

Doctor 91

Chapter 91: My Name is Fang Bai

Fang Bai had only intended to force the sedan to stop, yet he had never expected such a result.

Of course, this was a result he was quite pleased to see.

He smiled silently, tossing the two guns in his hands into the Bihe River, then walked over to the overturned sedan.

The two people inside the car were injured, but their breathing and heartbeat were not weak, indicating that their injuries were not serious.

A moment later, the car door was pushed open from the inside, and a bloody Hungry Wolf along with the driver struggled to climb out.

Both men sat on the ground, leaning against the car, wiped the blood off their faces, and breathed heavily, looking thoroughly shaken.

"Why aren't you running now?"

Fang Bai squatted down, looking at Hungry Wolf with a mocking gaze.

Hungry Wolf looked up at Fang Bai, his eyes filled with despair, irritation, and unwillingness.

The driver beside him only showed fear.

"Could you tell me, who wanted to cripple my hands and feet?"

Knowing he had no way to escape, Hungry Wolf sighed and asked.

"Originally, I was planning to cripple your hands and feet, but just now I changed my mind,"

Fang Bai looked coldly at Hungry Wolf and said word by word, "I want your life!"

Facing Fang Bai's murderous gaze, Hungry Wolf's pupils suddenly constricted, and he involuntarily shuddered.

He was certain Fang Bai was telling the truth, and it was not just to scare him.

"What will it take for you to spare me?"

Hungry Wolf took a deep breath, forcing himself to stay calm.

He knew that the more critical the situation, the more he needed a calm mind in order to negotiate with the other party and seek a chance for survival during the negotiation.

Fang Bai shook his head, "I won't spare you."

Hungry Wolf stared at the eyes behind Fang Bai's devilish mask and said, "I'll give you ten million, let me go."

When he said "ten million," he noticed that Fang Bai's eyes didn't waver in the slightest, which told him his offer was too low.

"Thirty million, how about that?"

Hungry Wolf immediately raised his offer.

Fang Bai laughed, "Although I like money, I won't take your dirty money. Taking it would bring a lot of trouble. Though I'm not afraid of trouble, I don't want to attract it needlessly. So... you'd better die!"

Fang Bai stood up, grabbed Hungry Wolf by the collar, astonishingly lifting him up, and then strode towards the edge of the iron bridge.

"One hundred million! I'll give you one hundred million! Please spare me!"

Hungry Wolf seemed to anticipate what Fang Bai was about to do, and could no longer keep calm. He tried to struggle, only to find his limbs wouldn't move; he knew Fang Bai had done something to him, leaving him with no choice but to scream desperately.

Fang Bai paid no attention to Hungry Wolf and continued to stride forward, swiftly reaching the iron bridge's railing.

Leaning over to look down, right below his feet were the surging waters of the Bihe River.

The waters of the Bihe River were deep and the currents swift; throwing Hungry Wolf, whose acupoints were sealed and unable to move for two hours, down from here, there was no possibility of survival.

The rain continued to fall, and the wind was still strong. Illuminated by the streetlights on the bridge, the driver of Hungry Wolf watched Fang Bai's retreating figure, and the fear in his eyes turned into ferocity.

He reached into his coat and drew out a handgun, then took aim at Fang Bai's back.

As long as he could kill Fang Bai and save Hungry Wolf, he would have made a great contribution. From then on, Hungry Wolf would consider him a confidant and entrust him with important tasks. At that time, like other senior members of the "Hungry Wolf Group," he would have money and women at his disposal.

Thinking of this, the driver's fierce gaze filled with even more excitement and fanaticism.

Just as the driver was about to pull the trigger, Fang Bai, standing by the iron bridge's railing, suddenly flicked his left hand.

Whoosh—

A throwing knife turned into a streak of white light, piercing through the heavy rain, and lightning-fast, it embedded itself in the driver's throat.

The driver's eyeballs bulged, a guttural "Gah gah" sound emanated from his throat, he convulsed on the ground for a moment, then fell silent.

The throwing knife had been taken from Hungry Wolf by Fang Bai, who didn't hesitate to use it when he noticed the driver's unusual movements behind him.

Fang Bai hadn't intended to kill the driver, but the man had courted death himself, and so Fang Bai had no choice but to send him to meet the King of Hell.

If Hungry Wolf could have seen Fang Bai in action, he would have realized that his own much-prided throwing knife technique was a joke in comparison.

"If you're willing to answer a question, I can grant you a more dignified death; otherwise, I'll throw you into the river to feed the fish!" Fang Bai said indifferently to Hungry Wolf, whom he was holding up with one hand, "Who sent you 'Hungry Wolf Group' to deal with me?"

"You?"

Hungry Wolf stared fixedly at the eyes behind the demon mask, asking, "Who are you?"

"My name is Fang Bai."

Fang Bai removed the demon mask to let Hungry Wolf see his face, then put the mask back on and smiled, "Do you remember now?"

"It's you... so it was you... had I known, we never should have taken this job! Now it's too late..."

Knowing that he was certainly going to die today, Hungry Wolf didn't beg for mercy. But he would rather die from a knife to the throat like the driver than be thrown into the river to be fish food, so he chose to answer Fang Bai's question.

He let out a pained laugh and said, "All I know is the man who wants you dead is called 'Black Panther'... 'Black Panther' transferred a sum of money to our 'Hungry Wolf Group' account once, instructing us to cripple your hands and feet, so I sent Tu Fu to do the job... In our business, we take people's money to rid them of their troubles. As for who 'Black Panther' is, we really don't know..."

Fang Bai nodded, knowing Hungry Wolf was telling the truth.

He lowered Hungry Wolf, placed his left palm on Hungry Wolf's chest, and a surge of True Yuan burst forth from his palm, directly shattering Hungry Wolf's heart meridian.

Hungry Wolf's heart stopped beating at once, his face contorted with pain a few times, then he died with an expression of release.

Fang Bai didn't linger at the scene, turned, and whizzed away, vanishing into the layers of rain in an instant.

He wasn't worried about leaving any traces because tonight's gale and downpour would wash away everything.

The next morning, the news of Hungry Wolf's death spread through Zhongzhou's underworld. The impact this time was much greater than Tu Fu's death.

With the death of Hungry Wolf, the "Hungry Wolf Group" was headless. The other leaders could not command respect, which inevitably led to internal strife and triggered another reshuffling of Zhongzhou's underworld.

In just a few days, the once-powerful "Hungry Wolf Group" was devoured by other forces, completely erased from Zhongzhou's underground world.

This news reached Zhongzhou City Police Station, where the officers clapped and cheered. Tang Wenrou, who worked in the Serious Crime Division, felt a great burden lifted.

Over the years, the Serious Crime Division had accumulated numerous major cases, many of which pointed to the "Hungry Wolf Group."

Since Tang Wenrou took over as head of the Serious Crime Division at Zhongzhou City Police Station, she had been wanting to take action against the "Hungry Wolf Group," but was frustrated by the lack of conclusive evidence, always feeling stifled.

Now, with the boss of the "Hungry Wolf Group" dead, and its members scattered like monkeys without a leader, a great scourge was removed from Zhongzhou.

Chapter 92: Do You Have Feelings for Fang Bai?

"Who exactly is behind the incident with the Hungry Wolf Group? Was it a result of infighting or is there another reason?"

Seated in her office, Tang Wenrou furrowed her brows, pondering these questions.

She always felt that the matter was not as straightforward as it appeared on the surface.

Somehow, Tang Wenrou's thoughts drifted to Fang Bai.

"Could this matter be related to him? Tu Fu was a member of 'Hungry Wolf Group' and had attacked him before; it's not impossible that he bore a grudge against 'Hungry Wolf Group.' Moreover, his ancient martial skills are formidable; taking down Hungry Wolf wouldn't have been a problem for him..."

The more Tang Wenrou thought about it, the more she felt that Fang Bai had a motive for murder.

Of course, these were thoughts that Tang Wenrou would keep to herself and not share with others.

Even if Hungry Wolf had indeed been killed by Fang Bai, she would not take any action against him.

She believed that Hungry Wolf had committed many crimes, and numerous unresolved murder cases were related to him. It's just that his wrongdoings were so clandestine, it was difficult to catch him red-handed, which is why he always managed to evade the law.

The death of Hungry Wolf was a just deserts. If Fang Bai was the one who had killed him, Tang Wenrou would only applaud.

Thinking of Fang Bai, a warmth flickered in Tang Wenrou's heart. Albeit unexpectedly, she picked up her phone and dialed Fang Bai's number.

Fang Bai was just finishing checking his father's legs when he received the call from Tang Wenrou.

After days of treatment by Fang Bai, Fang Gang's legs had completely returned to normal.

Additionally, in his spare time, Fang Bai had taught his parents a set of gentle martial arts similar to Tai Chi in this world, encouraging them to practice it when they were free, claiming it could improve their health and extend their lifespans.

Having received the teachings from a master, Fang Gang and his wife had complete faith in their son. Thus, every morning, one could see the couple practicing their martial arts in the local park.

"Officer Tang, do you have another job referral for me?"

Fang Bai answered Tang Wenrou's call with a chuckle.

By "job," he was referring to assisting the police in capturing wanted criminals and then collecting the reward, which was something Tang Wenrou understood.

Instead of responding to Fang Bai's comment, Tang Wenrou pressed him in a forceful tone, "Did you kill Hungry Wolf?"

"Officer Tang, that's not a joke you can make lightly! Killing someone has serious consequences, and I am a law-abiding citizen; I would never dare commit a crime!"

Fang Bai flatly denied it.

"But I feel you had a motive for murder, and you have the capability to kill Hungry Wolf,"

Tang Wenrou insisted stubbornly, her voice sounding very serious.

Fang Bai said, "You know what kind of person Hungry Wolf is. He has offended many, and there must be quite a few who have deadly vendettas against him. When it comes to motives for murder, I'm not even on the list. Besides, there are many masters in this world, and I'm definitely not the only one with the capability to kill Hungry Wolf... Officer Tang, please, I really have nothing to do with this. Can you stop suspecting me? I'm scared!"

"Is it really not you?"

"Absolutely not!"

"Alright then, if you say it's not you, it's not. Hmm, how are your injuries... doing?"

Tang Wenrou's voice suddenly softened, infusing several notes of concern.

She changed the subject so quickly that Fang Bai was taken aback before he chuckled and said, "Thanks for your concern, Officer Tang. My injuries have completely healed. The only regret is that the scar on my back is a mess, looking a bit unsightly."

Tang Wenrou thought for a moment and then said, "I know some doctors at Yanjing 'Doctor Pavilion' who prepare a scar-removing ointment that's said to be quite effective. I'll get some for you in a few days, and you can give it a try."

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Thank you for your kindness, Officer Tang. Our family has a heritage of traditional medicine, and I can also make a scar-removing ointment that is no worse than anyone else's. I've made a bet with Qian Haoduo that if I can't completely get rid of the scar on my back within a year, I'll have to become his apprentice. Officer Tang, tell your dad to keep the ten million yuan safe, as I might come to claim it soon!"

Tang Wenrou knew about the bet Fang Bai had made with Qian Haoduo, one of the four great National Doctors from Yanjing, and the wager was ten million in cash, now in the hands of her father, Tang Chongshan.

Tang Wenrou was aware that Fang Bai had been taught by a Master, but she didn't believe that his medical skills could surpass those of Qian Haoduo. However, the fact that Qian Haoduo was so eager to take Fang Bai as his disciple meant that Fang Bai's medical skills must not be poor, otherwise Qian Haoduo wouldn't even consider him.

One should know, in this world, there are countless doctors who wish to apprentice under Qian Haoduo, yet no one has ever heard of him taking anyone as a disciple.

"When are you going to do your internship at Yanjing Hospital?"

Tang Wenrou asked casually.

"I'll probably leave in the next couple of days."

"Hmm, have a smooth journey."

After ending the call with Fang Bai, Tang Wenrou leaned back in her chair, her pretty face tinged with a hint of melancholy.

Moments later, she picked up her phone again and called her father Tang Chongshan, who was far away in Anxi.

"Dad, I want to work in Yanjing."

"Girl, you're doing just fine in Zhongzhou City, why suddenly think of transferring?"

"It's nothing... I just want to change my work environment."

"Okay, since you want to go, then go. Within ten days, I'll sort out the transfer for you."

"Thank you."

"Heh, girl, being so formal with your own dad? By the way, I forgot to ask you last time we met, how are things progressing between you and that Shen Family boy?"

"Dad, I've said it before, I don't like Shen Huanian, and it's not possible between us."

"Your mom didn't like me at first either, but after spending more time together, she discovered many good qualities in me, and eventually, we ended up together. I think that Shen Family boy is quite good, you can try to interact with him more, maybe you will find his good qualities."

"Dad..."

"Girl, I know you still can't get over Jianfei, but Jianfei is gone now, and you have to accept this fact. I hope you can be strong, move past the shadow of grief soon, and make yourself happy, okay?"

"Dad, I'm already much better. It's just that whenever you bring up Shen Huanian, I get annoyed. After transferring to work in Zhongzhou City, Shen Huanian has harassed me more than once, and because of this, there have been unpleasant exchanges with Fang Bai..."

"Wait... Fang Bai? How did he get involved in this? Come on, tell me exactly what happened..."

Tang Wenrou accidentally mentioned Fang Bai, which caught her father's attention. She rubbed her forehead with a sense of helplessness and had no choice but to explain how Shen Huanian had twice sent her flowers and how she used Fang Bai as a shield each time.

After listening, Tang Chongshan stayed silent for a moment before asking in a low voice, "Girl, do you have feelings for Fang Bai?"

Tang Wenrou was silent.

Silence sometimes signifies acquiescence.

Chapter 93: The Clinic Opens

"Fang Bai and Lu Jianfei look very similar, and since he risked his life to save you, it makes sense that you like him. But..."

Tang Chongshan let out a sigh, his tone becoming grave, "Your grandfather seems to also think highly of that Shen Family boy. He called me a few days ago, hoping to see you two..."

"I don't want anyone interfering in my own matters!"

Tang Wenrou interrupted her father, her tone turning firm.

"You girl..."

In Anxi, Tang Chongshan's lips curled into a bitter smile.

Tang Wenrou had been stubborn since she was young. Once she set her mind on something, nobody could dissuade her, not even that grandfather in Yanjing with his high position and great authority.

After the father and daughter ended their conversation, Tang Chongshan suddenly remembered that during his last visit to Zhongzhou City, he had chatted with the injured Fang Bai at Zhongzhou First People's Hospital, knowing Fang Bai would go to Yanjing Hospital for an internship after summer vacation.

Now that summer vacation was approaching, Fang Bai should be preparing for his trip to Yanjing. And his precious daughter suddenly requesting a transfer to the Yanjing Police Station at this time, could it be related to Fang Bai?

"It seems Wen Rou has truly fallen for that kid! No, I have to discuss this with Hongzhuang, see if we should inform the old man in Yanjing. That old man is as stubborn as they come, and if he gets wind of this, it wouldn't be easy to smooth things over if the grandfather and granddaughter have a falling-out."

With a troubled face, Tang Chongshan slapped his forehead and immediately called his wife Liu Hongzhuang, who worked in the education sector.

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The Fang Family had been busy for the past few days.

With Fang Gang's legs healed, and with strong support from his son, they were bustling about, preparing to reopen the traditional Chinese medicine clinic.

Because the clinic had lost money in the past, Yang Mei had always been resistant to her husband reopening it. However, since the family was no longer short on cash and her son had left many prescriptions, confidently claiming they would definitely make money, Yang Mei no longer opposed.

The name of the clinic would still be "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine."

The clinic was not far from the Fang's, made up of two adjacent storefronts. These stores were originally a single traditional medicine shop which had been transferred to Fang Gang due to poor management.

When Fang Gang took over, the medical equipment and medicine cabinets in the shop were ready to use. They only needed to purchase some special medicinal herbs according to the prescriptions left by Fang Bai, and after hanging up a new signboard, they could open for business.

Fang Bai hadn't done much else these days except help his parents tidy up the shop, and neatly categorize and chop the medicinal herbs his father had bought into different cabinets.

Yang Mei stopped setting up her street stall, preparing to work at the clinic as a cashier and enjoy being a boss when it opened.

Fang Yun also took advantage of the weekends to come home from school and help out.

Once everything was ready, Fang Gang chose a good day to officially open "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine."

The Fangs had planned a low-key opening, thinking it would suffice for the family to set off some firecrackers. However, on the morning of the opening, to their surprise, Su Yifei, who had heard the news from Fang Bai, showed up with a large group of people to offer congratulations.

Su Yifei and Fang Bai had become friends who could talk about anything over time. Su would invite Fang Bai to gather at his "Four Seasons Spring" hotel from time to time for a few drinks.

And Fang Bai admired Su Yifei's forthrightness, never failing to show up when invited. When they drank merrily, Fang Bai would even casually point out some martial arts questions to Su Yifei, from which he benefitted greatly.

A couple of days ago when they were dining together, Fang Bai casually mentioned that his family's traditional Chinese medicine clinic was about to open, and Su Yifei took it to heart.

Accompanying Su Yifei to offer congratulations, there were his subordinates and friends, with countless cars large and small arriving in a grand parade, almost filling up the district where "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine" was located.

Su Yifei did this, firstly, to bolster the reputation of the Fang Family's traditional Chinese medicine clinic and secondly, to bring business to "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine."

After Fang Bai cured Su Linglong's brain tumor, he specifically instructed Su Yifei not to publicize the matter, in order to avoid disrupting his own life rhythm.

Most importantly, at that time, Fang Gang's leg condition had just started to improve, and Fang Bai was worried that if his medical skills became known, people might come knocking at his door for treatment, which would affect his family.

Since Fang Bai requested silence, Old Master Su, Su Hongyuan, placed a gag order on the Su Family's youth, so up until now, outside of the Su Family, no one else knew about Fang Bai healing Su Linglong's brain tumor.

This time, for the opening of "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine," Su Yifei commanded the key figures among his subordinates to accompany him for the congratulatory visit on the day of the opening.

Afterwards, Su Yifei also called up some close friends one by one, saying his good brother's medicine shop was opening and asked them to show their support.

Eldest Young Master Su was known for his generous nature and had a wide network of connections in Zhongzhou; hardly anyone would refuse to give him face.

Thus, many people came along with Su Yifei to the opening of "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine" and each one of them had also prepared a generous red envelope as a congratulatory gift.

Seeing Su Yifei arrive with a group of people, Fang Gang and Yang Mei were a mix of surprise and joy, their spirits visibly lifted and they were radiant with excitement.

In fact, when it came to the opening of their family's traditional Chinese medicine clinic, although Fang Gang and Yang Mei spoke of keeping it low-profile, deep down they really wanted to celebrate it lavishly and make it a grand event.

However, they did not have many relatives or friends in the city, and though they had many relatives in their rural hometown, the journey was far, and their relatives were quite poor, so they did not feel good about inviting them.

Now that so many people had come, the couple felt their hands soft from receiving red envelopes, greatly satisfying a little vanity they felt.

Su Yifei led his subordinates and friends into the medicine shop and, after exchanging a few pleasantries with Fang Gang, was pulled aside by Fang Bai.

"Brother Fei, this took me a bit by surprise!"

Fang Bai said with a wry smile, "You brought over a hundred people, right? The day is almost noon and I haven't arranged a hotel..."

Su Yifei waved his hand magnanimously and said, "I've already thought about that. Don't worry, I'll take care of the hotel. I've reserved more than a dozen rooms at 'Four Seasons Spring,' and later we can all go there for a meal."

Fang Bai nodded, "That's good. After we've eaten, have someone calculate how much it is, and I'll settle the bill then."

Su Yifei said, "The hotel is mine, and we are good brothers, so let's not talk about money..."

Fang Bai shook his head, "That won't do, I don't want to owe you this favor. After all, I'm not short of money now... You forgot, I won a million from Hua Yi in a bet. Along with the red envelopes you and your friends have given, that's more than enough for me to settle the bill."

Seeing him so serious, Su Yifei sighed, "Alright then. I will only charge you the cost price, is that okay now?"

"Thank you."

As the two were talking, there was suddenly a commotion outside the clinic; it seemed something had happened.

The two walked out of the clinic side by side, only to discover that another acquaintance had arrived.

And this acquaintance was someone Fang Bai didn't expect.

Chapter 94: Precious Congratulatory Gift

"Why has he come?"

Fang Bai and Su Yifei stared at the elderly man with white hair and beard standing before them, big question marks popping into their minds simultaneously.

The person was none other than Hua Chun, the owner of Rejuvenation Hall and the patriarch of the Hua Family.

Following Hua Chun were four young members of the Hua Family, each holding a wooden box, the contents of which were unknown.

Rejuvenation Hall and the Hua Family were renowned across Huaxia, and as a prominent figure in the Chinese traditional medicine community in Zhongzhou City, Hua Chun was almost universally known and respected.

The friends of Su Yifei and other onlookers who had come to congratulate the opening of Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine recognized Hua Chun at first glance.

As a result, their gazes towards Fang Gang were filled with added surprise and curiosity.

In their eyes, for someone like Hua Chun to personally offer his congratulations, the establishment called Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine and its owner must be quite renowned in the traditional medicine community.

However, they had never heard of the name Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine, and its owner seemed completely unfamiliar.

"Friend Fang, congratulations on your opening!"

When Hua Chun saw Fang Bai emerge, he greeted him with clasped hands and a smiling face, "I've come uninvited; you won't take offense, will you?"

His gaze then shifted to Su Yifei standing beside Fang Bai, and his white eyebrows raised slightly, "Isn't this Yifei? What brings you here?"

The Su Family and Rejuvenation Hall operated in different sectors and therefore did not have any business collaborations, but being two of the prominent clans in Zhongzhou City, their younger members were somewhat acquainted and familiar with each other.

Su Yifei was the successor being groomed by the Su Family Patriarch, Su Hongyuan, and Hua Chun, as both the owner of Rejuvenation Hall and the Hua Family Patriarch, had met with him at high-end events and exchanged brief pleasantries, so they recognized each other.

After Su Linglong was diagnosed with a brain tumor, Su Yifei followed his grandfather, Su Hongyuan, to personally request medical assistance from Hua Chun, and even though Hua Chun had ultimately claimed he was powerless to help after diagnosing Su Linglong, that meeting furthered the connection between the two.

Hua Chun was a contemporary of Su Hongyuan and a heavyweight in the Huaxia medical community with a distinguished reputation. Su Yifei did not dare to act arrogantly in front of him and, upon hearing his question, answered with a smile, "It's good to see you, Elder Hua. Fang Bai is a close friend of mine, and I specifically came to offer my congratulations for his opening day."

Hua Chun nodded, a trace of surprise in his heart.

Being referred to as "close friend" by Su Yifei meant that Fang Bai had a very good relationship with him. With the backing of the powerful Su Family, it seemed that Rejuvenation Hall needed to reassess Fang Bai's capabilities.

Fang Bai, who had previously bested Hua Chun in medical skills and won six million from Rejuvenation Hall, thought he would have become an adversary of the Hua Family. He was unexpectedly surprised to see Hua Chun personally coming to offer his congratulations on the opening of his medical hall.

But after giving it some thought, Fang Bai understood what was going on.

"This old gentleman is using the opportunity to congratulate me to reach out in friendship. It seems he's still intent on drawing me into Rejuvenation Hall!"

Reflecting on this, Fang Bai couldn't help but let out a wry smile and said to Hua Chun, "Your esteemed visit to our humble establishment is an honor. Please, come inside."

Hua Chun entered the traditional Chinese medicine clinic with a chuckle and said "Hearty congratulations on your opening" to Fang Gang and his wife, Yang Mei.

Having studied traditional Chinese medicine at a renowned medical institute in Huaxia in his younger years, and later opening his clinic, Fang Gang was already familiar with the reputation of Rejuvenation Hall, and upon being introduced to Hua Chun's identity by his son, he was nearly overwhelmed with respect for the senior figure in traditional Chinese medicine, not even knowing where to put his hands in his excitement.

Fang Gang, Yang Mei, and Fang Yun were not accustomed to grand events, and the arrival of someone as important as Hua Chun left them at a loss.

Of the family of four, only Fang Bai maintained a steady smile, showing a maturity beyond his years and an attitude neither servile nor overbearing.

Seeing this, Hua Chun nodded inwardly, and his impression of Fang Bai rose another notch.

"For my congratulatory visit, I didn't bring a red envelope but have brought a few modest gifts instead. I hope Friend Fang will not disdain them," Hua Chun said.

Hua Chun said this, signaling the four Hua Family disciples who had followed him to bring in the wooden boxes.

The four Hua Family disciples stood in a row, and as Hua Chun walked up to them, he opened each of the wooden boxes they held and introduced them:

"This ginseng, hailing from the Changbai Mountain region in northeastern Huaxia, is over a century old."

"This He Shou Wu, sourced from the deep mountains of Southern Yunnan in Huaxia, is also over a hundred years old."

"This Snow Lotus, obtained from the Tianshan mountains in western Huaxia, is not quite a century old, but almost there."

"This Lingzhi, from the Min Region, is around one hundred thirty years old."

With each introduction of the items within the wooden boxes, the experts present took in a sharp breath of air.

Su Yifei also widened his eyes, looking at Hua Chun with disbelief.

Fang Gang's jaw nearly dropped to the floor in shock.

Yang Mei and Fang Yun, though not understanding, could tell from the expressions of the others present that the items Hua Chun had brought were extremely precious.

Fang Bai, although outwardly calm, inwardly marveled, thinking to himself how much the old gentleman was investing to show his goodwill.

At the same time, he thought, "Rejuvenation Hall," as one of the top five medical families in Huaxia, must have such a rich store of medicinal supplies.

The four items that Hua Chun had brought could serve as treasures anchoring any traditional Chinese medicine store.

Wild ginseng has the effects of replenishing essence energy, rejuvenating vigour, enriching the blood, and beautifying the complexion.

He Shou Wu is valuable for replenishing vital essence and blood, darkening hair, strengthening tendons and bones, and nourishing the liver and kidneys.

Snow Lotus features properties such as promoting blood circulation, warming channels, dispelling cold and dampness, stopping bleeding and reducing swelling, and eliminating toxins.

Lingzhi is known for replenishing qi, calming the spirit, alleviating cough and asthma, as well as extending lifespan.

These four items are among Huaxia's nine great immortal herbs, each one an ingredient in medicines, and each incredibly precious.

Especially the century-old wild ginseng, He Shou Wu, Snow Lotus, and Lingzhi, they are extremely rare, expensive, and each is valued at over a million.

In Fang Bai's former life in the Cultivation World, medicinal herbs over a hundred years old were already categorized as Spiritual Medicines.

Unfortunately, the four "immortal herbs" that Hua Chun brought had been harvested a long time ago, and the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy they once contained had completely dissipated.

Still, incorporating them into medicine would undoubtedly produce remarkable effects.

"Family Patriarch Hua, I appreciate your kind intentions, but I cannot accept these four items!"

After Hua Chun finished his introduction, smiling as he looked towards Fang Bai, eagerly awaiting for him to accept his congratulatory gift, Fang Bai firmly refused.

Hua Chun seemed not to have expected Fang Bai's refusal and was momentarily stunned, blurting out, "Why? These are all excellent items!"

Fang Bai sighed, "Exactly because they are excellent, I cannot accept them! In Huaxia, we value the principle of not flaunting wealth. These four items are worth millions. If you give them to us so openly, what if some villains set their sights on us, wouldn't that cause us harm?"

He paused, then continued, "If we were to accept these four items, whether we keep them in the store or at home, we'd live in constant fear, worried about theft or robbery. Not only would there be no way to run the store properly, but even our lives would be disrupted. Don't you agree? Therefore, I can only say thank you for your kindness, Family Patriarch Hua..."

Chapter 95: Innate Fire Spirit Root

Hua Chun disagreed and said, "With your ability, are you still afraid you won't be able to protect these things? Any fool who dares to covet them, you could kill with a single slap!"

Fang Bai said, "It's fine at home, but I am about to intern at Yanjing Hospital soon. If I don't settle things at home, I won't leave with peace of mind. My parents and sister are all ordinary people; should anything happen, I fear they might struggle to cope."

"What did you say?" Hua Chun's eyes widened in disbelief. "With your medical skills, you still need to intern at a hospital? You're not joking, are you?"

Fang Bai humbly replied, "One never stops learning. My hospital internship isn't just about getting a medical degree; I also want to broaden my horizons, gain experience, and come into contact with more patients and cases. This will be greatly beneficial to improving my own medical skills."

Hua Chun sighed, "You possess extraordinary medical skills yet remain humble and composed, rare indeed! My son pales in comparison to you!"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "The young master is still young. As long as he hones his temperament a bit more, it won't be difficult for him to inherit your mantle and become a great figure in medical skills."

"Let's hope your good words come true."

Hua Chun's brow relaxed, and he laughed heartily, "Alright, if you won't accept the gifts, I'll take them back. But it wouldn't sit right with me if I didn't bring a congratulatory gift for the opening of Fang's

Traditional Chinese Medicine.' So, I'll have someone send over some medical instruments and commonly used herbs—surely you won't refuse those?"

Knowing that "Rejuvenation Hall" was wealthy and that medical instruments and common herbs weren't of great value, Fang Bai gratefully bowed with hands clasped and said, "Then I thank Elder Hua greatly."

Su Yifei and Hua Chun were both heavyweight figures in Zhongzhou City, and their patronage was tantamount to a gold-standard advertisement for "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine."

Thus, almost overnight, every clinic and drugstore, big and small, in Zhongzhou City knew that there was a new TCM clinic called "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine."

At noon, after the guests who came to offer congratulations had their meal at the "Four Seasons Spring" restaurant, they dispersed, and "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine" began its official business.

The opening of "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine" was bustling. Many people thought that the owner of the clinic must have some real skill; otherwise, the owner of "Rejuvenation Hall," Hua Chun, would not have come in person to offer congratulations.

Thus, in the afternoon, people gradually began to visit the clinic seeking medical advice and consultation.

Although Fang Bai was at the clinic, he did not personally take action but sat on the side, watching his parents busily attend to patients.

He was about to leave Zhongzhou for Yanjing. Before he left, he wanted to see if his parents could manage on their own. If he found anything amiss, he intended to address it before departing.

According to Fang Bai, the clinic needed to hire one or two staff members for miscellaneous tasks, but this suggestion was immediately vetoed by Yang Mei.

Knowing that money didn't come easily, Yang Mei thought that hiring staff meant paying them wages. Instead of giving money to others, she preferred to stay busier herself.

Moreover, the clinic had just opened, and it was still uncertain how business would fare. If there were no customers and they had already hired staff, wouldn't that lead to greater losses?

After listening to his mother, Fang Bai was torn between laughter and tears, realizing she was worried about money. He then gave up on the dilemma of whether or not to hire staff.

Fang Gang and Yang Mei manned the TCM clinic, each with their own tasks.

Fang Gang was responsible for seeing patients and dispensing medicine, while Yang Mei took care of collecting money and also managed the procurement of equipment and herbs.

Fang Gang excelled in acupuncture and massage; when he ran his traditional Chinese medicine clinic in the past, his health was not very good. After massaging one or two people, he would feel exhausted and needed to rest for a while before he could continue.

But ever since he started practicing the boxing technique taught by his son, he felt his body becoming stronger and his strength increasing. He could give massages to more than a dozen people in succession without feeling tired.

During the treatment of his father's legs, Fang Bai taught him numerous acupuncture secrets and massage techniques. After careful consideration, Fang Gang made significant progress in this area.

Although he did not have the assistance of True Yuan, patients treated with Fang Bai's acupuncture and massage techniques all felt that the results were good.

The sign above the door of the traditional Chinese medicine clinic bore the large characters "Fang's Traditional Chinese Medicine" and the words "Specializes in setting bones and treating various types of trauma, a variety of eye and mouth diseases, ear infections, nasal inflammations, throat inflammations, etc."

The massage techniques Fang Bai taught his father included bone setting, so handling such patients was not a problem at all.

In addition, Fang Bai left behind the "Bone Healing and Muscle Regeneration Ointment" for treating external injuries, the "Soul Revival Liquid" for internal injuries, and some effective prescriptions for common diseases, enough to deal with the majority of patients seeking medical consultation.

After verification, Fang Gang found these special prescriptions to be extremely effective. Treasuring them greatly, he did not hesitate to spend a considerable amount of money on a safe to lock away these prescriptions, to prevent them from being stolen.

In Fang Gang's view, the prescriptions his son left behind could indeed make their clinic prosper and lead to the rise of the Fang Family.

What Fang Bai regretted was that his parents both had ordinary physiques and did not possess a Spiritual Root, so whether it was body refining or Qi cultivating, they could not embark on the path of cultivation. Otherwise, he could have taught them his skills, enabling them to eventually transcend their mortal bodies.

The only thing that surprised Fang Bai was that his sister Fang Yun actually possessed a Fire Spirit Root, indicating that she could start cultivating Qi and step onto the path of cultivation.

In the Cultivation World that Fang Bai came from before his ascension, there were two pathways of cultivation—one was body refining, and the other was Qi cultivating.

Although these two cultivation methods had different difficulties and advantages, they would ultimately converge, forming a core in the Qi Sea.

The benefit of Qi cultivation was relatively easy progress and fast advancement. Its disadvantage, however, was a weak physical foundation and poor self-defense capability. In confrontations, Qi cultivators were prone to injury.

The benefit of body refining was a robust physique, powerful attack capabilities, high resistance to injury, and a quicker self-healing ability. The downside was slow progress, requiring immense, strenuous

effort as well as persistent confidence and willpower. If abandoned midway, Fang Bai, who had taken over this body, initially found it weak and somewhat disappointing, but later discovered that it was actually an Innate Spirit Body.

The Innate Spirit Body is different from an innate Spiritual Root—one is suited for body refining, and the other for Qi cultivating.

Fang Yun, with her innate Fire Spirit Root, was excellent for Qi cultivation.

On the other hand, Fang Bai's Innate Spirit Body was particularly suitable for body refining.

In his previous life, Fang Bai ascended to the Immortal Realm and became an Immortal Emperor through body refining.

Fang Bai's mind contained an abundance of body refining and Qi cultivating techniques from his previous life. Considering Fang Yun's Qi cultivating physique, he taught her a set called the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art."

To increase Fang Yun's interest in cultivation, Fang Bai mentioned that regular practice of this technique could have the effects of beauty and youth preservation, keeping one forever young. The prospect indeed caused Fang Yun's eyes to light up with increased interest.

Chapter 96: Father and Son of the Liu Family

When Fang Yun asked Fang Bai where he had learned his cultivation technique, Fang Bai gave the excuse that it was passed down by a "Master."

In fact, Fang Bai wasn't boasting. Practicing the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art" really could allow cultivators to transcend the ordinary and maintain everlasting youth.

When the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art" was cultivated to the utmost ninth revolution, it would possess the supreme power of burning the heavens and eradicating the earth.

Fang Bai taught Fang Yun the cultivation technique with another purpose in mind, that was, in his absence from Zhongzhou, she could take up the responsibility of protecting their family.

Moreover, the set of fist techniques that Fang Bai had taught Fang Gang and Yang Mei, as long as the couple diligently trained, would also grant them a certain self-defense capacity. As long as they did not come across a true Martial Artist, nobody would be able to harm them.

Three days later, seeing that the Traditional Chinese Medicine clinic was on the right track and business wasn't bad, Fang Bai finally set his mind at ease and decided to embark on his journey to Yanjing.

After dinner with his family in the evening, Fang Bai packed some items into a backpack. He informed his parents that he bought a ticket for tonight's high-speed train and then strode out of the Traditional Chinese Medicine clinic.

Before leaving, Fang Bai urged his parents to take good care of the "Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus" and "Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit" planted in the corner of their yard, mentioning they would be of great use to him in the future.

Taking Fang Bai's instructions seriously, Fang Gang and Yang Mei paid great attention. The day Fang Gang left, Yang Mei bought a dog to guard their house.

Upon leaving the Traditional Chinese Medicine clinic, Fang Bai did not head directly to the train station; instead, he walked around Zhongzhou City. When night fell, he secretly infiltrated a famous affluent neighborhood in Zhongzhou.

Zhongzhou real estate tycoon, Liu Yuanlong, lived in villa number 18 of this wealthy enclave.

Days earlier, when Fang Bai aimed to kill "Hungry Wolf," he learned from "Hungry Wolf's" confession that a strange man known as "Black Panther" had paid them to target him.

After a thorough investigation, Fang Bai finally discovered that "Black Panther" was Liu Yuanlong's personal bodyguard.

The case was now clear to Fang Bai.

The mastermind behind the scenes targeting him was not "Black Panther," but Liu Yuanlong himself.

Liu Yuanlong had two likely reasons for targeting Fang Bai:

Firstly, due to the numerous clashes and conflicts he had with Liu Yichen, Liu Yuanlong, as his father, might be seeking to revenge his son.

Secondly, Liu Yuanlong once drugged Xia Chenyu wanting to take advantage and insult her, but was thwarted by Fang Bai's intervention, and he harbored resentment because of this.

Liu Yuanlong, of course, would not deal with Fang Bai personally, so he entrusted the task to his personal bodyguard "Black Panther," who then hired the Hungry Wolf Group, and finally, they sent the Butcher to do the job.

However, they all underestimated the outcome. The attempt of the Butcher to cripple Fang Bai failed, and he instead was crippled by Fang Bai. The Hungry Wolf was eradicated by Fang Bai, and the Hungry Wolf Group consequently fell apart.

Before Fang Bai left Zhongzhou to head for Yanjing, he intended to completely resolve this matter; he was not planning to let any person involved off easily.

This time, Fang Bai's targets were "Black Panther," as well as Liu Yuanlong and his son Liu Yichen.

The number 18 villa covered a vast area of several thousand square meters, the largest in the affluent neighborhood. The several hundred square meter three-story villa was situated in the center of the compound and was designed in a European style with luxurious decoration, surrounded by greenery and rockeries.

In front of the villa was a fifty-meter-long swimming pool. The water was so clear it reflected the star-filled sky.

To the east of the swimming pool, underneath several huge parasols, were placed round white tables.

At this very moment, a middle-aged man sporting trunks and a protruding belly was sitting at one of the white round tables with a smile, watching several women in bikinis frolic in the pool.

To the left and right of the middle-aged man sat a woman on each side.

One of the women skillfully peeled grapes, continuously feeding them into the middle-aged man's mouth.

Another beauty held a glass of red wine, and each time the middle-aged man ate a grape, she would bring the wineglass to his lips for him to take a small sip.

While enjoying grapes and sipping red wine, the middle-aged man's large hands would occasionally pinch and stroke the two beauties at his side, eliciting playful protests from both.

Not far behind the middle-aged man stood a man in his thirties, wearing a black suit.

The man was dressed in black, tall and sturdy, with a fierce expression. He stood there as straight as a javelin.

His gaze continuously swept his surroundings, maintaining a vigilant posture, and occasionally, he would glance towards the middle-aged man, a hint of envy in his eyes.

"Black Panther, there's no need to stand, come over and sit, join me for a few drinks,"

the middle-aged man suddenly gestured to the man in the black suit.

The middle-aged man was none other than the owner of Villa No. 18, Liu Yuanlong.

And the man in the black suit was his trusted bodyguard, "Black Panther."

Upon hearing his boss's call, Black Panther approached Liu Yuanlong immediately, a respectful look on his face.

"Boss, Tu Fu is crippled, Hungry Wolf is dead, and the 'Hungry Wolf Group' has collapsed. I suspect that all these incidents are related to that kid named Fang Bai. Also, my eyelids have been twitching violently these past few days, and I've been feeling restless, as if something is about to happen,"

Black Panther said solemnly.

Liu Yuanlong chuckled, "Heh heh, don't worry. Even if that kid doesn't know it's us he's up against, what if he does? If he dares come for revenge, I'll make sure he never returns! If he enrages me, I'll wipe out his entire family!"

"But boss, that kid could very well be a martial artist,"

"What's there to fear about a martial artist? I don't believe that he, a single martial artist, can stand up to the eight gunmen I have lying in ambush all around this villa!"

Black Panther was about to speak when a sudden alertness arose within him; he swiftly turned his head, looking toward the dark corner of the southwestern part of the villa courtyard.

"Who's there?"

Black Panther quickly drew his gun and aimed it at the dark corner where his gaze had settled, ready to shoot.

Although Black Panther's strength had not yet allowed him to ascend to be a martial artist, he wasn't far off. His natural vigilance warned him of an extremely dangerous presence emanating from that dark corner.

"The one who will kill you!"

Along with these words, a man wearing a devil mask and dressed in a black casual shirt stepped out from the dark corner, step by step, into the light shining from the villa.

His voice was icy and grim, emotionless, causing a shiver to run down one's spine.

The masked man walked with a rhythmic cadence, each step measured with precision, his feet touching the ground without a sound, as light as a cat.

If someone were to observe closely at that moment, they would notice that as the masked man passed by, the flowers and plants to his sides would press flat to the ground as if blown by a strong wind.

Behind the mask, a pair of eyes shone clear and sharp, compelling others to avoid direct gaze.

Though there was still distance between them, an oppressive force approached, making breathing difficult for Liu Yuanlong, Black Panther, and the others.

The two bikini-clad beauties playing in the pool sensed something was wrong and hurriedly left the water, standing beside Liu Yuanlong.

Chapter 97: Retaliation

"If you don't stop moving, I'll shoot!"

Black Panther warned fiercely, gripping the gun tighter, his palm involuntarily soaked in sweat.

Liu Yuanlong had weathered many storms before. Though taken aback, he remained composed, pushing away the two beauties beside him before slowly standing up, his gaze intently fixed on the masked man, guessing the man's identity.

In the past, Liu Yuanlong also had dealings in the underworld, conducting many unlawful businesses. Later on, after laundering his reputation, he transformed into a well-known real estate magnate in Zhongzhou City, joining the ranks of high society.

Liu Yuanlong was known for his ruthlessness. Although his business had grown over the years, so had the number of enemies he had made in both the legal and criminal worlds. There were definitely more than one or two who wanted him dead.

He thought the masked man might be one of his sworn enemies or perhaps a killer hired by one.

This person managed to slip past the bodyguards outside the villa, infiltrating the courtyard, which proved he was very skilled. Maybe, as Black Panther said, he could be a martial artist who had cultivated ancient martial arts.

If the bodyguards positioned around the villa were considered elite, then the eight bodyguards inside the villa were the best of the best, and each was armed with a firearm.

Liu Yuanlong believed that at this moment, the muzzles of eight guns were already aimed at the masked man, and at his command, the masked man would be riddled with bullets.

In Liu Yuanlong's view, even the strongest martial artist was still flesh and blood and couldn't possibly withstand the power of bullets.

Black Panther's sharp command seemed to have an effect, causing the masked man to halt, his gaze sweeping back and forth between Liu Yuanlong and Black Panther.

Liu Yuanlong picked up a cigarette from the table, lit it himself, and took two deep drags, slowly exhaling a cloud of smoke.

"Who sent you to kill me?"

Amidst the swirling smoke, Liu Yuanlong's eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze piercing through the smoke to settle on the masked man.

The masked man said, "No one hired me, I'm the one who wants to kill you."

"Do we have a grudge?"

"You sought to cripple my hands and feet. Originally, I planned to return the favor in kind. But you just threatened to annihilate my whole family. For my family's safety, I had to eradicate you and your son first!"

Liu Yuanlong's wife had died of illness a few years ago, and since then, he had led a carefree life of perpetual bachelorhood without remarrying. Now the Liu Family only consisted of Liu Yuanlong and his son, Liu Yichen. Destroying the two of them would mean the end of the Liu Family.

"You... I know who you are now!"

No sooner had the masked man ceased speaking than Black Panther already began to shout, "You are..."

Whoosh—

Amidst the faint sound of air being torn, several embroidery needles turned into streaks of white light, shooting out from the masked man's hands. In the time it took for Black Panther's cry to begin, the needles had already penetrated the bodies of the four bikini-clad beauties.

The four bikini beauties let out a muffled groan, their bodies gradually collapsing to the ground, instantly falling into unconsciousness.

Now, only Liu Yuanlong, Black Panther, and the masked man were left at the scene.

"Fang Bai! You're Fang Bai!"

Seeing the masked man neutralize the four bikini beauties in an instant, across such a distance, Black Panther realized that he and Liu Yuanlong were not safe, breaking into a cold sweat as he yelled, firing shots at the masked man.

Several gunshots pierced the night, carrying far into the distance.

Black Panther assumed that as soon as they started shooting, the eight hidden gunners around them would fire at the masked man simultaneously.

Black Panther thought with nine guns aiming at the masked man, and with no cover within a hundred meters, the masked man's chances of evading the gunfire were slim; even if not killed on the spot, he would hardly escape injury.

But to Black Panther's surprise, not only did the masked man, standing thirty meters away, dodge his gunfire with an unbelievable speed, the eight hidden gunners in the darkness also remained silent.

Black Panther sucked in a breath of cold air, instantly aware that something was very wrong.

"Boss, get down quick!"

While continuing to shoot, Black Panther retreated at an angle, pulling the astonished Liu Yuanlong behind an overturned round table where the two of them hid.

"What's going on? Where are the ambush gunmen?"

Liu Yuanlong had been calm and collected, but now he started to panic, his eyes darting around, seemingly searching for the eight gunmen tasked with secretly protecting him.

"Boss, if I'm not mistaken, those eight have been taken out!"

Black Panther said darkly, his face grim.

"What? The skills and marksmanship of those eight gunmen are comparable to Huaxia's most elite special forces; how could they have been silently killed?"

"I told you, that kid is a martial artist. And now it seems he's no ordinary martial artist. No matter how elite the special forces are, they are nothing against a powerful martial artist!"

"Is he really Fang Bai?"

"He didn't deny it, so it seems likely..."

"What do we do now?"

"I don't know..."

"We can't just sit here waiting to die, can we? Hurry up and call for backup, get our people over here!"

In his youth, Liu Yuanlong was brave and fierce, never blinking an eye when killing, but as he aged, his courage diminished. The thought of being potentially killed filled him with fear.

Black Panther held a gun in one hand and fumbled for his mobile phone with the other to dial for help.

"It's too late."

Suddenly, an icy voice sounded beside the two men, and the face of a handsome man appeared before them, looking down with a mocking gaze.

The handsome man was indeed Fang Bai. The terrifying demon mask that instilled fear had been removed and was now in his hand.

Liu Yuanlong and Black Panther were both shocked.

They couldn't understand how Fang Bai had managed to appear right in front of them in an instant when there had been dozens of meters separating them.

Black Panther guessed that Fang Bai had employed some ancient martial movement technique, but the speed of it was horrifyingly fast.

Ah—

Black Panther let out a shout and swung the gun towards Fang Bai.

Before he could fire, Fang Bai launched a kick that sent the gun flying out of his hand; with a "plop," it landed in the swimming pool behind them.

"You guessed right, I am Fang Bai. I killed Hungry Wolf. Now, it's your turn," Fang Bai said with a grin, revealing eight snow-white teeth. To others, this smile might seem innocuous, but to Liu Yuanlong and Black Panther, it appeared as the devilish grin of a demon from hell.

"You're the one who's going to die!"

Black Panther roared, arching his body back, his back to the ground, legs bending and springing forth with a move "Rabbit Kicking Eagle," aiming a fierce kick at Fang Bai's lower abdomen.

Black Panther's strength was close to that of a martial artist; the force of this kick could easily dispatch a fierce wolf.

At the same time, a murderous light flashed in Liu Yuanlong's eyes as he grabbed a fruit knife from the ground and lunged at Fang Bai's chest.

Chapter 98: The Condition for Mercy

Fang Bai's mouth curled into a sneer, his body slightly shifting to the side to avoid Black Panther's "rabbit kick to eagle," then he raised and brought down his right palm, striking the fruit knife in Liu Yuanlong's hand.

Whoosh— —

The fruit knife rapidly fell tip-down, not veering in the slightest, and pierced straight into Black Panther's throat.

Liu Yuanlong's eyes bulged, speechless as he stood there.

Black Panther's face was contorted with pain and reluctance, his body twisted and struggled for a while before finally falling silent.

"Please, spare me!"

All of a sudden, Liu Yuanlong collapsed to his knees before Fang Bai, knocking his forehead against the ground, pleading desperately, "If you spare me, I can give you a lot of money, as much as you want! If you desire women, I can also provide you with plenty of beauties! Just spare me, and I'll become your lackey... no, no, I'm willing to be your ox or horse!"

Liu Yuanlong continued to knock his head, loudly wailing, blood already seeping from his forehead, his face streaked with snot and tears, completely losing any semblance of the majesty and image of a real estate tycoon.

Fang Bai watched the desperately performing Liu Yuanlong before him, feeling nothing but contempt.

"Let's go, and find your son!"

Fang Bai grabbed Liu Yuanlong by the collar, lifting him up, and walked step by step towards the villa dozens of meters away.

Fang Bai was vigilant in every direction, his ears tuned to all around. Within a two-hundred-meter radius, not even the rustling of grass could escape his notice.

Just now, he had heard the sounds of a Japanese adult film and a threesome with one man and two women coming from a particular room on the third floor of the villa.

Perhaps the volume of the adult film was too loud, or maybe the villa's soundproofing was very effective, such that the trio inside was oblivious to the commotion outside.

The man currently engaged in the menage-a-trois in the villa's room was Liu Yuanlong's son, Liu Yichen, but the two women with him were unfamiliar.

Thinking of Liu Yichen, Fang Bai couldn't help but recall the former girlfriend of this body's previous owner, Sun Ying.

That woman had forsaken the body's original owner, attaching herself to the rich second generation Liu Yichen, thinking she could transform into a phoenix. However, she was dumped by Liu Yichen within a month.

Later, when Fang Bai had money, wore higher-end clothes, and had a fruit-brand phone, Sun Ying, associating his improved circumstances with newfound wealth, approached Fang Bai again, wanting to rekindle their relationship. Fang Bai didn't even bother with her.

Especially since Su Linglong and Fang Bai were getting closer, appearing everywhere together in the medical college like a couple, which left Sun Ying mortified, preventing her from ever facing Fang Bai again.

With the start of the summer break, the students in Fang Bai's class scattered, each finding internships at hospitals, and Sun Ying's whereabouts were unknown.

Although he could be considered an alumnus of Liu Yichen's, the trouble from the Hungry Wolf Group was, in the end, all because of Liu Yichen, so Fang Bai had no intention of letting him off.

"Fang Bai, spare my son!"

Liu Yuanlong, realizing Fang Bai was going after his son, struggled and screamed, "I can give you half of my fortune... even more than half is fine! That's billions!"

Fang Bai didn't want to listen to Liu Yuanlong's babble, so he simply sealed several of his pressure points, making him unable to speak or struggle.

The villa's door was not locked, and Fang Bai carried the dead weight of Liu Yuanlong inside, up to a tightly shut room on the third floor.

From this position, the unsavory noises from within the room were even louder.

Boom——

Fang Bai put the demon mask back on, then kicked the door open and strode in.

The room was filled with a strange odor, and Fang Bai wrinkled his brow, looking towards the large bed in the center.

At that moment, Liu Yichen was lying on his back in bed, legs up in the air, with a woman in a school uniform and another in a nurse outfit, one on each side, serving him enthusiastically with hands and mouth.

Hearing the sound of the door, the three on the bed turned their heads to look at Fang Bai and Liu Yuanlong, and then they froze in shock.

Fang Bai's gaze swept over Liu Yichen's frail frame and the robust manhood, then walked over to turn off the television, and the room suddenly quieted down.

"Liu Yichen, you sure know how to enjoy yourself!"

Fang Bai tossed Liu Yuanlong onto the bed, casually knocked out the two women, then plopped down on the couch in the room, comfortably crossing his legs at the ankles.

"Who are you?"

Liu Yichen grabbed a towel to wrap around his lower half, saw the two women lifeless and stared at Fang Bai, who was wearing a ghost mask, and shouted.

He felt Fang Bai's voice was somewhat familiar, but in a sudden burst couldn't recall it.

He then looked at Liu Yuanlong lying on the bed, blinking incessantly at him, and asked, "Dad, what's wrong with you?"

As Fang Bai spoke, he also took off his ghost mask.

With the two women having passed out and Liu Yuanlong and Liu Yichen about to die, Fang Bai wasn't worried about them seeing his true face.

"Fang Bai! It's you!"

Liu Yichen pointed at Fang Bai and yelled, "What the hell are you doing in my house? Get the hell out!"

Then, remembering Fang Bai's terrifying martial prowess and that he was no match for him, he shouted to Liu Yuanlong, "Dad, where are our bodyguards? Where's Black Panther? Where are they all?"

Liu Yuanlong's face was red and swollen, he opened his mouth but couldn't speak, almost on the verge of tears.

"Black Panther is dead, all your bodyguards, they're all dead too. If you don't believe me, you can ask your dad."

As Fang Bai said this, he released the mute point Liu Yuanlong had been sealed on.

"Yichen, what he's saying is true, Black Panther is dead, all the bodyguards are dead... He killed them. You better kneel down and beg him to spare your life! Hurry up!"

Although Liu Yuanlong could speak now, his body was still immobile, otherwise he would have already rolled off the bed to kowtow and beg for mercy from Fang Bai.

This news was too shocking for Liu Yichen; he found it hard to accept, sitting stiffly on the bed, shaking his head, "Impossible... This can't be happening..."

"You dumbass, you think I would lie to you?"

Liu Yuanlong was both angry and anxious; if he could move, he would have already jumped up and kicked his son to the floor, shouting, "If you don't start begging for mercy, you might not have a chance to live!"

"If he agrees to do one thing, I might spare his life. And you, if you promise to do one thing for me, I'll also spare your life,"

Fang Bai said with a smiling tone.

"What is it? Don't just say one thing, we'll agree to a hundred, a thousand!"

Liu Yuanlong said urgently, desperate to survive, willing to give up his entire fortune if it meant a chance to live.

Fang Bai stood up, stepped forward and released all the sealed points on Liu Yuanlong's body, pointing at Liu Yichen, he said, "Kill him, and I'll spare your life."

"Impossible!"

Liu Yuanlong was practically leaping as he roared, no matter how ruthless he was, he could never bring himself to kill his only son.

Fang Bai chuckled, turned his head to look at the dumbstruck Liu Yichen, and pointing at Liu Yuanlong said, "If you don't want to die, kill him!"

"No... I can't..."

Liu Yichen was already petrified with terror, shaking his head vigorously.

"I'll fight you!"

With rage filling his eyes, Liu Yuanlong let out a roar, grabbed a table lamp from the bedside, and hurled it at Fang Bai, his nearly two-hundred-pound body lunging toward Fang Bai.

Chapter 99: The Idiot

Fang Bai caught the desk lamp and set it down on the table behind him, then kicked Liu Yuanlong back onto the bed and sighed, "Even tigers do not eat their cubs; it seems you still have a trace of humanity. It won't be easy for you to kill your own son, so I guess I'll have to persuade your son instead!"

He grabbed a fruit knife from the fruit bowl and walked over to Liu Yichen. "What about it, have you thought it through? Kill Liu Yuanlong, and I'll spare your life!"

Liu Yichen still shook his head.

Fang Bai took Liu Yichen's hand, a fruit knife in his grasp. With a swift motion, a segment of Liu Yichen's left little finger dropped onto the bed, and blood gushed from the amputation.

Ah—

Liu Yichen screamed like a pig being slaughtered, sweat pouring out from the pain.

"Will you kill him or not?"

"No... "

Whoosh—

The fruit knife in Fang Bai's hand swung again, and Liu Yichen's left ring finger fell onto the bed.

Liu Yichen's screams grew even more agonizing, sweat cascading down as his face turned ashen, nearly passing out from the pain.

"Will you kill him or not?"

Fang Bai brandished the fruit knife, gesturing towards Liu Yichen's left middle finger. If Liu Yichen shook his head, he would lose the third finger.

"Don't... Don't... Kill! I'll kill!"

Liu Yichen yelled terror-stricken, took the fruit knife from Fang Bai's hand, gritted his teeth, closed his eyes, and stabbed viciously into Liu Yuanlong's abdomen.

"Dad, don't blame me, I really can't stand the pain..."

Liu Yichen, crying, looked into his father Liu Yuanlong's eyes filled with sorrow.

Liu Yuanlong let out a wretched chuckle and murmured, "Good... good... my good son... my good son..."

Blood kept flowing from his mouth, and in the end, he could no longer speak, his eyes gradually losing focus.

Watching Liu Yuanlong's body growing stiff, Fang Bai's gaze was indifferent, showing no trace of pity.

For someone who vowed to kill his entire family, he harbored no compassion.

He glanced at Liu Yichen, his expression turning cold, "Your father didn't want to kill you, indicating he still had some humanity. But you, you killed your own father, you're worse than a beast."

"You forced me to do this!"

Liu Yichen shrieked, worried about enraging Fang Bai, and didn't dare meet his eyes.

Fang Bai chuckled, stood up, and walked over to stand by the bed.

"What are you doing? I've already killed my dad, you promised to spare my life!"

Liu Yichen backed into the corner of the bed, shouting in horror.

"I did say I would spare your life. But just because I won't kill you, doesn't mean I won't punish you."

As Fang Bai spoke, he grabbed Liu Yichen, placed his palm over his head, and a surge of True Yuan burst forth, rushing from his palm into Liu Yichen's brain.

Liu Yichen's body shuddered, his eyes dimming, his expression becoming dull and wooden, like he had turned into an imbecile.

"A person like you is better off as an idiot, then you won't be able to harm others again."

With that, Fang Bai no longer glanced at Liu Yichen, his figure flickered, and he was already out of the villa. Moments later, he vanished into the vast night.

Liu Yuanlong was killed, and Liu Yichen turned into an idiot. Fang Bai had no time to think about, nor did he care to consider, how much of a stir this would cause in Zhongzhou.

After leaving Zhongzhou City, he was like a **** freed from its cage, displaying his movement technique to his heart's content across the fields outside the city in the dark night, dashing toward the north.

He was as fast as the wind, and all that could be seen was the faint afterimage left behind by his running, ghostly and elusive.

Fang Bai planned to make his way to Yanjing simply by running on his own two legs.

Fang Bai didn't take a plane or a car but chose to go on foot, mainly for two reasons.

First, he hoped to encounter opportunities for cultivation along the way.

So-called cultivation opportunities actually refer to cultivation resources, which include various kinds of spiritual medicines containing Essence Energy, and such things are found deep in the mountains and great rivers where you would never come across them if you traveled by plane or car.

The second reason was for physical training.

Yanjing was more than a thousand *li* from Zhongzhou, and Fang Bai planned to cover this distance in three days.

That is to say, Fang Bai needed to run more than four hundred *li* per day on average.

If he followed the highways and railways, three days to cover more than a thousand *li* would be no problem for Fang Bai, but the routes he chose were mostly through mountainous regions and dense forests, which made reaching Yanjing in three days a great challenge.

However, for Fang Bai, his physical training consisted of challenging various seemingly impossible limits.

This journey of more than a thousand *li* was mainly across plains, with not many mountainous regions and dense forests, so Fang Bai flew across the vast and deserted plains. By the evening of the second day, he had covered nearly six hundred *li*, almost half the total distance,

During which time Fang Bai's True Yuan was exhausted, and he felt so weary he could collapse, only then sitting down cross-legged among the weeds to circulate his cultivation technique and focus on his breathing.

After his True Yuan was restored, Fang Bai took out some food and drink from his backpack to fill his stomach.

This form of physical training might seem to have little effect now, but Fang Bai understood the principle that small streams make big rivers, and mighty strength is accumulated bit by bit in this way.

That night, when he reached the edge of a mountain region, he sat cross-legged on the lush green grass of a small hill and cultivated throughout the night.

When he woke up the next morning, just as the first rays of the sunrise appeared, Fang Bai felt refreshed, with the True Yuan he had circulated all night transforming into a torrent of boiling strength rushing incessantly within him.

Ah—

Facing the rising sun, Fang Bai let out a roar to the heavens, his voice startling distant forest birds into flight and wild animals into a dash.

This was an uninhabited area far from the city, so Fang Bai did not have to worry about being heard, no matter how loudly he shouted.

Caught up in his enthusiasm, Fang Bai performed each of the techniques from the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" one after another. After he had vented most of the surging True Yuan inside him, the flowers and grasses around him, as well as some rocks, were leveled, and only then did he stop punching and kicking.

After eating something casually and rearranging his backpack, Fang Bai continued toward the mountain region.

The mountains in front of him were called Fuhu Mountain, lying between Zhongzhou and Yanjing, stretching over a thousand *li* from east to west and three to four hundred *li* from north to south. The terrain was steep and rugged, with countless peculiar peaks.

The eastern part of Fuhu Mountain was relatively gentle and had only recently been opened to vehicles, while the western part was crisscrossed with ravines and tough terrain, basically an uninhabited area that ordinary people could not enter.

Crossing this mountain region would be filled with difficulties for ordinary people, almost an impossible task, but for Fang Bai, there were no obstructions.

When encountering high mountains and precipitous peaks, he was as agile as a monkey, easily flipping over them.

When coming across mountain streams and ravines, he would detour around the wide ones, and for the narrower ones, he would use his movement technique, leaping over them like a Dapeng spreading its wings.

Around noon, Fang Bai crossed a nearly kilometer-high mountain peak and looked ahead only to discover a group of more than a hundred people moving briskly along a small stream at the foot of the mountain.

Among the hundred or so people, there were monks, Taoists, and laymen, with more than half carrying cold weapons. Despite the rocky terrain, they were moving swiftly and smoothly, as if walking on flat ground.

The group was three to four hundred meters away from Fang Bai, beyond the range of his sight and hearing, but from their movements and techniques, Fang Bai could tell that they were martial artists, and each of them had considerable strength.

Chapter 100: Legacy of a Heaven Level Martial Artist

Fang Bai saw that group of people looking hurried as if they were rushing to a particular place, and his interest greatly piqued.

After the group passed by, Fang Bai descended the mountain peak. Using the cover of rocky forests, he carefully and cautiously followed them from a distance.

When he got within three hundred meters of the group, Fang Bai discovered among them two acquaintances: the Shaolin Monks Wuzhen and Wuxing.

Wuzhen and Wuxing were still dressed in their yellow martial monk robes, walking side by side with four or five monks of a similar age, following behind a forty-something year-old middle-aged monk.

That middle-aged monk was also a Martial Monk, with a round face and sturdy build, wielding a Zen Staff. As he walked, his steps were as forceful as a dragon's stride and a tiger's pace, raising dust underfoot—a clear sign that he practiced hard kung fu.

Last time Fang Bai had injured Wuzhen and Wuxing, he thought they would need over a month to recover; unexpectedly, they were now lively and bouncing before his eyes, seemingly fully healed. Evidently, there must also be wonderful medicine within Shaolin for treating internal and external injuries.

Fang Bai was not concerned about Wuzhen and Wuxing; what he cared about was where this peculiarly assembled group of monks, priests, and lay martial artists was heading and what exactly they were up to.

After closing the distance between them, Fang Bai could sense some details about the group ahead, knowing that none of them were a match for him, which allowed him to relax a bit.

He was confident that he could stay well concealed until they discovered him.

However, Fang Bai didn't dare to be careless. Although he was stronger than any individual in the group, he was still just one person. If hundreds from the group were to swarm him, handling them with his current strength would indeed be challenging.

After entering a lush green forest, Fang Bai took advantage of the cover provided by the trees and leaves to get even closer, and he could faintly hear the low conversation of the last two people.

"Senior brother, the daoists from Qingcheng Temple said they found the legacy of a Heaven Level Martial Artist in this region. Could it be a deception?"

"Whether it's true or false, having a look won't cost us anything. Just thinking about a Heaven Level Martial Artist's legacy is thrilling."

"Those daoists are strange too. Having found something so valuable, why didn't they keep it for themselves?"

"I heard from a daoist of Qingcheng Temple that the legacy of the Heaven Level Martial Artist is located in a cave, guarded by a Spirit Ape with strength equivalent to that of a Profound Level Martial Artist. They couldn't handle it, which is why they had no choice but to send out a hero invitation, calling for assistance."

"If we do manage to obtain the legacy of the Heaven Level Martial Artist, how will the four major sects distribute it?"

"The sect that contributes the most will naturally get the larger share of the legacy."

"This time our Misty Rain Tower, along with Qingcheng Temple, Shaolin Temple, and Myriad Medicine Valley, the four major sects have dispatched over a hundred martial artists. It's the first time in years that the Semi-Hidden Sect has acted on such a large scale together, truly making it a grand event."

"We can't help it! First, the Spirit Ape with strength equal to a Profound Level Martial Artist is no easy challenge. Second, there is mutual distrust among the four major sects, and we must be prepared in case the others launch a surprise attack to monopolize the legacy."

"Then why didn't the Tower Master send more experts? Our Misty Rain Tower has several Profound Level Martial Artists!"

"Didn't you notice that the other three major sects each only have one Profound Level Martial Artist presiding? If we send more experts, they would definitely not be happy. This is called maintaining a balance of power, understand? The Tower Master has sent many young successors this time; it's also to broaden their horizons and let them gain some experience."

"I see."

...

Two disciples from Misty Rain Tower at the end of the group were whispering to each other, unaware that a hundred meters behind them, Fang Bai was following like a ghost, listening in on their conversation without missing a word.

When he heard "Heaven Level Martial Artist's relic," Fang Bai's eyes could not help but light up.

Among the few friends that Fang Bai had made, Su Yifei and Tang Wenrou could be considered half martial artists as they both had martial artist masters behind them, so they were more knowledgeable about the Ancient Martial World in this realm.

From them, Fang Bai learned that in this world's Ancient Martial World, there were Semi-Hidden Sects and Hidden Sects.

The so-called Semi-Hidden Sects were similar to "Shaolin Temple," "Qingcheng Temple," and "Rejuvenation Hall," some of which were hidden within cities while others were located between famous mountains and rivers.

Disciples from Semi-Hidden Sects mostly acted low-key, not readily showing off their skills unless their own interests were violated; otherwise, they rarely involved themselves in mundane conflicts.

Most martial artists in Semi-Hidden Sects were of the Yellow Level, and although there were Profound Level Martial Artists as well, they were elder figures of the various sects, existing at the top echelon and extremely rare.

Hidden Sects, on the other hand, were often located in the deep woods of remote mountains, leading isolated, self-sufficient lives away from the world.

Disciples from Hidden Sects, detached from worldly affairs, devoted themselves to cultivation and rarely appeared in the mortal realm to meddle in worldly matters.

In Hidden Sects, it was said that there were mostly Earth Level Martial Artists, and Heaven Level Martial Artists were an extremely rare breed.

Now that a Heaven Level Martial Artist's relic had emerged in the mundane world, this piece of news was undeniably a deadly attraction to the disciples of Semi-Hidden Sects, where Yellow Level Martial Artists were mostly found.

So when Qingcheng Temple disclosed the discovery of a Heaven Level Martial Artist's relic to Shaolin Temple, Misty Rain Tower, and Myriad Medicine Valley, these three major sects dispatched some of their martial artists to follow Qingcheng Temple disciples to take a look, regardless of whether the news was true or false.

For the three major sects, even if the news turned out to be false, they wouldn't suffer any loss.

But if it turned out to be true, acquiring even one relic of a Heaven Level Martial Artist, for a Semi-Hidden Sect, would be a treasure of incalculable value.

The four major sects dispatched their top Profound Level Martial Artists, showing how seriously they regarded the relic of a Heaven Level Martial Artist.

However, to avoid mutual suspicion, after discussions, each of the four sects only dispatched one Profound Level Martial Artist of equal strength, along with an equal number of Yellow Level Martial Artists, forming this hundred-person strong treasure-hunting team.

Fang Bai's Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique had already been cultivated to the mid-stage of the "Accumulating Essence Realm," which was equivalent to a mid-Profound Level Martial Artist in this world. In Semi-Hidden Sects, he was already considered a top-notch expert.

The strongest four people in the hundred-person martial artist team ahead were only early-stage Profound Level Martial Artists, so Fang Bai dared to follow them closely, confident that even if they

discovered him, he might not be able to withstand an attack by more than a hundred people, but he was sure that no one could stop him if he decided to flee.

Furthermore, Fang Bai's senses were sharp, and his experience was rich. Among martial artists of the same realm, his tracking skills were unrivaled. As long as he was careful and cautious, those ahead would never detect his presence.

After passing through a stretch of mountains and forests, jumping over two ravines, and climbing over three ridges, what came into view was a valley about the size of two soccer fields.

The valley was lush with vegetation and wildflowers scattered everywhere, with the crisp sound of birds occasionally coming from the western side of a small grove of trees.

Next to the grove, there was a pond several dozen meters wide, deep and bottomless, with the reflections of the surrounding mountains and trees in the water, turning the whole pond a jade green hue.

The valley, with its beautiful surroundings and fresh air, was like a small secluded paradise.