

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

Chapter 4 - 4 4 Trash with a Combat Strength Below Five!

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In his previous life, Fang Bai, known as the “War Emperor,” had ascended step by step through endless battles, ultimately becoming the Invincible Immortal Emperor.

For Fang Bai, there was an innate craving for battle; the mere mention of “fighting” would set his blood boiling.

Mao Qiangdong, looking down on the shorter and frail Fang Bai, laughed and taunted, “Oh, you know kung fu?

I’m so scared!

Come on then, hit me with your skills...”

Slap—

Before Mao Qiangdong could finish his sentence, his left cheek was met with a resonating slap.

Subjected to the immense inertia, Mao Qiangdong’s body twirled on the spot, ending up seated on the ground with a thud.

Stunned by Fang Bai’s slap, Mao Qiangdong sat on the ground, hand covering his face, hair disheveled, gaze vacant, and his expression one of misery—as if he’d been violated by a group of burly men.

Mao Qiangdong’s two companions froze as well, exchanging looks, and for a moment, none dared to step forward to help him.

“Slapping him made my own palm tingle with pain and numbness...”

This body is really pathetically weak!”

Shaking his slightly numb right palm, Fang Bai couldn’t help but smile wryly.

“Damn mutt, how dare you hit me!”

Regaining his senses, Mao Qiangdong leaped up like an enraged lion and charged at Fang Bai with roaring cries.

“Be careful, Fang Bai!”

Zhou Dabai shouted out a warning, then watched intently, ready to help Fang Bai if he couldn’t handle Mao Qiangdong.

Fang Bai flashed Zhou Dabai a grin and stood his ground, his eyes narrowing slightly as he watched the towering figure of Mao Qiangdong charging him.

“Die!”

Mao Qiangdong, with distorted features and a ferocious expression, roared as he threw a punch, aiming viciously at Fang Bai’s chest.

Fang Bai’s lips twitched, revealing a look of disdain.

Such a slow punch!

Lacking in power!

A piece of trash with a combat value of less than five!

That was Fang Bai's assessment of Mao Qiangdong's punch.

Despite his new, feeble body, Fang Bai was, after all, the reincarnation of the Immortal Realm War Emperor, and he possessed a discerning eye.

With his incomparable combat experience from his previous life, he had more than enough skill to handle an ordinary person like Mao Qiangdong.

Only when Mao Qiangdong's fist was about to strike his chest did Fang Bai effortlessly step aside at just the right angle, dodging the punch.

At the same time, his right fist, which he had been quietly readying, shot forward like a bolt of lightning.

Ugh—

With his abdomen receiving Fang Bai's punch, Mao Qiangdong stumbled backward, grunting as his back slammed against the wall behind him; he then slumped down slowly.

Curled up like a shrimp tossed into hot oil, tears and snot flowed down his face.

Fang Bai actually managed to take down Mao Qiangdong?

How could that be possible?

The seemingly weak Fang Bai, looking like the submissive type, had taken down the bull-strong Mao Qiangdong.

Shouldn't Fang Bai be the one at a disadvantage?

This wasn't how the script was supposed to go...

Mao Qiangdong's two companions gawked at the scene, dumbfounded and in disbelief.

"Damn, a one-punch knockout!

Fang Bai, did you really get pointers from a master?"

Zhou Dabai looked at Fang Bai with a shocked expression, his eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

"Dabai, it's getting late; let's go home," Fang Bai said without giving another glance at the curled-up Mao Qiangdong, waving to Zhou Dabai as he turned and walked out of the alley.

"Oh..."

Zhou Dabai snapped out of his daze, hurriedly took a few steps to catch up with Fang Bai, and excitedly asked, "You're not joking, right, Fang Bai?"

"Joking about what?"

"The master you mentioned..."

"It's true.

Otherwise, would I be this amazing?”

“Then...

can you introduce me to that master so I can learn kung fu too?”

“That Master, like a Divine Dragon that shows its head but hides its tail, taught me martial arts for a few days and then wandered around the world, his whereabouts unknown.”

“ ... ”

“You want to learn martial arts, I will teach you in the future.”

“Can you do it?”

“Nonsense, I have already received the true teachings of that Master...

Do you want to learn or not?

If not, forget it!”

“Learn!

Of course, I’ll learn!

Hehe, once I’ve learned martial arts, we brothers will be invincible under the heavens!”

The homes of Fang Bai and Zhou Dabai were both located in the northern suburbs of Zhongzhou City, at the interface of urban and rural areas.

From here, it is just a dozen miles further north to reach the Wolong Mountain Range that stretches for thousands of miles.

Gazing at the undulating mountains to the north, Fang Bai felt a rush of excitement.

In his eyes, places with picturesque scenery often gathered more Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, making them ideal spots for cultivation.

If luck was on his side, he might even find some rare and exotic plants in the more isolated areas that could aid in cultivation.

After parting ways with Zhou Dabai at a crossroads not far from home, Fang Bai followed the memories of the original owner of this body to his own front door.

Pushing open the faded red lacquer of the wooden doors, he faced a courtyard the size of half a basketball court.

In the center of the courtyard stood a jujube tree with many years behind it.

To the north were three tiled brick rooms, to the east a kitchen, and to the west, a bedroom and a storeroom respectively.

The southern wall bordered a vegetable garden with seasonal crops planted...

Is this going to be my home in this world?

This modest courtyard gave Fang Bai a warm and tranquil feeling, and he suddenly found himself liking it here very much.

In the world where Fang Bai previously resided, many cultivators followed the path of ruthless cultivation, believing that by abandoning all emotions and having a heart as firm as iron, as cold as ice, they could achieve the highest path.

But Fang Bai cultivated the path of emotion, where affection, friendship, and love between men and women could all become sources of motivation for his cultivation.

At times, those feelings could even cause him to unleash power beyond imagination.

“Is Fang Bai back?”

The voice of a middle-aged woman came from the kitchen to the east.

To Fang Bai at this moment, the voice was both new and familiar.

Fang Bai walked softly into the kitchen, looking at the thin figure of the middle-aged woman in front of the stove, he felt an unexpected twinge in his nose.

“Mom...”

The word “mom” naturally spilled out of Fang Bai’s mouth, his voice trembling slightly.

“Fang Bai, are you all right?”

Hearing her son's voice sounding off, Yang Mei turned to glance at him, asking with concern.

"It's nothing, I just rode my bike too fast and got a bit tired."

Fang Bai smiled, looking at his mother who was barely over forty but already had many white hairs, his heart was filled with silent emotion.

After his father Fang Gang had an accident, his mother had been supporting the family almost single-handedly.

She had to provide for his and his sister's education and take care of their paraplegic father; the hardship involved was unimaginable.

Yang Mei's health wasn't great either.

While she didn't have any serious illnesses, she suffered from small ailments all the time, and especially in recent months, emotional stress and physical exhaustion had visibly aged and worn her down considerably.

But Yang Mei was an incredibly strong person, who kept all the pain and fatigue hidden deep down, never showing it in front of her husband and children.

“Don’t ride too fast in the future; safety first.

You must be hungry, right?

Mom made your favorite spicy tofu today, go wash your hands and get ready for dinner!”

After giving her advice, Yang Mei turned back to continue preparing the meal.

“Mhm.”

Fang Bai responded, washed his hands, moved the table from the house to the porch in front of the living room, and then pushed his wheelchair-bound father out from his room.

Fang Bai remembered that after his father’s accident, the driver at fault had provided some compensation, but with ongoing medical expenses and the family’s needs, that money had been almost spent, leaving the family’s finances in a grim state.

The Fang Bai before the soul transmigration was a filial son.

Despite doctors' claims that Fang Gang would be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life, Fang Bai, who was studying medicine, stubbornly believed his father would walk again.

For this belief, the Fang Bai before the transmigration scoured medical texts from all ages and places, frantically studying medicine in the hope of finding a way to cure his father's paralysis.

To the Fang Bai at this moment, unless a person was completely destroyed, no disease was incurable.

Once he could regather his True Yuan, he could repair Fang Gang's damaged nerves, allowing him to stand and walk again.

After dinner, Fang Bai chatted with his father in the courtyard while Yang Mei cleaned up the house and then left on her electric tricycle, hauling goods.

Every night, Yang Mei went to the nearby square's night market to run a stall, selling toys and clothing.

The money she made wasn't much, but it was enough to cover the family's daily expenses.

"It looks like, in addition to cultivation, I need to find a way to earn money for the family; otherwise, anything I promise as the original owner of this body will be empty talk," Fang Bai murmured as he watched his mother's retreating figure with a soft sigh.

