

Doctor 81

Chapter 81: Patients with Facial Paralysis

"What do you say, young man, dare you make a wager with me? I've put all my old bones on the line, surely you, a young man, aren't afraid?"

Hua Chun looked at Fang Bai with a smile, as if he was afraid Fang Bai would not dare to take the bet, using the method of provocation.

Fang Bai laughed and said, "Old man, there's no need for you to provoke me. For the sake of that five million yuan, I'll take your bet!"

Twirling a few white whiskers on his chin, Hua Chun chuckled and said, "You seem quite confident!"

"Confidence comes from strength!"

"Very good, I admire your confidence! Come on, come here and show off your medical skills!"

Hua Chun strode to a diagnosis table at the southern end of the hall, patted the shoulder of the doctor who was treating a patient, motioned for him to step aside, and took his place.

Fang Bai knew that Hua Chun wanted to test their medical skills first, so he walked over and sat down at the diagnosis table belonging to Hua Yi.

The two men were separated by several diagnosis tables, allowing them to treat patients without interfering with each other.

Hua Yi stood behind his father Hua Chun, wanting several times to whisper in his ear, cautioning him not to underestimate Fang Bai, but he was afraid of being scolded by his father and didn't dare to speak out.

Hua Yi believed that his father's martial arts were still sharp with age, and defeating Fang Bai should not be a problem, but he had less confidence in his father's ability to defeat Fang Bai in terms of medical skills.

Because Hua Yi had witnessed Fang Bai's medical skills firsthand, they were simply unfathomable.

When Fang Bai treated people, he only used two of the "Four Diagnostics" methods traditional in Chinese medicine, yet he could accurately diagnose a patient's condition, and with such speed that it was astounding and beyond belief.

Although Hua Chun's diagnosis was very accurate and rarely ever wrong, he required repeated consideration and deliberation when it came to some complicated and difficult diseases.

Therefore, Hua Yi predicted that if his father Hua Chun were to lose to Fang Bai in the field of medicine, it would most likely be due to speed.

After Fang Bai and Hua Chun took their seats, the second eldest of the Hua Family, Hua Lie, lit an incense stick.

From the moment the incense was lit, the medical competition between Fang Bai and Hua Chun officially began.

Hua Chun glanced at Fang Bai and started diagnosing the illness of a little girl in front of him.

The child was not even two years old, held by her mother, and perhaps due to her illness, she kept crying.

"What's wrong with the little friend?"

With a pleasant smile, Hua Chun reached out and gently pinched the girl's cheek, softly inquiring of the girl's mother.

"She might have caught a cold. Fever, runny nose, unwillingness to eat, and a severe cough..."

Hua Chun nodded, observed the child's complexion, took the little girl's hand to feel her pulse, and then listened to her chest with a stethoscope for a while.

"The little friend has a serious cold... I will give her some acupuncture, then prescribe some medicine, and she should be much better by tomorrow."

As he spoke, Hua Chun gestured to the girl's mother to lay her flat on the diagnosis table.

Once the girl lay down, she began to cry even more fiercely, and her mother, sweating from the effort, could not calm her down.

"Be a good little friend..."

Hua Chun, smiling warmly, extended his hands to gently rub the Taiyang Acupoints on either side of the girl, and miraculously, she quieted down, appearing to be drowsy and about to fall asleep.

Hua Chun took out a set of silver needles that had been sterilized not long before from the drawer of the diagnosis table, held the needle with a flash in his eyes, and with swift movements, in the blink of an eye, several needles were inserted into important acupoints on the girl's body.

He rubbed his hands together to warm them, and with his fingertips gently gripped the ends of two of the needles, channeling True Yuan, infusing a slender thread of True Yuan into the child's body.

As the True Yuan was infused, the needles vibrated lightly, and the girl's body quivered in response.

"Rejuvenation Hall" was renowned throughout the land, and the Hua Family's medical skill was excellent; the girl's mother also came because of their reputation.

Seeing Hua Chun using acupuncture to treat her daughter was a first for her, and she watched nervously, afraid the thin, long silver needles might harm her child.

While Hua Chun was treating the girl, Fang Bai was also treating another middle-aged man.

""Facial paralysis?"

Fang Bai looked at the man sitting in front of him with a crooked mouth and askew eyes, frowning as he asked.

Facial paralysis, also known as facial nerve palsy, is a disease characterized by impaired motor function of the facial expression muscles. Common symptoms include a skewed mouth and eyes, with patients often unable to perform even the most basic actions such as raising eyebrows, closing eyes, or puffing cheeks.

The middle-aged man before him showed symptoms of facial paralysis, which was why Fang Bai had asked the question.

The middle-aged man nodded repeatedly.

"When did you first notice the problem?"

Fang Bai pressed a few points on the man's face and then asked in a casual manner.

"I noticed it ten days ago in the morning when I got up to wash my face and brush my teeth. I went to Zhongzhou First People's Hospital. The doctors performed acupuncture and I took medicine, but there was no effect. So I came here to see..."

"Do you have any other discomfort or any other abnormalities in your body?"

Fang Bai continued to ask, signaling the middle-aged man to raise his right arm while he took his pulse.

"No."

The middle-aged man shook his head: "My body has always been healthy..."

"Then I am relieved."

Fang Bai grinned, then suddenly stretched out both hands and, with swift and forceful slaps, struck the middle-aged man several times across the face.

Smack smack smack—

The sound of crisp slaps echoed through the vast hall, drawing the attention of many people around.

Hua Yi, standing behind Hua Chun, turned his head to look at Fang Bai and barked angrily, "Why did you hit him?"

Other employees of Rejuvenation Hall also glared at Fang Bai with fury.

The doctors at Rejuvenation Hall were known for their high level of medical expertise and courteous treatment of patients. This had earned them high praise from their patients and was the reason why the clinic had survived for a thousand years without decline.

Fang Bai's unexpected slapping of the patient could, if the patient thought he was an employee of Rejuvenation Hall and spread the word, damage the reputation of Rejuvenation Hall. This was why the employees were angry.

Four of the Hua Family's descendants, tasked with security, encircled Fang Bai once more, cracking their knuckles, eager to join forces to subdue him, either to throw him out or to drag him to a nearby police station.

The facial paralysis patient looked as if he had been struck dumb, sitting there with his eyes wide and his mouth agape, completely stunned into silence.

"Don't be rash!"

Seeing the four security guards about to make a move on Fang Bai, Hua Chun quickly yelled to stop them.

Hua Chun was always accurate at judging people. The moment he first saw Fang Bai, he knew he wasn't the type to make trouble without reason or act arrogantly due to his abilities. There had to be a reason for Fang Bai slapping the middle-aged man.

"Dad, I think this guy is just intentionally causing trouble at our Rejuvenation Hall! Just give him a lesson and throw him out directly!"

Hua Yi said loudly.

"Shut your mouth!"

Hua Chun was very disappointed in his son's inability to remain calm and his propensity to resort to violence in every situation.

There were not many in the Hua Family who were both medical and martial arts experts, and Hua Yi was one of them—and among the best.

Hua Chun also held great hopes for his son. He hoped that in a decade, once his son's temperament became more steady and subdued, he could entrust him with some family affairs, train him to be a talent capable of taking on great responsibilities, and possibly a strong contender for the next Family Head.

But if his son remained impulsive, hot-blooded, and unable to exercise restraint even after ten years, it would be difficult for him to achieve great things, and all of Hua Chun's efforts might be in vain.

The members of the Hua Family also did not want their Family Head to be someone impulsive and hot-tempered because such a leader could destroy Rejuvenation Hall, and with it, the Hua Family."

Chapter 82: No Injustice in Losing!

Hua Yi saw his father getting angry and immediately shut his mouth.

He knew that if he spoke again, the punishment he would face could be even more severe, and it wouldn't just be a matter of being grounded for a year.

Fang Bai, from beginning to end, had not glanced at Hua Yi and father Hua Chun; his gaze was fixed on the face of the middle-aged man.

He saw streaks of blood appear on the man's face, his complexion gradually improving, his eyes becoming clear, and the lifeless look in them slowly gaining luster, upon which he satisfyingly nodded.

"Come on, smile for me."

Fang Bai said to the middle-aged man with a smile.

The middle-aged man subconsciously cracked a smile.

"Good, not bad. Blink your eyes for me."

The middle-aged man did as instructed and blinked his eyes.

"Congratulations!"

Fang Bai patted the middle-aged man's shoulder, saying with a smile, "Your facial paralysis is healed."

The middle-aged man was stunned for a moment, then became overjoyed. He ran to a mirror nearby, made faces at his reflection, cried and laughed, expressing a variety of emotions.

Soon after, the middle-aged man returned to Fang Bai, grabbing his hand, and said excitedly, "Doctor, thank you! You are incredible!"

Fang Bai laughed "haha" and said, "You're not mad I slapped you, are you?"

The middle-aged man shook his head vigorously: "The slaps were good! Marvelous! Without your slaps, I would not have recovered so quickly!"

It was then that the onlookers realized that Fang Bai's slapping was a means of treating the illness.

That a few slaps had healed facial paralysis was truly inconceivable.

The way everyone looked at Fang Bai changed.

Who says a smooth talker can't get things done?

Who says that in traditional medicine, the older the doctor, the more skilled he is?

This young doctor was outstanding!

Hua Chun exchanged glances with his elder brother Hua Gang and second brother Hua Lie, all of their expressions turning somewhat grave.

Although facial paralysis was something they could treat at Rejuvenation Hall, it was still through the use of acupuncture and medication, and the results took time to manifest.

Fang Bai's method of using no needles, no medicine, just slaps to cure facial paralysis was something they simply couldn't achieve.

Hua Chun, deep in thought while observing Fang Bai, contemplated carefully and then suddenly had a realization.

When Fang Bai slapped the middle-aged man, he must have used a special technique, and his palm surely contained True Yuan, thus activating the man's facial nerves in one fell swoop, curing his facial paralysis.

This method seemed simple, but the technique and the True Yuan had to be perfectly combined.

Especially the force of the True Yuan, which had to be just right; too light and it wouldn't stimulate the nerves, too heavy and it might worsen the patient's symptoms.

Hua Chun doubted even if he had tried to treat the middle-aged man's facial paralysis following Fang Bai's method, he would not necessarily have been effective.

"That lad isn't simple!"

Hua Gang whispered to Hua Chun, "If you want to surpass him in medical skill, you must give it your all!"

"Hua Yi lost to him, and it wasn't undeserved!"

Hua Lie looked at Fang Bai with interest, his eyes moving restlessly, pondering how they could make this young man stay at Rejuvenation Hall.

"Do your utmost, and leave the rest to fate!"

Hua Chun silently sighed as he watched the middle-aged man, who had been cured of facial paralysis by Fang Bai, happily pay and leave. He then refocused his attention on the little girl in front of him on the consultancy table.

He had agreed with Fang Bai to decide the winner within the time it takes an incense stick to burn, and Fang Bai's curing of one patient did not yet mean he had won.

Hua Yi decided not to be distracted anymore; he could not let this matter affect his state of mind.

A few minutes after the acupuncture, the little girl was covered in a layer of sweat and had fallen into a deep sleep.

Quickly removing the silver needles and storing them away, Hua Chun sat down and urgently wrote out a prescription for a few pediatric medicines, handing it to the little girl's mother.

"Your child's fever has subsided. Take this prescription, administer it three times a day after meals..." he advised the little girl's mother with a smile.

The mother touched her daughter's forehead, observed her sweet sleep, breathed a sigh of relief, and her worried expression turned into a smile. After thanking Hua Chun profusely, she left to fetch the medicine, holding her child.

After Hua Chun finished with one patient, Fang Bai had already moved on to diagnosing his third patient.

Hua Chun collected his thoughts, choosing not to focus on Fang Bai anymore.

However, Hua Gang, Hua Lie, and Hua Yi, among others, couldn't help but have their attention drawn to Fang Bai.

The more they watched, the colder their hearts felt.

Hua Gang and Hua Lie even thought that there was no need to continue the competition, as Hua Chun had already lost.

Having practiced medicine for many years and encountered countless traditional Chinese medicine practitioners, they had never seen anyone like Fang Bai.

Fang Bai did not adhere to the "Four Diagnostics" method when treating patients. He would simply exchange a few words or feel the pulse, then diagnose the condition—always extremely accurately.

At the level of medical expertise like Hua Gang's and Hua Lie's, they knew that Fang Bai's medical skills had reached a mystically transformative realm.

Hua Gang and Hua Lie exchanged a glance, both smiling wryly and worryingly at each other.

Before, they had considered Fang Bai as an uncut gem that needed polishing to shine.

However, the medical skill Fang Bai was now displaying was already comparable to a master of a generation, making them feel inferior.

If they could recruit Fang Bai into Rejuvenation Hall, it would be a huge boon, greatly benefiting the business.

But if Fang Bai were to join any other traditional medical Prominent Clan, that would not be good news for Rejuvenation Hall.

There are countless such Prominent Clans in Huaxia, four of which are on par with Rejuvenation Hall: Doctor Pavilion in Yanjing, Xinglin Courtyard in Jiangnan, Ghost Doctor Sect in Tianshan, and Immortal Island in Donghai.

These four great traditional medical Clans, like Rejuvenation Hall, have a thousand-year heritage, excel in both medical and martial practices, and are collectively known as the "Five Great Medical Sects" within the Huaxia medical community.

Rejuvenation Hall has both cooperation and competition with these four great Clans.

While these Five Great Medical Sects are not lacking in genius doctors, a medical prodigy like Fang Bai is extremely rare. If the other Four Great Medical Sects became aware of him, they would undoubtedly be tempted.

In the silent exchange of glances between Hua Gang and Hua Lie, a tacit understanding was reached.

They decided to discuss with Family Head Hua Chun later and, no matter the cost, keep Fang Bai and make him a member of Rejuvenation Hall.

The medical skills competition between Fang Bai and Hua Chun was still ongoing.

Fang Bai maintained a rate of treating one patient every five minutes on average.

Whereas Hua Chun, with a solemn face and highly concentrated spirit, also began to quicken the pace of his diagnoses.

The routine for both in treating patients was essentially the same, first identifying the patient's condition, then treating the symptoms accordingly.

For conditions that could be treated on the spot, both would get to work immediately without delay.

For conditions that required long-term care to heal, they would prescribe medicines, instruct the patients to fetch their medicines according to the prescription, and keep a copy of the prescription to further discuss the correctness of their prescriptions after the time of an incense stick had passed.

Chapter 83: We Admit Defeat

"Rejuvenation Hall" has two areas where patients are treated: one in the front hall and one in the back hall.

The front hall of "Rejuvenation Hall" is equivalent to the emergency department of a hospital. Patients here usually come with common ailments such as colds and fevers, and some with minor complicated and miscellaneous diseases are also received.

The back hall, on the other hand, is akin to the inpatient department of a hospital. It is divided into individual small wards designated for treating some critically ill or even terminally ill patients.

The doctors practicing in the front hall are generally under fifty years old, and relatively speaking, their medical experience is not as rich and their medical skills are somewhat lower.

Conversely, the doctors in the back hall are almost all over fifty years old and have a certain reputation in the Huaxia medical community. Their medical experience and skill levels are not something the doctors from the front hall can compare with.

As for the brothers Hua Chun, Hua Gang, and Hua Lie, they have been in a semi-retired state in recent years, acting as absentee managers and rarely personally handling treatments. Only when the doctors from both the front and back halls are unable to solve a problem do they make an appearance.

The skill level of "Rejuvenation Hall's" doctors is highly recognized in the medical community.

It is also well known that "Rejuvenation Hall" charges high fees for treatments.

Yet, the steep costs have not deterred patients from all corners of the country from seeking their aid.

To those patients, as long as the treatment is effective, the cost is secondary; after all, health is their first priority, and wealth comes second.

Hua Chun, Hua Gang, and Hua Lie are the soul of the Hua Family and the hallmarks of "Rejuvenation Hall," collectively known as the "Three Renowned Doctors of Rejuvenation Hall."

These three doctors have always adhered to a "two-unless" principle.

The first is that they do not treat unless the disease is serious, and the second is that they do not treat unless the consultation fee is at least one million.

In other words, the three doctors are only interested in treating serious illnesses, and they have a clear price tag: the starting fee is one million. As for how much it will actually cost to be cured, that depends on the severity of the illness.

Many patients had objections to the "two-unless" principle of the three doctors, but over time, those objections faded away.

Facts have proven that the medical skills of the three doctors are indeed exceptional. Over the years, the number of critically ill patients they have treated is not only substantial, but the cure rate is also high. Though the patients paid a high price, it was all done willingly.

For Hua Chun, treating patients in the front hall was his first time since becoming the Hua Family Patriarch, breaking his "two-unless" principle.

Hua Chun had only one goal in doing this—to defeat Fang Bai, make him sign a contract, and thus become a member of "Rejuvenation Hall."

However, while ideals are full-bodied, reality is very stark.

An incense stick was about to burn out. Fang Bai had already diagnosed and treated ten patients in succession and then stopped working, sitting there with a smile, watching Hua Chun who was busy and sweating profusely.

Meanwhile, Hua Chun was still busying himself, apparently having entered a state of self-forgetful work.

To treat the patients on the spot, Hua Chun had expended a great deal of True Yuan, nearly exhausting all his strength, leaving him in an extremely fatigued state. If he continued this way, it wouldn't be long before he collapsed from exhaustion.

"Youngest brother, there's no need to compete anymore, you've already lost," Hua Gang sighed and said, walking up to Hua Chun.

Hua Chun had just finished diagnosing a high blood pressure condition in an old man and was about to continue with the next one when he stiffened upon hearing Hua Gang's words.

"How many patients has that young man treated?"

Hua Chun wiped the sweat from his forehead, glanced at Fang Bai, and asked in a low voice.

"Ten," Hua Gang replied. "And after treating the tenth patient, he stopped. With only two or three minutes left, you won't be able to catch up to him."

"What about me? How many did I treat?"

Hua Chun asked unwillingly.

"You only have five."

Hua Gang patted Hua Chun on the shoulder and said, "It's only five million. You've lost, and that's that. You're very tired; you need a good rest."

"Big brother, have you seen the prescriptions that kid gave to the patients?"

Hua Chun's gaze turned to Hua Lie.

Hua Lie nodded and said with a bitter smile, "I've looked at them all, and there's nothing wrong. In fact, a few of those prescriptions are quite brilliant. They've been quite enlightening to me after I saw them."

Hua Chun slumped into the chair behind him, sighed dejectedly, and said, "The same amount of time, I treated five, that kid treated ten... exactly double! I'm convinced, in medical skills, I'm utterly convinced by my defeat!"

After a pause, he continued, "Though we haven't competed in martial arts, I reckon I'm no match for him either. His True Yuan is far more vigorous than mine!"

Hua Gang and Hua Lie said nothing; they had also come to acknowledge Hua Chun's words in their hearts.

During the medical competition, both Hua Chun and Fang Bai had used their True Yuan to treat the patients' illnesses. Hua Chun had nearly depleted his True Yuan after treating five people and was drenched in sweat from exhaustion, while Fang Bai treated ten people without changing his expression or his heartbeat. The disparity in their True Yuan was evident at a glance.

In a martial artist's duel, the strength of one's True Yuan often plays a decisive role in the outcome.

"Forget it, no need to compare martial arts, I admit defeat."

Hua Chun suddenly seemed to age several years as he waved his hand and said, "Big brother, please call that young man over here so we can talk."

Hua Gang said in a deep voice, "This isn't the place to talk, let's go to the back hall."

Hua Lie nodded his head, walked over to Fang Bai, and said while raising his thumb in approval, "Young man, you really have some skill! I admire that! I truly admire that!"

"You flatter me! Thanks for the acknowledgment!"

Fang Bai smiled blandly and pointed to Hua Chun, who was sitting on a chair and recuperating, saying, "I don't want to take advantage, let that elder rest well, and then I'll compete with him in martial arts again."

"There's no need for that."

Hua Lie sighed despondently and said, "We admit defeat."

"Really?"

"Really!"

"Well then."

Fang Bai first held out a palm and then a finger, saying, "Five million, plus the one million Hua Yi owes me, that's a total of six million. Can you give me the money now?"

Hua Lie was taken aback but then laughed heartily and said, "Don't worry, we will give you the six million, down to the last cent. Young man, we three old fellows are quite interested in you, could you join us in the back hall for a chat?"

"If you're preparing to pull me into Rejuvenation Hall, then forget it."

Fang Bai knew what the three Hua brothers wanted to discuss with him and, not wanting to waste time, said, "I like to be free and unfettered, not under anyone's control. Besides, the Fang Family is also a prominent clan in traditional Chinese medicine, I might open my own clinic in the future and be my own boss."

Hua Lie couldn't hide his disappointment and urged unwillingly, "As long as you're willing to join Rejuvenation Hall, we can offer a salary that will satisfy you. You can also name your price – as long as it's not too outrageous, I think we can negotiate."

Chapter 84: Six Million

Fang Bai shook his head and smiled as he said, "Do you think I will ever lack money with my medical skills?"

Hua Lie sighed, "If you open a clinic for traditional Chinese medicine, with your skills, the business is bound to be good."

Fang Bai shrugged and replied, "That's why, no matter how high a salary you offer me, it won't sway me."

Hua Lie said earnestly, "Young man, we are very sincere. Can't we discuss this further?"

"No, we can't."

Fang Bai flatly refused.

Joking aside, I, as the reincarnated Immortal Emperor, how could I possibly cling to this small "Rejuvenation Hall" shop?

"That's really too bad."

Hua Lie was unable to hide the disappointment on his face as he walked back to Hua Chun and Hua Gang.

"He didn't agree?"

Seeing Hua Lie's expression, Hua Chun already knew the outcome.

"I told him that as long as he is willing to join our 'Rejuvenation Hall,' he could name his price, but he still refused, and quite decisively at that!"

Hua Lie scratched his head, somewhat vexed, and then said, "He mentioned that the Fang Family is also a family of traditional Chinese medicine practitioners, and they plan to open their own clinic where he'll be his own boss."

Hua Chun and Hua Gang exchanged glances and said, "Him opening his own clinic... With his medical skills, it's certain to rise quickly. This is not good news for us."

"Actually, I think this is not that bad," Hua Gang said. "Him opening his own clinic poses much less of a threat to us than if he joined another medical institution. It's just hard to say whether he will become a powerfully competitive rival in the future."

"Let's not worry about the future for now," said Hua Chun. After a pause for thought with his eyes closed, he slowly opened them and said, "It's much better to make a friend than to make an adversary. As for this young man, let's try our best to befriend him!"

As he spoke, he stood up and slowly walked over to Fang Bai, smiling as he said, "I'm sorry you don't want to join 'Rejuvenation Hall.' However, if I were in your shoes, perhaps I would have made the same decision."

Fang Bai replied appreciatively, "Thank you for your understanding, sir."

Hua Chun nodded, took out a cheque book, and quickly wrote a string of numbers before tearing it out and handing it to Fang Bai, saying, "Here's ten million yuan, which you can cash at any major bank in Huaxia. Six million of it is what you won, the remaining four million... my disgraceful son has offended you, consider it as some compensation, and I hope you won't take his actions to heart."

Without even looking, Fang Bai pushed the cheque back and chuckled, "What young man doesn't act impulsively sometimes? The little clash between your son and me is nothing serious; I really haven't taken it to heart! The six million I won is what I deserve, so I only want the six million."

Seeing Fang Bai's seriousness, Hua Chun said no more. He tore up the ten million yuan cheque and wrote a new one for six million yuan, giving it to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai put away the cheque, nodded to Hua Chun, Hua Gang, and Hua Lie, said "goodbye," and turned to stride away.

Watching Fang Bai go, Hua Chun and the others had flickering glances and varied expressions.

Hua Yi hung his head low, too ashamed to look at anyone, feeling utterly humiliated inside.

After his father conceded defeat, he knew the trouble he had caused for the Hua Family and for "Rejuvenation Hall."

He originally thought his father would easily defeat Fang Bai, reclaim his face, and preserve the reputation of "Rejuvenation Hall," but instead, the result was that Fang Bai defeated his father and walked away with six million yuan.

The six million yuan was but a drizzle for Rejuvenation Hall, yet the negative impact it had on the establishment far outweighed the mere six million.

Today's event could have been widely publicized by Fang Bai to make a name for himself, and Rejuvenation Hall had no way to refute it, only to swallow the bitter pill in silence.

Watching his father, uncle, and second uncle walk into the back hall with somber expressions, Hua Yi looked up to the sky and sighed deeply, feeling his life was shrouded in gloom.

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Once a distance away from Rejuvenation Hall, Fang Bai took out the check and kissed it hard.

For Fang Bai at that time, six million was a huge sum, which could enable him to do a lot of things.

After cashing the check at a nearby bank, Fang Bai opened a new bank account, depositing one million of the six into the new account, and placed the remaining five million in his own account.

The newly opened bank account with one million was intended by Fang Bai for his mother, Yang Mei, to have once he returned home.

Fang Bai planned to intern at Yanjing Hospital in a few days, and once he left, he would have fewer opportunities to care for his family. Leaving one million at home would be enough for his parents and sister's daily needs and allow his father to reopen the traditional medicine clinic.

The other five million, Fang Bai planned to carry with him and use it to buy jade stones containing Essence Energy for cultivation after arriving in Yanjing.

Fang Bai had realized that jade stones containing Essence Energy were of excellent quality and very expensive, hence five million was not a large amount.

In fact, with Fang Bai's medical skills, interning at any hospital seemed redundant, but without doing so, he wouldn't be able to obtain a diploma from the medical college, and without a diploma, he wouldn't be able to treat patients legitimately in the future, which would be considered illegal practice.

Furthermore, Yanjing, being an ancient capital of several dynasties and a land where dragons thrived, was also a place Fang Bai was eager to visit.

In Fang Bai's view, since Yanjing was known as the land where dragons thrived, there should be spiritual veins in the area.

And spiritual veins are indispensable for cultivators, meaning great opportunities for them.

Upon returning home and handing the bank card to his mother, Yang Mei, saying it contained the one million he had earned from treating patients, Yang Mei thought her son was joking.

Seeing his son speak earnestly and knowing of his son's remarkable abilities, Fang Gang quickly took his wife to a nearby bank to check the balance.

When they saw the long string of numbers on the display screen, the couple was dumbfounded for quite some time before coming back to their senses. They then quickly retrieved the bank card, glaring left and right like guarding against thieves on their way back home.

Back at home, Yang Mei locked the front door tightly, her guarded expression only relaxing into one of excitement and exhilaration.

Yang Mei couldn't help but be excited.

Before this, with her husband in a car accident and the traditional medicine clinic closed, the family had been relying on her meager income, struggling to the point where they couldn't afford meat more than a few times a month.

Reflecting on those days filled Yang Mei with deep sorrow.

But ever since her son received teachings from a Master, their household changed drastically almost overnight.

Now, her husband could stand and walk again, thanks to her son's treatment.

Her son, using the "skills" he learned, had caught several wanted criminals and earned hundreds of thousands in rewards.

Of course, Yang Mei was utterly reluctant to let her son engage in the dangerous act of capturing criminals.

She was most pleased to see her son using his medical skills to treat people and earn money.

Earning money this way carried no risks, and it was both peaceful and justifiable.

Chapter 85: Supporting You to Woo Her!

Holding the bank card her son had given her, Yang Mei was not only excited but also extremely proud.

Every family hopes their sons will become dragons and their daughters phoenixes. Now, her son had finally become promising and began to give back to the family, making all those bitter years she and her husband spent raising him worthwhile.

With a million yuan, their family couldn't yet claim to be rich and noble, but it was certainly well-off, and they wouldn't have to live so frugally anymore.

That same afternoon, Yang Mei called her daughter Fang Yun home, and the family made an exception to dine out at a fancy restaurant for dinner.

After the meal, they strolled around the nearby clothing mall.

Yang Mei had originally planned to buy several pieces of clothing for Fang Bai, who was about to go to Yanjing, but he declined.

"Mom, it's inconvenient to carry too much when you're away from home. A few pieces of clothing will do for me. If I need anything, I can just buy it in Yanjing," Fang Bai said with a smile.

He continued, "But you and Dad should really buy some new outfits. You keep wearing the same two sets, washing and wearing, and wearing and washing, until they're barely presentable. And Sister, she's at the age to have a boyfriend, she should dress up more."

With a giggle, Fang Yun said, "Little brother, there's no need for you to worry about your sister's love life. On the other hand, you've got yourself a pretty girlfriend, and that makes me very happy!"

Knowing that his sister was referring to Su Linglong, Fang Bai said with a laugh, "I saved Su Linglong's life; she's just grateful to me, and she never said she wanted to commit herself to be my girlfriend."

Fang Yun retorted, "Just grateful? Does she need to skip school and visit the hospital every day to keep you company? Is it necessary for her to bring you chicken soup and other tonics every time? Little brother, stop hiding it from us."

Pausing for a moment, she added, "Su Linglong is beautiful, kind-hearted, and from a good family. I support you in pursuing her!"

Fang Bai knew his parents and sister all considered Su Linglong to be his girlfriend, and he couldn't be bothered to clarify. He simply laughed and gestured with his hands, saying, "Enough about that. Let's talk about buying clothes! Let's do this: each of the four of us will buy two sets."

Yang Mei shook her head and said, "Your father and I won't buy any. You two buy a few more pieces."

Fang Bai knew his mother was reluctant to spend money and urged her, "Mom, our family isn't short of money anymore. I'm going to earn even more in the future, so there's no need for you to keep scrimping. Starting now, we need to eat well, drink well, and dress well. Never short-change yourself, especially you two elders who have worked hard for most of your lives. It's time for you to enjoy some comfort."

Fang Gang agreed heartily with his son's words, and with a grand wave of his hand, he said boldly, "That's settled then! I'll buy a suit first!"

Yang Mei let out a "Pfft," gave her husband a disdainful look, and remarked, "Yeah right, with your figure and temperament, even the most expensive suit wouldn't look good on you."

Fang Gang's enthusiasm deflated, and he asked Fang Bai and Fang Yun with a wry smile, "Daughter, son, can't your old dad pull off a suit?"

Fang Yun said with a chuckling smile, "Not at all, I think dad would look very handsome in a suit!"

Fang Bai nodded in agreement and said, "Dad, you've got a good foundation. Though you're a bit on the thin side, that can be addressed with some exercise. As for temperament, just live a rich life for a while, and it will naturally develop. So I'm all for you buying a suit, and the more expensive, the better!"

Emboldened by his children's support, Fang Gang puffed up his chest and said to his wife, "Did you hear that? My daughter and son have vision! Heh, I'll definitely get a suit!"

Seeing her husband's triumphant demeanor, Yang Mei couldn't help but snort with laughter and reached out to flick him on the forehead, exclaiming, "You wish!"

A family of four had been shopping at a clothing mall for over an hour, and when they came out, each person was carrying two bags of clothes.

Fang Gang finally got the suit he wanted, along with a leisure jacket.

Yang Mei, Fang Bai, and Fang Yun also bought two sets of clothes each.

The four of them bought eight sets of clothes in total, which cost less than twenty thousand yuan, but it made Yang Mei's heart ache.

After returning home, night had completely fallen. Yang Mei and her daughter Fang Yun were in their room, tirelessly trying on their newly purchased clothes in front of the mirror.

After washing up, Fang Gang sat on the living room sofa, watching the television news.

Fang Bai changed into a set of comfortable casual clothes and greeted his father, saying he was going to a classmate's house for a while before slipping out the door.

Fang Bai's visit to his classmate's house was a ruse, his actual destination was 69 Light Avenue in the eastern suburbs of Zhongzhou City, a large car repair factory.

This place was the headquarters of one of the three major forces in the underworld of Zhongzhou, "Hungry Wolf Group."

Fang Bai was a man who clearly distinguished between gratitude and grudges, repaying both in kind.

Tu Fu, under the orders of the "Hungry Wolf Group" leader, had attempted to cripple Fang Bai's limbs, and although the attempt had failed, it had still enraged Fang Bai.

The death of Tu Fu was not enough to calm Fang Bai's fury. He wanted to find the person pulling the strings behind the scenes and repay them in the same manner.

Even now, Fang Bai didn't understand why the "Hungry Wolf Group" leader targeted him, and only by finding the "Hungry Wolf Group" leader could he get an answer.

Fang Bai had learned from Tu Fu that the "Hungry Wolf Group" was one of the three major forces in Zhongzhou's underworld, with hundreds of members, each one a desperate fugitive, with many fighters as capable as Tu Fu.

What was more terrifying was that the "Hungry Wolf Group" not only had numerous members but also possessed many lethal weapons.

Two years ago, in order to vie for territory and profits, the factions of the Zhongzhou underworld engaged in a chaotic and fierce shootout. The "Hungry Wolf Group" had used firearms, leading to multiple casualties. Eventually, the Zhongzhou City police force launched a large-scale operation, severely cracking down on the "Hungry Wolf Group" and other underworld forces, which finally brought the situation under control.

The "Hungry Wolf Group" started with violence and killings, and as its power expanded, in recent years it began to whitewash its operations. On one hand, it maintained some illicitly profitable businesses, and on the other, it also started engaging in legitimate business, effectively having a hand in both the underworld and legitimate society.

For example, the large car repair factory at 69 Light Avenue in the eastern suburbs of Zhongzhou City, which secretly served as the headquarters of the "Hungry Wolf Group," was on the surface one of their business outlets. It brought in tens of millions of yuan in revenue for the "Hungry Wolf Group" annually.

The composition of the "Hungry Wolf Group" members was complex, ranging from some high-ranking officials and dignitaries in Zhongzhou City to street vendors, encompassing all walks of life, even including many informants within the police force.

That was why, whenever there was any hint of activity from the police side, the higher-ups of the "Hungry Wolf Group" would immediately get wind of it and take countermeasures, thus averting danger.

According to some insiders, the "Hungry Wolf Group" had a powerful patron backing them, which was the fundamental reason they continued to operate despite repeated crackdowns and were never completely eradicated.

Chapter 86: I Want to Beat Up Your Boss!

Tang Wenrou arrived in Zhongzhou City and had wanted to collect evidence to take down the "Hungry Wolf Group", but instead, she encountered obstacles at every turn and has achieved nothing to this date.

From this, one can see how powerful the "Hungry Wolf Group" is.

However, Fang Bai held the "Hungry Wolf Group" in utter disdain.

Even Tu Fu, the reputed number one fighter of the "Hungry Wolf Group", was easily defeated by him. How much stronger could the "Hungry Wolf Group" really be?

Although the "Hungry Wolf Group" had hundreds of members, in the eyes of a martial artist of Fang Bai's realm, they were nothing more than a mob.

The city lights at night were just coming on, colorful and dazzling, like a lavishly dressed and thickly made-up beauty, full of opulent charm and enchanting grace.

The city's nightlife was rich and varied, with many citizens leaving their homes to dine out, shop, take strolls, watch movies... Looking around, there were vehicles and pedestrians everywhere.

The moonlight shimmered like water, and the night breeze was gentle.

Fang Bai walked leisurely through the crowd, facing the night breeze with an unhurried demeanor. In the eyes of others, he was just out for an evening stroll.

However, when he reached a section of the road with fewer pedestrians and vehicles, and when no one was paying attention, Fang Bai's pace would suddenly quicken, his figure nearly turning into a blur, moving much faster than cars driving in parallel.

At number 69 Light Avenue in the eastern suburbs of Zhongzhou City was the Light Auto Repair Factory.

At this moment, the repair factory yard was brightly lit, as bright as day. Hundreds of cars of various types were parked inside the yard, with many uniformed workers repairing and maintaining those vehicles.

To the north of the repair factory was a row of storage rooms. The rolling shutter door of the central storage room was tightly closed, and four burly, fierce-looking men, wearing the same uniforms as the workers, with cigarettes in their mouths, were patrolling outside the shutter door.

The four men held steel pipes about two feet long, appearing to be guarding something. Anyone who was not part of the group that neared the place was unceremoniously shooed away.

If one had good enough hearing, they could press their ear against the rolling shutter door and hear the lively sounds coming from inside. It seemed that some bustling activity was going on.

"Ptui!"

One of the patrolling burly men spat out the cigarette butt from his mouth, touched his bald head, and cursed softly, "They're having a good time inside, making us stand guard out here... When will it be our turn to go in?"

Another man took two deep drags of his cigarette, tossed the butt away, and laughed, "Don't be anxious. We'll get our turn in the second half of the night. We're just small fry, aren't we? Good things come first to the boss, then it goes down the pecking order by rank. Be content that we get a share at all!"

As the four men were chatting, they suddenly spotted a man wearing a plastic mask entering the main gate of the auto repair factory, striding toward them with his head held high.

The man's mask was a green-faced, ferocious ghoul, with only two eyes showing. At first glance, it looked somewhat frightening.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

One of the men stepped forward to block the masked man's path.

"I'm looking for Hungry Wolf."

The man in the mask spoke, his voice young but chillingly cold, making the burly man shudder.

"Who are you?"

Hearing the masked man address the boss by name, the burly man immediately became alert, tightening his grip on the steel pipe.

Hungry Wolf was one of the top figures in the underworld of Zhongzhou. Those who mixed in the underworld had to address him as "Brother Wolf".

Those who dared to call the boss by his name might very well be an enemy of the "Hungry Wolf Group".

The man in the ghoul mask was sneaky and clearly up to no good.

"Is Hungry Wolf inside?"

The masked man disregarded the burly man's question and pointed at the tightly closed rolling shutter door.

The man in the ghoul mask was actually Fang Bai.

Fang Bai had just bought the ghoul mask from a nearby street. He didn't want to expose his identity and potentially bring trouble to his family. He planned to confront Hungry Wolf while wearing the mask, and after disabling him, he would disappear.

Fang Bai had exceptionally good hearing. From a distance, he had already heard the noise inside the rolling shutter door, and the conversation of the four men also indicated that Hungry Wolf was inside.

The burly man did not respond to Fang Bai's question but instead glared menacingly and growled viciously, "What do you want with our boss? If you don't say, you're not leaving here today!"

"I want to give your boss a beating and break both his arms and legs," Fang Bai said with a smile.

"You little brat, you're definitely here to cause trouble!"

The burly man roared loudly and swung the steel pipe in his hand toward Fang Bai's head.

Seeing this, the other three men charged forward with their steel pipes as well.

Fang Bai had no interest in tangling with such low-level characters.

He moved like the wind, slipping through the four men, and his fingers flicked across their bodies like lightning.

The four men felt only a flash before their eyes, followed by a numbing sensation, then they were petrified in place, unable to move or even shout, as if they had been cursed.

In the blink of an eye, Fang Bai had dealt with the four men. The workers at the auto repair factory didn't notice anything unusual going on. They continued to work as usual.

The four men knew they had encountered a master and watched Fang Bai with terror, not knowing what he would do to them next.

All members of the "Hungry Wolf Group", they had committed countless bad deeds. Even if Fang Bai killed them, they would have only received their just deserts, and the police, if informed, would only be relieved, not bothering to investigate their deaths.

Fang Bai did nothing to the four men. His previous touch had already been punishment enough.

For the next two hours, the four men were immobile, and even when they could move again, they would find that their limbs were weak and powerless, unable to fight or partake in mischief ever again.

Fang Bai found the key to the rolling shutter door on one of the men, opened the door, entered the garage, and then locked the door from the inside.

Upon entering the garage, Fang Bai discovered a whole new world.

The garage contained no cars, and at the end was a long staircase leading underground. At the bottom of the stairs, there appeared two magnificent golden doors reflecting the light, dazzling and blinding.

Beside the golden doors stood a man in a black suit on each side.

The two men stood upright, with their hands behind their backs, their faces stern.

At first glance, Fang Bai could sense a peculiar danger emanating from the two men.

This danger did not come from the two men themselves.

For by their aura, neither of the men qualified as martial artists, and purely in terms of fighting skill, they posed no threat to Fang Bai.

Chapter 87: Hungry Wolf

Martial artists have an innate and sharp intuition for danger, and Fang Bai was certain that the two burly men were carrying lethal weapons.

Noticing a slight bulge under the left armpit of the two men's suits, Fang Bai's first thought was of guns.

With his current strength, only firearms could evoke such a dangerous sensation in him.

Although Fang Bai was confident in his abilities, he wasn't confident enough to believe he could take bullets head-on with his body.

Unless he could cultivate the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" to the ninth level, the "Aura Shield Realm," his body would become tougher than steel and his True Yuan could form a protective Qi Shield around him, making him invulnerable to both water and fire, impervious to guns and cannons.

The two men guarding the golden doors had originally thought it was one of their own entering when they heard the rolling door, but to their surprise, they saw Fang Bai wearing a fierce ghost mask.

First, the pair was taken aback and then they exchanged glances, promptly reaching for the guns under the left side of their suits with their right hands.

Just as the two burly men made their moves to draw their guns, Fang Bai's hands also moved.

Whoosh—

Whoosh—

Two inch-long embroidery needles shot out from his hands, turning into two thread-like beams of white light, emitting an extremely faint sound as they pierced the chests of the two burly men.

The movements of the two men stiffened, their eyes rolled back, and they collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

Fang Bai had not intended to kill them, only to knock them out for a while.

However, when they awoke, just like the four burly men outside the rolling door, they would find themselves utterly weakened.

Before coming here, Fang Bai, considering the Hungry Wolf Group's numerical advantage and the potential presence of gunmen, thought it would be troublesome to rely solely on fists and feet, so he bought a whole hundred embroidery needles along with the fierce ghost mask.

With the embroidery needles in hand, Fang Bai was fearless even of gunmen.

Although Fang Bai's needle-throwing speed might not surpass that of bullets, he could anticipate the enemy's moves and react extremely quickly, enough to take out an opponent before the gunman could shoot at him.

Fang Bai walked up to the golden doors and listened carefully to the noise inside, frowning slightly.

Behind the golden doors should be a very large hall, which seemed to house at least thirty people or more.

Some were eating and drinking, some were gambling, some were bawling and cursing, others were laughing loudly and unreservedly, creating a scene of chaos and rowdiness.

Amid the jumbled noises, Fang Bai heard someone addressing "Brother Wolf" and confirmed that Hungry Wolf was inside.

So he extended his hands and gently pushed open one of the golden doors.

Indeed, beyond the golden doors was a hall half the size of a football field, extravagantly decorated in gold, the epitome of opulence.

To the east of the hall were several dining rooms, with doors wide open, and the sound of people eating, drinking, and playing drinking games occasionally drifted out.

On the west side of the hall were several gambling tables, with people playing mahjong and cards, and piles of colored bills stacked on the tables.

On the north wall of the hall hung a massive television, which was currently displaying indecent scenes.

In front of the television, several men were seated on a sofa, surrounded by a group of scantily clad, curvaceous women.

The men were nestled in comfort, embraced on all sides, with some already reaching into the clothing of the women beside them, vigorously kneading, eliciting pretend moans and groans from the women.

Fang Bai even saw a man pulling a woman, and right before everyone's eyes, they undressed completely and began their tryst.

A man with a slicked-back hairdo was sitting in front of a huge television with his back to Fang Bai, his head leaning against the backrest of the sofa, seemingly occupied with something.

Just as Fang Bai pushed open the golden door, he heard someone call the slicked-back-haired man "Brother Wolf."

Brother Wolf was Hungry Wolf, the boss of the "Hungry Wolf Group."

The hall was chaotic, with everyone busy with their things, and no one noticed Fang Bai's arrival.

Fang Bai smiled, closed the golden door behind him, and then slowly walked towards Hungry Wolf.

It was only when he got closer that he realized a long-haired woman was busily serving Hungry Wolf between his legs, her head bobbing up and down.

Hungry Wolf's eyes were slightly closed, his expression one of enjoyment.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?"

It was then that someone noticed Fang Bai, wearing a ghastly mask, in the hall.

The one who noticed Fang Bai was a bald middle-aged man who had been sitting on a sofa to the left, pouring drinks with a woman. Upon seeing Fang Bai, he immediately pushed away the woman beside him and abruptly stood up.

The bald middle-aged man determined Fang Bai was not one of their own, since he knew all of the thirty-some people in the underground hall, all of whom were either high-ranking members or small-time leaders of the Hungry Wolf Group.

Furthermore, no one would dare to play such a prank wearing a ghastly mask in front of Hungry Wolf like Fang Bai did.

The bald middle-aged man's loud inquiry startled the other men sitting on the sofa, including Hungry Wolf.

Hungry Wolf twisted his head for a glance at Fang Bai, then suddenly pushed away the woman in front of him, pulled up his pants, and stood up from the sofa.

Hungry Wolf appeared to be around thirty-five years old, over one meter eighty in height, with slightly dark skin and a hooked nose. His gaze when looking at people was gloomy and sharp, giving off a chilling feeling.

From Hungry Wolf, Fang Bai detected a faint smell of blood, knowing that this guy had definitely killed people, and more than just one.

Hungry Wolf radiated an intimidating aura unique to martial artists, and Fang Bai knew his strength was a notch above Tu Fu's and should be about the same as the two Yellow Level beginner Shaolin Monks he had encountered before.

"You're Hungry Wolf?"

Ignoring the bald man's loud questioning, Fang Bai's gaze pierced through the two holes in his ghastly mask and settled on Hungry Wolf as he asked indifferently.

"Yes, I am Hungry Wolf. May I know your honorable surname and great name? Are you also from the underworld? What business do you have with me?"

Hungry Wolf grinned, revealing a row of stark white teeth that resembled a hungry wolf ready to choose its prey on a moonlit night.

As Hungry Wolf spoke, a two-inch long flying knife silently slid from the sleeve of his right arm into his palm,

The flying knife was Hungry Wolf's assassination technique, as well as his lifesaving skill. With the knife in hand, his courage swelled, and his confidence soared.

With a flick of his right hand, the flying knife could shoot out, accurately appearing at his opponent's throat.

It was with this daring ferocity and the skill with the flying knife that Hungry Wolf had quickly risen from an insignificant lackey to one of the top figures in Zhongzhou's underworld in just a few short years.

The subtle move by Hungry Wolf might escape the notice of ordinary people, but it couldn't slip past Fang Bai's Fiery Eyes.

Having reached the second level of the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique," the "Accumulating Essence Realm," Fang Bai could detect any slight movement within a two hundred-meter radius.

It wasn't just the flying knife that had suddenly appeared in Hungry Wolf's hand; even his breathing and heartbeat couldn't escape Fang Bai's acute awareness.

Chapter 88: The Flying Knife

"Who I am doesn't concern you. I came here on someone's behalf to cripple your hands and feet,"

Fang Bai's so-called "on someone's behalf" was purely fabricated by him, intending to lead the disaster eastward and frame someone else.

In the underworld of Zhongzhou, there were three major forces at odds with each other, constant conflicts erupting amongst them. Fang Bai planned to cripple the Hungry Wolf and then slip away. When he did, the Hungry Wolf Group would surely suspect the other two forces, leaving them to fight like dogs.

No sooner had he finished speaking than the bald man grabbed a beer bottle from the table in front of him and charged, smashing it towards Fang Bai's head with ferocity.

The bald man was also one of the ruthless characters within the Hungry Wolf Group, second only to Tu Fu, a fierce fighter. Though now over forty and not as powerful as in his prime, when enraged he remained unstoppable,

The bald man moved quickly, but unfortunately for him, Fang Bai's fist connected solidly with his nose before the beer bottle could touch his head.

Bang—

The muscular body of the bald man flew backward, crashing into a large television behind him and shattering the screen into pieces.

He was knocked out on the spot. Blood continued to seep out from his nose and mouth in a terrifying sight.

The commotion over by the sofa alerted the Hungry Wolf Group members who were drinking and gambling nearby, and more than thirty of them quickly surrounded the area.

"Boss, what happened to the Baldy?"

Someone shouted in alarm upon seeing the bald man's bloodied face, unconscious.

"Baldy's been wiped out by this guy!"

A man wearing glasses next to Hungry Wolf shrieked, pointing at Fang Bai, "This guy came out of nowhere, ****, claiming he's going to cripple our boss's hands and feet. Brothers, what do we do?"

The golden hall, the headquarters of the Hungry Wolf Group, had been silently infiltrated by the man wearing a Ghost-Faced Mask. In the eyes of the high-ranking members of the Hungry Wolf Group, this was an utmost disrespect and a blatant provocation.

This was something they couldn't tolerate.

"Kill him!"

The thirty-some people surrounding Fang Bai glared viciously, some already brandishing machetes and daggers, howling as they charged at Fang Bai.

The eyes of Hungry Wolf showed a brutal and bloodthirsty glow, his right hand tightly gripping the hilt of his throwing knife.

Hungry Wolf was well aware that anyone who could sneak in here so stealthily must be skilled.

Dealing with such a person, one could not afford to be careless.

The thirty-plus members in the hall were all high-level and mid-level bosses of the Hungry Wolf Group, each one ferocious, and the strength of over a dozen of them was not much inferior to Tu Fu.

Hungry Wolf believed that if these men surged forward, even if Fang Bai were a real Ancient Martial Cultivator, he would struggle to cope for the moment.

And as soon as Fang Bai showed the slightest flaw, his dagger would strike.

Hungry Wolf had immense confidence in his dagger-throwing skills.

It was said that Li Xunhuan's Flying Dagger never missed, always lethal. He believed he could do the same.

The reason he hadn't struck earlier was that Fang Bai stood motionless, without a single vulnerability to exploit.

But as soon as his thirty or so subordinates began their assault, Fang Bai would have to divert his attention to deal with them. The moment his focus wavered, he would surely reveal a flaw.

Then, the dagger in Hungry Wolf's hand would fly.

Hungry Wolf never drew his blade lightly, but once he did, it aimed to seal the throat.

Suddenly—

A machete, glinting with a cold light, sliced through the air with a piercing whistle, viciously chopping towards the shoulder and back on Fang Bai's right side.

As the blade was about to fall on Fang Bai, Fang Bai's body suddenly sprang to life.

His knees bent, his back slightly arched, he abruptly pushed off the ground with his feet and shot backward like a cannonball, slamming straight into the embrace of the burly man who had swung his sword at Fang Bai's back.

The burly man felt as though his chest had been ferociously struck by a thousand-pound sledgehammer, his body of over a hundred pounds flew backward for two zhang, blood violently spurting from his mouth mid-air.

Several members of the Hungry Wolf Group had no time to dodge and were knocked down by the flying body of the burly man, crying out in pain as arms and legs were broken.

Fang Bai's movements were too fast; he completed his attack in a flash, then his defense once again became impregnable.

By the time the Hungry Wolf realized Fang Bai was making an attacking move and was ready to throw his own flying dagger, he found that the opportunity had already passed.

This indicated that Fang Bai's actions were faster than his brain's reaction speed.

"This uninvited guest wearing a mask, his strength is unimaginably powerful!"

Seeing Fang Bai unleash a strike similar to "Pressing Block" with such speed, the Hungry Wolf felt somewhat incredulous and began to reassess this opponent's strength.

Just a moment earlier, the Hungry Wolf was confident and believed he could kill Fang Bai with one strike or at the very least inflict serious damage.

But now, the Hungry Wolf merely hoped his flying daggers could cause some injury to Fang Bai so that his thirty-odd subordinates could join forces to surround and possibly kill Fang Bai.

"Kill you!"

Fang Bai's knocking away of the burly man did not deter the other members of the Hungry Wolf Group; two of them, one to the left and one to the right, brandished their cleavers and lunged forward with even greater ferocity.

Fang Bai's figure leapt several feet into the air, and with his legs in a lateral split mid-air, he kicked the two attackers away.

The opportunity was here!

The Hungry Wolf's eyes brightened as he watched Fang Bai, who was in the air and about to land, and decisively swung his right arm.

Whoosh—

The flying dagger in the palm of the Hungry Wolf shot out as a white flash, aiming straight for Fang Bai's throat.

The distance between the two was only three zhang, and with the Hungry Wolf's flying dagger's incredible speed, it was extremely difficult for Fang Bai, still in mid-air, to dodge this lethal strike.

As the Hungry Wolf's flying dagger left his hand, a cruel smile appeared on his lips, as if he had already seen the scene of Fang Bai collapsing to the ground dead, with the dagger in his throat, an expression of despair, agony, and unwillingness on his face.

Ting—

A light sound rang out, the high-speed flying dagger seemed to encounter some obstruction in mid-air, pausing momentarily before falling to the ground.

The smile on the Hungry Wolf's face froze instantly.

He widened his eyes, staring at the fallen flying dagger on the ground, his expression turning extremely odd.

Next to his flying dagger on the ground, he actually saw an embroidery needle.

Was it this inch-long embroidery needle that had knocked down his flying dagger?

The Hungry Wolf's thoughts became somewhat muddled.

As his flying dagger traveled through the air aimed at Fang Bai, and for Fang Bai's embroidery needle to knock it down, it had to collide with the dagger.

This scenario was no different than a needle's tip meeting the point of a wheat stalk.

This was certainly not merely a matter of luck, but required exceedingly terrifying vision, hearing, and a keen judgment to capture the flying dagger's trajectory, then with superb skill and tremendous wrist strength to shoot out the embroidery needle, ensuring the success of intercepting the flying dagger.

The Hungry Wolf had seen many martial artists in his life, but he swore that among all the martial artists he had encountered, not a single one could easily do what Fang Bai did.

In other words, Fang Bai's strength had already surpassed that of ordinary martial artists.

Chapter 89: Secret Passage

Who the hell is this guy? Since when did the Hungry Wolf Group provoke such a formidable enemy?

Did he just say he was going to cripple his own hands and feet?

Thinking of this, Hungry Wolf couldn't help but inhale sharply, his eyelids twitching, feeling panic-stricken for the first time in his life.

He always carried seven flying knives on him, but after he released the first knife, he knew that even if he threw seventy knives at Fang Bai, it would be of no use.

Escape!

After thinking of this word, Hungry Wolf once again threw two flying knives, then without any hesitation, he turned and entered the room next to the television wall, slamming the door shut behind him.

The two flying knives he threw before he left weren't meant to injure Fang Bai; they were purely to stop Fang Bai from pursuing him, to buy himself some time to escape.

Indeed, the moment he fled into the room, he heard two "ding ding" sounds in his ears, obviously, the flying knives had been knocked down by the embroidery needles again.

The more than thirty members of the Hungry Wolf Group in the hall were stunned to see their boss flee.

Since its establishment, the Hungry Wolf always personally took part in important battles of the Hungry Wolf Group, and he never shrank back even when facing a mighty enemy.

But today, he turned and fled without a word, which was unprecedented in the memories of the Hungry Wolf Group members.

None of the Hungry Wolf Group members were fools; they knew that Hungry Wolf's sudden escape could only mean one thing.

It meant Hungry Wolf had encountered an opponent who couldn't be defeated, knowing staying meant certain death.

As the soul and spiritual pillar of the Hungry Wolf Group, his escape greatly demoralized the other members' will to fight.

After Fang Bai had disabled several members of the Hungry Wolf Group who attempted to draw their guns and shoot, the others finally broke down and started to scatter and run.

When Fang Bai had come in, he had locked the rolling shutter door, so when the Hungry Wolf Group members reached it while fleeing, they discovered there was no way out.

Luckily for them, Fang Bai's target was Hungry Wolf; as long as no one else attacked him, he couldn't be bothered with them.

Hungry Wolf was fleeing, so naturally, Fang Bai had to chase.

However, Fang Bai was concerned that the room into which Hungry Wolf had escaped might be booby-trapped, so he grabbed a big man with a scar on his face and pointed to the room as he asked menacingly, "What room is that?"

Unexpectedly, the scar-faced big man responded defiantly, cursed loudly, and threw a punch at Fang Bai's face.

"Seeking death!"

Fang Bai sneered, put forth strength in his arm, and unceremoniously flung the scar-faced man away.

The nearly two hundred pounds of the scar-faced big man flew like a toy being thrown two yards away, crashing hard against the wall with blood oozing from his mouth and nose, unconscious.

"What room is that?"

Fang Bai moved swiftly and grabbed a chubby man trying to crawl under a table, asking coldly.

"Mercy, my lord! I'll talk! I'll talk!"

The chubby man, holding his head, shouted, "There's a passage under the big bed in that room, leading to a villa two miles away. Our boss... no no, Hungry Wolf, he would escape through that passage to the villa when in danger. There's a car in the yard of the villa and bodyguards; as long as the boss... Hungry Wolf gets there, he can escape far away."

"Are there any traps in the passage?"

"There's... there's a steel door that can block pursuit."

"Where is the switch for the passage?"

"The bedside lamp is the switch, just turn it right and the passageway will reveal itself. After ten seconds, the passageway will close automatically. There's also a door opener inside the passage, just press the slightly protruding brick on the left wall."

"Very good."

Fang Bai could tell that the fat man was not lying. He casually tossed him aside, bent down to pick up two handguns from the ground, and charged towards the room.

The fat man was just unlucky, Fang Bai didn't intend to harm him, but when Fang Bai threw him aside, he failed to stand steady. Staggering backward, his head struck the corner of the desk, and darkness enveloped him as he passed out.

When Fang Bai reached the door of the room, he saw that it was locked from the inside. With a flying kick, he smashed the door open and rushed in.

This was a massive bedroom, and in the center, there was a bed large enough for four or five people to rest on simultaneously, and in the northwest corner, there was a heart-shaped bathtub.

Fang Bai glanced towards the bathtub, then his brow furrowed slightly.

The bathtub was full of water, with a layer of petals floating on the surface, and a faint scent of flowers permeated the entire room.

But within the faint fragrance, there was also a hint of blood.

The blood came from two women.

The two women had snow-white skin and delicate figures, yet they were both stark naked—one lay around the outside of the bathtub, the other on her back in the water of the bathtub.

A two-inch-long dagger was plunged into the throat of each woman.

Bright red blood continuously seeped out around the daggers in their throats, a horrific sight to see.

Their pupils were dilated, their hearts had stopped, and they were completely lifeless. Clearly, they were dead, beyond the help of even gods.

The two women had been dead for only tens of seconds; judging by the daggers that had killed them, it was clear that the Hungry Wolf was the murderer.

Fang Bai deduced that the Hungry Wolf often rested in this room, and that these two women were most likely his lovers. They were bathing, preparing to indulge in pleasures with the Hungry Wolf afterwards, but they never expected to die by his dagger.

The Hungry Wolf had killed the two women for a simple reason: he was worried that they would reveal the secret of the passageway.

Fang Bai sighed softly as he looked at the two women, both in their early twenties, who had died such a tragic death.

They were not killed by him, but they died because of him.

Although women who stayed with the Hungry Wolf were mostly not of good reputation, Fang Bai still felt some regret over their deaths.

"Hungry Wolf, Hungry Wolf, I initially only wanted to 'return your methods upon you,' merely crippling your arms and legs. But you are cruel-hearted, not even sparing your own women, and who knows how many more you'll harm in the future, I might as well kill you."

Fang Bai muttered to himself, his gaze suddenly becoming sharp.

He strode to the bedside, grabbed the lamp and turned it to the right. The whole bed swiftly moved two meters to the north side, revealing an underground passage.

Fang Bai, with a gun in each hand, listened intently for a moment, ensuring there were no ambushes below, before he jumped into the passageway.

Seconds after he leaped down, the bed above closed again.

The passage was tall enough for a person to walk through, leading straight into the distance. Every few dozen meters, there was a small lamp.

Fang Bai pressed his ear close to the ground, listening intently. He faintly heard a series of light footsteps, estimating that the Hungry Wolf had escaped at least three hundred meters away.

Fang Bai darted forward about a hundred meters along the passageway and indeed discovered a steel door blocking the way.

The steel door was forged from fine iron. Fang Bai stepped forward and slapped the steel door, estimating it to be a foot thick.

With such thickness, even if Fang Bai used all his strength, he wouldn't dream of breaking through.

Chapter 90: No Escape Even With Wings

Fang Bai memorized the correct direction of the passage, then immediately turned around and rushed towards the exit.

Since Fang Bai couldn't pursue the Hungry Wolf through the underground passage, he chose to chase on the surface.

Fang Bai had keen senses, and though his tracking skills might not be unparalleled in the world, they were rare; as long as the Hungry Wolf didn't flee too far within a short period, Fang Bai had ways to find him.

In the hall outside, everyone but a dozen or so people who had been knocked out by Fang Bai had vanished.

Fang Bai soared to the garage shutter door, seeing all those people gathered there, with some pounding on the shutter door, trying to get those outside to open it.

The sudden appearance of Fang Bai made everyone grow quiet, and each person looking at Fang Bai had fear and panic in their eyes.

Fang Bai ignored them, walked up to the shutter door, took out the key to unlock it and was the first to leap out.

He jumped onto the roof of the garage, identified the direction, then using the "Dragon Soaring to the Heavens" movement technique from the Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique, he began to chase in the direction the Hungry Wolf had fled.

The members of the Hungry Wolf Group, seeing Fang Bai leave, sighed in relief, rushing out of the garage into the large courtyard outside.

As they watched Fang Bai moving up and down, disappearing into the night in an instant, they knew they had encountered a master and began to doubt if the Hungry Wolf could successfully escape.

Fang Bai dashed out of the car repair yard, and after landing, he sped off towards the east.

Eastward from here was the city's outskirts; since Fang Bai was not on a main road, he didn't worry about encountering pedestrians or vehicles, so he moved at full speed without holding back.

His movement technique was incredibly fast, his figure flitting by so that only a faint shadow could be seen cutting through the night.

Following the direction of the underground passage, Fang Bai continued the pursuit for about two miles to the vicinity of Bihe River, finally spotting a three-story villa by the roadside, leaning against the mountains and waters.

When Fang Bai was about a hundred meters from the villa, he heard the sound of a car engine from within the courtyard, evidently, someone had started a vehicle.

Fang Bai stimulated his True Yuan, immediately speeding up his pace; before he even reached the villa's entrance, he saw a black sedan with headlights blazing, charging out of the gate into the night.

In the instant that the sedan sped past, Fang Bai glimpsed through the car glass two figures seated inside.

One of them was the Hungry Wolf, and the other, presumably, was the Hungry Wolf's bodyguard and driver.

...

The moment the black sedan crashed out of the villa's gate, the Hungry Wolf inside the car also caught sight of Fang Bai, wearing his malevolent ghost mask.

He hadn't expected Fang Bai to catch up so quickly and was shocked, but when he saw Fang Bai quickly falling far behind the car, he relaxed again.

With the car's speed surpassing fifty meters per second, he believed no martial artist, no matter how formidable, could hope to keep up.

After the car had raced for a few miles, it reached a large iron bridge crossing the Bihe River.

It was then, quite unexpectedly, that a heavy rain began to pour down.

The rain was falling too heavily and the sky was too dark, so the driver did not dare to speed up too much, to avoid an accident.

"Boss, someone's blocking the road ahead!"

As the sedan was midway across the bridge, the driver, who was focused on driving, suddenly shouted.

The Hungry Wolf, who had just relaxed, tensed up again at these words.

He widened his eyes and, aided by the headlights, peered through the heavy rain, seeing a figure that appeared to have descended from the sky, standing right in the center of the road ahead.

"How is this possible?"

Seeing the figure in the malevolent ghost mask in the heavy rain, the Hungry Wolf's eyes nearly popped out of his head, crying out in shock.

He could never have imagined that Fang Bai would not only catch up but would also arrive ahead of them.

Was this guy human or a ghost?

If a ghost, he clearly had flesh and blood and a shadow.

If it were a human, how could they possibly move with such ghostly speed?

"Boss, what should we do?"

The sedan driver was clearly very nervous, a layer of sweat already forming on his forehead, he asked urgently.

"Speed up and run him over, kill him!"

Hungry Wolf made a decisive decision, while drawing his pistol, sticking his head out of the car window, and began firing at Fang Bai.

The driver also suddenly accelerated, the sedan with the roar of its engine, like a madly charging beast, slammed towards Fang Bai, a dozen meters ahead.

Bang bang bang—

During the car's forward charge, Hungry Wolf emptied the bullets from his handgun.

However, Fang Bai always managed to anticipate his opponent's moves, changing his position before Hungry Wolf could aim and pull the trigger each time, resulting in all of Hungry Wolf's shots missing.

Hungry Wolf turned even paler, his body beginning to tremble violently.

This time he was truly scared.

A man who could even dodge bullets was surely beyond the likelihood of being hit by a car; how on earth could anyone continue to play this game with such an abnormally powerful freak?

Now Hungry Wolf no longer hoped the sedan would hit Fang Bai; he just wished to cross the iron bridge and then shake Fang Bai off at the fastest speed possible, the farther the better.

For the rest of his life, Hungry Wolf never wanted to see this terrifying guy wearing the demon mask again.

Bang—

When the sedan was still a dozen meters away from Fang Bai, his gun also fired.

Fang Bai's target wasn't Hungry Wolf, who was sitting in the front passenger seat of the sedan, but the driver.

Though he had never used a gun before, Fang Bai knew how to aim and shoot.

However, since it was his first time using a gun, the first shot inevitably went astray, the bullet whizzing past the left side mirror of the sedan.

After the first missed shot, Fang Bai immediately understood where he had made a mistake.

He quickly adjusted his aim, then fired the second and third shots consecutively.

Bang—

Bang—

The sound of gunfire resonated again.

Two bullets, one after the other, shot out from the barrel, producing a sharp, piercing sonic boom as they struck the windshield of the oncoming sedan.

Hungry Wolf's sedan had certain bulletproof features; the first bullet didn't penetrate the windshield, but the strong impact left a coin-sized crack on it.

Then the second bullet hit the same spot as the first, causing the crack to enlarge slightly.

If two more bullets struck the same point, the bulletproof glass would likely shatter.

Fang Bai's shots were incredibly accurate; had the windshield of the sedan not been bulletproof, the first bullet would have pierced through the glass and 'decorated' the driver's head.

Nevertheless, the driver was so scared out of his wits that in a panic, his subconscious reaction was to slam on the brakes and violently turn the steering wheel, trying to evade Fang Bai's subsequent shots.

Because the sedan was in high-speed motion, combined with the slippery road from the rain, the driver's actions caused the car to lose control and flip on its side, screeching as it slid across the ground and crashed into the western railing of the iron bridge.

"Boom!"

With a loud crash, the sedan hit the railing of the iron bridge, rolled over a few times, and finally landed with its wheels pointing up.

The night was deep, the rain heavy, and there were no pedestrians or vehicles passing by on the iron bridge; otherwise, this sight would have been quite astonishing.