

Doctor 71

Chapter 71: Eccentricity

Qian Haoduo nodded slightly, and extended his hand in front of Tang Chongshan, "The money?"

Your family patriarch should have told you about my rules, right?"

Tang Chongshan beckoned, and one of his men carried over a large black leather bag, bulging with something inside.

"Ten million in cash, I've had it prepared.

Does National Doctor Qian want to count it?"

It was just a polite remark, but to Tang Chongshan's surprise, Qian Haoduo really went over to the large leather bag, pulled open the zipper, and started counting seriously.

Inside the bag were bundles of brand-new banknotes, still smelling of ink.

Qian Haoduo counted the money at an extremely fast pace, faster even than the most professional cash counter in the bank; with just a casual grab, he knew the number of each bundle.

It took him only a few minutes to count the ten million in cash.

"Not more, not less, exactly ten million."

After counting the money, Qian Haoduo stuffed the bundles back into the large leather bag, zipped it up, and smiled with satisfaction.

All four National Doctors have eccentricities, and Qian Haoduo's quirk is money.

He charges a starting price of five million to see a patient, and he does not accept checks, only cash or equally valued goods.

It is said that Qian Haoduo's villa is filled with cash and valuables in several rooms.

Every night, he rests by lying in his money pile, and can only sleep peacefully with the smell of wealth.

Qian Haoduo's villa is a veritable treasury, a fact known to all, and countless domestic and international thieves have thought about hitting his "treasury."

However, the villa is enveloped with extremely strict security measures, making it nearly impossible for anyone other than Qian Haoduo himself to enter.

It's said that once, an internationally renowned theft crew tried to rob his treasury while he was out, only to mysteriously fall unconscious outside the vault, remaining in that state until Qian Haoduo returned three days later.

And Qian Haoduo is not one to be trifled with; after capturing the theft crew of over a dozen members, he gave each of them a jab at the back of their heads, turning them all into imbeciles who ended up in a psychiatric hospital.

Since then, very few have dared to target Qian Haoduo's treasury again.

"Where is the patient?"

Qian Haoduo was very professional, and now that he had received the money, he was ready to start work.

"Inside."

Tang Chongshan pointed towards the intensive care unit.

Without waiting for him to continue, Qian Haoduo, bag of ten million in hand, pushed open the door to the ICU and walked in.

The medical staff in charge of the ICU had received personal instructions from the Dean, and they silently watched as Qian Haoduo swaggered into the ICU, standing aside in silence.

Seeing the dirty and lewd Qian Haoduo, several medical staff members frowned deeply, not believing for a second that this man was any kind of renowned doctor capable of treating Fang Bai, who had been unconscious for a whole day and night.

Fang Gang, Yang Mei, Fang Yun, Tang Wenrou, Tang Chongshan, Liu Hongzhuang, Su Yifei, and Su Linglong followed Qian Haoduo into the ICU.

On the hospital bed, Fang Bai was wearing an oxygen mask, covered in tubes, and due to excessive blood loss, his face looked very pale; he lay there quietly, as if he were asleep.

Upon entering the ward, Qian Haoduo glanced at the data displayed on the surrounding medical instruments and uttered a “huh”.

He dropped the leather bag he was holding and quickly walked to the bedside to check Fang Bai’s pulse, his face revealing a look of surprise.

“National Doctor Qian, what’s the situation?”

Tang Chongshan noticed the shock on Qian Haoduo’s face, and couldn’t help but feel anxious as he quietly asked.

Qian Haoduo paid no attention to Tang Chongshan and continued pacing around the sickbed.

Suddenly, his hands moved swiftly, tearing off Fang Bai’s oxygen mask and all the various tubes attached to his body.

He then reached out to check his breathing, listened for his heartbeat, and checked his eyelids, his face showing increasing surprise.

The others in the intensive care unit stared at Qian Haoduo dumbfounded, exchanging confused glances, unsure of what he was doing.

Yang Mei was terrified, her hands tightly gripping her husband Fang Gang's arm, tears streaming down her face.

"Doctor, what are you doing?

What have you done to my son?"

Worried about his son's safety, Fang Gang raised his voice to question him.

Qian Haoduo turned to look at him, cracking a smile, "Don't worry, your son won't die!

Haha, this kid's condition is much better than I expected.

Even if I don't intervene, he would wake up soon."

Upon hearing this, Yang Mei was both shocked and overjoyed, wiping away her tears, "Doctor, is that true?

My son is all right now?"

Qian Haoduo rolled his eyes, "I said he's fine, so he's definitely fine!

Believe it or not, it's up to you!"

He paused, then clicked his tongue in admiration, "It's really unexpected.

Not only is this kid a Martial Artist, but his strength is also very strong.

Although he was seriously injured and fell into a coma, his True Yuan has been circulating on its own, healing the injuries within his body."

Tang Wenrou and Su Yifei, who had both practiced Ancient Martial arts, lit up at these words.

They knew that the True Yuan of a Martial Artist needs to be guided by the mind to circulate through the body's meridians.

Once consciousness is lost, the True Yuan will remain stationary.

For Fang Bai to be in a coma, yet have his True Yuan circulate on its own, was nothing short of miraculous.

The True Yuan within a Martial Artist's body is like a wondrous elixir; as it circulates, it can heal both internal and external injuries.

This meant that as long as Fang Bai's True Yuan kept circulating, his injuries would continue to heal.

Once the internal damage was nearly mended, he would naturally wake up.

After listening to Qian Haoduo, and considering Fang Bai's strength far surpassed her own, Tang Wenrou quietly sighed with relief.

Even Su Yifei's serious face finally showed a trace of a smile.

Although Su Linglong did not understand the reason, seeing the relaxed expression on her brother's face, she knew Fang Bai was going to be okay.

Yang Mei and her daughter Fang Yun hugged each other and wept, but this time it was not out of sorrow and anxiety, but joy.

Fang Gang had known that his son had learned martial arts from a Master, previously thinking it was just for fighting and improving physical health.

Never had he imagined that in a crucial moment, it could save a life.

“He needs at least two or three more hours to wake up naturally.

But, considering the ten million yuan, I’ll give him a hand so he can wake up sooner.”

As he spoke, Qian Haoduo waved his hand towards Tang Chongshan and the others, saying impatiently, “I don’t like people watching when I treat someone.

You all go out!

Remember, without my permission, no one is allowed to come in, or don’t blame me for being impolite!”

Tang Chongshan, a bigwig in the police world, and Su Yifei, a tycoon in the business sector, both felt somewhat displeased upon hearing Qian Haoduo’s words.

However, coming from Prominent Clans with good upbringing, and considering Qian Haoduo’s exceptional status, they managed to hold back any outburst.

Chapter 72: Are you interested in becoming my disciple?

“National Doctor Qian’s medical skills are divine, he will certainly not disappoint us.”

After leaving these words behind, Tang Chongshan turned and walked out of the intensive care unit.

Once he left, Liu Hongzhuang and Tang Wenrou also followed suit.

“Let’s go.

We can come back in to see him once Fang Bai wakes up.”

Su Yifei patted Su Linglong on the shoulder, and the two siblings left together.

The Fang family of three knew that staying wouldn’t help much, so after saying a few kind words to Qian Haoduo, they too returned to the corridor outside the intensive care unit.

Several medical staff members were the last to leave the intensive care unit, and they closed the door behind them before leaving.

Once everyone was out, Qian Haoduo rubbed his palms together, lifted the thin blanket covering Fang Bai’s body, exposing his bare skin.

“What odd cultivation technique has this lad practiced?

His consciousness is gone, yet his True Yuan can still circulate on its own.

How strange!”

Qian Haoduo’s hands groped and prodded over Fang Bai’s body, mumbling to himself, and finally, his right palm rested on the Qi Sea below Fang Bai’s navel, infusing a strand of True Yuan to probe Fang Bai’s strength.

Qian Haoduo was also an expert in both medicine and martial arts; when he used acupuncture, massage, and other treatment methods to diagnose and treat illnesses, he had to assist with True Yuan, otherwise, he wouldn't have achieved his current medical accomplishments.

In Huaxia's history, many of the gloriously famous Divine Doctors were not only healers but also martial artists; without the assistance of True Yuan, their incredibly skilled medicine would be greatly diminished in effectiveness.

"How strange!

Damn strange!"

When Qian Haoduo's True Yuan entered Fang Bai's Qi Sea, it vanished like a stone sinking into the deep sea, leaving no trace, making it impossible to probe the depth of Fang Bai's strength.

Qian Haoduo had never encountered such a strange phenomenon before.

After trying several times and still not being able to determine what realm Fang Bai's strength was, he gave up and began to take out his acupuncture needles to treat Fang Bai's injuries.

His hands fluttered as he applied silver needles to Fang Bai's naked body.

In the blink of an eye, dozens of vital acupoints on Fang Bai's body were filled with hair-thin silver needles, reflecting specks of light under the lamp.

Now and then, he twirled the needles with his fingers and infused them with strands of True Yuan, aiming to accelerate the circulation of True Yuan within Fang Bai's body, and thus speed up the healing of his injuries.

Next, he wiped off the layer of sweat on his forehead, positioned Fang Bai to lie on his side, cut open and removed the gauze on his back, and applied a layer of greenish, fragrant healing salve before wrapping it again with fresh gauze.

“‘Green Jade Healing Salve’ requires seventy-seven rare medicinal ingredients to concoct and is more expensive than gold.

If it weren’t for the sake of Old Master Tang and the ten million in cash, I would never use such good medicine.”

Qian Haoduo looked at the little green salve left in front of him, sighed, shook his head, and his face showed how painful it was for him.

After applying the salve and helping Fang Bai to lie down again, Qian Haoduo exhaled softly, then sat down beside the bed to recuperate.

After his True Yuan had mostly recovered, he took out two silver needles again and inserted them into Fang Bai’s left and right Taiyang Acupoints at the same time, followed by a light tap in the middle of the forehead and exclaimed, “Kid, wake up now!”

Fang Bai’s body shook violently as though struck by lightning, and then the dozens of silver needles that had been inserted into his body suddenly shot out like tiny silver snakes, hitting the surrounding walls and producing a slight jingling noise.

Fang Bai’s eyes slowly opened, and after a brief moment of confusion, they cleared.

“Kid, I just applied salve to you, if you want to heal faster, it’s best to lie still and not move,”

Qian Haoduo, seeing Fang Bai wake up and attempting to struggle to sit up, warned him with a chuckle.

Indeed, Fang Bai stopped moving, turned his head to glance at Qian Haoduo, felt the cool sensation on his back, frowned, and said, “Did you save me?”

Qian Haoduo puffed out his chest and proclaimed righteously, “Nonsense, who else could it have been if not me?”

Fang Bai closed his eyes, felt his condition internally, then smiled and said to Qian Haoduo, "Strictly speaking, you didn't save me, at best you just shortened the time it took for me to wake up."

Qian Haoduo stared at Fang Bai with wide eyes: "How do you know?"

Are you a human or a ghost?"

Fang Bai said, "Others might think that I was gravely injured and unconscious, that I wouldn't know anything, but in fact, I was just in a state of self-protective slumber.

In this state, my injuries would recover in the shortest time.

I was also aware of the outside world...

when you used acupuncture just now to stimulate the circulation of True Yuan in my body, I could feel it."

Qian Haoduo sighed, "That's right, I didn't save you, you saved yourself.

Your body is unlike ordinary people's, and the cultivation technique you practice is also quite peculiar.

Even without my help, you would have awoken on your own in a few hours."

Fang Bai said seriously, "Regardless, I still want to thank you.

The salve you applied is quite good, at least composed of forty-nine medicinal ingredients, and each one is extremely rare.

My external injuries will recover in half the time because of it."

Qian Haoduo was quite surprised and curiously said, "You understand medical arts?"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "My family comes from a lineage of traditional Chinese medicine practitioners, and having been immersed in it since childhood, I understand a little."

Qian Haoduo solemnly said, "Nowadays, there are not many in Huaxia who are well-versed in both medical and martial arts.

You, young as you are, skilled in ancient martial arts, knowledgeable in medicine, are a fine talent.

And I, an old man, always cherish talent...

How about it, are you interested in taking me as your master and learning medical arts from me?"

Fang Bai shook his head and said, "Not interested."

Qian Haoduo widened his eyes, disbelievingly said: "What did you say?

Do you know who I am?"

Fang Bai said, "Because I don't know who you are, that's the reason I won't learn any medical arts from you.

What if you are a quack, wouldn't that ruin my whole life?"

Qian Haoduo, puffed up with anger, eyes bulging, said loudly, "Listen well: I am Qian Haoduo, one of the four great National Doctors of Huaxia!

Do you know how many people in the world are crying and begging to take me as their master, whom I disregard?

Me willing to take you as a disciple is the fortune you've accumulated over eight lifetimes!"

Although Fang Bai did not know what the title "National Doctor" represented in Qian Haoduo's words, since this man had performed acupuncture on him and stimulated the circulation of True Yuan within his body, he knew his medical skills were exceptional, certainly among the top in this world.

But Fang Bai from his previous life, who had entered the path through medicine and truly reached the divine realm where he could "revive the dead and regenerate bones," how could he regard Qian Haoduo highly?

"If you can heal the external injury on my back within a week and then remove the scars left on my body, I will take you as my master,"

Fang Bai said with a smile.

Chapter 73: Betting with National Doctor Qian

Qian Haoduo was taken aback, and then shouted, "Cure your injury in one week?

Impossible!

Remove the scars?

No way!

I'm the Divine Doctor, not a deity!"

Fang Bai curled his lip dismissively, "How can you be called the Divine Doctor if you can't even cure this little injury?

Forget it, I won't study medicine with you."

Qian Haoduo, infuriated, bellowed, pointing at Fang Bai, "You little brat, are you making fun of me?"

Let me tell you the truth, the injury on your back is very severe.

Even if it heals, it will leave scars that can't be erased for a lifetime.

Hmph, if anyone can completely remove those scars from your body, I'd be willing to take him as my master!"

With that, he turned around, picked up the leather bag containing ten million in cash, and placed it beside Fang Bai's hospital bed, then added, "There's ten million in cash inside, and it will be his too!"

Fang Bai glanced sideways at the leather bag and smiled, "You mean what you say?"

Qian Haoduo said, "Nonsense, I'm Qian Haoduo, the National Doctor.

My word is as good as gold.

Why would I joke with you?

If I go back on my word, may I have a son without an asshole!"

Fang Bai laughed heartily, "That's quite a curse!

But what I want to know is, are you married?"

Qian Haoduo's face reddened as he stammered, "I'm suave and wealthy, with a fortune of billions.

Women who want to marry me could line up from Yanjing to Zhongzhou.

It's just a matter of talking if I want to find a woman to marry."

Fang Bai said, "If you don't even have a wife, where would you get a son?

You don't have a son, so you don't care about whether he has an asshole or not!

You old guy, you're clearly trying to deceive me!"

Qian Haoduo said, "Alright, I swear again: If I go back on my word, let me have sores on my head and pus under my feet, let lightning strike me, and let me have a terrible death!

Kid, no problem with this curse, right?"

Fang Bai said, "Anyway, as long as the scars on my back can be removed, the ten million cash is mine, right?"

"Exactly."

Qian Haoduo nodded vigorously.

Fang Bai said, "Good, then wait and see.

It won't be long before I open your eyes!

However...

I don't trust you with the ten million cash.

What can I do if you don't give it to me in the end?"

"Come on!

What do you take me, Qian Haoduo, for?"

Qian Haoduo said, outraged, "Although I love money as much as life itself, I am full of integrity and absolutely trustworthy!

If you don't believe me, you can ask around!"

Fang Bai said, "Let's find someone we both trust to hold the money, that would put my mind at ease."

After thinking for a while, Qian Haoduo strode to the door of the ICU, opened it, and called out, "Tang Chongshan, come in!"

Since Fang Bai had woken up, he and Qian Haoduo had been arguing about the master-disciple matter in the ICU, and those outside, including Tang Chongshan, had heard everything.

They were all thrilled, but without Qian Haoduo's permission, they didn't dare to just barge in, anxiously pacing back and forth outside.

Hearing Qian Haoduo's voice, everyone, including Tang Chongshan, rushed to the door of the ICU.

"National Doctor Qian, what's the matter?"

Tang Chongshan's gaze passed over Qian Haoduo's shoulder and glanced at the bed in the ICU, asking, "Fang Bai is awake?"

"When I, Qian Haoduo, make a move, is there ever any doubt of revival?"

Come in with me!”

Qian Haoduo reached out his hand and pulled Tang Chongshan into the hospital room, stuffing a leather bag with ten million in cash into his embrace and said gravely, “This ten million in cash will be kept with you for now.

I made a bet with that young man, if I lose, you’ll give him this money; otherwise, I’ll take it back!

Make sure it’s kept safe for me; if even a penny is missing, I’ll be asking Officer Tang’s father for it!”

Tang Chongshan, completely baffled, forced a smile and said, “National Doctor Qian, what exactly is going on here?”

Qian Haoduo relayed again the story of his bet with Fang Bai.

After hearing it, Tang Chongshan chuckled and nodded in agreement, “No problem.

I will take care of the money, and when both parties agree to whom it should be given, I’ll hand it over to them!”

He handed the money to an assistant outside and then returned to the hospital room, where he stood by the bed and was taken aback when he got a clear look at Fang Bai’s face.

The Fang Bai lying on the bed bore a seventy to eighty percent resemblance to his daughter’s ex-boyfriend, Lu Jianfei.

The two of them together could have been mistaken for twin brothers.

Tang Chongshan was momentarily lost in thought until his wife Liu Hongzhuang’s startled exclamation of “Ah” brought him back to reality.

“The first time I saw him, I almost mistook him for Jianfei.”

Tang Chongshan glanced at his wife and sighed softly.

“They look so alike...”

Liu Hongzhuang widened her beautiful eyes, scrutinizing Fang Bai closely for a while before turning to see her daughter Tang Wenrou standing by the bed, gazing at Fang Bai with concern, which made her also let out a sigh.

At that moment, the entire Fang family and the Su siblings had also come in.

They gathered around the bed, and although they didn’t speak, their excitement was clearly evident.

“Fang Bai, hello, I’m Tang Chongshan, Tang Wenrou’s father.”

Tang Chongshan took a deep breath, nodded towards Fang Bai, and said earnestly, “Thank you for saving Tang Wenrou’s life, and thank you for ridding society of three dangerous criminals.

You are a heroic young man and an example for all young people to follow!”

Fang Bai gave his parents and sister a slight smile to show that he was alright, then turned to Tang Chongshan and said, “Mr.

Tang, you are too kind.

Officer Tang is my friend, and it was only right for me to help her when she was in danger.”

His gaze then shifted to Tang Wenrou at the bedside, "Officer Tang, seeing you unharmed makes me very happy."

Tang Wenrou felt a tickle in her nose and her eyes began to water, she turned her head to the side, biting her lip hard to stop the tears from falling.

Fang Bai smiled, then turned to the Su siblings and said, "Yifei, Linglong, how did you both end up here?"

Su Yifei said, "We heard from Vice Dean Fu that you were injured and hospitalized, so my grandfather, Linglong, and I came to visit you.

Grandfather wasn't feeling too well and left after a short while, but Linglong and I stayed.

Thank heavens you're awake; now we can be at ease."

Fang Bai looked towards Su Linglong, whose eyes were red and tear-stained, clearly having cried recently, and sighed, "Linglong, why didn't you go to your classes at the medical college?

Skiping school isn't what a good student does."

Su Linglong sniffled and retorted, "How could I focus on classes when you're injured like this?

I've already asked Teacher Qin for leave.

I'll stay with you in the hospital until your wounds heal and you're discharged."

As she spoke, worried that others might misunderstand, she blushed and added, "I mean...

I don't have any other intentions.

Grandpa said that one should repay even the smallest favor with a fountain of gratitude.

You saved my life, so it's only right that I take care of you."

Her tone and shy demeanor were enough to show that she liked Fang Bai and to others, her explanation seemed like a cover-up, which, ironically, made it all the more obvious.

Chapter 74: Secret Recipe

Su Yifei knew his sister's thoughts and couldn't help but laugh "ha ha" as he saw her face turn red.

Su Linglong felt the odd looks from others and heard her brother's mocking laughter.

In shame and haste, she stamped her foot and pinched Su Yifei hard.

Fang Gang and Yang Mei exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with joy and worry.

They were happy because Su Linglong had a gentle nature, was youthful and charming, and she was very fond of their son.

If the two could be together, it would be a great blessing.

However, they were worried because Su Linglong came from a wealthy family, while their own family was just ordinary citizens.

The disparities between their households meant it would be difficult for the two to end up together—they could probably only remain friends.

"Fang Bai, I'm heading back to Yanjing.

When can the scar on your back be completely gone?

Can you give me an exact time?

I'm not getting any younger; I can't wait for you for ten or eight years," said Qian Haoduo.

Knowing that Fang Bai's injuries would heal with some rest over time, Qian Haoduo didn't plan on staying any longer and clamored.

"Within one year, you will see a miracle.

If the scars are still on my body after a year, I will take you as my master and learn medicine from you."

"Ha ha, it's settled then!

If you don't come to find me in one year, I will come to you.

I've taken you as my disciple!" laughed Qian Haoduo before leaving loudly.

In his view, the scars on Fang Bai's back could fade over time, but to completely vanish and have the skin return to its original state would require a miracle.

"Qian Haoduo is a leading authority in Huaxia's medical field, an extraordinary physician.

There are countless doctors worldwide who wish to take him as their master.

It's a golden opportunity for you that comes once in a millennium.

Why would you refuse?" asked Tang Chongshan, smiling as he watched Qian Haoduo take his leave.

Tang Chongshan's interest in Fang Bai grew.

This young man, skilled in both medicine and martial arts, had even caught the National Doctor's attention enough to consider taking him as a disciple, surely a rare talent to come by.

Before Fang Bai could answer, Su Yifei interjected, "Uncle Tang, do you think a person who can cure brain tumors still needs to learn medicine from others?"

Tang Chongshan then remembered that Fang Bai had cured Su Linglong's brain tumor, creating a medical miracle, although he suspected there must've been some luck involved.

Su Yifei continued, "Not to look down on Qian Haoduo, but when my sister had a brain tumor, we asked him for help and he said he couldn't cure it.

The other three National Doctors also said they were powerless.

Yet, in the end, Fang Bai successfully healed my sister's tumor and pulled her back from the brink of death.

So, in my eyes, Fang Bai's medical skills are the best in the world.

It would be more appropriate for others to learn from him!"

Su Yifei's words immediately gained Su Linglong's endorsement.

Not too long ago, when Su Linglong learned she had a brain tumor and doctors around the world declared helplessness, it felt like the apocalypse to her.

Then, like a savior, Fang Bai appeared and snatched her life back from the hands of death with just a few silver needles and some herbal medicine.

Su Linglong was filled with gratitude toward Fang Bai, which then turned into affection.

If repaying the life-saving favor required her to commit herself to him, Su Linglong would not have any resistance whatsoever.

And if anyone dared to say Fang Bai's medical skills weren't the best in the world, Su Linglong would surely be the first to stand up in opposition.

The Su siblings' protective feelings towards Fang Bai were obviously discernible to Tang Chongshan.

He didn't underestimate Fang Bai; he simply felt that Fang Bai was too young.

No matter how skilled his medical expertise might be, how could it possibly surpass that of Qian Haoduo, who had been steeped in medicine for decades and was known as the "Divine Doctor"?

Although he wanted to defend Qian Haoduo, he realized that even his own daughter looked at him with a trace of dissatisfaction.

Thus, he chose to keep silent and could only offer a bitter smile while shaking his head.

Before leaving, Qian Haoduo said that Fang Bai's condition was no longer serious.

Everyone's anxiety was eased, and after speaking with Fang Bai by his bedside for a while, they left temporarily at the urging of the medical staff to allow Fang Bai to rest and recuperate in peace.

"Dad, don't leave yet."

Fang Bai called his father, Fang Gang, who looked at him in confusion.

Fang Bai said with a smile, "I'm going to recite a couple of prescriptions."

Could you help me gather some herbs?"

"Gather herbs?" Fang Gang asked curiously.

"What for?"

"For healing," Fang Bai said.

"Once you've gathered the herbs, prepare an ointment and boil a medicinal concoction according to my instructions, for external and internal use.

In three to five days, my injuries will be mostly healed."

Fang Gang knew his son had met a master, learning not only formidable martial arts but also superb medical techniques.

Therefore, he didn't doubt his son's words and fetched paper and pen to take notes as Fang Bai dictated.

"Dad, these are healing secrets taught to me by a master.

You must keep them safe.

Our family's future wealth and prosperity could depend on them!"

After his father had finished writing down the prescriptions, Fang Bai had him bring the paper over to check it for accuracy.

Once confirmed, he said with a smile.

Fang Bai was not boasting.

The ointment made from his prescriptions was definitely more effective than Qian Haoduo's "Green Jade Healing Salve" for treating external injuries; the medicinal concoction made from his guidelines was also more effective than any other medicine in the world for internal injuries.

The only regret was that the herbs required for these two prescriptions were extremely rare and expensive, and if it weren't for the three hundred thousand reward previously sent by the Zhongzhou police, Fang Bai would not have been able to afford them.

Upon hearing his son's words, Fang Gang treasured the prescriptions as if they were precious gems, carefully storing them away—if they were as miraculous as his son claimed, the Fang family might soar to great heights and become renowned.

"Some of these medicines might not be available at pharmacies in Zhongzhou City.

You could ask Su Yifei for help in acquiring them.

If money is an issue, just tell him I'll owe it to him for now and will pay him back later.

I think Su Yifei will be glad to help."

Before Fang Gang left, Fang Bai said this to him.

Fang Gang nodded and walked out of the hospital room with the prescriptions in hand.

Once everyone had left, the hospital room quieted down.

"Such a small-scale explosion actually caused me serious injuries, leaving me unconscious for an entire day and night...

My body is still too weak!

Once I heal, I must increase the difficulty of my physical training and strive to reinforce my body into real steel and iron as soon as possible!”

As Fang Bai lay on the hospital bed, he looked at the pristine ceiling and smiled before closing his eyes and beginning to circulate the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique,” driving the True Yuan to flow through the meridians and blood vessels in his body.

Qian Haoduo’s “Green Jade Healing Salve” was indeed an excellent remedy, and after a day, Fang Bai felt some itching on his back, a sign that the wounds were scabbing over.

Chapter 75: Recovery

Having circulated his True Yuan through the night, Fang Bai’s internal injuries had quickly recovered, and he could even get out of bed on his own without assistance, taking a few steps by holding onto the bedrail.

After the hospital conducted an examination on Fang Bai, those Western doctors who had asserted he wouldn’t be able to leave his bed for a week were dumbstruck with amazement.

The next evening, Fang Gang brought several large bags filled with dozens of fresh medicinal herbs, as well as the equipment for preparing medicinal pastes and decocting herbal concoctions.

Typically, these items would not be allowed in the intensive care unit, but since the hospital belonged to the Su Family, Su Yifei had already announced that Fang Bai could do whatever he wanted, so none of the medical staff dared to interfere.

While guiding his father in preparing the medicinal pastes and herbal concoctions, Fang Bai had the medical staff who were responsible for his care step out of the room, in order to prevent the prescriptions from being leaked.

That same night, Fang Gang replaced the “Green Jade Healing Salve” on Fang Bai’s back with a medicinal paste prepared according to Fang Bai’s secret recipe.

The medicinal paste prepared by Fang Bai was also green, but the color was even more verdant than the “Green Jade Healing Salve”, and the medicinal scent was stronger.

Applied to the already scarred wound on his back, it felt cool and slightly numbing, unlike the itchy sensation provoked by the “Green Jade Healing Salve” that made one want to scratch.

The medicinal paste Fang Bai prepared was called “Bone Healing and Muscle Regeneration Ointment”, which, as the name suggests, could knit broken bones and regenerate muscle.

In his previous life, had Fang Bai used spiritual herbs containing Essence Energy to prepare the “Bone Healing and Muscle Regeneration Ointment”, its efficacy would be increased tenfold or even a hundredfold.

No matter how severe the external injuries were, they could heal rapidly, and if supplemented with other spiritual herbs, even Limb Regeneration was possible.

Of course, in this world where he currently was, common medicinal ingredients were used to prepare the “Bone Healing and Muscle Regeneration Ointment”, so naturally, the results were not on par, but Fang Bai was still very confident that the wound would heal within two or three days.

The herbal concoction that Fang Bai brewed according to his prescription was called “Soul Revival Liquid”, a miraculous medicine for treating internal injuries.

Similarly, if the “Soul Revival Liquid” had been brewed using Essence Energy-rich herbs from Fang Bai’s previous life, no matter how severe the internal injuries were, as long as one was not dead, and even if only a breath remained, drinking the “Soul Revival Liquid” could save a person’s life, not dissimilar to an Immortal Elixir in its life-restoring capabilities.

In this world, the efficacy of the “Soul Revival Liquid” made from ordinary herbs was significantly reduced, but it still possessed an unparalleled effectiveness compared to any other medicine.

Fang Bai, having applied the “Bone Healing and Muscle Regeneration Ointment” and consumed the “Soul Revival Liquid”, lay down to rest once again.

Fang Gang did not disturb his son and quietly retreated from the room.

Fang Bai's injuries were no longer serious, and all that remained was to convalesce, so there was no need for anyone else to stay.

Tang Chongshan and his family of three had already left earlier.

The Su siblings were also persuaded to leave by Fang Bai.

Yang Mei returned home with her daughter Fang Yun, where those who needed to tend to the home did so, and those who needed to go to school did just that, each busying themselves with their tasks.

Only Fang Gang, who was responsible for preparing and decocting medicines for his son, stayed in the hospital.

Fang Gang only appeared when Fang Bai needed his medicines prepared or changed; otherwise, the medical staff tended to Fang Bai, so Fang Gang had plenty of time to rest and didn't feel tired at all.

On the third day, when Fang Bai woke up, Fang Gang was delighted to find his son transformed, his vitality greatly improved, and the scabs on his back were falling off on their own, leaving behind patches of reddish scars that would take time to heal.

Around eight o'clock in the morning, Fang Bai got out of bed and ate the meal Yang Mei had brought from home.

Accompanied by Fang Gang, he even went for a walk outside.

If he hadn't been wearing a hospital gown, who would believe that just three days ago he was a severely injured person lying unconscious in the intensive care unit?

In the afternoon, Qin Yaorao, Tang Wenrou, and the Su siblings came to visit Fang Bai one after another.

Seeing how quickly Fang Bai was recovering, they all felt greatly relieved.

Qin Yaorao brought a donation from the medical college's teachers and students.

Although it wasn't much money, it represented their kind intentions.

Tang Wenrou brought fresh flowers and fruit.

She placed the flowers by Fang Bai's bedside and personally peeled an apple for Fang Bai to eat.

Su Linglong delivered a stewed old hen soup that her mother had made for Fang Bai.

She sat by the bedside, watching Fang Bai finish the soup before leaving with a smile, completely content.

Fang Gang watched the three girls come one after another into his son's hospital room, and while he didn't say much, his heart bloomed with joy.

Qin Yaorao was Fang Bai's teacher at the medical college.

Her concern for his son was what a teacher should have, and Fang Gang didn't think much of it beyond that.

However, Tang Wenrou and Su Linglong were different.

They were both incredibly beautiful and very kind to his son.

From their behavior toward his son, it was clear that they had some feelings for him.

Fang Gang and his wife Yang Mei had different thoughts.

Yang Mei felt that their son, having been raised in an ordinary family, was not a match for a lady of high standing such as Tang Wenrou or Su Linglong.

But Fang Gang believed his son was the best in the world, perfectly matched with girls like Tang Wenrou and Su Linglong in both talent and beauty.

Of course, what Fang Gang cared about the most these past few days were the two prescriptions his son had given him.

Fang Gang kept the prescriptions close at all times, even placing them under his pillow when he slept.

In Fang Gang's eyes, his son's prescriptions would become the Fang Family's heirlooms.

The family's good days and his son marrying a good wife were likely to depend on these two prescriptions.

Should the Fang Family's traditional Chinese medicine clinic reopen in the future, with such miraculous salves and liquids for treating internal and external injuries, wouldn't patients flock to them?

Moreover, his son's acupuncture and massage techniques were incredibly effective.

With both him and his son working at the clinic, the business was bound to boom.

Thinking about the pile of cash that would come in every day, and the family of four counting money behind closed doors each night, Fang Gang couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

Sometimes, he even laughed in his dreams.

What his father was thinking didn't concern Fang Bai; he just wanted to get better as soon as possible, leave the hospital, and return to his regular life.

Every day he was changing dressings, taking medicine, and at night, practicing his cultivation techniques.

Two days later, Fang Bai's internal and external injuries had fully healed.

Seeing Fang Bai lively and energetic, the doctors at the hospital were shocked.

They couldn't understand how Fang Bai, who hadn't used any of their medicines during his stay, could heal so quickly and thoroughly.

Of course, the doctors wouldn't know that if it weren't for the help of True Yuan alongside the medicines, Fang Bai's recovery could never have been so swift.

Some people had smelled a strong scent of medicinal herbs coming from Fang Bai's room during his stay, but what kind of medicine could have such miraculous healing effects?

To find the answer, several traditional Chinese medicine practitioners at the hospital came together to approach Fang Bai and Fang Gang, hoping to coax some useful information out of them.

Chapter 76: Refining the Body in the River

When it was heard that Fang Bai had used some special prescription to heal himself, the excited eyes of traditional medicine practitioners reddened, offering high prices just to have a glance at the recipe, only to be flatly refused by Fang Gang.

The two prescriptions had already been listed as the Fang Family's highest secret.

The family's future riches were pinned on these two recipes; how could he possibly allow others to view them?

On the day Fang Bai was discharged from the hospital, the Su siblings came together.

Although Tang Wenrou didn't come, she did call to say that a significant case had occurred recently and she needed to lead a team to handle it.

“Why don’t you stay a few more days?

It’s not like it costs you a penny,”

Su Yifei said with a smile upon seeing Fang Bai, who had already packed up and was ready to go home.

Shrugging his shoulders, Fang Bai said, “I’m already fine, so why stay?

This isn’t exactly a nice place, I would rather not come here for the rest of my life.”

Su Yifei laughed heartily, “You’re right!

Actually, I also don’t like hospitals, I can’t stand the smell here.

To tell you the truth, if it weren’t for visiting you, I wouldn’t want to come even once.”

“Brother Fei, thank you for these past few days,”

Fang Bai said solemnly to Su Yifei, “The herbs I’ve used these days must have caused you a lot of trouble and cost you quite a bit of money, right?”

Su Yifei rolled his eyes and responded irritably, “Are we still brothers or not?

If we’re brothers, don’t bring up money!”

Fang Bai nodded, “Alright, I’ll remember this favor!”

Su Yifei seemed to remember something and scratching his head, he asked, "I heard that you healed your injury with a medicine you concocted yourself?"

With a 'heh heh' smile, Fang Bai said, "What are you asking this for?"

I'm telling you, even though we're brothers, our family's ancestral prescription will not be shared with outsiders!"

Fang Gang, who was nearby and heard Su Yifei suddenly bring up this matter, glared at him with a wary expression and said, "That's right, this prescription has been passed down in our Fang Family for several generations!

Only I and Fang Bai know it!

I won't tell, and if Fang Bai dares to leak it, I'll break his legs!"

Fang Bai knew his father was putting on an act, so he played along, touching his nose with a wry smile, "You heard him, my dad is not joking.

If I were to reveal the recipe, he really would break my legs."

In a hurry, Su Yifei said, "I was just asking casually, no other meaning.

Vice Dean Fu called me this morning, saying that you might have a very effective recipe for healing injuries, and he was inquiring through me...

If it's available, the hospital is thinking of buying it from you..."

"Not for sale, no matter the price!"

Fang Gang shook his head vehemently, extremely resolute in his decision.

Laughing, Su Yifei said, "Uncle Fang, no need to be tense, I was just asking on behalf of Vice Dean Fu.

If you're not willing to sell, then let's forget it."

Su Yifei didn't take the matter of the prescription to heart.

What the Su Family lacked the least now was money.

Whether they could obtain the Fang Family's prescription or not was merely a matter of earning a bit more or a bit less.

Fang Gang and Fang Bai were driven home by Su Yifei.

After a few words at the Fang residence, Su Yifei and his sister Su Linglong left.

Before the Su siblings departed, Yang Mei, beaming with joy, held Linglong's hand tightly, constantly urging Linglong to often come over to play at their house, looking at Linglong with eyes that saw her as a future daughter-in-law, her enthusiasm almost too much for Linglong to handle.

During the days he spent in the hospital recovering from his injuries, Fang Bai kept activating his True Yuan for healing and discovered that his strength had unexpectedly improved significantly due to the misfortune, bringing him one step closer to the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique's" third layer, the "Xingyuan Realm."

After being discharged from the hospital, Fang Bai resumed his unwavering physical training and greatly increased the difficulty.

Fang Bai's strength had reached another bottleneck.

If he continued to cultivate according to the previous plan, it would be difficult to break the shackles and achieve good results.

There are many ways to train the body, and Fang Bai no longer limited himself to simple running and mountain climbing, but instead shifted his focus to the Bihe River outside the city.

Located in the mountainous area to the west of Zhongzhou City, the Bihe River twists and turns.

Due to the reflection of the green hills on both banks, the water appears greenish-blue, which is why it is called the Bihe River.

The section of the Bihe River near the Zhongzhou urban area flowed gently with a relatively wide surface, but as it entered the mountains in the distance, it became narrow and turbulent due to the changing terrain.

Standing at a distance from the riverbanks, one could hear the roaring and crashing of the rapids against the shores.

On the morning of the second day after being discharged, Fang Bai came to the bank of the Bihe River, took off his outer clothes, and hid them in a clump of weeds.

Wearing only a pair of briefs, he leaped into the river.

The early summer weather was hot at noon but cool in the morning and evening, and the river was the same.

Fang Bai's skin formed goosebumps upon contact with the water, but he spread his arms and swam against the current, slowly moving forward a dozen meters before acclimating to the river's temperature.

After a brief warm-up, Fang Bai took a deep breath and began to swim vigorously.

The current where Fang Bai entered the water was not fast, and swimming there was not much effort.

But after swimming for a few miles, he rounded a mountain corner, the river's channel narrowed, and the current suddenly increased.

Each meter he swam forward required several times more effort than before.

Swimming in water is much more difficult than running on land, especially against the current, which increased the difficulty even further.

About five miles in, Fang Bai was already exhausted, with every two meters forward resulting in being pushed back one meter by the swift river.

Though tired, Fang Bai greatly enjoyed this feeling.

To him, physical training only produced the best effects when pushed to the point of utter exhaustion.

Fighting against the current, Fang Bai waved his arms and shouted loudly with exhilaration, like a fish swimming upstream joyfully struggling with the flow.

Fang Bai had the Turtle Breath Technique, which allowed him to hold his breath for a long time, so there was no need to worry about drowning.

Whenever his strength was sapped, Fang Bai would spread his limbs, face up to the sky, and drift with the current.

Once he was mostly recovered, he would continue swimming upstream...

After repeating this several times and estimating that his family was about to have breakfast, Fang Bai would climb satisfied onto the bank, put on his outer clothes, and return home.

For several days in a row, regardless of the weather—whether it was a fierce wind or pouring rain—Fang Bai would punctually appear at the edge of the Bihe River, swimming until completely drained before heading back home.

While swimming against the flow, Fang Bai kept circulating the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique.” He could feel the True Yuan in his Qi Sea undergoing change with each passing day.

When Fang Bai could swim upstream ten miles in one breath, he once again increased the difficulty of his physical training.

He would pick the spot where the current was strongest and the water deepest, grab a rock, and step by step, walk into the bottom of the water.

The riverbed was rugged, and Fang Bai, holding onto a stone, walked along the bed holding his breath.

The force and pressure of the river made it almost impossible for Fang Bai to move even an inch.

In such circumstances, gritting his teeth, Fang Bai mustered all his strength and moved forward step by step.

Chapter 77: Mid Stage of Accumulating Essence Realm

Not until the air in his chest was exhausted, and his lungs felt like they were about to explode, did Fang Bai discard the stone and quickly surface, greedily gasping for air in great gulps.

Refining the body underwater, though more difficult, yielded better results.

By the time Fang Bai had walked five li on the riverbed with the stone, he felt that he had touched the barrier of the third layer, the “Xingyuan Realm.”

In the blink of an eye, it was Saturday.

That morning, Fang Bai had walked several li under the Bihe River and swam against the current for ten more li.

Just as he was about to head back downstream, a tremendous sound of rushing water reached his ears.

Following the sound, Fang Bai saw that hundreds of meters to the north of the riverbank, on a mountain, a waterfall poured down, creating a thunderous roar.

The waterfall flowed into a stream at the foot of the mountain, which meandered and connected to the Bihe River, becoming one of its tributaries.

Seeing the waterfall, Fang Bai was overjoyed, knowing he had found another excellent place for body refining.

“Again!”

Fang Bai slapped his chest and roared at the waterfall, then circulated True Yuan throughout his body, raising his resistance to impact to the limit.

Like a crazed lion, he dashed to the waterfall with lightning speed again.

Just now, Fang Bai had been knocked down in an instant by the pounding water, but this time, prepared and exerting all his strength, he only lasted three seconds before losing his balance and being swept away by the waterfall.

“Again!”

Without resting, Fang Bai roared and, for the third time, charged into the waterfall.

This time, he lasted only three seconds as well...

Refining the body under the waterfall was countless times more difficult than swimming against the current or walking on the riverbed holding a stone.

Time after time, Fang Bai charged beneath that curtain of water, attempting to stand there enduringly, but each attempt ended in failure, with the longest lasting only four or five seconds.

Fang Bai couldn't recall how many times he had tried.

After each attempt, his body'double in pain and numbness, unbearably uncomfortable as if it had fallen apart.

Fang Bai knew this was a good sign, similar to his first body refining experience.

As long as he could get through the initial tough moments, it would gradually become easier.

The moment he could walk leisurely under the battering waterfall would indicate his achievement.

By then, his physique would leap forward, he'd break through the realm's bottleneck, and his strength would grow exponentially.

From dawn to afternoon, and from afternoon to dusk, until he had drained the last bit of energy from his body, Fang Bai's body refining session finally came to a close.

He collapsed onto a flat stone beside the waterfall, closed his eyes, and didn't want to move at all, silently cultivating the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" to recover the drained True Yuan and energy.

Having restored less than thirty percent of his True Yuan and energy and seeing the sky about to darken, Fang Bai then dragged his exhausted body to the edge of the Bihe River, jumped into the river, and let himself drift downstream with the current.

Reaching downstream, he found the clothes he had hidden, put them on, and jogged back home.

When Fang Gang and Yang Mei, who had been waiting for their son to come home for dinner, saw their drenched and bedraggled child before them, they were both startled.

In the face of his parents' questioning, Fang Bai certainly wouldn't say he had walked on the riverbed with a stone or stood under a waterfall to endure its impact, as that would scare his parents.

He simply said he went out to practice martial arts.

Seeing her son drenched in sweat and weak, Yang Mei couldn't help feeling distressed.

She immediately served him the meal along with Fang Gang, urging Fang Bai to eat more meat to strengthen his body.

In fact, there was no need for Yang Mei to persuade him.

As soon as Fang Bai sat down, he began to devour the meat voraciously.

In recent times, the intensity of Fang Bai's physical training had doubled, causing his consumption of meat to surge past what it had been, worrying Fang Gang and Yang Mei that their son might burst his stomach.

Luckily, Fang Bai had not experienced any issues with his body.

Yang Mei often exclaimed to her husband Fang Gang how fortunate it was that their son had earned a reward of three hundred thousand from the police; otherwise, their household could not sustain their son's meat consumption.

By late June, the classes at Zhongzhou Medical College where Fang Bai was enrolled had ended, and the students began to use their skills to find internship hospitals.

Coming from a humble background, Fang Gang and Yang Mei were worried about how to secure an internship at a large hospital for their son when Su Linglong came to visit.

She told Fang Bai that she had already arranged two internship spots at Yanjing Hospital, one of which was for Fang Bai.

With the help of the Su Family, Fang Bai had already switched his major from Western medicine to Chinese medicine at Zhongzhou Medical College.

He was preparing to intern in a Chinese medicine department during his upcoming internship at Yanjing Hospital.

Yanjing Hospital is one of the top hospitals in Huaxia, and interning there was an excellent opportunity.

Fang Gang and Yang Mei were both surprised and delighted.

To express their gratitude, Yang Mei insisted that Su Linglong stay for lunch that day, and she personally cooked a lavish meal to treat her.

With the internship hospital issue resolved, Fang Bai was free from any concerns and doubled down on his physical training for the following period.

By the end of June, Fang Bai had made significant progress in his physical training.

Although he still found it difficult to move leisurely under the waterfall, he could now stand beneath it for around ten minutes.

One day, on a whim, Fang Bai practiced the Divine Elephant Eight Desolate Steps and Tiger Roar Thunder Fist beneath the waterfall.

He initially found it very difficult to execute each move, but after a moment he discovered the knack for channeling and exerting force properly, performing them smoothly.

Caught up in the excitement, Fang Bai couldn't help but release a long howl using the Lion's Roar Sonic Wave; the curtain of water in front of him trembled due to the sudden burst of sound waves he produced.

As he howled, the True Yuan within his Qi Sea surged and churned without stopping, circulating wildly through the major meridians and blood vessels of his body on its own, breaking through a bottleneck.

The “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” advanced from the early stage of the second layer, the Accumulating Essence Realm, to the middle stage in one fell swoop.

Although it was just a small advancement in realm, the increase in strength was exponential.

In his past life, before ascending to the Immortal Realm in the Cultivation World, it would have taken Fang Bai months of arduous cultivation to advance even a minor realm.

Now, he had managed to move from the early to the middle stage of the Accumulating Essence Realm in less than a month, making incredibly fast progress.

After crossing that minor realm, the True Yuan in Fang Bai’s Qi Sea, which was the size of rice grains, had also doubled in volume.

Feeling his senses sharpen and his strength double, Fang Bai let out a hearty laugh.

With this newfound power, he was confident that even if he left Zhongzhou City for a wider world, he would have the ability to protect himself and not repeat the experience of being seriously injured and left unconscious in the explosion incident.

Fang Bai did not know exactly how his current strength compared to the levels of martial artists in this world.

However, he thought that since he could easily defeat Yellow Level Martial Artists of this world, he should be at the Profound Level now.

Chapter 78: Visiting to Collect a Debt

“Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” first layer, the “Sea-Cleaving Realm,” is the easiest to cultivate and does not have sub-realms; one can step across it in one stride.

However, starting from the second layer, the “Accumulating Essence Realm,” the difficulty of cultivation greatly increases.

Similar to the grading system of martial artists in this world, Fang Bai’s “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique,” starting from the second layer “Accumulating Essence Realm,” would also be divided into four sub-realms: early stage, middle stage, high rank, and perfection.

Only by breaking through the bottleneck of these four sub-realms consecutively can one shatter the barrier of the great realm and reach another brand-new realm.

In early July, Fang Bai began to pack his bags, preparing to set out in a few days to Yanjing to report to Yanjing Hospital.

Su Linglong originally wanted to go to Yanjing with Fang Bai, but she was politely refused by him.

Before leaving Zhongzhou, there were still a few things Fang Bai needed to do.

The first was to visit “Rejuvenation Hall” to claim one million yuan from Hua Yi.

The second was to pay a visit to the “Hungry Wolf Group” to seek an explanation for the attack by Tu Fu on himself.

The third was to continue treating his father Fang Gang’s legs, with recent gains in strength boosting Fang Bai’s confidence to completely heal his father’s legs within a few days.

Only after taking care of these matters would Fang Bai leave with a peaceful heart, free of any concerns.

Unable to accompany Fang Bai, Su Linglong felt disappointed, so she made plans to meet Fang Bai in Yanjing and left ahead of him.

The morning after Su Linglong left Zhongzhou, Fang Bai returned from his body-refinement practice; after having breakfast, he greeted his parents and hurried to “Rejuvenation Hall” with the IOU written by Hua Yi.

The district where “Rejuvenation Hall” is located is not in the bustling commercial area of Zhongzhou City but quite secluded.

Originally, he thought the secluded place would have few pedestrians and vehicles, appearing very quiet, but when Fang Bai approached “Rejuvenation Hall,” he found the area bustling with people coming and going, and many vehicles, quite lively.

In front of “Rejuvenation Hall,” the parking lot was filled with vehicles from all over the country, and the people who came out of the vehicles included elderly persons of a hundred years, infants of several months, and even quite a few blue-eyed, high-nosed foreigners.

And every person who walked out of “Rejuvenation Hall” carried medicine bags of various sizes in their hands, wearing relaxed smiles on their faces, obviously having obtained satisfactory results.

Needless to say, these were all people who had come to “Rejuvenation Hall” to seek medical advice and drugs.

“Rejuvenation Hall, truly lives up to its reputation!”

Looking at the crowded and lively scene in front of “Rejuvenation Hall,” Fang Bai couldn’t help but silently exclaim, thinking that his initial boast of making the Fang Family’s clinic surpass “Rejuvenation Hall” seemed a challenging and lengthy goal.

Fang Bai followed a middle-aged couple into “Rejuvenation Hall” and was met with a huge hall.

On the east side of the hall was the registration and payment area, where patients coming for treatment had to register first.

On the west side of the hall were rows of medicine cabinets, filled with pre-cut various herbs, and patients with doctors' prescriptions lined up outside the cabinets, waiting for "Rejuvenation Hall" staff to dispense their medicines.

On the south side of the hall, a series of long tables were arranged in a line, behind which sat more than a dozen traditional Chinese doctors who were using the "Four Diagnostics" to diagnose patients' illnesses.

The dozen or so doctors were mostly over forty years old, except for one on the far left who looked to be in his twenties.

Usually, when patients seek out traditional Chinese doctors, they tend to believe the older the doctor, the more skilled the medicine.

Logically, a traditional Chinese doctor in his twenties shouldn't have many patients, yet a long queue had formed in front of the young doctor, showing that he was quite popular with the patients.

When Fang Bai saw the appearance of the young doctor, he couldn't help but laugh.

That person was none other than Hua Yi.

In front of Hua Yi's table, simple medical instruments such as a stethoscope and blood pressure monitor were placed, along with a sign that had his name and a brief introduction of the doctor.

Fang Bai glanced at the plaque, which read, "Hua Yi, the leading figure among the younger generation of 'Rejuvenation Hall,' has deeply inherited the medical skills of the Hua Family and has been personally instructed by the National Doctor, Hua Tianhe."

"Rejuvenation Hall" is a Traditional Chinese Medicine family with a thousand-year heritage and holds a pivotal position in Huaxia's medical community.

Being a National Doctor, Hua Tianhe has a resounding reputation, well-known to everyone, and recognized by all.

Being personally tutored by him proves that Hua Yi's medical skills have received his approval and are unlikely to be poor.

Fang Bai thought to himself that perhaps it was the last sentence on the plaque that made many patients overlook Hua Yi's youth and flock to him eagerly.

Martial Artists have sharp intuition, and Hua Yi was no exception.

When Fang Bai stared at Hua Yi, Hua Yi quickly sensed something amiss.

After looking up, he locked eyes with Fang Bai, standing in the center of the hall.

Their gazes met, and Hua Yi's face instantly changed.

"Doctor, how is my condition?"

The patient sitting in front of Hua Yi saw his face turn awful and feared they had contracted some serious illness, trembling as they spoke.

Hua Yi ignored the patient and fixed his gaze on Fang Bai, his expression tense and uneasy, with a hint of evil Qi.

Fang Bai walked slowly to Hua Yi, took out the IOU personally written by Hua Yi, waved it in front of him, and said with a smile, "I'm short of cash recently, so I've come to collect my money."

"I don't have money right now.

Give me some time, and I'll pay you."

Hua Yi was clearly unwilling for the people of “Rejuvenation Hall” to know he owed Fang Bai a million yuan, he looked around and whispered.

“No way!”

Fang Bai shook his head and said, “I’ve already given you more than ten days.

I can’t wait any longer!”

“I’ll give you six hundred thousand now, and the remaining four hundred thousand in ten days!

How about that?”

“No way!

One million, not one cent less!”

“You...”

Hua Yi forcefully suppressed his anger, clenched his fist tightly.

If he could beat Fang Bai, if it weren’t for being in “Rejuvenation Hall” at the moment, he would have already gone up and given Fang Bai a good beating.

“Ten days!

Give me another ten days, and I’ll figure out a way to get the money for you!”

Hua Yi took a deep breath, striving to calm himself.

“No way!

I need to leave in the next few days and can’t wait any longer!”

Seeing Fang Bai stand in front of the desk, with an attitude of not leaving until he got his money, Hua Yi became both angry and anxious, grinding his teeth as he said, “You...

Fang Bai, don’t push me!”

“How am I pushing you?”

Fang Bai looked innocent as he said, “Paying with life for murder, repaying debts—it’s only natural!

You owe me a million; it’s written clear as day...

Are you thinking of going back on your word?”

Hua Yi laughed instead of getting angry, “A joke!

Would I renege on a debt?

A mere million, I, Hua Yi, wouldn’t even bat an eye...”

Fang Bai stretched out his hand forward, “Then give me the money!”

Hua Yi said with a sullen face, “I’ve already told you, in ten days!”

Fang Bai raised his voice, “I’ve also told you, I can’t wait ten days!

Not even one day!

Give me one million yuan now, not a cent less!”

He deliberately spoke loudly, causing both the doctors of “Rejuvenation Hall” and the patients who had come for treatment to turn their attention toward them.

Chapter 79: Rejuvenation Hall

Hua Yi considered the shame of losing a competition of medical skill to Fang Bai and a million yuan as an unbearable disgrace.

Fearing ridicule from friends and reproach by elders, he had always kept this matter a secret, even going as far to avoid asking his relatives and close friends to lend him the money to pay Fang Bai back,

Over these days, Hua Yi had been extremely anxious, worried that Fang Bai would come knocking for the debt and make everyone in the “Rejuvenation Hall” aware of it.

Fortunately, since the incident, Fang Bai hadn’t shown up, which gave Hua Yi a temporary sigh of relief.

However, Hua Yi wasn’t naive enough to think that Fang Bai would never come to claim his money, after all, the debt was a million, not a hundred.

Hence, he often snuck out to see patients behind the back of “Rejuvenation Hall,” hoping to earn enough money as soon as possible to pay Fang Bai back and rid himself of this constant worry.

But what he least expected was that Fang Bai would suddenly appear in “Rejuvenation Hall,” and even clamor for his money on the spot.

Watching Fang Bai’s bad grin and loud, boisterous behavior, Hua Yi truly wanted to leap up and strangle him.

This detestable bastard clearly wanted to make a scene out of this, to humiliate him in front of everyone!

Blinded by rage, Hua Yi slapped the table with a “smack” and shouted angrily, “Fang Bai, this is ‘Rejuvenation Hall,’ the place of our Hua Family, we won’t tolerate your wild behavior here!

Get out now, or you’ll regret it profoundly!”

His eyes bulged with fury, his fists crackling with rage, he was like an enraged lion, ready to lash out at any moment.

The patients waiting in line saw this and kept their distance, fearing they might get hurt if the two men clashed.

The staff and doctors of “Rejuvenation Hall” glared at Fang Bai with raised eyebrows, their eyes filled with hostility.

They viewed Fang Bai as a troublemaker.

“Rejuvenation Hall” was a well-known name in the world of traditional Chinese medicine, its reputation widespread.

Every year, many from the medical community would come to “challenge the hall” to make a name for themselves, and they saw Fang Bai as one of these challengers.

“Rejuvenation Hall” belonged to the Hua Family, which was not only a thousand-year-old prominent clan of traditional Chinese medicine but also an ancient martial arts family.

Therefore, those who came to cause trouble often met with very miserable ends.

Soon, four security guards surrounded Fang Bai, ready to make a move on Hua Yi’s command and forcibly eject the troublemaker.

All four guards were descendants of the Hua Family trained in ancient martial arts.

Their duty was to protect the safety of the staff and doctors in “Rejuvenation Hall,” while also maintaining order and ensuring business proceeded as usual.

An older doctor from “Rejuvenation Hall,” after hearing Fang Bai’s words, frowned at Hua Yi, then headed to the back hall, preparing to inform the current Hua Family Patriarch, Hua Chun, who was resting.

Hua Yi really wanted the four guards to throw Fang Bai out, but he didn’t dare do so.

Even Hua Yi was not a match for those four guards, and he knew he was no match for Fang Bai either.

If they dealt with Fang Bai using force, the ones to suffer would only be themselves.

One of the Hua Family rules was to deal with problems calmly, trying to be as discreet and non-confrontational as possible.

Hua Yi knew he was in the wrong from the start.

If a conflict with Fang Bai did arise and the family elders blamed him, he would undoubtedly face punishment.

Seeing the older doctor from “Rejuvenation Hall” leave for the back hall, Hua Yi knew he could no longer keep this matter hidden.

He glanced at Fang Bai with a resentful look, sighed, hung his head low, and waited to face his father, Hua Chun.

Moments later, three elders clad in Tang suits emerged from the back hall.

The three elders, the one in the middle was around sixty, while the two flanking him were well over seventy.

Each of them carried an air of immortal grace, with ruddy complexions, spirited vigor, and excellent health, obviously well-versed in self-care.

Although the elders moved slowly, their bearing was powerful and dignified, exuding an aura of authority without anger.

At the opening and closing of their sharp eyes, their penetrating gaze was revealing to any insider that they were skilled in martial arts and were of considerable prowess.

Upon seeing the three elders appear, the staff and doctors of Rejuvenation Hall all stood up spontaneously, their faces showing respect.

Fang Bai's attention shifted from Hua Yi to the elders.

To his surprise, the strength of these three elders was much greater than that of the two Shaolin Monks he had encountered before.

Especially the elder in the middle, who was about sixty years old, tread silently like a falling leaf with each step he took, indicating an exceptional movement technique.

Hua Yi hurriedly approached the three elders.

Upon reaching them, he bowed and respectfully called out, "Dad, Uncle, Second Uncle."

The elder in the middle was none other than Hua Yi's father, the current Hua Family Patriarch, Hua Chun.

The elders to Hua Chun's left and right were Hua Yi's Uncle Hua Gang and Second Uncle Hua Lie, respectively.

Hua Gang, Hua Lie, and Hua Chun, the three brothers, were not only the core figures of the Hua Family but also the soul of the family.

They were not only highly skilled in medicine but also top Ancient Martial experts of the Hua Family.

Now, apart from the highest-ranked National Doctor Hua Tianhe, respect within the family was chiefly accorded to these three.

The previous Family Head of the Hua Family was Hua Tianhe, who, due to his indifferent nature and passion for medicine, showed little interest in worldly affairs.

Not long after inheriting the position, he passed the mantle of Family Head to Hua Chun, who was the most skilled in medicine within the family.

With temperaments of coldness and warmth, Hua Gang and Hua Lie responded to Hua Yi's greeting with a nod from an expressionless face and a hearty pat on the shoulder, respectively.

Glancing at his son with a huff, Hua Chun sternly asked, "Scoundrel, what are you hiding from me?"

Speak!

If you dare lie, I'll break your legs!"

At this juncture, Hua Yi dared not conceal any longer.

Hanging his head low, he honestly recounted the details of him competing in medical skills with Fang Bai and losing one million to him.

Smack—

No sooner had he finished speaking than Hua Chun raised his hand and landed a slap across his face.

“Do you know why I hit you?”

Hua Chun, looking at the five finger marks on his son’s face, showed not a trace of pity in his eyes as he asked coldly.

“I know...”

“Let’s hear it!”

“I violated family rules.

I should not have carelessly revealed Martial Arts or engaged in a medical contest with another, thus losing a million and causing loss to the clan...”

“At least you understand that...

Big Brother, according to our Hua Family’s rules, how should this scoundrel be punished?”

Hua Chun turned his head and inquired of Hua Gang, who stood to his left.

Hua Gang responded coldly, “Tend to the medicinal herbs in the mountains, house arrest for one year.”

The Hua Family had rented a large area of mountainous land near Zhongzhou, where they planted a vast quantity of medicinal herbs, continuously supplying all sorts of medicinal materials for Rejuvenation Hall.

That mountainous area was very remote, seemingly cut off from the world.

Only those descendants of the Hua Family who had violated family rules were sent there to cultivate and take care of the medicinal herbs.

Without the permission of the Family Head, no one was to leave, or they would face even more severe family disciplinary actions.

The so-called house arrest for one year meant being assigned to look after the medicinal herbs and not being allowed to leave that mountainous area for a year.

Chapter 80: The Challenge of the Hua Family Patriarch

Hua Chun nodded and said to Hua Yi, "Starting from tomorrow, you shall enter the mountains!

There, take good care of the herbs, and you can also focus on studying medical skills and cultivating ancient martial arts.

I hope this year's time can smooth out your edges."

Hua Yi said with a downcast air, "Yes."

Hua Chun paid him no further mind and walked up to Fang Bai.

He sized him up and down for a moment and then said with a beaming smile, "Young man, my son owes you a million, and I shall pay it for him."

Fang Bai replied, "Elder, you are profoundly just; Fang Bai admires that!"

Hua Chun chuckled, "A bet is a bet; there's nothing to be said.

My son's ancient martial arts and medical skills stand out among the younger generation of the Hua family; I am quite impressed that you won against him!"

Fang Bai said modestly, "Perhaps it was just a coincidence."

Hua Chun laughed heartily, "Both martial arts and medical skills are solid abilities; where would coincidence come into play?"

The young man jests!"

At this point, Hua Chun suddenly erupted with an imposing aura, bearing down on Fang Bai before speaking in a deep voice, "I am now putting up five million as a wager; do you have any interest in betting against me?"

Hua Chun, as the Hua Family Patriarch, had cultivated both medicine and martial arts from a young age.

By the age of thirty, with his remarkable martial arts and superb medical skills, he became renowned across the world as a standout of his generation in Huaxia.

Now, thirty years later, Hua Chun's mastery of martial arts had reached the so-called Yellow Level High Rank in the Ancient Martial World, and his medical skills were among the top tier in Huaxia's medical community.

Especially in the field of traditional Chinese medicine, if Hua Tianhe and Qian Haoduo are considered first-tier, then Hua Chun is the leader of the second tier.

As the years passed and with the rise of the younger generation of the Hua family, Hua Chun, whether in ancient martial arts or medical skills, had not personally taken action for many years, leaving others uncertain of his true capability.

Now, Hua Chun's sudden proposal to have a high-stakes bet with Fang Bai was unexpected to everyone at Rejuvenation Hall.

With the Family Head personally stepping forward, this was a rare opportunity; the descendants of the Hua family, except for a few who felt perplexed and confused, were mostly excited and thrilled.

Those who were perplexed and confused thought that as the venerable Family Head, well-versed in both martial arts and medicine, taking personal action against a junior seemed to have no advantages, regardless of the outcome.

If he won, others would say Hua Chun, the elder, had bullied a junior, and his victory would carry no honor.

If he lost, others would say the Hua Family Patriarch was actually a match for an unnamed junior, suggesting he was all bark and no bite, which would be a huge blow to both Hua Chun's personal reputation and that of Rejuvenation Hall.

Of course, none of the disciples of Rejuvenation Hall considered the possibility of Hua Chun losing to Fang Bai, as in their eyes, such a thing was impossible.

And those excited Hua family descendants hoped to see their Patriarch demonstrate his powerful presence, utterly defeating Fang Bai in both martial arts and medical skills, thereby glorifying the Hua family.

"Five million?"

Upon hearing this figure, Fang Bai immediately became interested.

His eyebrows raised as he asked, "What's the bet?"

Fang Bai, in his previous life, was the Invincible War Emperor.

After seizing the body and being reborn, he also brought with him the strong will to fight.

To perceive in battle, to sublimate in battle, that was Fang Bai's Martial Dao.

Confronting a challenge, if he was full of fighting spirit, fearless and daring to battle, forging ahead, his strength would improve rapidly.

If he were timid and chose to escape, shrinking back from combat, then on the path of martial arts, he would struggle to make any progress.

This was true for both Martial Dao and the way of medicine.

Thus, he hardly hesitated before accepting Hua Chun's challenge.

From Fang Bai's perspective, Hua Chun's initiative in proposing a challenge and betting five million was akin to him giving away money.

Whether in medicine or martial arts, defeating him would be as easy as reaching into a bag and taking what he needed.

"My son lost to you both in Ancient Martial techniques and medicine, so let's still bet on these two aspects,"

"Fine, name the time and place, and how we shall bet," Fang Bai said.

"The time is now.

As for the place..."

Hua Chun looked around and said, "If it's a contest of medical skills, there are many patients in this hall which makes it the best venue for the bet.

If it's a contest of Ancient Martial skills, there are too many onlookers here, so it's not suitable, we can go to the training ground in the back hall.

As for the betting method...”

Hua Chun paused for a moment before continuing, “If we’re comparing medical skills, we’ll each sit at the doctor’s seat and diagnose and treat the conditions of patients in line, coming up with the most suitable treatment methods.

Within the time it takes an incense stick to burn, whoever diagnoses and treats patients quickly and accurately will be the winner in medical skills...

How does that sound?”

Fang Bai nodded, “Good, it’s simple and direct, just how I like it.

What about Ancient Martial skills?”

“For Ancient Martial skills, we will compete in hand-to-hand combat, use of weapons and concealed projectiles, as well as lightness skills and movement technique.

What do you think?” Hua Chun said.

Fang Bai said, “I have one question: if I bet on medical skills and lose, but win in Ancient Martial skills, how will the bet be settled?”

Hua Chun smiled proudly and said, “If you win both, the five million is all yours.

If you can defeat me in any one aspect, you get half of the five million.

That’s fair, isn’t it?”

Fang Bai said, “But what if I lose in both aspects?

I can't come up with five million for the bet..."

Hua Chun laughed and said, "That is easy.

If you win, you sign a work contract with our 'Rejuvenation Hall,' and you come to work for 'Rejuvenation Hall' from now on."

Only then did the Hua Family members present realize that the Family Patriarch's hefty bet with Fang Bai was not solely to retrieve his son's lost face, but more importantly, to keep Fang Bai, to serve 'Rejuvenation Hall.'

Someone who could defeat Hua Yi, the first genius of the younger generation of the Hua Family both in medicine and martial arts, can truly be described as a rare talent, and indeed worth Hua Chun's effort to win over.

Fang Bai laughed loudly, "If you lose, you only lose five million; if I lose, I have to work for your 'Rejuvenation Hall' for a lifetime..."

what a clever calculation you've made, old man!"

Hua Chun said, "I won't let you work for 'Rejuvenation Hall' for free, I can offer you an annual salary of one million."

His words immediately aroused envy among the many 'Rejuvenation Hall' staff present.

It was well-known that the 'Rejuvenation Hall' provided excellent employee benefits, the best in the industry, but only a few respected senior traditional Chinese doctors from the Hua Family were able to earn a yearly salary of a million.

Hua Chun's treatment of Fang Bai clearly showed how much he was valued.

However, when they thought about it more carefully, people understood.

Fang Bai, who appeared to be only about twenty years old, was able to defeat someone older than himself, born into a family prominent in both traditional Chinese medicine and the Ancient Martial arts, and hailed as the first genius of the Hua Family's younger generation.

Leaving aside other considerations, his future held boundless possibilities.

Fang Bai's excellence alone proved his extraordinary talent and limitless potential.

Who could say that in a few decades, he wouldn't become the next National Doctor?

If 'Rejuvenation Hall' could attract Fang Bai, it would be like finding a treasure.

From this perspective, not to mention a million annual salary, even if they had to pay a higher price, it would be worth it.

Realizing this, the 'Rejuvenation Hall' staff looked at Hua Chun with admiration.

The Family Head was worthy of his title, indeed a master of cunning plans.