly around his waist as they headed out of town to roam the mountains and waters, watching the sunrise and sunset by the sea.

That period was the happiest time of Tang Wenrou's life.

But with the passing of that man, Tang Wenrou's world turned grey, her face no longer carried a smile, her life lost its purpose, and she became quiet and indifferent, like still water.

She threw herself into her work, trying to numb herself to forget the past.

However, the appearance of Fang Bai stirred the tranquil waters of Tang Wenrou's heart.

Fang Bai's appearance greatly resembled the man Tang Wenrou had once deeply loved, even his words and actions, Tang Wenrou found them eerily similar.

In truth, Tang Wenrou knew that Fang Bai was quite different from that man, but she subconsciously didn't want to admit it.

She fantasized that Fang Bai was the same man, thinking that maybe heaven pitied her, unable to bear seeing her heartbroken, self-destructive, and had allowed him to be reborn by her side.

Looking at Fang Bai's silhouette, imagining her dearly loved man, Tang Wenrou's lips curled into a smile, her heart filled with peace.

Fresh Fish Manor's business was still booming; it wasn't even dark yet, and the vast dining room was already full of customers.

Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou sat down opposite each other at one of the tables, ordering a portion of pickled fish, four special side dishes, and two bottles of white liquor.

Two bottles of white liquor; one for Fang Bai, one for Tang Wenrou.

Chapter 66: The Terrifying Incident at the Fish Manor

Although Tang Wenrou was a woman, she was also a martial artist.

Ordinary people might get drunk and hurt themselves after drinking a bottle of liquor, but martial artists can drink without any issues.

Instead, it helps the circulation of qi and blood and is beneficial to cultivation.

With each dish, the two of them downed a cup of liquor, and it wasn't long before the bottle in front of them was empty.

Some of the customers at the adjacent table stared at Tang Wenrou in shock; they hadn't expected the beautiful police officer, who could allure the downfall of a nation, to have such a great capacity for alcohol.

While Tang Wenrou was a martial artist, she didn't have Fang Bai's ability to turn liquor into water, drinking thousands of cups without getting drunk.

After finishing a bottle of liquor, her cheeks had a touch of redness, adding a bit of delicate charm and allure to her valiant and spirited appearance.

"Officer Tang, if you changed careers to become a star, you would be incredibly successful,"

Fang Bai said, smiling at Tang Wenrou's pretty face.

Tang Wenrou replied with a straight face, "What's so good about being a star?

Fawning and pleasing the public, living a life of pretense!

I like my current job, solving cases, catching criminals, and ensuring peace for the community.

That's what gives life meaning!"

Fang Bai said, "Everyone has their own way of living.

You police solve cases and catch criminals, maintaining social order, which is admirable.

But workers in other industries also make their contribution to society."

"You should be close to graduation, right?

What are your plans after graduation?”

Tang Wenrou took a bite of a fish piece, wiped the grease from her mouth, and casually asked.

Fang Bai replied, “I study medicine; if possible, I will follow in my father’s footsteps and open a traditional Chinese medicine clinic.”

Tang Wenrou pursed her lips, “A Traditional Chinese medicine clinic...

Can that work?”

Fang Bai smiled and said, “What, you look down on traditional Chinese medicine?”

“I’m not looking down on it; it’s just that traditional Chinese medicine is declining.

As far as I know, there are quite a few traditional Chinese medicine clinics in Zhongzhou City, but most of them are rather deserted, barely maintaining operations.”

“Who says so?

Isn’t ‘Rejuvenation Hall’ doing very well?”

“Rejuvenation Hall...

that’s different.

That is a thousand-year-old traditional Chinese medicine prominent clan.

Just the three words ‘Rejuvenation Hall’ can attract many patients.”

“Our Fang Family is also a line of traditional Chinese medicine that has been passed down for several generations!

Although Fang’s Traditional Chinese Medicine is not well-known now, in two or three years, we will surpass ‘Rejuvenation Hall’.”

“You are an ancient martial cultivator; with your strength, opening a traditional Chinese medicine clinic is an underuse of your talents.

If you’re willing, I can recommend you as a martial arts instructor for our criminal investigation team.”

“You think I can’t run a traditional Chinese medicine clinic?

Let’s make a bet: If I open a clinic and can’t surpass ‘Rejuvenation Hall’ within three years, then I’ll be a martial arts instructor for your criminal investigation team for free.”

“It’s a deal!”

In the blink of an eye, the sky darkened, and Fresh Fish Manor grew more crowded with the clamor of more customers, creating a lively atmosphere.

It was then a family of three followed behind a few customers, slowly walking in from outside.

Among the family of three, the man looked to be about thirty-five, with a flat nose and large mouth, his unattractive features compounded by a grey crew neck T-shirt and unkempt hair that looked unwashed for who knows how long.

The woman, around thirty, had wine-red shoulder-length hair, thin eyebrows, small eyes, and an average appearance, her protruding belly revealing she was pregnant.

In the woman's hand was their son, a little boy of about six or seven years old, with somewhat dark skin, he kept looking down at the ground, making it hard to see his face.

This looked to be a very ordinary family—perhaps soon to be a family of four.

Like the other customers, this family of three seemed to have also come to eat.

However, unlike the other patrons who would look up to find seats upon entering the restaurant, this family kept their eyes to the ground.

The man walked in front, while the woman and boy, holding hands, followed two steps behind him.

What was most odd was that their footsteps were light and in unison as they moved, as if they had rehearsed it.

Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou were engrossed in eating and chatting, paying no attention to the family of three.

“Ah!”

As she passed by Tang Wenrou, the little boy slipped on something and suddenly fell toward her.

“Be careful!”

Tang Wenrou reacted quickly, hastily shifting to one side and reaching out to steady the boy.

She grasped the boy's left arm just in time, steadying him and letting out a sigh of relief.

“Thank you.”

The boy spoke, but his voice didn't have the childish quality it should; instead, it sounded like that of a mature man, deep and hoarse.

Tang Wenrou was taken aback, then she saw the boy raise his head, revealing a face full of wrinkles, exceedingly ugly like a bitter gourd.

That wasn't a little boy at all, but a dwarf nearing forty, barely over a meter tall.

When Tang Wenrou realized something was wrong and tried to push the dwarf away forcefully, he made his move.

A cold glint flashed, a foot-long blade, like a venomous snake lashing out, viciously stabbing toward the soft spot over Tang Wenrou's heart.

They were too close, and the dwarf's attack was too swift.

Although Tang Wenrou reacted in time, taking a sharp breath and pulling her abdomen in, recoiling backward, she still felt her uniform being pierced and pain on her skin.

"I'm going to die!"

Tang Wenrou knew she couldn't dodge it; in the next moment, the blade would pierce her heart and take her life.

Tang Wenrou's mind went blank.

In that instant, there was no fear in her heart, just a sense of relief as if a burden had been lifted.

She felt like she'd soon see the beloved man who had died in the line of duty protecting her.

Just as the dwarf's blade was piercing Tang Wenrou's uniform, two chopsticks in Fang Bai's hand shot out like lightning.

Ding—

The first chopstick struck the blade that the dwarf had thrust forward, making a crisp sound.

The steel-crafted blade astonishingly broke in half.

Thud—

The second chopstick pierced through the dwarf's wrist holding the blade, nailing his arm firmly to the backrest of the chair behind Tang Wenrou.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye.

If Fang Bai had been even one second slower, Tang Wenrou would have been a beautiful corpse.

Whew—

Tang Wenrou narrowly escaped death, took a deep breath, and felt her back soaked with cold sweat in an instant.

"Damn it!"

Tang Wenrou had not expected to be attacked here, and she was both shocked and furious, her pretty face showing her rage as she swung her palm toward the dwarf's shoulder.

Although her strength was not as great as Fang Bai's, she had been trained in martial arts since childhood by an Ancient Martial Master and was close to reaching the early stages of the Yellow Level, having a slight edge over the dwarf.

If it hadn't been for the dwarf's disguise as a child and his sudden surprise attack, he wouldn't even have had the chance to get close to Tang Wenrou.

Seeing Tang Wenrou's palm coming, with power like waves and fierce momentum, the dwarf bit down on his teeth and violently tugged at the arm nailed to the chair back.

A spray of fresh blood splattered, and the dwarf's arm was freed.

"Tang Wenrou, your life is mine!"

The dwarf ducked under Tang Wenrou's palm, his eyes bloodshot and bellowing fiercely, as his punches and kicks lashed out like lightning in a tidal wave of frenzied attacks on her.

Chapter 67: Let's go to hell together!

The dwarf wasn't interested in self-preservation, only in causing harm, fighting as if his life meant nothing.

Although Tang Wenrou was more powerful, she found herself overwhelmed and struggling to cope for a time.

As the dwarf launched his attack on Tang Wenrou, the ugly man and the pregnant woman behind him also surged forward, pouncing towards Tang Wenrou one after another.

All three attackers had their sights set on Tang Wenrou, seemingly determined to put her to death.

The sudden turn of events threw Fresh Fish Manor into complete chaos.

Shouts and screams of the guests were incessant, echoing all around, with some hiding under tables and chairs while others fled in a panic.

After the initial chaos, the superior Tang Wenrou gradually regained her footing.

Seeing this, Fang Bai did not intervene but instead stepped aside to watch the battle.

The dwarf, ugly man, and pregnant woman launched ferocious attacks, while Tang Wenrou defended and counterattacked with equal savagery.

Taking on all three, she managed not to fall behind.

The four individuals cursed and bellowed, fists and feet flying, resulting in tables and chairs being shattered and thrown about, rapidly clearing a large open space within the restaurant.

“Who exactly are you?”

After being attacked by the trio, Tang Wenrou was still baffled and unclear about their identities.

She pushed back the ugly man with a palm strike, then leaned back against a chair and demanded with her gentle voice.

“We’ll let you die with understanding!

We are the sworn brothers of Poisonous Snake Boss, here to avenge him!” the ugly man said with a sinister laugh.

His fists were clenched, eyes bulging, and his dirty, unkempt hair stood on end like an enraged lion.

“Poisonous Snake Boss...”

Tang Wenrou silently repeated the name twice in her mind, then her beautiful eyes suddenly flashed cold, her pretty face frosted over as she said sternly, “So it’s you, the ones who slipped through the net!”

The pregnant woman giggled, "We're the ones who slipped through your police's net, and yet you can't catch us.

What a joke!"

Tang Wenrou angrily replied, "This time, you won't escape!"

"As long as we can kill you and avenge Poisonous Snake Boss, it's worth it for the three of us to die!" the dwarf exclaimed aloud.

"Stop wasting words with her!

Kill her and let's get out of here!" the ugly man said.

Without speaking further, all three fixed Tang Wenrou with murderous glares.

The ugly man and the pregnant woman simultaneously brandished their daggers and, coordinating with the dwarf, launched an even more aggressive assault on Tang Wenrou.

Fang Bai, with eyes gleaming eagerly as if spotting delectable prey, rubbed his hands together and excitedly asked, "Officer Tang, are these three the fugitives with bounties on their heads by the police?

If they are, I'll capture them for you; if not, I'm not interested and I'll leave them to you to deal with slowly."

It then dawned on Tang Wenrou that Fang Bai's favorite activity was capturing criminals with large police bounties.

She thought to herself that alone, she might not be able to capture the trio, but if Fang Bai were willing to take action, they wouldn't stand a chance of escaping.

Tang Wenrou had witnessed Fang Bai's strength herself which was even stronger than that of her Ancient Martial master who had taught her.

"These three drug lords killed cops and broke out of prison two years ago, listed as A-level fugitives.

Capturing one gets you a reward of a hundred thousand!

If you can capture all three, that's three hundred thousand!"

Although Tang Wenrou really wanted to capture the dwarf trio by herself, she was also worried that they might escape and cause endless trouble.

So she no longer insisted on acting alone and stimulated Fang Bai to take action with the offer of a bounty.

No sooner had her words fallen than Fang Bai's figure blurred, and he appeared in front of her, blocking the trio's attack for her.

The dwarf struck with a punch, and Fang Bai countered with a punch of his own.

Boom—

Their fists connected, sending the dwarf flying backward like a cannonball, crashing into a pile of broken tables and chairs and passing out on the spot.

The ugly man launched into the air, his legs delivering a series of kicks with the force of thunder and the speed of pounding rain, their power awe-inspiring.

Fang Bai merely stretched out his hand and grabbed the ugly man's leg as easily as if picking something out of a bag, then flung him away with force.

As the ugly man flew through the air, he attempted to adjust his posture, hoping to land on his feet first, but he hadn't expected Fang Bai to paralyze his pressure point when throwing him, rendering him unable to move.

Consequently, his head went down first, and his face hit the ground.

His nose was smashed to the side, his mouth was split open, his front teeth were knocked out, and his face was covered in blood, making his already hideous face even more unsightly.

The pregnant woman screamed and, with her big belly, charged towards Fang Bai, trying to ram him with it.

Meanwhile, the dagger in her right hand, hugged close to the edge of her belly, was silently thrust out.

She had assumed Fang Bai would have reservations about harming a "pregnant woman" and would not dare to attack carelessly, but this guy didn't play by the rules and directly delivered a flying kick right onto her belly.

The pregnant woman grunted, stumbled back over a dozen steps, and sat down on the ground with a thump.

She wiped away the streak of blood from the corner of her mouth and gazed at Fang Bai with a vicious look, her expression filled with despair and resentment.

Tang Wenrou watched the sweating pregnant woman, troubled by pain, and her brow slightly furrowed.

Although the pregnant woman was a wanted criminal, she was pregnant, so Tang Wenrou had been careful not to touch her belly during their scuffle to avoid harming the child.

But she hadn't expected Fang Bai to disregard this altogether.

The kick he had just delivered likely meant the baby inside the pregnant woman's belly could hardly be saved now.

"Stuffing something inside the clothes and pretending to be pregnant?"

You might fool others, but you can't fool me.

I am, after all, a practitioner of Ancient Martial medicine," Fang Bai said with a smile, looking at the woman clutching her belly.

Tang Wenrou's eyes widened in realization as she stared at the pregnant woman.

No wonder this woman hadn't been afraid of harming the fetus in her belly during the fight; she was a fake pregnant woman all along.

The dwarf unconscious, the ugly man grievously injured, the two of them had no strength left to fight, leaving the pregnant woman alone to face Tang Wenrou and Fang Bai, with no chance of winning.

"Surrender and save yourself the pain!"

Step by step, Tang Wenrou approached the pregnant woman, ready to subdue her and then make a call for the police to take them away.

The pregnant woman sat on the ground, watching Tang Wenrou draw closer step by step, and then glanced at the dwarf and ugly man, a cold, determined, and venomous smile forming on her lips.

"Hahaha..."

Wiping the fresh blood from his face, the ugly man suddenly burst into loud laughter, saying to Tang Wenrou, "I told you before, as long as we kill you, avenge Poisonous Snake Boss, our deaths would be worth it!

Come on, let's go to hell together!"

"Officer Tang, join us in death!"

The pregnant woman also laughed like a banshee from hell, and in the midst of her laughter, she suddenly tore open her clothes.

Seeing the pregnant woman rip open her clothes, Tang Wenrou inhaled sharply, her complexion turning instantly pale.

The pregnant woman's belly was strapped with an explosive pack, which, when concealed by the outer clothing, made her look like she was pregnant.

This pregnant woman was indeed a fake.

"Be careful!"

The moment the pregnant woman tore open her clothes, Fang Bai's form had already dashed out like a blur.

He reached the stunned Tang Wenrou, wrapped his arms around her body, and together they charged at high speed towards the open doors of Fresh Fish Manor.

Almost simultaneously as they dashed out, the pregnant woman detonated the explosives strapped to her body.

Chapter 68: I Will Wait Until He Wakes Up

Boom—

In the deafening explosion, a violent shockwave, carrying the momentum to destroy and annihilate everything, swept outward in all directions.

The restaurant at Fresh Fish Manor began to collapse amidst intense shaking.

Fortunately, most of the diners had already fled the restaurant, some even distancing themselves far away; otherwise, this explosion would have caused tremendous casualties.

Fang Bai exerted all his strength to push his speed to the limit, holding Tang Wenrou as he rushed towards the entrance of Fresh Fish Manor.

When the booming sound of the explosion came from behind, Fang Bai knew things were bad.

In an instant, he concentrated his True Yuan into the area of his back, taking Tang Wenrou down to the ground with him, tightly shielding her beneath him.

Just as the two of them hit the ground, the powerful shockwave hit them like a tsunami, destroying everything in its path.

Fang Bai was shaken so hard by the shockwave that his internal organs nearly shifted; he almost vomited blood, and his entire back felt as though it had been viciously scraped by thousands of blades, a burning pain.

Although he couldn't see his back, Fang Bai knew that his clothes were likely shredded to pieces, and his flesh was a gory mess, too gruesome to behold.

"Back when I was the Immortal Emperor, even a nuclear explosion next to me in this world wouldn't dream of harming me.

But now, this mere explosion shockwave has gravely injured me..."

Fang Bai sighed inwardly, then immense pain engulfed his consciousness...

...

In Zhongzhou First People's Hospital, outside a critical care unit's corridor, a man and two women sat opposite each other with sorrowful expressions.

The man was Fang Bai's father, Fang Gang; the women were Fang Bai's mother Yang Mei, and his sister Fang Yun.

Fang Gang had red-rimmed eyes, a deeply furrowed brow, and a face full of worry.

Over this period of treatment, Fang Gang's paralyzed legs had mostly healed.

Although he still couldn't run, he could stand and walk like a normal person.

Yang Mei and Fang Yun sat together, embracing and crying; both had eyes swollen red from weeping.

The three of them had rushed over after receiving the news of Fang Bai's injury and hospitalization.

When they saw their son and brother, Fang Bai, lying unconscious on the bed of the critical care unit, his body entirely wrapped in white bandages, Yang Mei, frail of heart, nearly fainted on the spot.

The explosion at Fresh Fish Manor had shocked the whole of Zhongzhou City.

In the incident, about a dozen people were injured, but fortunately, there were no deaths—a silver lining in the misfortune.

Among those dozen injured were Fang Bai and Tang Wenrou.

Since Fang Bai had protected Tang Wenrou with his body, she only sustained minor injuries to her arm and was otherwise unharmed.

Although Fang Bai was powerful, he was still made of flesh and blood.

Struck by the rampaging shockwave, his internal organs were injured, and his back was torn open with countless wounds; he fell into unconsciousness on the spot.

After the explosion, Tang Wenrou pushed Fang Bai off her and, upon seeing his bloodied and mutilated back, the typically resolute and indifferent Tang Wenrou immediately burst into tears.

Then, almost frantically, she lifted Fang Bai up, hailed a nearby car, and rushed him to Zhongzhou First People's Hospital, the medical facility with the best conditions in Zhongzhou City.

Once the hospital staff had treated Fang Bai's injuries and arranged for him to be placed in the critical care unit, Tang Wenrou promptly notified Fang Bai's family.

With Fang Bai injured and unconscious, hovering between life and death, having his family by his side was the most important thing.

After Fang Gang's family of three rushed to the hospital, Tang Wenrou, with red eyes, recounted the events to them before going to consult with the doctors about further treatment.

Fang Gang's family of three, then, waited anxiously for news in the corridor outside the critical care unit.

According to the doctor, if Fang Bai had only been injured externally, there wouldn't have been much of a problem, but his internal organs were impacted in the explosion, resulting in damage and bleeding symptoms, which made the outcome very difficult to predict.

The hospital had already taken aggressive treatment measures, but as for how Fang Bai would fare next, they could only leave it to fate.

This wasn't good news at all.

Tang Wenrou came back to the corridor outside the intensive care unit with a devastated look, unsure of how to begin speaking to Fang Bai's family, her heart gripped by excruciating pain.

She leaned against the wall, standing woodenly without speaking, simply letting silent tears fall.

Two years earlier, the man Tang Wenrou deeply loved had died in the line of duty while protecting her, leaving her deeply affected and depressed until now.

Now, Fang Bai, who bore the shadow of her former boyfriend, had also been critically injured while protecting her, plunging her into an endless sorrow, feeling as if she were an omen of misfortune.

If Fang Bai was alright, it would be a relief, but if something worse happened, Tang Wenrou would never find peace.

“Officer Tang, what... what did the doctor say?”

Yang Mei, wiping her tears, sat up straight and asked Tang Wenrou in a soft voice.

Actually, seeing Tang Wenrou’s expression, she had a premonition that her son’s condition might not be good, but she still harbored a sliver of hope.

“The doctor said... they’ve done all they could; Fang Bai’s fate now rests in the hands of the heavens... If Fang Bai can wake up, he should be fine...”

Tang Wenrou knew her emotions were affecting Fang Bai’s family, so she sniffled, trying hard not to let herself cry again.

Yang Mei covered her mouth tightly with her hands, not daring to cry out loud, afraid of disturbing her son, who was in a coma in the intensive care unit, and she whimpered softly, “If anything happens to Fang Bai, I don’t want to live either...”

“Fang Bai isn’t an ordinary person; his vitality is very strong.

He will be fine...”

As a martial artist, Tang Wenrou knew that a martial artist's endurance and self-healing ability were far greater than an average person's.

If Fang Bai had been an ordinary person, suffering such a serious injury might have meant he would never wake up, but she felt that there was still hope for Fang Bai.

Fang Bai did not wake up all night, and Fang Gang, Yang Mei, and Fang Yun did not eat, drink, or rest, spending the entire night waiting in the corridor outside.

Tang Wenrou also did not rest that night.

However, while Fang Gang and the others sat through the night, she stood still, like a statue, not moving at all the whole night.

As dawn approached, Yang Mei could no longer bear to watch and said to Tang Wenrou, "Officer Tang, we'll stay here and watch over him.

You should go back and rest!"

Tang Wenrou shook her head and said, "Fang Bai was injured saving me; I can't leave.

I want to wait until he wakes up."

Seeing her determined attitude, Yang Mei sighed and said nothing more.

From her previous conversation with Tang Wenrou, Yang Mei knew that her son had come to know this beautiful policewoman because they had once cooperated to apprehend two fugitives, and her son had even received a cash reward of one hundred thousand yuan from the police for this.

If it weren't for Tang Wenrou mentioning it, Yang Mei would have been kept in the dark about this matter.

Yang Mei was not happy that her son had received a reward of one hundred thousand yuan; instead, she was full of worry.

In her view, catching criminals was the police's responsibility, and her son's involvement was simply too dangerous.

Take the incident at Fresh Fish Manor, for example.

The three criminals' target was Tang Wenrou; if her son had not gotten involved, he might not have ended up harmed.

With a selfish yet understandable parental heart, Yang Mei's inclinations were not wrong.

Yang Mei planned to tell her son after he awoke, that he should not do such foolish things in the future.

The reward money might be tempting, but what could be more important than her son's safety?

Chapter 69: National Doctor

As the morning sun began to rise, accompanied by a series of urgent and disordered footsteps, a group of people hurried over from the other end of the corridor.

The two leading the group were a pair of 40-something year-old middle-aged man and woman, dressed in lavish clothing, exuding a graceful demeanor, with every move reflecting the air of those in high positions.

Seeing the middle-aged couple, Tang Wenrou's eyes reddened again, with tears faintly appearing.

"Wen Rou, my precious daughter, are you alright?"

The middle-aged woman rushed forward a few steps, reached Tang Wenrou in a hurry, grabbed her arms, and looked her up and down to see if she was alright before finally breathing a sigh of relief.

“Last night your bureau chief suddenly called your dad, saying you had been attacked, it nearly scared your mother to death, and we flew over overnight...”

The middle-aged woman was Liu Hongzhuang, Tang Wenrou’s mother, once known as the “most beautiful woman of Anxi.”

Although she was middle-aged, Liu Hongzhuang had maintained herself well, retaining a charming elegance.

Standing together, the mother and daughter could be mistaken for sisters at first glance.

Tang Wenrou’s appearance had inherited the best features of both parents, surpassing the beauty of her mother in her youth.

While Liu Hongzhuang was concerned about her daughter, as a father, Tang Chongshan’s gaze fell on Fang Gang and his family who were to the side.

Last night, having heard from the chief of Zhongzhou City Police Station that a young man named Fang Bai had saved his daughter but was seriously injured and hospitalized, Tang Chongshan thought that the three members of the Fang family were likely relatives of that young man.

“Dad, these are Fang Bai’s parents and his sister.”

Seeing her father looking towards the Fang family of three, Tang Wenrou quickly introduced them.

Tang Chongshan nodded and walked over to Mr.

Fang with a solemn expression, bowing deeply and saying, “Mr.

Fang, my name is Tang Chongshan, and I’m grateful to your son for saving Wen Rou.

On behalf of the entire Tang Family, I thank you.”

Although Fang Gang was a common citizen, he knew a person of stature when he saw one, and, sensing that Tang Chongshan must be a significant businessman or high-ranking official, he hurriedly stood up and replied, “You are too kind, Mr.

Tang.”

Tang Chongshan glanced over at the closed door of the ICU and asked, “How is young Fang doing now?”

Mr.

Fang sighed, “He has been in a coma all night.

According to Officer Tang, the situation isn’t very good.”

This statement once again brought grief to Yang Mei, causing her to cover her face and burst into tears.

Liu Hongzhuang and Tang Wenrou moved to Yang Mei’s side, whispering words of consolation.

Tang Chongshan turned his head and said to a thin man behind him, “Secretary Li, tell Vice Dean Fu that no matter the cost, we must do everything possible to treat the patient.

All expenses will be borne by the Tang Family.”

The thin man answered and quickly turned to leave.

Tang Chongshan said, “Mr.

Fang, please rest assured, regardless of the outcome, the Tang Family will give your family a proper resolution.”

Fang Gang let out a long sigh and said nothing, silently praying for his son’s safety.

A moment later, Vice Dean Fu Hongjun of Zhongzhou First People’s Hospital, along with several doctors, hurried over.

“Chief Tang, when did you arrive?”

Seeing Tang Chongshan from a distance, Fu Hongjun reached out his hand for a handshake, his expression full of respect.

Tang Chongshan waited for him to approach, then shook hands with him, speaking indifferently, “I’ve just arrived, too.

Thank you for your efforts with this matter, Vice Dean Fu.”

Vice Dean Fu straightened his back, “Please rest assured, Officer Tang.

We will do our utmost to save the injured.”

Tang Chongshan nodded and inquired about Fang Bai’s current condition, only to learn that it was not looking optimistic.

His brows furrowed deeply.

“Officer Tang, what is your relationship with the injured party?”

Fu Hongjun asked cautiously in a low voice.

Tang Chongshan shot him a glance and said, “He is the man who saved my daughter’s life.

Without him, my daughter would be dead by now.”

Fu Hongjun let out an “Oh” and inwardly heaved a sigh of relief.

He had just heard that Tang Chongshan and Liu Hongzhuang had hurried over from Anxi, traveling thousands of miles overnight, and thought the injured had some close relationship with the Tang family.

He was worried that if Fang Bai’s injuries proved fatal, the Tang family might take out their anger on him.

Only later did he find out that the injured had merely saved Tang Chongshan’s daughter’s life.

With this in mind, Fu Hongjun felt the weight on his shoulders lessen significantly.

After declining Fu Hongjun’s invitation to have a cup of tea in his office, Tang Chongshan pondered for a moment, walked to a quiet spot, and took out his phone to dial a number to an elder in Yanjing.

“Dad, can you ask National Doctor Hua, who is with the Prime Minister, to make a trip to Zhongzhou?

The young man who saved Wen Rou is very badly injured.

He’s been unconscious all night, and according to Vice Dean Fu of Zhongzhou First People’s Hospital, the outlook isn’t very optimistic...”

Tang Chongshan lowered his voice as he explained the situation to his father on the other end of the line.

The elder on the other end sighed gently, his aged voice coming through, "Doctor Hua left the country yesterday, unfortunately.

Is the young man that severely hurt?"

"Yes, his back is a bloody mess, and his internal organs are damaged and bleeding.

The hospital's stance is to do what we can and leave the rest to fate."

The elder said, "Saving Wen Rou's life...

The Tang family owes a great debt of gratitude!

You wait, I'll put my old face on the line and see if I can get the other three National Doctors to help.

But don't get your hopes up too high, each of those National Doctors is quirky, and even the Prime Minister sometimes can't get them to move, and my face isn't as big as the Prime Minister's!"

After hanging up the phone, the elder called back after about fifteen minutes, speaking in a more relaxed tone, "Doctor Qian will be able to arrive in Zhongzhou tonight.

This Doctor Qian, just as the rumors say, unless it's a top leader in Huaxia, nobody else could afford his medical services starting at five million, and even then it depends on his mood...

I promised him ten million, and he agreed to set off immediately."

Tang Chongshan let out a relieved sigh and said with a smile, "Doctor Qian is one of the four great National Doctors, ten million is not too much to ask for his services.

As long as he can cure the injured, the Tang family would be willing to pay him a hundred million."

“Tell Wen Rou for me, say that Grandpa misses her and wants her to come play in Yanjing when she has time.

And if there’s good news about the young man, remember to let me know.”

The elder said before hanging up the call.

Tang Chongshan put away his phone, returned to Fang Gang’s side, and said, “I’ve asked for a highly skilled traditional Chinese medicine practitioner from Yanjing to come here.

He is expected to arrive this evening.

This practitioner is known for his Miraculous Rejuvenation and is renowned throughout Huaxia.

As long as he can make it, Fang won’t be in danger.”

“Doctor Qian Haoduo?”

Tang Wenrou’s eyes, which had previously lacked much life, suddenly shone brighter upon hearing her father’s words.

“Yes, it’s National Doctor Qian Haoduo.”

Tang Wenrou thought for a while and asked, “Was it Grandpa who asked him to come?”

“Yes,”

Tang Chongshan replied, “It was only because your grandfather has great influence and agreed to pay a certain fee that he was willing to lend his services.”

“Let’s hope that National Doctor Qian doesn’t have an undeserved reputation.”

Liu Hongzhuang, sitting next to Yang Mei, heard the conversation between her husband and daughter and comforted Yang Mei, “Sister Yang, Wen Rou’s dad has invited a National Doctor to treat Fang Bai.

Fang Bai will definitely be fine.”

Chapter 70: Qian Haoduo

“Sorry for the trouble,” Fang Gang said.

Yang Mei, despite her limited experience, knew that a “National Doctor” referred to physicians who treated the nation’s top leaders, similar to imperial physicians of ancient times.

It was said that there were only four National Doctors in Huaxia, each with profound medical skills capable of resurrecting the dead.

If they really could come, her son’s chances would increase significantly.

With a National Doctor’s intervention, the sadness in the hearts of Fang Gang’s family of three was slightly alleviated, and under the persuasion of Tang Chongshan and his wife, they reluctantly ate some food.

Tang Wenrou also ate a piece of bread and some fruit under the coercion of her mother, Liu Hongzhuang, before continuing to stand there.

Around noon, several more people arrived to visit Fang Bai.

The first to arrive was Qin Yaorao, a teacher from Zhongzhou Medical College.

Old Master Su of the Su Family, along with siblings Su Yifei and Su Linglong, came soon after.

Fang Bai's close friend, Zhou Dabai, also came with his parents.

Old Master Su, along with Su Yifei and Su Linglong, came because they were notified by Fu Hongjun, the director of Zhongzhou First People's Hospital.

After Fang Bai was admitted to the hospital, Fu Hongjun recognized him as the young man who had cured Su Linglong's brain tumor and immediately informed Su Hongyuan, Old Master Su, who then relayed the news to Su Yifei and Su Linglong.

Fang Bai had once saved Su Linglong's life; it was only right for them to visit out of gratitude and reason.

Anxious and impatient, Su Linglong hadn't even waited for school to end before she rushed home and then to the hospital with her grandfather and brother.

Qin Yaorao hadn't seen Fang Bai at the medical college all morning and couldn't contact him, so she called Yang Mei, Fang Bai's mother, and learned from her about Fang Bai's injury and hospitalization, prompting her to come on behalf of Zhongzhou Medical College.

Zhou Dabai's situation was similar; unable to contact Fang Bai after a morning without sight of him, he called Yang Mei, from whom he learned of Fang Bai's accident.

Zhou Dabai's family lived close to Fang Bai's, and their children had grown up playing together; even the adults had a good relationship, so the whole family came.

Before leaving, Zhou Dabai's mother chatted with Yang Mei for a while and handed her some money, as a token of concern.

Zhongzhou First People's Hospital was owned by the Su Family, and since Fang Bai was the lifesaver of Su Linglong, Old Master Su immediately waived all hospital expenses for Fang Bai and arranged the best medical resources for his treatment.

Su Linglong, standing at the entrance of the Intensive Care Unit, looked inside through the glass door a few times, then burst into tears in her brother Su Yifei's arms, her eyes red and swollen from crying.

With a slight frown, Tang Wenrou observed the heartbroken and tearful Su Linglong, speculating about the relationship between this charming, lively, fresh-faced girl and Fang Bai, feeling a slight sourness in her heart.

Tang Chongshan and Old Master Su knew each other, and their meeting inevitably led to a cordial exchange.

Learning that Fang Bai had once cured Su Linglong's brain tumor, creating a medical miracle, Tang Chongshan was amazed.

Tang Wenrou also hadn't expected Fang Bai to be not only an expert in Ancient Martial Arts but also a master of the medical arts.

In the Ancient Martial World, it was extremely rare to excel in both martial and medical arts.

Zhongzhou City's police also sent representatives to visit Fang Bai and his family, bringing with them a reward of three hundred thousand yuan.

The dwarf, the ugly man, and the pregnant woman who died in last night's incident were confirmed through DNA testing to be wanted felons by the police.

Therefore, the three hundred thousand yuan reward money rightfully belonged to Fang Bai.

Qin Yaorao had to leave after sitting in the hospital for a while because she had classes in the afternoon.

Old Master Su, due to his old age and lack of energy, chatted with Tang Chongshan and Fang Gang for a while and then went home escorted by his bodyguards.

Su Yifei initially wanted his sister Su Linglong to go back, but she refused to leave by any means, so he let her stay.

At seven in the evening, Qian Haoduo, one of the four great National Doctors of Huaxia, arrived at Zhongzhou Airport, and Tang Chongshan arranged for a driver to pick him up.

Around eight o'clock, Qian Haoduo, dressed in a white traditional Chinese outfit, appeared before Tang Wenrou and the others.

To Tang Wenrou, who had only heard of the eccentric National Doctor Qian Haoduo by reputation, the reality of meeting him had led to a profound sense of disappointment.

In the Huaxia medical community, Qian Haoduo's reputation was on par with that of the "Number One Acupuncture Expert" of the Hua Family, Hua Tianhe.

Hua Tianhe specialized in acupuncture, while Qian Haoduo was renowned for his massage and medicinal concoctions.

His bone-setting skills were peerless.

The prescriptions he crafted had miraculous effects and were so coveted they had garnered the saying, "One cannot buy his prescriptions even with a thousand pieces of gold."

Tang Wenrou had initially imagined that such a distinguished National Doctor would be an elderly man with white hair and beard, exuding an aura of sage-like wisdom, but upon laying eyes on Qian Haoduo for the first time, she couldn't help but feel immensely let down.

Qian Haoduo was only about 1.6 meters tall, with a monkey-like face and sallow complexion.

His hair was a mix of grey and white, so sparse that only a few strands remained, and he sported a goatee.

His small eyes constantly radiated a greedy sharpness.

What Tang Wenrou found most unbearable was that Qian Haoduo's white Tang-style robe appeared as though it had not been washed in ages, seemingly coated with a layer of grime.

If not for the strong herbal scent exuding from Qian Haoduo's person, which masked all other odors, Tang Wenrou would have certainly wanted to flee as far away from him as possible.

Disgusting!

Sleazy!

Tang Wenrou felt these two words couldn't be more apt to describe Qian Haoduo.

Masters often have their eccentricities, and this was something Tang Chongshan was aware of, so he didn't find it strange.

"National Doctor Qian has traveled from afar and has not spared any effort.

Welcome, welcome.

I am Tang Chongshan of the Tang Family from Anxi, and this is my wife, Liu Hongru."

Tang Chongshan greeted him with a smile, accompanied by his wife, Liu Hongzhuang.

People consume grains and cereals, so falling ill is a part of life, and when one is sick, they must seek medical attention.

Common ailments can be treated by ordinary doctors, but when faced with complicated diseases, one needs to consult renowned physicians.

The Four National Doctors of Huaxia are the crème de la crème of such physicians.

They are considered the pillars of the medical community.

Although their skills may not reach the legendary realm of bringing the dead back to life and mending bones with flesh, as long as the illness isn't terminal, there's a chance of cure under their miraculous hands.

Even with terminal illnesses, their treatments could extend a patient's life.

It was said that the previous two Prime Ministers, under the care of the four National Doctors, lived without illness or trouble past a hundred years before they reached the end of their lives.

Therefore, the elites and celebrities of Huaxia lavished attention on the Four National Doctors, ingratiating themselves in hopes of securing their services in times of serious illness.

Though the Four National Doctors weren't particularly influential, they held a special status; even the Prime Minister had to show them respect.

Although Tang Chongshan's father was a central figure in the government with considerable power, he too would treat the Four National Doctors with a smiling face, displaying ample respect.

Nowadays, Tang Chongshan, stationed in Anxi and in charge of the police force of a province, saw countless people bow and scrape before him, respectfully addressing him as "Director Tang."

But Qian Haoduo gave Tang Chongshan just a glance and said in an odd tone, "You are the third son of Old Master Tang?"

"Indeed."

Tang Chongshan nodded with a smile.