

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

Chapter 21 - 21 21 Centennial Spirit Snake

21: Chapter 21: Centennial Spirit Snake 21: Chapter 21: Centennial Spirit Snake “The Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit” lay between the man and the serpent, slightly more towards Fang Bai’s side.

In theory, Fang Bai had an advantage, but this was negated by his current environment.

Had it been on flat ground, Fang Bai could have easily dealt with the Five-Colored Flower Snake.

But now, he was on a nearly vertical ninety-degree cliff, unable to move agilely, with his left hand grabbing a protruding rock to stabilize his body, leaving only his right hand to confront the Five-Colored Flower Snake.

Driving away or killing the Five-Colored Flower Snake to get that “Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit” had therefore become much more difficult.

“A mere centennial crawler dares to stop me from picking the ‘Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit’?”

Wait till I slaughter you and roast you for a meal!

Centennial snake meat is a great tonic for the body; a centennial snake gall is greatly beneficial for cultivators!”

Fang Bai glared at the Five-Colored Flower Snake in front of him, clenching his teeth and silently building momentum.

After a standoff of more than ten minutes, Fang Bai finally lost his patience.

His right hand formed a claw, and he tore off a rock the size of a chicken egg from the cliff, flicking it with his wrist.

Whoosh—

The rock whistled through the air, shooting towards the vital seven-inch area of the Five-Colored Flower Snake.

The Five-Colored Flower Snake had lived a hundred years and gained some spiritual awareness; it knew Fang Bai was not to be trifled with and was on high alert.

The moment Fang Bai released the rock, the snake also moved.

It swayed its upper body, evading the rock hurled by Fang Bai, with its triangular head lunging forward like lightning.

Its mouth opened wide and two sharp, venomous fangs aimed for Fang Bai's arm—the one that hurled the rock.

Fang Bai knew that once bitten by those venomous fangs, even if the venom didn't kill him, falling from dozens of meters in the air wouldn't leave him any chance to survive.

He might have been much stronger than an ordinary person by now, but he was still far from reaching an invincible realm.

“Scram!”

Fang Bai suddenly bellowed, a ferocious shout erupting from his throat.

This roar, like an enraged lion, formed a sound wave that contained a surge of True Yuan from Fang Bai's Qi Sea, crashing onto the Five-Colored Flower Snake's head like a big wave and dazing it momentarily.

Lion's Roar Sonic Wave!

This sound wave technique, the first time Fang Bai had used it since his transmigration, helped him out of a critical situation.

“Die!”

Fang Bai, battle-hardened from his previous life, seized this opportunity without hesitation.

He brought his right-hand index and middle fingers tightly together, thrusting them forward like a sharp sword, precisely and unerringly piercing through the seven-inch spot of the Five-Colored Flower Snake.

The Five-Colored Flower Snake's body went limp, squirmed a few times, and then lay still in death.

Sigh—

These two attacks, seemingly effortless, had nearly exhausted the True Yuan in Fang Bai's Qi Sea, which was only the size of a grain of rice.

Fang Bai felt weak all over.

His left hand clutched desperately at a protruding rock, and he pressed close to the cliff face, not allowing himself to fall.

Meanwhile, he rapidly circulated the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” cultivation technique within his body.

After a short while, the True Yuan in his Qi Sea began to condense again, and Fang Bai’s strength gradually returned,

He carefully plucked “The Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit” and wound the Five-Colored Flower Snake’s body, along with a few vine strips he had prepared, around his body.

Slowly descending from the dozens of feet high cliff, it wasn’t until Fang Bai’s feet touched solid ground that he let out a long sigh of relief.

The up and down journey, though brief, had taken a tremendous toll on his physical strength.

By the time Fang Bai reached the ground, his stomach was growling with hunger.

Dragging the snake to a nearby stream, he decapitated it, skinned it, removed its entrails, and after cleaning the snake meat, he cut a large piece with the small knife he carried and roasted it over the fire.

Such a century-old snake with awakened spirit, had a delicious taste and was highly nourishing to the body.

After eating the snake meat, Fang Bai felt a surge of strength fill his body, which soon transformed into a strand of faint True Yuan that entered his Qi Sea.

Then, Fang Bai swallowed the cleaned gallbladder whole and sat cross-legged on a rock by the stream to cultivate the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique”.

The gallbladder was the most essence-filled part of the snake, and the century-old gallbladder that Fang Bai consumed had an effect comparable to a low-grade Spirit Pill he had in the Cultivation World in his past life.

Once the gallbladder was ingested, and after being refined by the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique”, it also transformed into a strand of True Yuan that flowed into the Qi Sea, with an effect several times greater than that of the snake meat meal he had just finished.

Fang Bai believed that if he consumed the entire snake’s meat, transforming all of its energy into True Yuan, his mastery of the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” might reach a new height.

However, Fang Bai had no intention of eating all the snake meat.

Instead, he planned to bring the rest home to share with his family.

Such century-old snake meat was rare and hard to find.

Ordinary people who consumed it could cure diseases, alleviate pain, strengthen the body, and prolong life.

Fang Bai's parents both suffered from illnesses, and for them, eating the snake meat would have benefits that no common medicine could replace.

This trip had yielded the “Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit” and century-old snake meat, and Fang Bai was very satisfied.

He decided to call it a day, wrapped the remaining snake meat in his clothes, and ran all the way home.

Arriving home drenched in sweat, Fang Bai was too tired to clean himself.

He handed the snake meat to his mother and immediately planted the “Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit” in the corner of the yard, three feet away from the “Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus”.

Afterward, Fang Bai took great care to instruct his mother not to touch those two spiritual medicines, telling her that they would be of great use to him in the future.

Those two pieces of spiritual medicine might just be the only ones in the world.

If his mother accidentally destroyed them, Fang Bai could cry himself into fainting.

As for the snake meat, Fang Bai lied to his mother, saying it was a gift from a wealthy friend and that it was highly beneficial for health if consumed.

Yang Mei took his word for it and immediately preserved the snake meat.

She froze it in the refrigerator, planning to stew some for her son to eat every day.

After a hot shower and changing into clean clothes, Fang Bai shut the door of his room and focused on reading.

Around four in the afternoon, Fang Bai suddenly received a call from Tang Wenrou.

She said the higher-ups had already processed the reward of one hundred thousand yuan and asked him to bring his ID card and quickly come to the police station to collect it.

Less than ten minutes after receiving Tang Wenrou's call, Fang Bai was already in her office.

"You sure got here fast..."

Seeing Fang Bai, Tang Wenrou was taken aback.

During the last questioning session, Tang Wenrou had roughly figured out where Fang Bai lived and thought that even if he left his house and immediately got into a taxi, it would still take about twenty minutes to get to the police station.

Fang Bai's arrival in less than ten minutes was somewhat beyond comprehension.

"I heard there was money to be collected, so I ran all the way here."

"Ran?"

Tang Wenrou was even more astonished, and asked, “You ran here?

Aren’t you tired?”

“Not tired!

The thought of one hundred thousand yuan filled me with strength!”

Fang Bai said with a smile.

“Money-grubber!”

Tang Wenrou cursed in her heart, but then she remembered that Fang Bai, just like her, had trained in martial arts and was even more skilled than she was.

So, she let it go.

Chapter 22 - 22 22 As Long as I Like It!

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Tang Wenrou had once been an apprentice to an Ancient Martial arts expert and had practiced kung fu for several years.

She had personally witnessed her master executing the Light Body Technique, moving faster than a racing car.

Based on the strength Fang Bai had demonstrated, Tang Wenrou deduced that he must have been guided by an Ancient Martial arts expert as well.

In this world, Ancient Martial arts experts generally lived in seclusion or semi-seclusion, and compared to them, those frequently seen so-called “Martial Arts Experts” were just a joke.

“The hundred thousand yuan reward has already been deposited into this card,”

After handling some necessary procedures, Tang Wenrou tossed a bank card to Fang Bai, speaking indifferently, “If you don’t trust it, there’s a bank right outside.

You can check it yourself.”

“No need.

I trust Officer Tang,” Fang Bai toyed with the bank card in his hand, his smile as bright as the sunshine, “I didn’t expect Officer Tang to be working overtime on a Sunday.

You really work hard.

How about I treat you to a meal when you have the time?

I know that without your urging, this money wouldn’t have reached me so quickly.”

“If anyone should be saying thanks, it should be me thanking you.”

Tang Wenrou glanced at her watch, saw that it was around half past four, and said, “I should be the one to treat you to a meal.

But it’s still early now, please have a seat here for a while, and wait until I’ve finished the work at hand...”

She hadn't finished speaking when she saw a young man in a white casual suit walk in.

The white-suited young man had a tall and straight figure, a handsome face, and gold-rimmed glasses perched on his nose.

Dressed in the white casual suit, he appeared graceful and distinguished.

With a faint smile on his lips, he held a large bouquet of champagne roses.

As he entered Tang Wenrou's office, the room was immediately filled with the subtle scent of roses.

Seeing the white-suited young man, Tang Wenrou's gaze turned cold, and her face frosted over.

"Shen Huanian, how many times have I told you not to disturb me while I'm at work?

Please leave!"

“A precious sword is offered to a hero, and flowers are sent to a beautiful woman.

Wen Rou, these are for you...”

The young man named Shen Huanian was not at all deterred by Tang Wenrou’s indifference; instead, the smile on his lips grew wider.

He walked straight up to Tang Wenrou and handed her the champagne roses.

Tang Wenrou accepted the flowers, then walked to the office door and casually tossed them into the trash outside.

“If my memory serves me right, this is the ninety-ninth bouquet I’ve given you, and the ninety-ninth time you’ve thrown it away...

Wen Rou, the heavens can bear witness, I truly like you.

What must I do for you to accept my love?”

Shen Huanian sighed lightly, a hint of bitterness showing in his smile.

His eyes, fixed on Tang Wenrou's cold and pretty face, were filled with a mix of intoxication and foolishness.

"Shen Huanian, you can give up on that hope!"

Tang Wenrou's voice was bone-chilling as she emotionlessly said, "Jianfei is dead, and my heart died with him.

In this lifetime, I will never accept anyone else!"

"Wen Rou, I know you and Jianfei were classmates at the police academy, and I know you loved him deeply.

But Jianfei died in the line of duty, and you've grieved for a whole year.

It's time for you to step out of the shadows.

You..."

“Shut your mouth!”

Tang Wenrou’s glare was knife-sharp as she fiercely stared at Shen Huanian and coldly said, “Don’t think that because you come from a distinguished family, are good-looking, and have my parents’ backing, you can move me.

Let me tell you, no matter how excellent you are, you will never replace Jianfei’s place in my heart!”

“Wen Rou...”

Shen Huanian wanted to say more, but Tang Wenrou suddenly strode over to Fang Bai, wrapping her hands around one of his arms, then in his astonished gaze, she spoke, “If one day, I truly get over Jianfei’s death, I would choose him, not you.”

Shen Huanian’s eyes turned to Fang Bai, his pupils suddenly constricting as if he had seen a ghost, exclaiming in shock, “Lu... Lu Jianfei?”

He then shook his head vigorously, pointing at Fang Bai and said, “No, you’re not Lu Jianfei.

Lu Jianfei died a year ago.

You just look very similar to him... If I didn't know Lu Jianfei was the Lu Family's only son, I would think you were his twin brother."

Then, his expression turned ferocious, his eyes filled with sinister threats, a far cry from his gentle and refined image, he growled fiercely, "I don't care who you are, from now on, stay away from Wen Rou!

Otherwise, I'll make sure you have nowhere to bury your dead body!"

As soon as these words left his mouth, Tang Wenrou and Fang Bai showed two completely opposite expressions.

"Mr.

Shen, if you dare to touch him, I'll never let you off!"

Tang Wenrou slowly released Fang Bai's arm, her face dark, her voice cold as ice.

Fang Bai, however, grinned and laughed, "Heh, nowhere to bury my dead body?

What grand airs!"

He suddenly reached out an arm and forcefully pulled Tang Wenrou into his embrace, then provocatively said to Shen Huanian, “You want me to stay away from her, but I insist on being inseparable with her.

What can you do about it?”

Tang Wenrou was caught off guard and pulled into his embrace, her delicate body stiffened, and unexpectedly, she did not struggle.

Seeing the woman he had been pursuing bitterly in the arms of a strange man, Shen Huanian’s eyes instantly became bloodshot, charging at Fang Bai like an enraged lion.

“Shen Huanian, his martial skills are better than mine.

If you don’t want an ugly death, you’d better behave.”

Tang Wenrou suddenly spoke.

Her words seemed to have an effect.

It was like Shen Huanian slammed on the brakes of a speeding car, halting his body abruptly two meters away from Fang Bai.

“Wen Rou, apart from resembling Jianfei, in what way is this kid better than me?

Looking at him, he’s not over twenty, right?

He must be a poor student still in school... Wen Rou, don’t be impulsive and make a decision you will regret for life.”

Shen Huanian took a deep breath, trying to calm himself, as he earnestly and sorrowfully tried to persuade Tang Wenrou.

He thought Fang Bai was just a shield Tang Wenrou had found on the spur of the moment to get rid of his own pestering, with Tang Wenrou’s distinguished family background and proud disposition, it was impossible for her to like an obscure poor boy.

Without a trace of emotion, Tang Wenrou detached herself from Fang Bai’s embrace and took some distance between them before speaking coldly, “What concerns you and me is none of your business.

What his status is, whether he’s poor or rich, I don’t care—all that matters to me is that I like him!”

Shen Huanian stomped his foot anxiously, “Wen Rou, you... don’t be like this...”

“Shen Huanian, if you don’t leave now, do you believe that I will have Fang Bai throw you out of here?”

“I...”

As if to complement Tang Wenrou’s words, Fang Bai took a step forward, exuding an aura that instantly made Shen Huanian feel an overwhelming presence.

Although Shen Huanian himself had never practiced martial arts, he had seen many experts.

He knew that the slightly green-looking young man in front of him not only had trained in martial arts, but his skills were also very strong.

He didn’t bring any bodyguards with him, and if he insisted on being stubborn, he would likely make a spectacle of himself.

Chapter 23 - 23 23 Su Linglong is Hospitalized

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“Wen Rou, I’ll be leaving first... I will contact you later,”

Shen Huanian gave Fang Bai a resentful glance and then cast a sorrowful look toward Tang Wenrou before turning and leaving in a huff.

Watching Shen Huanian leave, Tang Wenrou felt a sense of relief.

Shen Huanian’s family background was illustrious, hardly inferior to the Tang Family, and her own parents thought highly of him, giving her considerable pressure.

If Fang Bai hadn’t been there today, she would have really struggled to handle it alone.

Just as Shen Huanian left, the phone in Tang Wenrou’s office suddenly rang.

Tang Wenrou answered the phone, sighed lightly, and with a somewhat apologetic expression, she looked at Fang Bai.

“Something has come up, I need to take care of it... Fang Bai, I’m sorry, I’m afraid I won’t be able to take you out for dinner today,”

“It’s fine, it’s just a meal.

You can treat me another time,”

Fang Bai said with a smile, noticing Tang Wenrou had a lot on her mind.

He said goodbye to her and turned to walk away.

“Jianfei, he really resembles you.

Whether it’s appearance, movements, gaze, even the tone of his voice... he’s just so much like you ...”

After leaving the police station, Tang Wenrou stood by the window, watching Fang Bai’s receding figure.

She spoke to herself in a soft murmur, lost in a daze.

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After receiving the hundred-thousand yuan reward from the police, Fang Bai once again had a comfortable amount of money in hand.

After leaving the police station, he withdrew ten thousand yuan in cash from the bank, went to a drugstore, and bought a large amount of valuable herbs for an herbal bath later that evening.

The next morning, after returning from practicing his physical cultivation, Fang Bai washed up and ate breakfast, then went to school with Zhou Dabai.

On the small path leading to the school bike shed, Fang Bai encountered Mao Qiangdong unexpectedly.

If this had happened a few days earlier, Mao Qiangdong definitely would have come up and mocked Fang Bai, but now, he no longer had the courage.

The day before yesterday, when Fang Bai went to the Divine Dragon Martial Hall for an appointment, he had displayed great prowess, injuring more than a dozen students of the martial hall, Mao Qiangwu also spitting blood and ending up in hospital.

The scene had deeply intimidated Mao Qiangdong, instilling in him a fear of Fang Bai.

Now seeing Fang Bai, Mao Qiangdong was like a mouse that had seen a cat, turning pale with fear and quickly taking a detour to walk away.

Seeing this, Fang Bai looked at Mao Qiangdong's retreating figure and chuckled "ha ha."

No matter the past life or the present, no matter where he was, Fang Bai believed in one principle: everything was decided by the fist.

If your fists aren't strong, people will ridicule you and shame you; but once your fists are firm, they will have respect for you and not dare to provoke you.

Inside Classroom 16 level 2, a group of students were gathered together, gossiping about something.

Fang Bai sat down at his seat and opened his book to start reading.

After a while, he heard the group of students talking about Su Linglong again.

What they were saying was, after Su Linglong was admitted to the hospital, her family was finding doctors and asking around for medicine.

It's said they even hired several domestic and foreign experts in tumors, consulting over Su Linglong's condition.

Someone with wide-reaching connections among the students must have leaked these matters.

"Last time I heard them saying Su Linglong was diagnosed with a brain tumor and had been admitted to the hospital; I wonder how she is now,"

Thinking of the lively and cute girl with the youthfully bright eyes, Fang Bai couldn't help but feel a bit concerned.

Unfortunately, the background of Su Linglong was shrouded in mystery, and none of her classmates knew her phone number or home address.

Fang Bai wanted to contact her and ask about her current situation, but he had no way to do it.

"I'll ask Teacher Qin later, see if she has Su Linglong's contact information."

Class Leader Su is usually nice to me; I can't just leave her in the lurch."

Fang Bai sighed and thought to himself.

After the third class ended, Fang Bai caught up with Qin Yaorao, who was on her way back to the office, to ask about Su Linglong's condition and how to contact her.

Fang Bai knew that as a teacher, Qin Yaorao must know something about Su Linglong's situation.

When Fang Bai brought up Su Linglong, Qin Yaorao's expression darkened, and she sighed, "Su Linglong's brain tumor is malignant, and the illness has hit her hard.

I called her mother today, and she said that Su Linglong hasn't eaten or drunk for a full day and night, and has just been staring at the ceiling in a daze, having lost a whole circle of weight..."

As Qin Yaorao said this, she sighed softly and continued, "As for Su Linglong's contact information, it's better you don't ask.

Her family doesn't want anyone disturbing her right now."

Fang Bai opened his mouth, wanting to mention that he could try treating Su Linglong, but Qin Yaorao's cell phone suddenly rang.

Seeing her answer the phone while hurriedly walking towards the office, Fang Bai shook his head with a wry smile, knowing that she too was swamped with various matters and extremely busy.

So he didn't press her further.

As for Su Linglong's situation, Fang Bai didn't make a point of asking anyone else.

In his previous life, he had practiced for ten thousand years and reached the Immortal Emperor Realm, knowing that everything depended on the right opportunity.

If the opportunity came, he would be able to treat Su Linglong; if it didn't come, even if he took action, it was possible that Su Linglong might still depart this world with regrets.

When he returned home at noon, Fang Bai handed his mother several tens of thousands of yuan, again claiming it was the earnings from treating patients.

He told his mother not to sell goods at her stall anymore and to focus on taking care of his father at home.

He also urged her not to be frugal with money and to go for the best in both food and clothing.

After seeing the effects of Fang Bai's treatment on his father Fang Gang's legs, both Yang Mei and Fang Gang knew their son was a medical prodigy.

Since their son said the money came from treating others, they believed him.

Yang Mei, who had always been thrifty, didn't listen to her son and saved one thousand yuan at home for petty cash, depositing the rest into the bank that very day.

She claimed she was saving it for her daughter Fang Yun's marriage and Fang Bai's future wife.

To this, Fang Bai could only offer a bitter smile.

Thanks to Fang Bai's consecutive days of acupuncture and massage, coupled with medicinal treatment, Fang Gang's legs were at last experiencing intense sensations of pain and numbness, indicating that his damaged nervous system was recovering.

In Fang Bai's words, within a month, Fang Gang would definitely be able to stand and move around; within two months, he would return to normal and be able to walk and run freely.

As for the minor ailments afflicting Yang Mei, those were even easier to treat.

After taking a few prescriptions Fang Bai prepared and receiving acupuncture, Yang Mei felt much lighter all over.

“Mom, you and Dad should both have some of this snake meat and soup; it will help your injuries heal faster.”

At lunch, Fang Bai served his parents a bowl of snake meat and soup each, watching them carefully until they finished.

Snake meat with a hundred years of spiritual awareness could remove diseases and fortify the body; Fang Bai thought that if his parents had it for two or three meals, they would realize its benefits.

Half an hour after lunch, as per routine, Fang Bai started to perform acupuncture and massage on his father’s legs.

After finishing the massage and just as he was about to insert the needles, Fang Bai’s ears twitched, and he looked towards the closed door.

Thud—

Thud—

Thud—

A series of urgent and forceful knocks suddenly rang out, startling Yang Mei, who was tidying up in the courtyard.

Chapter 24 - 24 24 Eldest Young Master Su

24: Chapter 24: Eldest Young Master Su 24: Chapter 24: Eldest Young Master Su “Who’s this now?”

Yang Mei muttered and was about to open the courtyard door.

“Mom, I’ll get the door.”

Fang Bai frowned and rose to his feet, getting to the door before his mother and slowly opening it.

Outside the door stood two men in black suits.

Both of the men in black suits were over 1.8 meters tall, with sturdy builds, buzz cuts, serious expressions, and sharp eyes like eagles.

Although they were standing still, an aggressive aura emanated from them.

Yang Mei stood behind her son, facing the gaze of the two men in black suits.

Fear crept into her heart, and she couldn't help but take a step back.

“Who are you two looking for?”

Fang Bai's gaze swept over the two men in black suits as he asked coolly.

The way these two guys had knocked on the door just now was very impolite, so naturally, he wasn't in a good mood either.

“Are you Fang Bai?”

The man in black on the left focused his gaze on Fang Bai's face.

“What's the matter?”

Fang Bai responded with a counterquestion.

“Our Eldest Young Master Su has a matter to discuss with you.”

“And who would your Eldest Young Master Su be?”

“The Eldest Young Master is waiting for you in the car over there.

You’ll know once you go,” said the man in black on the right, pointing backward with his thumb towards a black sedan parked dozens of meters away, speaking arrogantly.

The sedan was an extended version of a black bulletproof car worth over ten million.

There weren’t many in Zhongzhou City who could afford it, indicating that the “Eldest Young Master” mentioned by the two men in black suits was indeed a prominent figure in Zhongzhou City.

“First, I have no interest in knowing who your Eldest Young Master is; second, if he has something to tell me, let him come here and say it himself; and third, when you two knock on the door next time, please be polite, or don’t blame me for being rude.”

Having said this, Fang Bai closed the courtyard door with a “bang,” leaving the two men in black suits hanging outside.

“Fang Bai, have you offended someone?”

What’s the deal with this Eldest Young Master...?”

Yang Mei looked at her son, speaking with a trembling voice; she could tell that whoever the two men in black suits were referring to as “Eldest Young Master” was no ordinary person.

“Mom, don’t worry about it.

I have no idea who this Eldest Young Master they’re talking about is.

It’s all very strange to me!”

Fang Bai pricked up his ears, and through the closed door, he heard one of the men in black leave, obviously to seek instructions from the “Eldest Young Master.”

A moment later, the sound of knocking on the door resumed, this time much gentler, followed by a clear voice asking, “Excuse me, is Fang Bai home?”

When Fang Bai opened the door, he saw a young man in his late twenties.

The two men in black suits from earlier stood behind the young man, looking respectful.

Clearly, this young man was the “Eldest Young Master” that the men in black suits had mentioned.

The young man was about as tall as Fang Bai, wearing a black casual suit, with sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes, and a handsome face.

Perhaps because of long exposure to sunlight, his skin was a healthy bronze color.

The young man in front of Fang Bai reminded him of Shen Huanian whom he had encountered at the Zhongzhou City Police Station.

Both were offspring of the wealthy, but Shen Huanian looked distinguished, gentle, and cultured; while the young man in front of him appeared unkempt and carefree.

In Fang Bai's eyes, the young man exuded a tough disposition, clearly someone who had trained in martial arts, and seemed to be slightly stronger than Mao Qiangwu, the head of the Divine Dragon Martial Hall.

"Let me introduce myself.

My name is Su Yifei, and I am Su Linglong's brother," the young man named Su Yifei greeted Fang Bai with a clasped fist and bow, "You must be Linglong's classmate Fang Bai, right?"

"Yes."

Upon hearing the name "Su Linglong," Fang Bai's eyebrows rose slightly, and he blurted out, "How is Su Linglong now?"

"Not good," Su Yifei sighed, his expression filled with pain, "The doctors have already issued a critical illness notice."

Fang Bai was shocked, "How could it have happened so quickly?"

"After the hospital diagnosed her with a malignant brain tumor, Linglong was greatly shocked mentally, and then she started refusing to eat or drink, which only accelerated the deterioration of her condition..."

“What do the hospital doctors say?

Have they come up with a treatment plan?”

“Now the only option is to surgically remove the tumor, but...

the surgery is very risky.

We’ve consulted several well-known tumor specialists from both within the country and abroad, and according to them, the success rate of the surgery is less than half.”

At this point, Su Yifei’s gaze fixed on Fang Bai’s face as he continued, “Linglong mentioned that you’ve advised her twice to go to the hospital for a brain check-up?”

Fang Bai nodded.

“Did you know back then that Linglong had a brain tumor?”

“I wasn’t sure at the time, it was just a judgment based on experience.”

“Experience?”

“My family has practiced Traditional Chinese Medicine for generations; you could say it’s a legacy of a prominent clan.”

“Did you tell Linglong that if she had any problems that were difficult to resolve, she should contact you?

That you could help her?”

“Yes.”

“Do you have a way to cure Linglong?”

“Yes.”

“What’s your plan for treatment?”

You and Linglong are classmates, both studying Western medicine... are you planning to use Traditional Chinese Medicine?"

"Correct.

Acupuncture combined with herbal medicine."

"Will that work?"

"At least the success rate is higher than that of surgery.

And even if my method can't cure Su Linglong, it won't make her condition worsen."

Su Yifei nodded, looking at Fang Bai with a hopeful expression, "Since Linglong was admitted to the hospital, she has mentioned you more than once.

I came here this time to ask if you could visit her in the hospital..."

"Do you believe I can cure Su Linglong?"

Fang Bai asked seriously.

Su Yifei replied earnestly, “To be honest, I don’t really believe it.

But at this point, it’s the only thing left to try.

Once Linglong is taken to the operating room, her life hangs by a thread, and I may lose my sister forever.

So, before her surgery, I want to try anything.”

“Fang Bai, if you can cure Linglong’s illness, you will be the Su family’s great benefactor.

Our whole family will be immensely grateful to you.

Whatever you want, just ask for it, and as long as the Su family can provide it, we won’t hold back.”

Su Yifei said lastly

Fang Bai gave a faint smile and said, “Su Linglong is my classmate, and she has always looked out for me in class.

It is my duty to help now that she’s in trouble...

Just wait a moment, I’ll go grab some things, and then I’ll leave with you.”

Fang Bai turned and entered his house, took his family’s heirloom acupuncture box, informed his mother Yang Mei, then got into Su Yifei’s sedan and sped away.

“That man came with bodyguards and seems like an important person.

Fang Bai went with him; there won’t be any trouble, right?”

Standing at the gate, watching her son’s sedan drive away, Yang Mei returned to her husband Fang Gang’s side and asked with a worried look.

“Our son said it himself, didn’t he?

That person is his classmate’s brother who sought him out for medical treatment...

Don't worry, our son has grown up, he knows how to take care of himself, there won't be any issues!"

Fang Gang, full of confidence in his son's medical skills, smiled as he comforted his wife.

Chapter 25 - 25 25 Traditional Chinese Medicine Therapy

25: Chapter 25: Traditional Chinese Medicine Therapy 25: Chapter 25: Traditional Chinese Medicine Therapy Half an hour later, Su Yifei's car drove into Zhongzhou City First Hospital.

Zhongzhou First People's Hospital was the best hospital in Zhongzhou City, and its medical standard ranked among the top in the whole of Huaxia.

After Linglong was diagnosed with a brain tumor, she was admitted to this hospital.

Su Yifei and Fang Bai got out of the car, walked side by side into the hospital building, and took the elevator to the third floor.

They found the corridor already crowded with people.

These people were essentially the closest friends and relatives of the Su Family, there to visit Linglong.

“Yifei.”

“Little Fei.”

“Brother Yifei.”

“Fei.”

When Su Yifei appeared, relatives and friends of the Su Family, both elders and juniors, greeted him—some with smiles, others with deferential attitudes.

Although Su Yifei was young, he was highly regarded by the current Family Head, Old Master Su Hongyuan, and was considered the future successor of the Su Family.

Despite some not accepting Su Yifei, at least on the surface, everyone was making a good show of respect.

Su Yifei looked serious as he nodded in response to the greetings and, leading Fang Bai, moved through a path the crowd had parted to make, arriving at the door of the consultation room.

Seeing Su Yifei suddenly bring an unfamiliar youth over, the relatives and friends of the Su Family felt a bit surprised, and they began to speculate about Fang Bai's identity.

Through the small window on the consultation room door, Su Yifei peeked inside and saw his grandfather Su Hongyuan, his father Su Licheng, and his mother Sun Binglan sitting within.

Several renowned domestic and international tumor specialists were sitting opposite them, pointing at the brain images on the big screen in the consultation room, engaging in hushed discussions about something.

Su Hongyuan and his son Su Licheng both frowned tightly, their expressions solemn.

Sun Binglan's eyes were red and swollen, her complexion haggard; clearly, her daughter's condition had dealt her a heavy blow.

In the consultation room also sat Fu Hongjun, the dean of Zhongzhou First People's Hospital, along with heads of various departments.

The Su Family was the foremost clan in Zhongzhou City, famous throughout Huaxia.

Its family members were spread across political, commercial, and military sectors in Huaxia, wielding considerable influence.

Even the city leaders of Zhongzhou City behaved respectfully in front of Su Hongyuan, let alone the heads of Zhongzhou First People's Hospital.

This time, with Little Princess of the Su Family Su Linglong seriously ill and hospitalized, Fu Hongjun and other leaders of Zhongzhou First People's Hospital were exceedingly anxious.

They were worried because, should Linglong's surgery fail and the Su Family vent their fury on them, they might not be able to bear the consequences.

Su Yifei hesitated momentarily outside the consultation room and then, pushing the door open, strode in.

"Yifei?"

Why did you come in?

Who is this person?"

Seeing his son bring a stranger into the consultation room, Su Licheng furrowed his brow, slightly displeased.

Su Yifei ignored his father and walked straight to his mother, Sun Binglan, and asked softly, “Mom, how is Linglong doing now?”

In his youth, Su Licheng had been a spoiled young master who indulged in luxuries and idleness.

After having Su Yifei and Linglong, he rarely fulfilled his duties as a father.

Hence, the siblings Su Yifei and Linglong had a distant relationship with their father but were very close to their mother, Sun Binglan.

Su Licheng had no head for business or politics, only knowing how to enjoy life.

Now middle-aged, he still showed no signs of reform.

Old Master Su, disappointed and viewing him as incompetent, had not entrusted him with any of the family’s business affairs, lest he squander the family fortune.

Therefore, although Su Licheng was Old Master Su's eldest son, his standing within the Su Family was not high.

In front of his wife and children, Su Licheng likewise had no credibility as a husband or as a father.

Seeing his son ignore him, Su Licheng's face turned somewhat sour, but he refrained from making a scene out of respect for Old Master Su's presence.

It was not that he didn't want to lose his temper; he simply didn't dare.

Although Old Master Su regretted his incompetent son Su Licheng, he held his decisive and straightforward grandson Su Yifei in high esteem.

Years ago, Old Master Su had entrusted a portion of the family's business to Su Yifei, who managed it with order and efficiency, bringing great comfort to Old Master Su in his old age.

One could say that in the current state of the Su Family, Su Yifei, as the son, held a much higher status than his father, Su Licheng.

"Yifei, where did you go just now?"

Not long after you left, Linglong...

Linglong, she just..."

Hearing her son mention her daughter, Sun Binglan wiped her red eyes and couldn't help but start sobbing again.

"What happened to Linglong?"

Su Yifei's heart skipped a beat, and a sense of foreboding surged within him as he urgently asked.

"Linglong has fallen into a coma..."

Sun Binglan said with a cry, wiping away her tears continuously with a handkerchief, her expression filled with sorrow.

Linglong's coma indicated that the situation was very critical, and death could claim her at any moment.

“Grandfather, what are the doctors planning to do?”

Su Yifei became visibly agitated and walked over to Old Master Su, bending down to ask.

Su Hongyuan sighed, “Several doctors are consulting about Linglong’s condition; I suspect they’re planning to perform surgery on her.

But...

but none of them dare to guarantee the success rate of the operation.”

Taking a deep breath, Su Yifei abruptly turned and asked Fang Bai in a serious tone, “What do you think?”

Fang Bai’s expression was also grave as he earnestly replied, “Although my training is in Western medicine, I have studied traditional Chinese medicine more extensively.

Chinese medicine emphasizes the ‘Four Diagnostics.’ I hope to see Su Linglong first.”

“Okay.

I'll take you to her right now."

As he spoke, Su Yifei was about to walk out with Fang Bai.

"Yifei, is this your friend?"

Su Hongyuan glanced at Fang Bai and asked thoughtfully.

Su Yifei said, "He is Linglong's classmate, named Fang Bai, from a prominent clan of traditional Chinese medicine.

I've heard from Linglong that she came to the hospital for a check-up because of what Fang Bai told her, and it was then...

then this damn disease was discovered!"

"Oh?"

Hearing his grandson's words, Su Hongyuan raised his half-white eyebrows, leaned on his cane, and slowly stood up, examining Fang Bai intently.

Old Master Su, who had navigated the business world for decades and built a robust family fortune, had naturally developed a certain imposing presence over time.

This kind of presence, though different from that of a martial artist, could also exert immense pressure on others.

Many people with strong mental fortitude would break into a sweat and feel uncomfortable under Su Hongyuan's scrutiny.

"Old Master Su, Su Linglong is our class monitor, and she has always taken good care of me.

Now that she is ill, I hope to offer my modest assistance."

Facing Su Hongyuan's gaze, Fang Bai remained calm, showing no hint of timidity.

Just from Fang Bai's composure alone, Su Hongyuan acknowledged the young man's exceptional character, quietly praising him.

“Fang Bai said, by using Chinese medicine diagnostic methods, along with acupuncture and herbs, he is quite confident he can cure Linglong’s illness,”

Su Yifei suddenly threw out this statement.

And it was this very sentence that ignited the atmosphere in the consultation room.

Chapter 26 - 26 26 The Arrogant Youth

26: Chapter 26: The Arrogant Youth 26: Chapter 26: The Arrogant Youth “Miss Su has a brain tumor, an illness that can be fatal at any moment, not a minor one like cold or fever.

How could it possibly be cured by mere acupuncture and some herbal medicine?

This is a joke, a huge joke!”

The head of Zhongzhou First People’s Hospital, Fu Hongjun, was the first to express his opposition.

“I agree with Vice Dean Fu!”

Another domestic authority on tumors also spoke up, his tone filled with disdain and contempt for traditional Chinese medicine.

“In recent years, traditional Chinese medicine has been ridiculously hyped by some ignorant people as if it could cure all diseases, even bringing the dead back to life.

Countless facts have proven that traditional Chinese medicine only has some effect in treating minor ailments.

For treating difficult and complex diseases as well as serious illnesses, Western medicine is fast and effective, irreplaceable!

To say that traditional Chinese medicine can cure tumors?

That’s just plucking at random strings!

Nonsense!

It’s an insult to medicine!”

“I used to hear that Chinese medicine was miraculous, and I had even visited some traditional Chinese medicine hospitals in Huaxia to learn, but the results were very disappointing.

It’s not that I want to intentionally belittle Huaxia’s traditional Chinese medicine, but I really do think it’s useless.”

The speaker this time was a medical expert from abroad who had made significant contributions in the field of oncology.

As a Huaxian, Su Hongyuan had a somewhat blind belief in traditional Chinese medicine and wanted Fang Bai to try its treatments.

However, after hearing what these authoritative experts in the medical field had to say, he started to hesitate.

“You say traditional Chinese medicine can’t do this or that, then why don’t you go ahead and treat my sister!”

Su Yifei snorted, his eyes flashing coldly as he pointed at those so-called authority experts and said, “If any of you can guarantee to cure my sister, I, Su Yifei, will kneel and kowtow to you on the spot, I’d even give you my life!

Do you dare to guarantee it?

Do you?

Do you?

Do you?”

He asked “Do you dare?” three times in a row, rendering the several medical authorities at the scene speechless.

It was a joke—malignant brain tumors were not ordinary diseases, and who in the world, no matter how skilled a doctor, would dare to guarantee a 100% cure rate?

“None of you dare, right?”

Su Yifei sneered, “Then please all of you shut your mouths and stop dismissing traditional Chinese medicine!

I brought Fang Bai because he promised the chances of curing Linglong were higher than the chances of your surgery.

And even if he can't cure her, it won't lead to a worse situation."

He turned around and said to Su Hongyuan, "Grandpa, since we have a better option, why not give it a try?"

What if Fang Bai manages to cure Linglong; wouldn't that be better?"

Hope was kindled in Sun Binglan's heart as well, wiping the tears from the corner of her eyes and saying, "Yes, Elder, once Linglong gets on the operating table, she's stepping into the Ghost Gate.

Better to let the young man try his traditional Chinese medicine methods...

If it really doesn't work, we can still do the surgery later, right?"

With his wife speaking up, Sun Licheng also had to give his opinion, murmuring, "It's worth a try..."

worth a try..."

"Fang Bai, how did you initially determine that Linglong was ill?"

As someone who had been through countless storms, Su Hongyuan was not impulsive because of anyone's words.

He looked calmly at Fang Bai and asked softly.

Fang Bai said, "By observing the facial features, discerning the complexion, diagnosing the pulse and then deducing based on experience."

"That simple?"

"It's not simple at all!"

Fang Bai spoke earnestly and with dignity, "Our family is a lineage of traditional Chinese medicine, with knowledge passed down for generations, amassing rich experience.

And through self-study, my medical skills have surpassed even my forebears...

Not to boast, but in this world, if I claim my medical skill is second to none, no one would dare claim to be first!"

The head of Zhongzhou First Hospital, Fu Hongjun, huffed, “Young man, you should be humble.

Don’t be too arrogant!”

Fang Bai scanned the faces of the doctors in the consultation room with a grin, “This isn’t arrogance; this is confidence!”

Fu Hongjun was also of Western medicine background and part of the Returned Chinese who had always looked down upon traditional Chinese medicine.

Disdainfully he said, “I heard you once diagnosed Miss Su’s illness?

Can you see if there’s something wrong with me?

Can you diagnose everyone in this room?”

“You?” Fang Bai sized up Fu Hongjun from head to toe, “Vice Dean Fu, may I feel your pulse?”

Fu Hongjun nodded and strode over to Fang Bai, extending his left hand.

Fang Bai touched his wrist for a moment before withdrawing his hand with a smile, "Vice Dean Fu, you've got a serious problem."

Fu Hongjun burst into laughter, "I knew it, practitioners of traditional Chinese medicine are all charlatans.

Let me tell you, young man, I just had a comprehensive health check a few days ago, everything's normal!"

Fang Bai laughed as well, "You think a health check can reveal all problems?

I'll give you four words: 'Take care of your kidneys!'

The smile on Fu Hongjun's face froze, "What...

what do you mean?"

Fang Bai said with a smile, "To put it plainly, you have too many women, and too frequent bedroom activities have damaged your kidneys.

If you don't restrain yourself, the second half of your life might be ruined."

Fu Hongjun's face turned ashen as he stared at Fang Bai, mouth agape, but, unexpectedly, he didn't retort.

A few days prior, Fu Hongjun indeed underwent a health screening, and the results were not as "normal" as he claimed—they revealed a slight issue with his kidneys.

As the director of Zhongzhou First People's Hospital, over the years Fu Hongjun had wielded the carrot of promotions and salary increases, maintaining ambiguous relationships with numerous attractive doctors and nurses through intimidation and temptation; his excessive "hard work" had ultimately taken a toll on his "kidney health."

The results of Fu Hongjun's health screening were known only to a very few, all of them his confidants, who wouldn't dare leak such information.

"You're talking nonsense; I don't have any women other than my wife at home.

My kidneys are fine, there's nothing wrong with them...

Haha, you're disappointed, aren't you?

Haha...”

Fu Hongjun forced a laugh as he loudly defended himself, but his expression a moment ago had deeply betrayed him, and it was obvious to everyone that he felt guilty.

Just then, a gorgeous nurse in her thirties walked in with a stack of documents, handing them to Fu Hongjun.

While no one was paying attention, she stealthily threw a flirtatious glance at Fu Hongjun.

Fu Hongjun quickly glanced at the nurse’s voluptuous chest, then cleared his throat and waved her out with a gesture.

Just as the beautiful nurse was about to turn and leave, Fang Bai pointed at her and said to Fu Hongjun, “About an hour ago, this nurse ‘rolled in the sheets’ with you...”

Vice Dean Fu, am I right?”

Upon hearing this, both Fu Hongjun and the nurse froze, their faces immediately turning red.

“How did you know?”

The nurse stared at Fang Bai, dumbfounded, before exclaiming, “Oh no, it must have been because Vice Dean Fu was in such a hurry that he didn’t close the door of the office properly and you saw it!”

“You...

shut up!

Get out...

get out of here!”

Fu Hongjun roared furiously, his face livid and unspeakably ugly.

The beautiful nurse pouted in grievance, casting a resentful glance at Fu Hongjun before hurrying out with her face covered, unable to hide her shame under the peculiar stares of everyone present.

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

27: Chapter 27: Please Do Me a Favor 27: Chapter 27: Please Do Me a Favor Just now, Fu Hongjun was insisting that he had no other women besides his wife at home, but in the blink of an eye, his lie was ruthlessly exposed by Fang Bai.

For a moment, the other people in the consultation room looked at Fu Hongjun with odd gazes, some filled with scorn and disdain.

But then someone thought, how did Fang Bai know about Fu Hongjun and that beautiful nurse's affair?

Could he really have spied on them?

“As I said earlier, I am a practitioner of traditional Chinese medicine, which emphasizes the ‘Four Diagnostics.’ Just now, I detected some special scents on Vice Dean Fu and that nurse sister, which led me to my conclusion...

So when I said Vice Dean Fu has many women, it's not without basis.”

Those present were experienced and naturally understood the “special scents” Fang Bai was referring to; they all felt somewhat embarrassed, while also wondering how sensitive Fang Bai's nose must be to even detect a person's bodily fluids.

However, this also indirectly verified Fang Bai's previous statement that Fu Hongjun indeed had many women and frequent bedroom activities, leading to a problem with his kidneys.

"Vice Dean Fu, my words carry no other meaning but to tell you that traditional Chinese medicine isn't as flawed as you think.

When practised to a certain realm, merely by looking at you and feeling your pulse, we can diagnose your condition."

Watching Fu Hongjun's complexion change and unable to defend himself, Fang Bai spoke earnestly.

"Oh, dear Fang, you have allowed me to witness the marvel of Huaxia's traditional Chinese medicine.

However, can you figure out what's wrong with me?

You only identified Vice Dean Fu's condition correctly, which could be a coincidence and is hardly convincing,"

the medical expert from overseas stood up and said to Fang Bai.

“You have gallstones and had your gallbladder removed two years ago.”

Fang Bai glanced at that high-nosed, blue-eyed old fellow and said lazily.

“Oh, God...”

The expression on the face of the medical expert from overseas turned into utter disbelief.

Seeing his expression, everyone else knew Fang Bai had been accurate once again.

“As for you,” Fang Bai then pointed to a medical expert with a slightly flushed face, “you have tuberculosis, right?”

Oh, and your heart might not be in very good shape either...”

The medical expert’s face slightly changed color, and he opened his mouth but couldn’t find the words to respond.

From his reaction, it was clear that Fang Bai was correct once again.

As Fang Bai pointed out the illnesses of several medical experts one by one, the atmosphere in the consultation room became eerily quiet, with everyone looking at Fang Bai in shock and disbelief.

Standing behind Fang Bai, Su Yifei clenched his fists secretly, his eyes filled with excitement and agitation.

He knew that he had made the right choice by listening to his sister and seeking out Fang Bai.

Someone who could see that his sister was ill and advise her to go to the hospital for a check-up, how could that person be ordinary?

Perhaps by entrusting his sister to Fang Bai, there really was hope for her recovery.

The look in Old Master Su Hongyuan's eyes also began to brighten, his hands gripping the cane involuntarily trembling.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you recommend immediate surgery, whereas Doctor Fang wants to try treating her with traditional Chinese medicine..."

Su Hongyuan took a deep breath, his eyes sweeping over several medical experts in the consultation room, and said solemnly, "You have also said that the surgery carries significant risks, that once my granddaughter is on the operating table, she might leave this world forever."

Therefore, unless absolutely necessary, I do not want to take this step...”

Hearing the tone of Su Hongyuan’s speech, Fu Hongjun knew he was leaning toward Fang Bai and said urgently, “Old Master Su, please reconsider.

Although surgery carries great risks, traditional Chinese medicine also has its dangers.

If something were to go wrong...”

Su Hongyuan waved his hand, and said in a grave voice, “Vice Dean Fu, I know what you’re thinking.

Rest assured, should anything unfortunate happen to Linglong, neither you personally nor your hospital will need to bear any responsibility.”

Fu Hongjun knew that Su Linglong was the granddaughter Su Hongyuan cherished the most, and he worried that if something happened to Su Linglong in his hospital, the Su Family would blame him.

Hearing what Su Hongyuan said, his face showed a bit of embarrassment, but his heart relaxed.

As long as he could avoid responsibility, Fu Hongjun didn't care how the Su Family would treat Su Linglong's condition.

Su Hongyuan gave Bai Fang a deep look and patted him on the shoulder, "Doctor Fang, I entrust this girl Linglong to you.

If Linglong can overcome this ordeal, our entire Su Family will be forever grateful to you."

Bai Fang nodded, with a serene smile, "I will do my best."

"Yifei, take Doctor Fang to see Linglong..."

After instructing Su Yifei, Su Hongyuan still felt uneasy about his granddaughter and sighed, "We should all go together!

I want to see Linglong again."

The sixth floor of the inpatient department, Intensive Care Unit room number six.

Standing alongside each other in the viewing room were Su Hongyuan, Su Licheng, Sun Binglan, Su Yifei, and Bai Fang, all with serious expressions as they looked through the thick glass at Su Linglong, lying on the bed in the partition.

Su Linglong lay there silently, her eyes tightly shut as if deep in sleep, her originally fair and delicate face significantly thinner and gaunter, her luscious black hair completely shaven off, her body covered with a thin white blanket, various tubes connecting her body to all sorts of medical equipment...

Bai Fang sighed, the current Su Linglong, compared to just a few days prior, seemed like a completely different person, stirring feelings of pity.

Seeing her daughter, Sun Binglan's tears fell like rain once more, yet she dared not make a sound, her hands tightly covering her mouth as tears rolled down her cheeks.

Su Yifei felt a twinge in his nose, his eyes reddened, looking up at the ceiling to take deep breaths, struggling to compose himself.

Even Old Master Su, Su Hongyuan had a flicker of tears in his eyes.

As for Su Licheng, the father, his face showed sorrow, but how much of it was genuine was questionable.

"Let me go in!"

In the midst of the somber and mournful atmosphere, Bai Fang spoke softly to the nurse beside him.

That nurse had previously received instructions from the Dean that everything was to be arranged according to Old Master Su's wishes.

Hearing Bai Fang's words, she looked towards Su Hongyuan.

Su Hongyuan nodded, signaling the nurse to take Bai Fang into the ICU, and said to Bai Fang, "If you need anything, just ask."

After thinking for a moment, Bai Fang asked the nurse for paper and pen, and quickly wrote down a prescription to hand to Su Hongyuan, "Old Master Su, please have someone prepare the medicine according to this prescription...

Additionally, I need a wild ginseng, the older the better."

Wild ginseng, known for replenishing Essence Energy, generating and nourishing blood, regulating the body's immune function, and enhancing organ function, is called the "immortal herb" with infinite benefits.

Bai Fang, in treating Su Linglong later, would immediately find it useful.

Su Hongyuan took the prescription, glanced over it, unable to comprehend what was written, and handed it to Su Yifei, instructing him to arrange for its execution.

“I’ll go.”

Su Yifei took the prescription and left.

Concerned for his sister’s illness, he felt uneasy entrusting anyone else and decided to handle it personally.

Following the nurse into the ICU, Bai Fang walked lightly to Su Linglong’s bedside.

Upon closer inspection of Su Linglong, her cheeks were hollow, her eye sockets sunken, her complexion dull and lusterless, looking so haggard as if she had lost all vitality.

Seeing Su Linglong in such a state, Bai Fang couldn’t help but feel a tinge of sourness in his heart.

Chapter 28 - 28 28 The Emperor's Ten Needles

28: Chapter 28: The Emperor's Ten Needles 28: Chapter 28: The Emperor's Ten Needles
He took a deep breath, and Fang Bai's emotions no longer showed the slightest fluctuation; he completely calmed down.

"Bring me Su Linglong's brain CT scans!" Fang Bai suddenly said to the nurse.

A moment later, the nurse handed over several brain CT scans of Su Linglong to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai lifted the CT scans, examined them carefully, and then closed his eyes.

A clear three-dimensional image of Su Linglong's brain tumor immediately emerged in his mind.

Returning the CT scans to the nurse, Fang Bai was already confident in his approach.

He extended his hands, pulled back the blanket covering Su Linglong, and began to remove the various tubes inserted into her body.

"You...

you can't do this..."

The nurse was shocked and moved to stop Fang Bai, but a sharp glare from Fang Bai made her tremble all over and she didn't dare to move again.

Standing outside the intensive care unit, Su Hongyuan and the others were also startled by Fang Bai's sudden actions.

Those tubes were connected to many medical instruments, displaying Su Linglong's vital signs.

With the tubes removed, Su Linglong's life became even more unpredictable.

"What is that kid trying to do?"

Has he lost his mind?"

Su Licheng's face was filled with anger, and he looked like he was ready to storm into the intensive care unit.

"Licheng, stop!"

Su Hongyuan commanded in a deep voice, then fixated his gaze on Fang Bai.

Su Hongyuan had weathered the business seas for decades, with a remarkable ability to judge people.

Through his brief contact with Fang Bai, he was convinced that Fang Bai was a man of true skill; there had to be a profound reason behind his actions.

At this moment, Fang Bai had two needles as fine as strands of hair in his hands.

Under the white light, they reflected a faint silver glimmer.

Fang Bai's eyes were firmly fixed on Su Linglong's head, his spirit intensely focused.

He had shut out all distractions and noise from around him.

In that instance, he seemed to merge with the needles, becoming one with them; he was the needle, and the needle was him.

A powerful, masculine aura, solid and weighty, began to emanate from Fang Bai, filling the entire room.

The nurse, pressured by this intangible yet seemingly tangible aura, looked terrified and pale, struggling even to breathe.

She retreated step by step until her back pressed against the wall, and only then, as if relieved of a heavy burden, did she put her hand on her chest, gasping for air.

Outside the intensive care unit, Su Hongyuan and the others could feel the force of the aura that Fang Bai had suddenly released, and they were all deeply moved.

Su Hongyuan's eyes sparkled with fascination as he murmured, "This Fang Bai, such a strong presence!

A true master...

a master indeed!"

Just then, Fang Bai, who was standing by the bedside, moved abruptly.

His hands flew like lightning, inserting two hair-thin silver needles deep into Su Linglong's head at the "Baihui Acupoint" at the top and the "Taiyang Acupoint" on the left side.

Although Su Hongyuan and the others were not medically savvy, they knew that the Baihui and Taiyang Acupoints were dangerous vital points not to be touched rashly.

Fang Bai dared to insert needles into them, and a slight mishap could result in Su Linglong's instant death.

Despite having faced many challenges in his life, Su Hongyuan was extremely anxious at this moment, and his hand gripping his cane began to sweat.

Sun Binglan's eyes were wide open as she stared unblinkingly through the glass at her daughter on the bed.

"Does my son really understand medicine?"

With Linglong being handled like this by him, I'm afraid..."

Su Licheng also began to furrow his brow but before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by a cold snort from Su Hongyuan.

“Do not employ those you doubt; do not doubt those you employ!”

Su Hongyuan said only this before falling silent again.

Su Licheng had always been fearful of his father.

Hearing this, he hemmed and hawed and dared not say anything more.

Lying in bed, Fang Bai pinched the tails of two silver needles with his hands, circulated the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique,” drove the True Yuan within his Qi Sea, traveled up along the meridians, reached his fingertips through his arms, and then injected it into the silver needles.

The two silver needles, infused with True Yuan, trembled as if electrified, and shortly after, Su Linglong’s body started to shake as well.

What Fang Bai was using at the moment was the “Taiji Needle” from the “Emperor’s Ten Needles” he had comprehended in his past life.

Taiji refers to both heaven and earth, and also to yin and yang.

By using two silver needles and True Yuan to connect with heaven and earth, enabling yin and yang to aid each other, one can often achieve unexpectedly miraculous effects.

This is the wonder of the “Taiji Needle.”

For common ailments and even some complicated and difficult diseases, Fang Bai could easily cure them by simply applying the “One Origin Needle” from the “Emperor’s Ten Needles” with a slight assist from his weak True Yuan.

But for critical diseases like Su Linglong’s, the “One Origin Needle” wouldn’t cure them; only an attempt with the “Taiji Needle” could.

However, even using the more miraculous “Taiji Needle,” completely curing Su Linglong’s brain tumor was still fraught with difficulties.

It wasn’t because Fang Bai’s medical skills were lacking, but because his current realm was too low and his True Yuan too weak.

With True Yuan combined with the “Taiji Needle,” Fang Bai was confident he could awaken Su Linglong from her coma, and halt the further deterioration of the tumor cells inside her skull.

Afterward, by administering some special medication, there was hope to resolve or even eliminate the brain tumor cells in Su Linglong.

Although the process would be very lengthy, it was currently the best method Fang Bai could think of.

Compared to surgery, Fang Bai's method was much lower in risk and had a much higher success rate.

If Fang Bai's realm were to advance in the future and his True Yuan became more robust, he would be capable of employing other exquisite techniques from the "Emperor's Ten Needles," significantly increasing the chances of completely curing Su Linglong's condition.

Fang Bai's hands gripped the tails of the two needles, continuously injecting his own True Yuan into them, and then through the needles into Su Linglong's brain.

True Yuan is, in fact, Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, and Heaven and Earth Origin Energy possesses a wondrous ability to stimulate and nourish the spark of life.

Under the constant stimulation and nourishment of Fang Bai's True Yuan, Su Linglong's condition was gradually improving, albeit at an extremely slow pace.

Ten minutes passed, and a visible white mist started to rise from Fang Bai's head, which dispersed into the air and immediately vanished.

Twenty minutes later, Fang Bai's complexion turned pale, his hands trembled slightly, and he was drenched in sweat.

Half an hour later, Fang Bai's True Yuan was nearly depleted, his physical strength was close to being spent, and he was on the verge of collapse.

Sigh—

With a long exhale, Fang Bai quickly removed and put away the silver needles, then turned around and gestured to Su Hongyuan and the others.

Throughout the entire process of Fang Bai's acupuncture, Su Hongyuan and company had been watching from outside, their hearts suspended in apprehension.

When they saw smoke rising from Fang Bai's head, Su Licheng and Sun Binglan had no idea why, but Su Hongyuan was extremely shocked.

Su Hongyuan, who had seen much of the world, knew that in Huaxia there lurked hidden masters of Ancient Martial arts living in seclusion, or semi-seclusion, who could perform incredibly powerful "Qigong," using it to harm others.

He had once witnessed two ancient martial arts masters duel; when their "Qigong" reached its peak, whiffs of white smoke would rise from their heads, similar to what had just happened to Fang Bai.

Su Hongyuan had never imagined that while others used “Qigong” to take lives, Fang Bai used it to save them, though he wondered about its effectiveness.

Chapter 29 - 29 29 Sick Yet Still a Beauty!

29: Chapter 29: Sick Yet Still a Beauty!

29: Chapter 29: Sick Yet Still a Beauty!

Seeing Fang Bai waving, Su Hongyuan, Su Licheng, and Sun Binglan immediately entered the ICU.

“Doctor Fang, how is Linglong?”

Su Hongyuan walked up to Fang Bai and asked with concern.

Fang Bai pointed at Su Linglong on the hospital bed, smiled weakly, “She’s awake...

she’s just woken up...”

Before he could finish speaking, Su Linglong's eyelids twitched and slowly opened.

"Linglong..."

Seeing her daughter open her eyes, Sun Binglan was overwhelmed with joy and could no longer control her emotions.

She rushed to the bedside, tightly grasping her daughter's hand, tears falling like rain.

"Mom..."

As Su Linglong turned her head and saw Sun Binglan, the dim light in her eyes brightened slightly.

Her lips moved, and she called out softly, her voice as faint as a mosquito.

"Mom is here..."

Mom is here...

Linglong, my darling, you suddenly fainted this morning, you scared me so much...”

Wiping away her tears, Sun Binglan placed her daughter’s hand against her face, speaking with immense nervousness.

Standing beside the bed, Su Hongyuan, though silent, was visibly moved.

He did not rush to speak with his granddaughter but instead turned to Fang Bai and asked in a low voice, “Doctor Fang, does Linglong have a chance to be cured?”

“Yes!” Fang Bai’s voice was not loud, but his tone was very assured.

Slamming his cane down firmly, Su Hongyuan exclaimed, “Good!

With those words from you, Doctor Fang, I’m reassured!

Linglong’s illness, from now on, we entrust to you for treatment!”

Fang Bai had just pointed out the conditions of Fu Hongjun and others in the consultation room, and when he treated Su Linglong with acupuncture, he had demonstrated the “Qigong” skills only ancient martial arts masters are said to have, which greatly increased Su Hongyuan’s confidence in him.

Sun Binglan held her daughter’s hand and talked with her for a while, noticing that she was not in a good state and spoke weakly, so she did not say much more, letting her rest well.

“Fang Bai, you’re here?”

Su Linglong’s gaze moved past her mother and landed on Fang Bai.

For some reason, her large eyes suddenly filled with tears, ready to fall.

Fang Bai nodded, walked over to the bedside, and smiled, “Your brother went to look for me.

As soon as I heard the squad leader’s call, I came right over without a second thought.”

“Mhm, when I first found out about this illness, I thought I was definitely going to die.

But...

but I was a bit unwilling to accept it.

Remembering what you once told me, I mentioned you to my brother.

I didn't expect that he would really bring you here.

Fang Bai, thank you for coming..."

As Su Linglong spoke, tears began to roll down from her eyes, and she choked up, "That day you told me to get my head checked, I didn't believe you, and even said you cursed me..."

I'm sorry Fang Bai, I wronged you..."

Fang Bai spoke gently, "I don't blame you..."

really, not at all!

Alright, squad leader, don't overthink it, rest well.

Rest assured, I will definitely cure your illness.”

“Can it really be cured?

But so many doctors have said that my condition is not optimistic...”

“Don't listen to those quacks!

If I say I can cure you, I definitely can!

You need to have confidence in me, and you need to have confidence in yourself!”

“Mhm.” Su Linglong nodded, then suddenly seemed nervous about something, and asked, “Fang Bai, do I look very ugly right now?”

“Not at all!” Fang Bai's gaze rested on Su Linglong's face, “Even when she's sick, the squad leader is still a beauty.”

Su Linglong chuckled lightly, chiding him, “You’re lying!

My hair is gone, and I’ve lost a lot of weight.

I must look very ugly, very ugly!

By the way, Fang Bai, there’s still more than a month until the college entrance exam.

Do you think...

do I have a chance to take it?”

Fang Bai thought for a moment, then seriously said, “I can’t guarantee it, but I will do my best to cure you before the college entrance exam...

Ah, I’m really sorry, I’m a bit sleepy and want to take a nap...”

His body suddenly swayed a few times, then he fell backward, collapsing into the arms of the petite nurse behind him, his head resting in that soft embrace.

The nurse struggled to support Fang Bai's body, her pretty face blushing red, but she dared not push him away.

“Old Master Su, when the wild ginseng arrives, first cut two slices for Su Linglong to hold in her mouth.

As for the rest...

we'll discuss it after I wake up...

Nurse Sister, could you please find me a quiet room?

I need to rest for a while...”

Fang Bai said, then his head tilted sideways, falling asleep in the soft, warm embrace of the nurse.

Of course, Fang Bai wasn't truly asleep.

He had just administered acupuncture on Su Linglong, his True Yuan exhausted, his body weak and extremely fatigued.

As soon as he closed his eyes, he immediately began to circulate the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” and quietly recuperated.

While recuperating, he could clearly feel someone helping him onto a bed in the next room and then gently covering him with a blanket.

Su Linglong, who had awakened from her coma, took a short rest in the intensive care unit.

When Su Yifei returned, following Fang Bai’s instructions, he cut two slices from a Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng for her to hold in her mouth.

Her condition had visibly improved compared to the previous two days.

Soon after, the hospital conducted another brain examination for Su Linglong.

The results shocked several domestic and foreign tumor experts, causing disbelief.

They discovered that Su Linglong’s rapidly worsening condition had been effectively suppressed after Fang Bai’s acupuncture session, and there were even signs of slight improvement.

Although these signs were not pronounced, they were encouraging, suggesting that Fang Bai's treatment was indeed having an effect.

Su Hongyuan, Sun Binglan, and Su Yifei were naturally overjoyed when they heard the news.

Even Su Licheng, who didn't have much of an emotional connection with his daughter, felt much relieved.

An hour later, Fang Bai finished recuperating.

His True Yuan had regathered in the Qi Sea, stronger and more refined than before.

Fang Bai knew that the depletion and reaccumulation of True Yuan was, in fact, a form of cultivation.

As per Fang Bai's request, Su Linglong left Zhongzhou First People's Hospital that day and went home to live.

Fang Bai called his parents back home to report safety, so as not to worry them, and then accompanied Su Hongyuan back to the Su Family home, personally simmering a bowl of herbal medicine for Su Linglong to drink.

Preparing herbal medicine is a meticulous process, a slight discrepancy in dosage or lack of control over the heat during preparation could affect its efficacy.

In order to cure Su Linglong as soon as possible, Fang Bai had no choice but to do it himself.

After Su Linglong took the herbal medicine and went to bed, Fang Bai stayed for a sumptuous lunch at the persistent invitation of the Su Family.

“Every day after school in the afternoon, I’ll come over to administer acupuncture for Su Linglong and also to prepare her medicine,” he said.

After the meal, Fang Bai bid farewell to Su Hongyuan and others, planning to head straight to the medical college.

Fang Bai initially planned to run all the way to the medical college, but under Su Yifei’s insistence, he reluctantly got into his extremely flashy bulletproof sedan.

When they reached the entrance of Zhongzhou Medical College, Fang Bai was about to get out of the car, but Su Yifei stopped him.

Chapter 30 - 30 30 Ill Intentions

30: Chapter 30: Ill Intentions 30: Chapter 30: Ill Intentions “Doctor Fang, this is an advance part of the consultation fee for you.”

Su Yifei stuffed a check into Fang Bai’s hand and said earnestly, “Once Linglong’s illness is cured, our Su Family will have a generous reward for you.”

Fang Bai glanced at the check and saw the number ten million written on it, thinking to himself that the Su Family was indeed very generous.

It seemed that the saying, “The Su Family is the wealthiest in Zhongzhou,” was not an exaggeration.

“Heh...” Fang Bai chuckled lightly, and returned the check to Su Yifei.

“Su Linglong is not only my classmate but also my friend.

Let’s not talk about money in the future.”

Su Yifei was initially startled, but then he looked deeply at Fang Bai and nodded firmly, “Fang Bai, I’m proud to have you as a friend.

From now on, your matters are my matters too.”

Fang Bai was unaware that Su Yifei was the successor favoured by Su Hongyuan to become the next Su Family Patriarch.

His promise was far more valuable than ten million in consultation fees.

After pushing the door open and getting out of the car, saying goodbye to Su Yifei, Fang Bai strode towards the College of Medicine.

The next morning, Fang Bai continued his physical conditioning plan.

In the days following his rebirth, Fang Bai would enter the mountains outside the city every morning to practice breathing exercises and boxing, running back and forth for dozens of miles.

After several consecutive days of conditioning, Fang Bai had fully adapted to the intensity of the training.

Fang Bai knew that if he wanted to continue to increase his strength rapidly, he must increase the intensity of his physical conditioning again.

When he had nothing else to do, Fang Bai made two small sandbags, each filled with ten kilograms of sand, and tied them to his legs to begin weight training.

Dragging two ten-kilogram sandbags, Fang Bai initially felt nothing, but after running a few miles, his legs felt heavy as lead, his energy drained tremendously, sweat soaking his entire body, as if he had returned to the situation of his first day of physical conditioning.

And this was exactly what Fang Bai wanted.

Fang Bai knew that he could only become stronger by constantly pushing his limits.

Climbing mountains, practicing boxing, breath regulation, descending mountains, returning home...

In the time that followed, apart from the additional twenty kilograms of weight, Fang Bai's conditioning process was not much different from before.

As a result of this conditioning, his appetite continued to increase, his physique noticeably changed, his muscles grew, and his body shape became even more perfect.

Every morning, facing the sunrise, and every evening, lying in bed to rest, Fang Bai would continually circulate the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique," guiding the True Yuan

to flow through the meridians and blood vessels of his body, widening and reinforcing them to facilitate the flow of True Yuan.

Physical conditioning was to refine the exterior.

Circulating the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” was to refine the interior.

With such combined internal and external refinement, the grain-sized True Yuan within Fang Bai’s Qi Sea showed signs of swelling and seemed on the verge of splitting.

Fang Bai knew this was a sign that the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique” was about to advance.

With the right opportunity, he could break through the current realm and advance to the next level of strength.

In the morning, he climbed mountains for physical training, at noon, he came home to treat his parents’ illnesses, and after school in the afternoon, he went to the Su Family to treat Su Linglong’s brain tumor...

Fang Bai’s daily schedule was packed with activities.

In recent days, the Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus and the Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit, transplanted to the corner of his home's small courtyard, thrived under Fang Bai's careful attention.

They would not take long to mature.

Every night, while his parents were sound asleep, Fang Bai would sit in meditation beside the two spiritual plants, absorbing the Essence Energy released from their branches and leaves.

This Essence Energy would transform into True Yuan and be stored in his Qi Sea once it entered the meridians and blood vessels of his body.

Fang Bai cared for the Seven-Leaf Golden Lotus and the Blazing Flame Scarlet Heart Fruit like treasures, planning to use their seeds to expand the planting area once they matured.

Although the effects of artificially cultivated spiritual medicines were much weaker compared to those grown naturally between heaven and earth, they were still better than none.

Moreover, in this world, spiritual medicines were rare treasures worth a fortune and had many amazing uses.

Fang Bai had even started to think about how to leverage these two plants in the future to grow wealthy and provide a better life for his family.

A week flew by.

During this week, the hundred-year spirit snake meat Fang Bai brought back from the mountains was eaten up by the family, and even Fang Yun ate a few pieces when she returned home for the weekend.

The meat of the century-old spirit snake had significant effects on eliminating diseases and strengthening the body.

A week later, all the chronic ailments Yang Mei had suffered from had vanished, her complexion had become rosy, and she seemed to have become several years younger.

Although this transformation was partly due to the herbal medicines Fang Bai had concocted, the merits of the hundred-year spirit snake meat were indispensable.

As for Fang Gang, after receiving acupuncture and massage treatment from Fang Bai, combined with the support of herbal medicines, he was able to stand up with the help of crutches, which brought joy and excitement to the entire family.

The most drastic change over this week was in Su Linglong.

Every afternoon, Fang Bai would visit the Su Family to administer the “Taiji Needle” treatment from the “Emperor’s Ten Needles” for Su Linglong, and he also personally decocted the medicine for her.

After a week, Su Linglong’s brain tumor miraculously shrunk by one-third.

Every time Fang Bai performed the “Taiji Needle” treatment on Su Linglong, he would exhaust his True Yuan, feeling so fatigued that it took one or two hours of rest to recover.

His hard work did not go unnoticed by the Su Family, who were profoundly grateful.

Su Yifei was particularly thankful to Fang Bai for saving his sister’s life and admired his miraculous medical skills.

He called him “brother” at every opportunity, wishing nothing more than to form a deep bond with Fang Bai.

This afternoon, after school, Fang Bai was preparing to continue treating Su Linglong at the Su Family’s home.

Upon leaving the school gates and passing a pedestrian street, eight young men of varying heights surrounded Fang Bai, blocking his way in the center of the street.

“Are you Fang Bai?”

One of the young men approached Fang Bai, stubbing out the cigarette in his mouth, and looked him over with an unfriendly gaze.

The young man was in his early twenties, dressed in a black T-shirt, with a ferocious wolf’s head tattoo on his left arm.

He had an air of malice about him, clearly not someone well-intentioned.

Fang Bai nodded, his gaze sweeping over the eight men.

Although they were aggressive and clearly had bad intentions, they were just ordinary people with no real combat skills, so he didn’t take them seriously.

With his current skills, let alone eight ordinary people, even eighty would stand no chance against him.

“Good to know.

Someone paid us to teach you a lesson!”

The tattooed youth said, signaling the other seven with a glance.

They all charged at once, swinging their fists and kicking as they closed in on Fang Bai.

Before ambushing Fang Bai, the tattooed youth had been informed by his employer that Fang Bai was quite capable, which is why he brought seven henchmen along.

In his mind, no matter how strong Fang Bai was, he couldn't fend off seven attackers at once unless he had three heads and six arms.

Seeing the fight, some citizens on the pedestrian street stopped and watched from a distance.

Facing the assault of seven people, Fang Bai remained calm.

He slid his feet, leaning backward, and propelled himself away.

Thump—

A soft sound, and one of the men attacking from behind was knocked flying two meters away by Fang Bai.

Taking advantage of the situation, Fang Bai's body slipped away like a fish, easily escaping the encirclement of the seven men.

The remaining six men roared and charged at Fang Bai again.