

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

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12: Chapter 12: Battle of the Martial Arts School 12: Chapter 12: Battle of the Martial Arts School “You’re right on time.”

Mao Qiangwu glanced at the hanging clock on the distant wall, where the hour hand pointed straight to nine o’clock.

“When can we start?”

Fang Bai didn’t beat around the bush, asking directly.

His time was precious, and he didn’t want to waste it entangling with such a minor character.

Mao Qiangwu took a deep look at Fang Bai, noting his lack of pre-battle nervousness or excitement.

Instead, he appeared calm and collected, which made Mao increasingly feel that this man was unfathomable.

Taking a deep breath, Mao Qiangwu spoke with a solemn face, “We can start right now.

However, according to the rules of our Huaxia martial arts community, before a sparring match, we must sign a contract, stating that any injuries or disabilities are one’s own responsibility.”

“Okay.”

Fang Bai didn’t understand the rules of the Huaxia martial arts community, but he still nodded.

Mao Qiangwu waved his hand, signaling someone to bring over the pre-prepared contract for Fang Bai to see.

Then, both men signed their names and pressed their fingerprints on it, each retaining a copy.

Zhou Dabai took the contract given by Fang Bai and read it carefully from start to finish, his heart trembling when he saw the words “injury and disability.”

But Zhou Dabai knew that now was not the time to speak any words of discouragement or deflation, as it might affect Fang Bai's fighting spirit and confidence.

At this point, a battle between Fang Bai and Mao Qiangwu was inevitable.

If that was the case, he resolved to silently watch the fight.

If Fang Bai encountered danger, he would rush over to protect him without any hesitation.

No matter what, he couldn't let anyone hurt him.

"Fang Bai, come on!"

Zhou Dabai shouted loudly and then slowly retreated to the edge of the training ground, his fists clenched tightly.

As Zhou Dabai withdrew, the atmosphere in the training hall of the martial hall suddenly tensed.

Whoosh—

With a gust of wind, Mao Qiangwu forcefully shed his upper garment, revealing his robust physique.

His muscles tensed tightly, each appearing as tough as iron, imparting a sense of formidable power.

“Come on!”

Mao Qiangwu bellowed, stepping back twice to take up a stance ready for both offense and defense.

In that moment, a fierce aura burst forth from within him, and he became like a hungry wolf, staring intently at Fang Bai, as though ready to pounce and tear him apart at any moment.

Zhou Dabai’s heart skipped a beat.

Although he was not a martial artist, the power and stance of Mao Qiangwu told him that the man was strong and not easy to deal with.

Clap clap clap—

As if to bolster his own courage, Mao Qiangwu clenched his fists, and his knuckles cracked in rapid succession, the sound echoing clearly throughout the training hall.

Zhou Dabai felt his face blanch.

He had heard that Mao Qiangwu could smash several bricks with a single punch.

If such a fist landed on Fang Bai's slender body, how could he withstand it?

“Master, come on!”

“Beat him good!”

“Let him enter standing up and crawl out!”

“No one messes with Divine Dragon Martial Hall without paying the price!”

...

The dozens of disciples from the martial hall roared out loud.

The fight hadn't started yet, but they seemed to have already decided that Mao Qiangwu would definitely win.

"Fang Bai, come on!"

Zhou Dabai strained his voice, cheering for Fang Bai a second time.

But his lone voice was ultimately too weak and was immediately drowned out by the shouting of the dozens of adversaries.

"Fighting like this is boring, why don't we add some stakes?"

What do you think?"

Just as Mao Qiangwu had gathered his momentum, and his whole being was at a peak state, ready to fight Fang Bai with all his might, Fang Bai suddenly spoke.

“What stake?”

Mao Qiangwu was startled, and the momentum and state he had built up weakened in an instant, causing him to curse inwardly.

“You win, I’ll give you one hundred thousand yuan; I win, you give me one hundred thousand yuan.”

Fang Bai grinned, using a provocative gaze to look at Mao Qiangwu, and asked, “How about it, do you have the guts to bet?”

“I can take out one hundred thousand yuan for you at any time, but can you, a student, come up with so much money?”

Mao Qiangwu countered Fang Bai.

Fang Bai solemnly said, “I can give you an IOU.

Besides, my family owns three tile-roofed houses and a large courtyard in the suburbs, which should be worth one hundred thousand at least.”

Zhou Dabai stomped his feet in agitation and shouted, “Fang Bai, are you crazy?

Fight if you want to fight, but don't bet money!

What if..."

Fang Bai waved his hand to interrupt Zhou Dabai and said to Mao Qiangwu, "What about it, do you want to bet?"

I'm not afraid, are you?"

"Bet!"

Mao Qiangwu nodded firmly.

For his reputation and status, he could not show weakness.

With his own disciples and dozens of students watching, he could not afford to appear weak.

Although one hundred thousand yuan was not a small sum, for him, whose net worth exceeded millions, losing wouldn't break the bank.

Moreover, he had absolute confidence in winning.

Thereupon, Fang Bai and Mao Qiangwu signed another gambling agreement, declaring that after the conclusion of their match, the loser would pay the winner one hundred thousand yuan.

Mao Qiangwu was not afraid Fang Bai would refuse to pay after losing.

With his influence in Zhongzhou City, dealing with Fang Bai would be too easy.

Fang Bai was even less worried Mao Qiangwu would refuse to pay after losing.

With his skills and methods, even making Mao Qiangwu disappear without a trace wouldn't leave behind any evidence or clues.

Both confident, they held the signed and thumbprinted bet, each as if one hundred thousand yuan had already fallen into their pockets.

In their good spirits, they actually started smiling at each other.

After handing the bet to Zhou Dabai, Fang Bai turned around and stepped forward, walking towards Mao Qiangwu step by step.

He changed from being unflappable, calm, and gentle, to growing more imposing with every step.

In Mao Qiangwu's eyes, Fang Bai had transformed from a helpless sheep waiting to be slaughtered into a fierce tiger, bristling with aggression and ready to pounce.

Under Fang Bai's imposing pressure, Mao Qiangwu felt his heart pounding and cold sweat began to seep down his back.

Without fighting, his courage had faltered, and his gall had broken.

Defeat was certain!

"Such oppressive aura at a young age, could he be a master from the Ancient Martial World?"

When Mao Qiangwu had learned martial arts at Shaolin, a Shaolin Monk who taught him had mentioned that many people's martial skills were just for show and not worth mentioning.

True masters were from the Ancient Martial World.

However, masters from the Ancient Martial World usually lived in seclusion or semi-seclusion, and even if they mingled in the secular world, they were elusive and would not easily make a move.

It was said that even the weakest Yellow Level Martial Artist from the Ancient Martial World could easily kill an outer gate disciple of Shaolin like him.

Mao Qiangwu had only heard about Ancient Martial masters from his master and had never seen one himself.

The aura that Fang Bai exuded at that moment was several times stronger than when Mao Qiangwu had encountered him outside the gates of Zhongzhou Medical College.

Having experienced this kind of aura from his own master, Mao Qiangwu was convinced Fang Bai was also an Ancient Martial master.

How could he possibly defeat such a master?

With a heavy heart, Mao Qiangwu yearned to concede defeat, but Fang Bai did not even give him the chance to surrender.

“If you can withstand my punch, you win!”

When he was still about ten feet away from Mao Qiangwu, Fang Bai suddenly shouted.

His figure surged forward like a gush of wind, charging towards Mao Qiangwu.

Before the man arrived, the punch was launched.

Like a tiger pouncing down a mountain, the punch came with the roar and thunderous sound of a tiger’s roar, and struck like lightning towards Mao Qiangwu’s chest.