

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

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Mao Qiangwu was taken aback.

Although he had already lost his will to fight, he did not want to stand still and be beaten.

His figure rapidly retreated while his palms crossed in front of his chest, attempting to seal off Fang Bai's path of attack.

"Break for me!"

As fist and palm met, Fang Bai let out another loud roar.

A strand of True Yuan from within his Qi Sea instantly surged to the tip of his fist and then burst forth, striking Mao Qiangwu's crossed palms and hammering right into the center of his chest.

Thump—

Amid the muffled sound, Mao Qiangwu's body trembled as if struck by a heavy hammer, and his entire body flew backward.

While he was in the air, a spray of fresh blood shot out, blooming like a flower in the air.

Uh—

Having landed, Mao Qiangwu was unsteady on his feet, let out a pained groan, and sat down on the ground, his head spinning.

He knew his internal organs had been shaken by Fang Bai's punch.

“Brother!”

“Master!”

Seeing this, Mao Qiangdong and the students from the martial hall rushed over to Mao Qiangwu in shock.

“He actually injured the Master!”

“Brothers, let’s go together and avenge the Master!”

“It’s hard to fight against multiple hands with only two fists, and we have more people, so don’t be afraid of him!”

“Go for it!”

Many students from the martial hall had their eyes turn red with anger, their blood boiling, as they roared and launched an attack on Fang Bai.

Their hatred extended to Zhou Dabai, who was merely watching the fight, and several of them attacked him as well.

Zhou Dabai, caught off guard, took several punches, one of which landed on his left cheek and immediately caused it to swell.

Fang Bai was furious.

He stepped into the “Divine Elephant Eight Desolate Steps” and unleashed the “Tiger Roar Thunder Fist,” his body like a giant elephant, steady and weighty, immovable, his fists evolving into the fierceness of a tiger’s pounce, accompanied by the sound of howling wind and thunder.

With a relentless and fearless momentum, he counterattacked the dozen or so students from the martial hall who were surrounding him.

Thump—

Thump—

Thump—

These were the thuds of fists striking human bodies.

With every punch Fang Bai threw, a student from the martial hall was sent flying, falling to the ground, unable to fight any longer.

In the blink of an eye, a dozen students lay rolling on the ground of the wide training ground, crying out in pain.

Fang Bai was very precise with his strikes; he merely incapacitated his opponents without leaving visible injuries on them.

If it hadn't been for Fang Bai not wanting to cause too much trouble or let the situation get out of hand, those dozen fallen students would have suffered broken bones and tendons, losing at least half their lives.

Fang Bai's imposing strength intimidated the others inside the martial hall, and no one else dared to step forward to challenge him.

"Dabai, are you okay?"

After giving a cold glance around the venue, Fang Bai walked over to Zhou Dabai's side.

"I'm fine."

Zhou Dabai waved his hand, looking at the fallen students and laughed heartily, "Haha, Fang Bai, watching you fight is really satisfying!"

From today on, you're my hero!"

Fang Bai looked at the bruised swelling on the side of his cheek, his expression somber and somewhat terrifying.

He turned around, his gaze sharp as a knife's edge, and fixed it fiercely on Mao Qiangwu.

"So you resort to mobbing when you can't win in a fight...

Heh, Mao Qiangwu, you sure are something!

Do you believe that I could take your life right now?"

Fang Bai said menacingly, stepping toward Mao Qiangwu, each step causing the ground to shake.

"Fang Bai, spare me..."

As Fang Bai approached with an imposing aura, Mao Qiangwu was terrified.

Ignoring his injuries, he knelt down and begged for mercy from Fang Bai.

Mao Qiangwu had heard from his Master that experts from the Ancient Martial World have immense strength, and the laws of the secular world could hardly restrain them.

If Fang Bai truly came from the Ancient Martial World, then once he decided to kill him, his own life would be in grave danger.

Mao Qiangwu was still very young and didn't want to die at all, so he could only beg for mercy.

"Spare you?"

"You injured my brother, how do you account for this?"

Fang Bai's eyes were cold, his words laced with a chill.

Mao Qiangwu wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and said with a trembling voice, "I...

I will pay money...”

“In addition to the hundred thousand from our bet, bring out another hundred thousand for my brother’s medical expenses!”

Fang Bai laid out the terms for Mao Qiangwu’s survival.

One hundred thousand yuan for a life, Fang Bai believed that Mao Qiangwu would agree without hesitation.

Fang Bai wasn’t afraid of Mao Qiangwu’s revenge, he was confident that the strength he had just displayed was enough to be etched in Mao Qiangwu’s memory, too significant to be easily forgotten.

Moreover, Mao Qiangwu must also be very clear—if he dared to seek revenge, then what Fang Bai would ask for next wouldn’t be a hundred thousand yuan, but his life.

Mao Qiangdong, sure enough, didn’t say another word and agreed, instructing his brother Mao Qiangdong to accompany two students from the martial hall to withdraw two hundred thousand in cash from a nearby bank.

He packed the cash in a black plastic bag and handed it over to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai knew that Mao Qiangwu wouldn't dare shortchange him, so he didn't bother to count.

After receiving the money, he gestured to Zhou Dabai, and the two walked out of the "Divine Dragon Martial Hall" together.

"Qiangdong, never, ever provoke that Fang Bai again!"

After Fang Bai and Zhou Dabai had walked away, Mao Qiangwu waved the martial hall students away and quietly cautioned his younger brother.

"Big brother, are we really just going to let this go?"

"Once my injuries heal, I'll take a trip to the Shaolin Temple, hoping to persuade our master to come out of retirement and help me reclaim our place."

Mao Qiangwu said through gritted teeth, his eyes filled with hatred, "I won't let this go, but I won't seek revenge unless I'm absolutely certain."

Qiangdong, you must keep tight-lipped about this incident, don't mention it to anyone!

Remember that!"

“Brother, I understand.”

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“Fang Bai, starting tomorrow, I want to learn kung fu from you!”

No sooner had they stepped out of the “Divine Dragon Martial Hall”, Zhou Dabai, with fists waving and brimming with enthusiasm, said to Fang Bai.

As soon as he spoke, the bruise on his mouth throbbed with pain, causing him to sharply inhale a breath of cool air and he couldn’t help but curse Mao Qiangdong and his brother’s family a few times.

“I still say the same thing, if you want to learn martial arts, you can, but you have to be able to endure hardship and also be persistent!”

“If I start learning from tomorrow, when will I be as powerful as you?”

“First, you must have a certain talent; second, you must be diligent and endure hardship.

If so, maybe in three to five years, you could reach my current level.”

“Three to five years?

Damn, I’ll have graduated by then!

I was hoping to show off and knock down a few people at the medical school like you, and pick up some girls along the way!”

“Without the confidence to persist and the fearless courage of a hero, don’t even think about stepping onto the Martial Dao.”

“Do you underestimate me?

Fine, I’ll start learning from you tomorrow!

Tell me, how should I start training?”

“Starting tomorrow, wake up at four in the morning and wait for me at your doorstep.

We'll run together to the mountains outside the city, practice some punches on the mountain, breathe some fresh air, then run back... You stick with this for a month before anything else."

"..."

"What's wrong?"

"Getting up at four... running to the mountains outside the city and back..."

sticking with it for a month..."

Brother, you're not kidding, are you?"

"Do I look like I'm kidding?"

"No..."

Can't we start more gradually?"

Like, I wake up at six, run one kilometer, and after a month, start waking up at five-thirty, run two kilometers...”

“No!”

“Then I’ll have to think about it...”

At a nearby bank, Fang Bai set up two bank cards, each with a hundred thousand yuan deposited, one he kept, and the other he handed to Zhou Dabai.

“That’s the money you earned fighting; I don’t want it!”

Zhou Dabai waved his hands vigorously, shaking his head.

Although his family’s financial situation was slightly better than Fang Bai’s, a hundred thousand was no small sum, and the thought alone made his heart pound.

“Take it!”

Fang Bai glared and said, “You took those punches for me; this is what you deserve!”

“I’m tough, a few bruises are nothing to me.”

Fang Bai shoved the bank card into Zhou Dabai’s hand, saying seriously, “We’re brothers!

Whatever benefits come my way in the future, you’ll have your share too!”

“Fang Bai...”

Zhou Dabai looked down at the bank card in his hand, his eyes slightly reddening.

“Moved?

Don’t get all soppy on me; that’s not your style!

I prefer the hot-blooded, manly Zhou Dabai!”

“I am a man!

A real man!”

Zhou Dabai wiped away the tear stains from the corner of his eye, sniffed, and stuffed the bank card into his pocket.

The two brothers laughed heartily, and after their laughter subsided, they walked home with their arms around each other’s shoulders.