

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

Chapter 6 - 6 6 From Now On I Will Protect You!

6: Chapter 6: From Now On, I Will Protect You!

6: Chapter 6: From Now On, I Will Protect You!

The first time refining his body, Fang Bai had such unexpected gains; he was thrilled and couldn't help but stand up from the rock and let out a long howl toward the sky.

A strand of True Yuan was born within his body, and Fang Bai felt his strength doubled, with a significant improvement in the coordination and capabilities of his body.

He jumped off the rock, and, carried away by his excitement, he stepped into the "Divine Elephant Eight Desolate Steps" and threw punches using the "Tiger Roar Thunder Fist."

His steps were steady yet flexible, and a faint sound of breaking through the air could be felt in his fists and feet, giving him a sense of power.

Around 5:40 AM, Fang Bai descended the mountain and headed home.

On the way back, Fang Bai still ran all the way.

When he reached his front door, Fang Bai noted the time—it was around 6 AM, which meant he had reduced the time it took to return compared to the time it took to go there, a small step of improvement.

Although he had achieved a little success in his first attempt at bodily refinement, Fang Bai knew that transforming his physique thoroughly was not something that could be done overnight, nor could it be achieved in one fell swoop; perseverance was the essential principle.

The front door of the house was ajar, and sounds, along with the wafts of fragrance, emanated from the kitchen—obviously, his mother Yang Mei was busy preparing breakfast.

“Fang Bai, how come you are coming back from outside?”

Oh my, why are your clothes all wet?

What have you been doing?”

When Fang Bai entered the courtyard, coincidence would have it that Yang Mei walked out of the kitchen and was startled to see her son drenched from head to toe.

“Mom, I was running.” Fang Bai said with a smile, “I’m too weak, and if I don’t exercise, I’ll ruin my health.”

“Exercising is good, but you need to progress gradually!

Look at you... Go take a shower and change your clothes, then come out for breakfast.”

Seeing her son drenched in sweat and gasping for breath, Yang Mei felt a pang of heartache.

“Got it.”

Fang Bai cheerfully entered his room, found a set of clothes, and hurried into the bathroom.

After a comfortable hot shower, sitting in the yard in dry clothes with the warm morning sun shining on him, Fang Bai felt every pore on his body soaking in the pleasantness.

After breakfast, Fang Bai placed the several bundles of Chinese medicine he had prepared the night before into his bicycle's front basket, greeted his parents, and then rode out to meet up with Zhou Dabai at their usual spot to head to the Medical College together.

When they were about thirty or forty meters from the Medical College gate, Zhou Dabai suddenly stopped his bicycle and called out to Fang Bai.

“Fang Bai, wait up.”

“What's up?”

“Mao Qiangdong and his brother...” Zhou Dabai jerked his chin in the direction of the Medical College entrance and said angrily, “That damned Mao Qiangdong, knowing he can't beat us by himself, brings his brother along!

Is he even a man?

Pah!”

Fang Bai squinted and looked ahead; at the big tree to the left of the Medical College entrance, Mao Qiangdong and a 26 or 27-year-old young man were standing shoulder to shoulder.

The young man was wearing a black tank top, sporting a crew cut, taller than Mao Qiangdong, and his well-built figure, complemented by bulging muscles, was intimidating to behold.

The students coming in and out mostly gave the two of them a wide berth.

Mao Qiangdong, displaying an air of borrowed authority, stood beside the young man, his face unable to hide the excitement, as he scanned the students entering and leaving the Medical College, seemingly looking for a target.

The two of them looked about sixty to seventy percent similar; it was clear they were brothers.

“Mao Qiangdong’s brother is called Mao Qiangwu; it’s said he learned a few years of martial arts at Shaolin Temple, and after returning, he became an instructor at the ‘Divine Dragon Martial Arts School’ in the west of the city, and he even opened a ‘Divine Dragon Martial Hall’...”

Zhou Dabai said this and swallowed hard, his face turning a bit unnatural.

Zhou Dabai wasn’t afraid of fights, but it depended on who he was up against.

If it was just another student, he would be fearless, but facing the likes of a “Shaolin Disciple” or a “Martial Arts School Instructor”—titles that sounded incredibly daunting—he couldn’t help but feel nervous.

“Dabai, are you scared?”

Fang Bai asked with a smile.

“Afraid?”

Ha...

What a joke...

Hahaha...”

Zhou Dabai let out a few hollow laughs, clearly lacking confidence.

“As long as you’re not scared, that’s good.

Let's go and meet those two brothers."

Fang Bai pushed his bicycle and walked toward Mao Qiangdong and Mao Qiangwu.

Zhou Dabai paused for a moment before clenching his teeth and following, comforting himself, "What's so great about a martial arts school coach?

My brother Fang Bai was taught by a master..."

At the same time, at the school gate, Mao Qiangdong had noticed them and quickly, along with his brother, strode forward to meet them.

They encountered each other in front of a snack stand.

"Are you Fang Bai?"

The one speaking was Mao Qiangwu, who was half a head taller than Fang Bai, looking down on him from above and radiating a fierce aura, his sharp gaze carrying a hint of killing intent.

Zhou Dabai and Fang Bai stood shoulder to shoulder.

Even though Mao Qiangwu was not paying much attention to him, Zhou Dabai still felt an invisible pressure.

It felt as if a sheep was standing beside a lion; even if the lion didn't move, the sheep would still tremble with fear.

Yet Fang Bai's expression was serene.

He casually propped up his bicycle, brushed off a bit of dust from his clothes, and nodded, "That's right, I'm Fang Bai.

Is there a problem?"

Fang Bai's composure was somewhat unexpected to Mao Qiangwu.

In Mao Qiangwu's mind, a medical college student who hadn't seen much of the world should be looking scared and anxious in the face of someone exuding as much menace and authority as he was, not this calm and seemingly indifferent.

"My little brother was beaten by you, and I've come to settle the score," Mao Qiangwu said, baring his teeth in a chilling smile.

“It was Mao Qiangdong who started the trouble!” Zhou Dabai interjected loudly in defense.

Mao Qiangwu glanced at him and slowly shook his head.

“I don’t care who started it.

All I know is that my brother was beaten, and I’m here to get payback for him!”

“Mao Qiangdong was beaten by me.

If you have an issue, come at me!” Zhou Dabai quickly stepped in front of Fang Bai, puffing up his chest, worried that Mao Qiangwu might suddenly strike Fang Bai.

Although Zhou Dabai believed that Fang Bai had been taught martial arts by a “master,” he didn’t think Fang Bai could beat Mao Qiangwu.

So, loyally, he stepped forward, ready to take the beating for Fang Bai.

Seeing Zhou Dabai's voice tremble and his face pale as he spoke, Fang Bai knew he was putting on a brave front despite his fear.

Fang Bai couldn't help but smile wryly and patted his shoulder, "Dabai, let me handle this."

"Fang Bai..."

"In the past, you always protected me.

From now on, I'll protect you!" Fang Bai's voice was soft but firm.

He pulled Zhou Dabai behind himself and then faced Mao Qiangwu without any expression, "I'm the one who hit Mao Qiangdong.

If you want repayment, then let's go!"

Fang Bai could sense a ruthless aura emanating from Mao Qiangwu and knew this person must have been in a lot of fights, possibly even with blood on his hands.

If he had encountered Mao Qiangwu yesterday and they had fought, Fang Bai might not have been able to match him.

But now, he had at least an eighty percent certainty of defeating Mao Qiangwu.

Although Mao Qiangwu could fight, he was ultimately just an ordinary man with no True Yuan.

In contrast, Fang Bai's Qi Sea had already spawned a strand of True Yuan.

Even though that strand of True Yuan was feeble, if released suddenly through a punch or a palm strike, it was an undeniably potent force.

“Back in the day, people like Mao Qiangdong could have been wiped out by a mere breath from me, millions at a time, and now here I am, tensed up and cautious over a mere fight...

Ah, who would have thought that an Immortal Emperor, on the verge of ascending and proving the Dao, would fall to this extent?”

Recalling the exhilarating scenes of the past where he reigned supreme in the Immortal Realm, where gods and buddhas fell before him, and then considering his current situation, Fang Bai couldn't help but feel a sense of wistful regret.