

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

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All mystic flowers and unusual herbs absorbed the Essence Energy at night and released it during the day.

Now, as the morning sun was rising and the day was shifting into night, the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” began to release the Essence Energy after absorbing a whole night’s worth of Heaven and Earth Origin Energy.

“It’s Saturday, no need to go to school, and it doesn’t matter if I get home late.

It’d be such a waste to let the ‘Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus’ release its Essence Energy like this!”

With that thought, Fang Bai strenuously moved the stones beside the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus,” and without minding whether the ground was clean or not, he sat down cross-legged right next to the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus.”

He slightly closed his eyes, his gaze at his nose, his nose at his heart, his heart at his Qi Sea, and silently activated the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” cultivation technique, guiding the circulation of blood and energy in his body.

The circulation of blood and energy surged relentlessly through his meridians and bloodstream, gradually opening the pores on his body, and the Essence Energy spilling from the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” began to gather around Fang Bai, then entering his body.

The Essence Energy that entered Fang Bai’s body circulated with his blood flow, completing seventy-seven big and small heavenly cycles, and finally converged into his Qi Sea.

In such a cycle, strands of faint Essence Energy continuously leaked into Fang Bai’s Qi Sea and accumulated there.

Time passed without knowing how long, the Essence Energy within the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” was almost entirely absorbed, and the once hair-like faint strand of Essence Energy in Fang Bai’s Qi Sea had now grown to the size of a grain of rice.

Fang Bai’s body trembled slightly as he came out of the cultivation state, and when he opened his eyes, his gaze was as sharp as a knife, aggressive and compelling, but it soon returned to its original clarity and warmth.

“I’ve finally reached the second layer of the ‘Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique,’ the ‘Accumulating Essence Realm’!”

Fang Bai was wildly excited and couldn't help but let out a long howl towards the sky.

In that moment, he felt the world around him become clearer and more vivid, with every move within ten paces failing to escape his senses.

The flight speed of birds in the sky also seemed to slow down in his eyes, and he could keenly predict their flight paths.

“Thank goodness for the ‘Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus’; otherwise, in this world lacking in Essence Energy, just relying on body cultivation, it wouldn't have been likely to reach the second layer of the ‘Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique,’ the ‘Accumulating Essence Realm,’ in such a short time!”

Fang Bai secretly celebrated.

Having reached the second layer of the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique,” the “Accumulating Essence Realm,” a strand of True Yuan erupted with every move he made, easily shattering bricks and rocks.

Although the power of the “Accumulating Essence Realm” was insignificant compared to Fang Bai's peak combat prowess, it was already extremely formidable to ordinary people.

Then, Fang Bai carefully dug up the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” along with a large amount of the surrounding soil, planning to take it home for cultivation.

This mountain was close to the city, and on holidays, it was possible that citizens would come here for mountaineering.

If the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” were to be destroyed, Fang Bai would have nowhere even to cry.

Therefore, Fang Bai decided to take the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” home to nurture it.

Although growing such a mystic flower at home certainly wasn’t as good as letting it grow freely in the mountains, Fang Bai chose the latter decisively over the risk of it being destroyed.

Fang Bai also had another idea; he planned to wait until the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” matured and then use its seeds to cultivate more “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotuses.”

Not only would this solve the problem of not being able to absorb Essence Energy during future cultivation, but it also had many other wonderful uses.

It could be said that Fang Bai had pinned his hopes for future wealth and success on this small “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus.”

“Son, what are you doing with that wildflower in your hand?”

Seeing his son return from his morning exercise with an unknown wildflower he had dug up, Fang Gang, who was reading the newspaper in the yard, couldn’t help but ask.

“Dad, this is a treasure!”

Fang Bai responded, planted the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” in the corner of the wall, and used branches to create layers of barriers around the wildflower to prevent it from being destroyed by the family dog.

Then, brushing the dirt off his hands, he let out a long sigh and a joyful smile spread across his face.

“A wildflower is a treasure?”

You think it’s an immortal flower that grants eternal life if eaten!”

Fang Gang was utterly unconvinced.

“Dad, although this flower doesn’t grant immortality when consumed, it can be used in medicine and can cure many illnesses.

It’s very precious!

You must help me take good care of it when I’m not home!”

Fang Bai was truly worried that the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus” might be destroyed by his family while he was away.

After instructing his father, he also went into the kitchen and repeated the message to his mother, Yang Mei, as she was preparing breakfast.

Fang Gang and Yang Mei, seeing the seriousness and earnestness on their son’s face, and recalling the miraculous medical skills he had shown in the past few days, nodded solemnly, indicating they would remember.

After breakfast, Fang Bai, dressed in a set of loose clothing, bid his parents farewell and met Zhou Dabai at the prearranged location.

Together, they walked towards the “Divine Dragon Martial Hall.”

The weather was a bit hot, so Fang Bai wore just a loose, thin shirt, while Zhou Dabai, who was usually bothered by the heat, wore thick clothing that seemed to be padded with something inside.

“Dabai, why are you dressed like that?”

Fang Bai asked, smiling.

Zhou Dabai, already chubby, looked almost round in such attire, appearing somewhat comical.

Zhou Dabai chuckled and patted his chest and abdomen, “I’ve stuffed wooden boards inside.

They give me confidence when I get into a fight.”

Fang Bai paused, then understood that Zhou Dabai had made these preparations with well-meaning intentions.

Zhou Dabai still didn’t believe he could beat Mao Qiangwu, so he had prepared to stand up for himself, stuffing wooden boards inside his clothing in case he couldn’t beat the others, at least he wouldn’t be beaten too horribly.

“Take out the wooden boards,” Fang Bai said with a frown, “By doing this, you’re showing you don’t trust me.”

“That’s not what I mean, Fang Bai...”

“Trust me!” Fang Bai patted Zhou Dabai on the shoulder, “I can definitely beat Mao Qiangwu!”

“Okay!

I trust you!”

Zhou Dabai immediately pulled out the wooden boards and threw them far away, shouting, “Even through a sea of flames, I’ll charge through it all with you!”

The “Divine Dragon Martial Hall” was located in a busy area of Zhongzhou City and consisted of more than a dozen storefronts, looking very impressive and high-end, with Mao Qiangwu himself serving as the hall master and head coach.

Mao Qiangwu, despite his youth, had made a name for himself in the Zhongzhou martial arts community with his solid Shaolin Kungfu.

Many students came seeking his reputation, and the business of the martial hall had been thriving.

Mao Qiangwu, a disciple of Shaolin, taught Shaolin Kungfu, and it was said that his ferocious and powerful Arhat Fist could shatter several stacked bricks with a single punch, which was astonishing to behold.

When Fang Bai and Zhou Dabai arrived at the “Divine Dragon Martial Hall,” Mao Qiangwu’s brother, Mao Qiangdong, was waiting for them outside the entrance.

“My brother is waiting for you inside.

Please, come in!”

Mao Qiangdong looked at Fang Bai and Zhou Dabai with a provocative gaze, his mouth curled into a mocking sneer as he gestured for them to enter.

Following Mao Qiangdong into the martial hall, they saw the spacious training ground surrounded by forty or fifty people sitting densely packed.

These individuals were wearing uniform black, loose-fitting training attire, composed of both men and women, all of them students of the martial hall.

Their gaze toward Fang Bai and Zhou Dabai carried certain unfriendliness.

The training ground was about the size of two basketball courts.

Mao Qiangwu sat cross-legged alone in the center of the ground.

His eyes, which had been slightly closed, slowly opened as Fang Bai and Zhou Dabai approached.