

Urban Extraordinary Immortal Doctor

Chapter 7 - 7 7 Challenge Invitation

7: Chapter 7: Challenge Invitation 7: Chapter 7: Challenge Invitation Mao Qiangwu looked at Fang Bai but did not make a move.

From Fang Bai, Mao Qiangwu also sensed an indescribable aura, reminiscent of when he had studied martial arts in the Shaolin Temple, facing his own master.

This feeling generated considerable psychological pressure for Mao Qiangwu.

“Brother, are you also a practitioner?”

Mao Qiangwu looked at Fang Bai with a solemn expression and asked uncertainly.

“I’ve practiced for a few days.”

Fang Bai scoffed, unmistakably noticing that Mao Qiangwu’s momentum had been suppressed by him.

For martial artists to engage in combat, to be daunted before the battle is a taboo.

“Since we’re both from the martial path, how about we follow the rules of the martial world, set a time and place, and settle this grievance?”

What do you think, brother?”

Mao Qiangwu clasped his fists towards Fang Bai, speaking with formal courtesy.

“What time, what place, you say.”

Fang Bai actually did not want to fight in front of the Medical College’s entrance either; Mao Qiangwu’s proposal suited his intentions.

“Tomorrow morning at nine, I’ll be waiting for you at ‘Divine Dragon Martial Hall.’ If you don’t know the place, I can ask Mao Qiangdong to take you there,” Mao Qiangwu said.

“Divine Dragon Martial Hall” was a martial arts school that Mao Qiangwu himself had invested in and established in the bustling area of Zhongzhou City, where he held the positions of both owner and coach, while also serving as a coach at the suburban “Divine Dragon Martial Arts School.”

In the martial arts circles of Zhongzhou City, Mao Qiangwu had a notable reputation.

“I know where your martial hall is, I’ll go with Fang Bai tomorrow,” Zhou Dabai said loudly.

Mao Qiangwu nodded and, without saying anything more, gave Fang Bai a profound glance and turned to leave.

Seeing his brother leave as soon as he said he would, Mao Qiangdong got anxious, hurried to follow, and complained discontentedly: “Bro, didn’t you say we were going to beat them up good?”

Why are you...”

“That kid is also a practitioner, and his skills are no weaker than mine.”

Mao Qiangwu interrupted his brother, with a serious expression he added: “I need to go back and prepare well, aiming to face him in my best condition tomorrow.”

After a pause, he continued: “Qiangdong, we’ll talk about your issues with Fang Bai after I fight him!”

“Understood.”

Mao Qiangdong had come eagerly but left dejected, feeling a bit downcast.

At the same time, he also felt puzzled.

Fang Bai used to follow Zhou Dabai around, always shrinking back when they encountered trouble, too frightened to even let out a squeak.

How had he changed so much in the past few days?

Seeing his calm and composed demeanor while speaking with his brother just now, he hardly seemed like a 20-year-old Medical College student but rather like an adult who had weathered great storms.

“Fang Bai, let’s not go tomorrow, we can say there’s something at home.

If Mao Qiangwu comes looking for you again, we’ll just call the police...”

As Mao Qiangdong and Mao Qiangwu's figures disappeared in the distance, Zhou Dabai spoke with a worried look.

“Do you think I can't beat Mao Qiangwu?”

“How could that be...

I'm just concerned that in case...”

“There is no ‘in case’!”

Fang Bai pushed his bicycle towards the entrance of the Medical College.

When Zhou Dabai caught up, Fang Bai spoke indifferently: “The day after tomorrow, I will definitely win!”

The morning sunlight shone on Fang Bai, as if coating him in a layer of gold armor.

In that moment, Zhou Dabai saw something called “dominance” emanating from Fang Bai.

Entering the campus, Fang Bai parked his bicycle in the bike shed and, carrying the herbal medicine for Teacher Qin, strolled leisurely into Classroom 16-2.

Fang Bai didn't arrive early; by the time he got to the classroom, most of the students were already buried in their books at their desks.

"Class Leader Su, are you okay?"

As he was passing by Su Linglong, who sat in the third row in the classroom, Fang Bai saw she was massaging her forehead with her fingers and seemed to be in pain, so he leaned over and asked with concern.

Fang Bai was someone who recognized and repaid kindness.

Su Linglong had always looked after him, so upon seeing her looking unwell, he naturally wanted to show his concern.

Today, Su Linglong was wearing a loose-fitting goose-yellow casual shirt paired with white, slim-fit pencil pants.

Her ponytail was undone, and her black hair cascaded down to her waist, smooth as satin, shiny enough to reflect light.

With such an outfit, she not only maintained the youthful, playful charm of a young girl but also added a womanly allure that was different from the vivacious style she had worn the day before.

“My head hurts again...

so annoying!”

Su Linglong turned her head to glance at Fang Bai, managed to squeeze out a faint smile, and casually asked, “Fang Bai, did you go to apologize to Teacher Qin after school yesterday?”

“I told you to go to the hospital for a check-up yesterday, didn’t you go?”

Fang Bai didn’t answer Su Linglong’s question, but instead asked her.

“You’re cursing me again...”

Su Linglong pouted, humming discontentedly.

Fang Bai sighed deeply and said earnestly, “Class Leader Su, you have to believe me...

Besides, there's no harm in having a check-up at the hospital.

If there's an illness, it's better to treat it early; if there's none, at least it'll put your mind at ease, right?"

"Alright then..."

"I'll go if I have time tomorrow..."

Seeing that Fang Bai was serious, Su Linglong nodded.

Lately, Su Linglong had been suffering from headaches more frequently, and the episodes lasted longer than before.

She had thought it was due to poor sleep or other reasons, but after hearing what Fang Bai said, she started to worry a bit.

"If you have any problems you can't solve, you can contact me.

Perhaps I can help.”

Fang Bai smiled at Su Linglong and then walked to the back of the classroom, sitting down in the corner on the north side.

The day before, Fang Bai wouldn’t have dared to say these words to Su Linglong, but now, there was a thread of True Yuan in his body.

Although this bit of True Yuan wasn’t enough to cure Su Linglong’s condition, it could prevent her condition from worsening and prolong her lifespan.

Moreover, Fang Bai believed that as long as he persisted in cultivation, more True Yuan would gather in his Qi Sea.

When he reached the second level of the “Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique,” known as the “Accumulating Essence Realm,” and his True Yuan doubled, he would have a better chance of treating Su Linglong successfully.

Seeing Fang Bai taking the initiative to speak with the “big-eyed cute sister” Su Linglong, the students of Class 2, Grade 16 all found it somewhat incredible.

Fang Bai had always been known among his classmates as taciturn and introverted.

It was unprecedented for him to start a conversation proactively like this, especially with the goddess of the class that all the boys had a secret crush on.

Thinking back to Fang Bai's listless and dejected appearance over the past few months, and then looking at his confident and spirited demeanor now, his classmates couldn't understand why he had changed so much all of a sudden.

During the morning classes, although Fang Bai didn't spend them sleeping on the desk as he had done before, he wasn't exactly listening attentively either.

Instead, he was going through some of the knowledge he had learned in recent months.

In these past months, Fang Bai had fallen behind on a lot of knowledge.

With the current term about to end, he decided to review thoroughly and aim to achieve good results, hoping to make his parents happy.

Even though Fang Bai's current body was mortal flesh, his Primordial Spirit hailed from the Immortal Realm as the Invincible Immortal Emperor.

He could understand and penetrate the vast and profound, mysterious and esoteric teachings of various cultivation techniques from his previous life.

Now, as he flipped through the textbooks in his hands, he found the content simple and straightforward.

A quick glance was all it took for him to grasp the essence and remember it vividly.

Fang Bai spent the first three periods of the morning like this.

When other students went out to play after class, he stayed seated and continued to pore over his textbooks without a break.

Initially, Fang Bai read slowly, practically muttering every word and sentence to himself, but later on, he read faster and faster, scanning lines in a glance.

By the time the third period ended, Fang Bai had nearly finished the thick stack of textbooks on his desk, and he had memorized most of their content.

The last class of the morning was taught by Qin Yaorao.

Fang Bai did not continue reading his books but listened to the lecture obediently, so as not to upset “Fairy Spirit Qin” again.