

Medical Master - Chapter 1

Volume 1 School Master – Chapter 1 A Hidden School Master

It was September. The story began at the library of the Jiangjing University of Chinese Medicine.

Fang Qiu unconcernedly picked a Chinese medical book named Bonesetting from the bookshelf and went to the resting place.

He was a freshman at the school. It was raining and they couldn't do military training. So He went to the library as soon as possible.

Before he was admitted to the university, Fang Qiu knew little about traditional Chinese Medicine, but this couldn't stop him from being interested in Chinese Medicine, curing the sick, and saving the patient.

Of course, he had his own purpose in applying to the University of Chinese Medicine.

Fang Qiu pulled out a chair from a desk and sat down, putting the Bonesetting on the desk.

He looked straight at the book.

But he didn't begin to open the book, and just put his hands on both sides of the book.

And then, he patted the book slightly with his right hand.

Something strange and magical happened!

Without any other action, the book began to turn the pages automatically with merely a slight pat!

Facing such a strange scene, Fang Qiu was so calm. It seemed that everything was normal as usual.

Fortunately, the semester just started, thus, no one was in the library except Fang Qiu. If somebody else saw the scene, he would think that the library was haunted.

Fang Qiu lifted his hand and patted down, the lift-and-pat action continued until the book showed its main body.

He began to read the book with great interest.

After finishing reading a page, Fang Qiu lifted his right hand again and was ready to pat the book.

At that time, a hurried footstep sounded in the distance.

Fang Qiu slowly put his lifting hand down as usual.

The book didn't turn its pages, and the sound was coming.

"I have finally found you, Fang Qiu!"

Fang Qiu turned back and saw the comer. It was Liu Feifei, the assistant class teacher of class three, the class he belonged to.

She was a beautiful and enthusiastic junior senior.

Fang Qiu still remembered the scene that they first met. The first time Liu Feifei introduced herself to the class as the class teacher, all the boys in his class began to howl with their eyes shining.

"Unexpectedly, you are so hard-working. Everyone was so tired because of military training, and you are here reading books!"

Liu Feifei came straight to the opposite side of the desk and had a look at the book. She asked admiringly and curiously, "Classical Chinese? Can you understand them? Our major is going to have orthopaedic classes in the second semester, isn't it too early to learn that?"

"I'm just looking around."

Fang Qiu didn't say that he could understand.

He REALLY could understand.

“Nice job!”

Liu Feifei praised him, and then asked with her big bright eyes, “I have called you several times but you didn’t answer, what happened?”

Fang Qiu was stunned by what he had heard. He took out his cellphone and found that 5 missed calls were on the screen. He answered with embarrassment, “The cellphone was set to be silent, so I didn’t hear it.”

Liu Feifei nodded relievedly, it seemed that Fang Qiu didn’t do it on purpose.

It was the first time she took the job as a class teacher, so she had had much expectation on the newly-enrolled boys and girls. She didn’t want to see anyone in the class who didn’t listen to her.

“I called you because our school temporarily decided to hold a mid-autumn open-air party for the freshman tomorrow night on the playground, and every freshman class was asked to perform. I came here to ask you to perform a program. Everyone in our class ought to perform and no one can escape. I will choose one from your programs.”

After the explanation, Liu Feifei asked, “What’s your speciality?”

“Speciality?”

Fang Qiu thought for a while and answered, “I can play the flute, is it a speciality?”

Liu Feifei was amazed and she asked hurriedly, “How well do you play the flute? And your national level?”

“Just so so. I haven’t taken any exams yet.”

Having compared the level of his to his old master’s, Fang Qiu quickly gave himself a pertinent evaluation.

Liu Feifei was a little disappointed. She thought that there would be another amazing program in her class, but she didn’t expect that the level was just ordinary.

“Can I have a listen at your play?”

At this time, she made up her mind that if it was as average as the guy said, she would not have to report it to the school.

Fang Qiu said with some embarrassment, "It should be yes, but the flute is in the dormitory now."

And he pointed to the book.

It was so obvious that he wanted to read books instead of going back to the dormitory.

"My Fang!"

This intimate address from Liu Feifei made Fang Qiu to be covered with gooseflesh.

"Time is limited. I have to report the program to the school this noon. Can you be considerate toward me this time?"

Looking at the beauty's smile and listening to her entreating words, Fang Qiu felt totally embarrassed.

That was a bit too much for him.

It would not be suitable for him to refuse the senior.

But it would waste him 40 minutes to go back to the dormitory and return to the library if he didn't refuse.

He didn't want to waste too much time. Moreover, he was a freshman, thus, he had no library card to bring the books out, which meant he had to read them in the library.

He hesitated for a while and said, "Let me play hand flute for you, ok? From this, you can see my level of playing the flute. But we are in the library now..."

"Hand flute? What's that?"

Liu Feifei was confused, her interest was raised.

Fang Qiu explained patiently, "Hand flute requires your two hands to work as the resonator, it's easy."

Hearing the procedure was easy, Liu Feifei was not so interested.

But having looked how hard-working Fang Qiu was, she would be sorry to disturb him, so she had to agree with Fang Qiu.

“Just play. There’s no one else here to be disturbed. I will listen to you with all my years.”

Fang Qiu was happy for not going back to the dormitory, he put his cellphone down.

Under the gaze of the beautiful senior, his hands were directly folded into the shape of a curve, leaving the palms empty, and a small hole was revealed in between the thumbs.

He made his mouth near his thumb.

His chest vibrated.

The air came out of his mouth.

A haunting melody rang through the library immediately.

“This???”

Liu Feifei’s eyes widened in an instant. She was shocked and couldn’t help but say, “Is this Blue and White Porcelain from Jay Chou?”

The next scene startled her directly.

Fang Qiu even nodded while playing, which didn’t affect his performance at all.

Liu Feifei looked at Fang Qiu absent-mindedly.

She had thought that hand flute and whistle were almost the same, but she had never imagined that it was so magical, the melody seemed to be from heaven.

It was awesome.

She had never thought that there was such an outstanding boy hiding in her class.

Liu Feifei directly immersed herself in the beautiful melody, without any time to think about it.

She seemed to feel herself wandering in the ancient scenery of the south of the Yangtze River, holding a pink painted oil-paper umbrella, standing on a stone bridge, looking back into the past, seeing the birth of beautiful blue and white porcelain, and witnessing a beautiful love story.

The sky is waiting for the rain, and I am waiting for you.

The smoke rises up, from a thousand miles away.

Sometimes she seemed to be a bystander and sometimes the heroine of a sad love story.

A kind of sadness, a kind of missing.

All those feelings were hovering in her mind.

So beautiful!

And so sad...

The melody continued to take her to wander in the misty rain. She was indulged in pleasure without stop.

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When the song was finished, Fang Qiu put down his hands and looked surprisingly at the beautiful senior who was still immersed in the melody. Without interruption, he continued to read the book.

A minute later.

The beautiful lady came to herself, grabbed his hands and said with her eyes shining, "That's terrific! Fang Qiu, you are so good! That's great!"

"I have heard Blue and white porcelain for dozens of times, but it's the first time that I feel it so haunting that I was immersed in it! Who could have imagined that you could play the sounds of heaven with only a pair of simple hands!"

"You're overpraised, senior."

Fang Qiu pulled out his hand in a hurry and said embarrassingly. He really didn't feel good about his level.

"No overpraising!"

Liu Feifei directly denied Fang Qiu's self-evaluation, and then looked at him with a resentful look. "You are ordinary? I was almost cheated by you! Now, as a class teacher, I formally inform you that your program has been passed. You don't need any flute, just play the tune with your hands!"

She smiled excitedly, "Now we have had two programs, they'll be amazing."

"Two programs?"

Fang Qiu asked puzzledly, "The other one is?"

"Chen Cong's Wushu performance! This guy is as modest as you. He could play Chinese boxing. Although worse than yours, his performance is still a good program."

Liu Feifei stood up, raised her fist to Fang Qiu and cheered him up, "It all depends on you two tomorrow evening! Come on!"

After that, she took out the library card from her pocket and threw it to Fang Qiu.

"This is a reward from me to you. Return it to me when your library card is ready."

After that, Liu Feifei left quickly.

Wushu?

Fang Qiu looked at his hands and smiled.

He could play Wushu as well.

But his was named Kung Fu.

Also named Martial Art.

Fang Qiu could not help sighing at the thought of Kung Fu.

He didn't know what was going on with his old master.

Fang Qiu began to learn Kung Fu from 3 years old and now he was 17, which meant he had been practicing Kung Fu for 14 years.

All those things were done without the knowledge of anyone, including his parents.

He met his old master at the age of 3, and the old master taught him secretly for 12 years.

At the grade of senior two, Fang Qiu made his Kung Fu into another level, which helped him to find that the old master was suffered from a hidden illness. And at that time he realized that in order to teach him, the old master had been suppressing his illness with his powerful cultivation, and did not treat the illness.

At the time when the old master found that he couldn't suppress his illness, he left only one sentence and went away quietly without any trace.

"I have nothing to teach you any more. Just practice your Kung Fu hard. I'm going to cure my illness, we'll meet someday in the future."

He clearly knew that the illness wouldn't be cured easily, because if so, the old master would have cured it earlier.

He felt a sense of guilt and pain as long as he thought that a man who met him at the age of three had taught him for 12 years without regret, but he could not repay him for his kindness or even help him at all.

So he applied for the Jiangjing University of Chinese Medicine.

He hoped that he could learn well at medicine and cure the illness of the old master.

He also hoped that he could cure more people, not only the old master.

He clearly knew that the faster he finished learning, the less dangerous the old master was.

The only hope was that the old master could live to that day.

The most embarrassing thing for him was that he didn't know what illness the old master was suffering from. Although he was aware of the hidden disease, he didn't know the detailed condition.

So he couldn't study in a specific way.

He had no choice but to learn the treatment methods involved in traditional Chinese medicine as much as he could, and try not to waste even a single minute.

The reason why he read orthopaedic books first was that he was a Kung Fu practitioner. He knew much about the bones and muscles and had learned some of the treatment methods of falling injury with the old master.

So he could learn quickly about this kind of ancient books.

He hoped that they could take a case or two as an example for the rest to follow and he could become a good doctor.

"Hope everything will be all right with the old master."

Fang Qiu sighed with emotion in his heart. He collected the library card, restrained his mind and continued to read.

The library also restored its tranquility.

As Fang Qiu's palm kept rising and falling, pages of books were read.

Soon, a book was finished.

He stood up and went to the bookshelf to pick up another ancient book on orthopedics.

He prepared to learn from one subject to another till the day he had got all the knowledge from the ancient books. If modern medicine could cure the illness, the old master would not suppress it for so long. So Fang Qiu chose to seek methods in ancient books.

Soon, another book was finished.

Fang Qiu was a fast reader. It was not like reading a book at all, but turning it over.

Fang Qiu had read four or five ancient books of orthopedics in the whole morning.

Looking at the time on the cellphone, it was eleven o'clock at noon. Fang Qiu stretched himself, mobilized the internal air to rotate around the body, and the sense of fatigue disappeared instantly.

With the unfinished book in hand, he chose several other ancient books of orthopedics. He decided to read them in the dormitory.

He came to the lending department and handed the books and library cards to the librarian, a middle-aged man who looked a little serious.

The middle-aged man glanced at the library card at will, then glanced at those ancient books. With a trace of surprise flashing in his eyes, he looked up at Fang Qiu. The surprise in his eyes was even more strong.

"Freshman? You can understand the books?"

Chapter 2 Indignantly Rebuking the Vulgar Tycoon!

"Yes, I can."

Fang Qiu replied curtly.

At this, the middle-aged man smiled and said, "Kid, you're talking big."

Fang Qiu also gave a smile but did not express any opinion.

The middle-aged man shook his head, swiped the library card, recorded the identifications of the books and handed them back to Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu stuffed the books into the schoolbag and came to the library gate. He drew out an umbrella, opened it, and walked right into the drizzling rain with his schoolbag on his back.

As far as he could see, there were many students walking in the rain while gingerly avoiding puddles of water in the distance.

At this scene, Fang Qiu gave a tiny smile, and then, he directly stepped into a puddle of water.

An amazing thing occurred!

As if being controlled by an invisible power, the water in the puddle spread out from the spot he landed his feet and immediately formed a little water-free pit under his feet. But the water about did not flow back to the pit and wet his shoes at all!

In this fashion, he headed to his dormitory one step after another, with not a single concern for the puddles of water in front of him.

He did not adopt the normal walking method—dodging all the puddles of water in fear of drenching his shoes—until he met other people.

Twenty minutes later, Fang Qiu arrived at the gate of his dormitory. Just at this moment, a car whirled past him.

It squarely ran across a puddle of water next to him.

The water splashed in all directions!

Fang Qiu's eyes suddenly gleamed, all of his internal air instantly activated.

Splashes of mud and water all bounced off when approaching Fang Qiu, as though he was standing inside a protective cover.

He was not stained with any mud or water at all!

However, the students around him were not so lucky. They all got sprayed by mud and water, and their fine outfits were thoroughly smeared, making them look like they had fallen into a trench or something.

Moreover, the faces of a few girls were squirted with mud and water. Looking at the mess all over themselves, they could not help but start to weep.

"F*ck, where are that driver's manners!"

"He can't drive so fast on campus! Doesn't he fear that he might run someone over?"

“I can tell at first glance that he is an overnight millionaire! A man with no manners!”

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In an instant, the students being sprayed in his surrounding began to yell angry words in the direction of that Benz.

Fang Qiu squinted his eyes and looked in the direction of that car, his pupils icy cold.

The car pulled up at the dormitory ahead. Two sturdy men wearing sunglasses got off the car and pulled open the backdoor respectfully while holding an umbrella.

A middle-aged man and a haughty-looking young man who seemed to be a student but was dressed in hip-hop style stepped out of the car.

The two sturdy men hastily handed the umbrellas over, leaving themselves standing in the rain.

Fang Qiu slowly walked up to them, and then stood quietly on the side.

He was waiting, waiting for those men riding the car to apologize to the students.

If they did, he would act as if nothing had happened.

But if they did not apologize...

He would not let go of it!

The young man who just got off first cast a look at the students covered in mud and water behind him and curled his lips dismissively. Next, he looked up to examine the somewhat old and shabby dormitory building and furrowed, and then looked over his shoulders to stare at the middle-aged man.

“Dad, you’re not really going to let me live in this building, are you? In such a shabby place?”

The middle-aged man was obviously a bit taken aback at the scene of this old dormitory, but he still answered in a firm tone, “Of course.”

“You’re here for studying, not enjoying life! You’re living here!”

After hearing his father’s stern tone, the young man said dejectedly, “Well then, let’s go.” “Help me give a thorough cleaning to my dorm. I want to live alone!”

After saying this, he immediately started to walk to the dormitory.

“Hold on!”

All of a sudden, a cold voice sounded.

The father and son turned around and saw that a handsome young man carrying a backpack and holding a black umbrella was stepping towards them with his chilly eyes focused on them.

The two sturdy men instantly came forward and shielded the father and son behind vigilantly, goggling at Fang Qiu grimly.

“What’s the matter?”

The young man threw an arrogant look at Fang Qiu.

The students in the surroundings were also gazing at Fang Qiu in amazement, wondering why he had called out to stop these men riding the Benz who were evidently rich and powerful.

“I reckon you owe them an apology, don’t you?”

Fang Qiu pointed a finger at those students standing not far away who were looking like drowned rats.

“I reckon you owe them an apology, don’t you?”

This simple sentence made those muddy students instantly feel a warm current flowing straight into their hearts.

All they did was complain in their undertone, but none of them was bold enough to shake off their fear for the powerful and voice their indignation in the presence of those people.

But now, someone had stepped forward and uttered what they wanted to say!

The students around who were just watching the fuss out of curiosity were shocked at Fang Qiu's words as well.

Many of them gave Fang Qiu a thumbs-up in their mind.

But many still believed that Fang Qiu was kicking against the pricks.

At this time, Liu Feifei, the teacher in charge of Fang Qiu's class, a pretty senior, who had just finished her meal in the canteen with her roommates and walked past the boy's dormitory, happened to have witnessed the scene when the students got sprayed with mud and water. She was fuming about it.

Seeing that Fang Qiu, a student from her own class, had come forward, she immediately came to a halt to watch.

She looked as if she was ready to rush over and back up Fang Qiu at any second.

"Apologize?"

The young man shot a look at the students dripping mud and turned directly to the two bodyguards and said, "Go upstairs."

The middle-aged man had also noticed those students, but he only scowled a little. Considering his identity, he did not show any gesture.

But before the father and son could take one more step, Fang Qiu suddenly appeared before them.

It gave them quite a turn. A second ago, Fang Qiu was still beside them. How could he just turn up in front of them?

Suddenly, the two sturdy men looked as though they were confronted by a formidable enemy, because nor did they see when the kid went over to their front just under their nose.

"Could he be a martial master?"

But in light of his physique, it must be a dim possibility.

"Having others covered in mud and water but not feeling sorry at all? That's a bit outrageous!"

Fang Qiu fixed his cold eyes on the father and son.

His Qi power rose up but instantly concealed itself.

Then it lurked under his skin and was ready to shoot out.

Although he did not intend to expose his cultivation, it did not mean that he could turn a blind eye to the strong bullying the weak.

What was he learning martial arts for?

It was just for praising virtue and punishing vice!

The father and son did not detect the thin trace of Qi power Fang Qiu had just released at all, but the two sturdy men altered their expressions in a second.

This Qi power...

The two paid no attention to the umbrella-holding task now. They simply ditched the umbrellas and went to stand in front of the father and son, clenching their fists and straining their muscles, their eyes focusing unblinkingly upon Fang Qiu.

It appeared that they might risk their lives to fight at any time.

The father and son looked at the two bodyguards in bewilderment. The two were excellent masters of martial art who they specially retained with fat salaries. They had never seen them put their guard up like this.

“Today, why did they act like this in front of a student?”

Students around them also looked perplexed.

They thought, “these bodyguards are trying too hard at their job, aren’t they?”

Fang Qiu casually glimpsed the two sturdy men and asked, “You want to block my way?”

Instantly, all the eyes fell on the two sturdy men.

“Dare not!”

The two replied hastily.

The two simple words let all the onlookers drop their jaws.

“Dare...dare not?”

“Shit, what does the ‘Dare not’ mean?”

The students around suddenly felt a surge of unlimited respect for Fang Qiu who was just standing in front of them.

“This student is so unbelievable! His uprightness overpowered the two bulk men and forced them to give in!”

But look at the father and son, though the young man had not grasped what had happened, the middle-aged man’s eyes already turned unfathomable. He was contemplating some vague assumptions in his head, so his looks towards Fang Qiu were somewhat astonished and suspicious.

“Then, why did you act like this?”

Fang Qiu asked.

The Qi power in his body was getting denser as if it would burst out at any second.

Even though it was raining and the weather was cool, beads of sweat were about to trickle down the two sturdy men’s foreheads.

“We are to blame for today’s incident. I was the driver. I’ll apologize to them.”

One of the two sturdy men said in a hurry. Then, he turned around to face those students, cupped his hands in tribute and said, “I’m sorry, everyone. I was driving too fast to see the puddles of water. I’m deeply sorry for this!”

Those innocent students immediately answered with “Nothing” and “It’s OK”.

At this scenario, the two sturdy men who had been pardoned cast another look at Fang Qiu as if applying for his approval.

Fang Qiu only said four words: “The clothes got dirty.”

Without another word, the other sturdy men directly took out a stack of money and hurried over to humbly hand out 500 yuan to each student.

Some students were too timid to take the money, but the sturdy man stuffed it in their hands.

Seeing the scene, all the onlookers went dumbstruck.

This...

A minute ago they were still acting like bullies, but how come they started to hand out money?

“Feifei, this student of yours is really something!”

Apparently, Liu Feifei’s roommate recognized Fang Qiu and she said so to Liu Feifei.

It never occurred to Liu Feifei that this simple righteous action of Fang Qiu could go so smoothly, either. At her roommate’s words, she immediately raised up her chin and said proudly, “Don’t forget who his teacher is!”

Her roommates were left speechless. “You and that guy have only known each other for a couple of days!”

“Will this do?”

Finishing distributing the money, the sturdy man came running back to Fang Qiu and asked while wiping his sweat.

Seeing the satisfied looks of those students with mud and water stained all over them, Fang Qiu nodded and stepped aside.

The two sturdy men rapidly flanked the father and son who still looked confused and hurried them to go upstairs.

The moment they went up, a shower of enthusiastic applause broke out downstairs.

All the people on the scene were applauding for Fang Qiu!

Their eyes looking at Fang Qiu were filled with admiration.

Fang Qiu smiled and took a bow. Then, he took off along with the cordial farewell applause.

But as he walked to the distance, his mobile phone rang and a text came in.

It was from his pretty senior Liu Feifei.

“You kid is awesome. You really boosted the morale of our students today. You’re truly a student of mine!”

“Your student?”

Fang Qiu texted back, feeling uncertain whether to cry or to laugh, “It all attributes to your great teaching!”

Soon, Liu Feifei’s reply arrived.

“It’s nothing! The shows have been settled. You and Chen Cong will perform on behalf of our class. He is going to do a martial arts demonstration, and yours is to play the song Celadon Porcelain with hand flute. Break a leg tomorrow night! I have high hopes for you!”

Fang Qiu replied, “I have high hopes for me, too!”

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Later, his pretty senior texted back with her retort: “What a smug!”

On the other side.

When the father and son found the right dormitory, before they were seated, the middle-aged man could not wait but ask the two sturdy men, “What happened just now?”

The two sturdy men looked at each other, heaved a sigh, and answered with their hearts still fluttering with fear, “The student confronted us a moment ago is an expert.”

“An expert? That student?”

The young man beside them asked in disbelief.

“That guy basically of my same age is an expert?”

“Yes!”

The two sturdy men answered with great certainty.

“You two can’t beat him?”

The middle-aged man asked with a gloomy look.

He was well aware of the strength of these two bodyguards—either of them could handle five or six ordinary bodyguards alone.

The two sturdy men exchanged a look again, and then, shook their heads simultaneously in dismay, “It’s not a matter of whether we’re able to beat him or not, it’s a matter of how many moves we’re able to take from him!”

“What?”

The middle-aged man was thunderstruck. He never thought he would hear such an answer.

“Or perhaps we can struggle to hang on with our fighting techniques, but finally we will lose. We’ve never met such a powerful guy.”

The two sturdy men turned to look at the young man who still couldn’t believe their words and said, “Young Master, you must be careful around that guy. Never get into conflicts against him! There is a crowd of unknown but powerful men in this world, and that student is probably one of them!”

Hearing this, the middle-aged man turned a bit worried and asked, “If he is so fierce, could Xiaoheng be in any danger?”

“Maybe not. That student doesn’t look like those with a nasty character. And from what happened today, he is a man of principle. Thus, as long as you stay low key and don’t do anything to offend him, you should be fine.” One of the bodyguards answered.

“That’s good! That’s good!” The middle-aged man looked over his shoulders to watch his son, and he said severely, “Did you hear that? You must never provoke that student. If you befriend him, that will be best. But remember, always stay out of trouble! Just stay here and study, keeping a low profile as possible as you can!”

The young man lowered his head and muttered his agreement.

He originally thought he was going to swagger around here. However, he got a harsh blow on the first day of school. How depressing it was!

Chapter 3 The Mysterious Middle-aged Man

Fang Qiu put his schoolbag back in his dormitory and then went straight to the canteen to grab a bite.

Meanwhile, a post titled Student Rebuking Benz Vulgar Tycoon, Making the Bodyguards Apologize and Pay Compensation Like a Lamb quietly appeared on the campus BBS.

The post contained a series of photos which described in detail how a student had called the father and son and their bodyguards riding a Benz to stop, how he body-blocked their way when they ignored his words, and how eventually he made the two sturdy bodyguards flinch purely with his uprightness, forcing them to apologize and distribute money as compensation.

The photos in the post made a very detailed record of every tense moment that had just occurred.

However, due to the rain, those photos were not very clear, so the viewers could only capture a blurred image of Fang Qiu but not his true appearance.

If it had not been so, Fang Qiu would have no chance to step out of his dormitory unnoticed anymore.

But this post sparked heated discussions on the whole campus BBS the moment it appeared.

Numerous comments flooded in.

“Awesome. Never thought in Dajiang Chinese Medicine University you could meet such a kick-ass student! Give you my full support!”

“This great man actually did what I wanted but not dared to do, how impressive! Admire you! Admire you!”

“My idol! He is definitely my idol! Begging for his clear pictures! Factual data!”

“Me too!”

“Please calculate the psychological shadow area of the rich father and son and their bodyguards!”

Some comments were also seeking confirmation of the realness of the post, for they could hardly believe there still were such righteous students like him in the present society.

“Is it real? Could someone just make it up?”

“I also think most parts are exaggerated. How could a student like him still survive in society today?”

However, soon those who could not accomplish it and also suspect no one else could do it were slapped by the truth.

“You can’t do or dare not do doesn’t mean others can’t! I’m actually one of the students being sprayed with mud and water. Here are my clothes, and here is the 500 yuan!”

Below those words, there were two pictures. One was the clothes smeared with mud, the other was the 500 yuan which was a bit damped by the mud and water on the hands.

“I’m one of them, too!”

“I’m, too!”

More and more students on the scene also posted their pictures, instantly drowning all the voices of doubts and suspicions.

With the photos, witnesses, and the money, which were probably the main evidences, everyone finally bought it.

Discussions on the BBS continued hotly.

More and more people were asking for Fang Qiu’s information.

Everyone was very interested in such a man full of the sense of justice on campus.

But all these did not affect Fang Qiu at all.

After taking lunch, he had a short break and began to plough through the books he had just borrowed from the library.

“The youngest, why do I have a feeling that the student confronting the Benz vulgar tycoon on the campus BBS is you?”

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Sun Hao, the third oldest guy in the dorm, who had just finished taking his lunch break, got out of bed and asked Fang Qiu while pointing at the pictures on the BBS site on his computer.

Fang Qiu merely gave a smile and went back to read without comment.

There were four students living in this dorm. According to their ages, they named themselves the oldest, the third oldest, the fourth oldest, and the fifth oldest. As for the second oldest, in light of its unpleasant correlations with some Chinese words, they just skipped it.

Therefore, Fang Qiu was the fifth oldest, the youngest of them.

Sun Hao murmured “the more I look at it, the more it is like you” before retreating to continue browsing the BBS.

Zhou Xiaotian, the fourth oldest, who was lying in bed playing with his smartphone, suddenly turned over and poked his head out to look at Fang Qiu and asked, “The youngest, I heard that you will play the flute tomorrow evening. Good for you! Hiding your talent so deeply. Show us some of it!”

“Yeah! You kid truly know how to hide yourself. Quick, play a song and entertain us!”

Sun Hao also quitted browsing his computer and directly turned around to stare at Fang Qiu with some sort of mischievousness.

Zhu Benzhen, the oldest, who had been reading at the desk behind Fang Qiu, adopted a more straightforward method. He simply turned his chair around and gazed at Fang Qiu silently, anxiously waiting for him to play.

“You guys, well, OK, I'll just play one piece!”

Seeing the scene, Fang Qiu put down his book in resignation and said brazenly, “Today, I will let you hear what is the real sound of nature!”

“Humph...”

The three snorted at the same time.

Fang Qiu took a brief moment to organize his feelings, and then clasped both hands and started to play a song.

Five minutes later, the three were all wearing the same intoxicated expression.

At this, Fang Qiu knew that for now, he could no longer stay in this dorm quietly, so he put all the books he had borrowed from the library back into his schoolbag and headed out towards the library.

“Snap!”

The sound of the door shut close woke the three up from their intoxication state.

The three simply gazed at one another in utter amazement.

After a long time, Sun Hao, the third oldest, asked gingerly, “Say it, after tomorrow night, our youngest can get how many love letters? Will they be enough to cram the whole of our dorm?”

Zhu Benzhen, the oldest, and Zhou Xiaotian, the fourth oldest, seriously considered it for a moment and then nodded at the same time and answered, “Probably more than that.”

“My goodness, how come our dorm cultivated such a bewitching guy. He isn’t the youngest, but the most bewitching!”

Sun Hao looked as if he had lost his heart and soul. He clenched his chest and said, “How can we find girlfriends in the future? Look at the face of the youngest, look at the techniques he has to attract girls. We’re all living in his shadows now. When we walk along with the youngest, no girls will have eyes for us!”

“That can’t happen. We shall never walk along with the youngest after tomorrow night.”

Announced Sun Hao very seriously.

Hearing those words, Zhu Benzhen and Zhou Xiaotian both nodded resolutely.

Sun Hao still thought this was not enough. He added, "That alone won't do. I have to ask the youngest to teach me how to play the hand flute. Even if I cannot be a brilliant player like him, as long as I master thirty per cent of his techniques, I'll be able to pick any girl I like!"

Zhu Benzhen and Zhou Xiaotian nodded simultaneously again, their eyes gleaming.

As the three were plotting secretly, Fang Qiu was strolling in the rain in Jiangnan.

The rain of Jiangnan was light as silk and soft as cotton.

The pleasure of walking in such rain was beyond words.

He walked slowly all the way.

Soon, Fang Qiu arrived at the circulation desk of the library and handed over the books and his library card to the middle-aged librarian at the gate.

The middle-aged man obviously remembered Fang Qiu.

He had borrowed so many ancient books soon after the semester started, which made him hard to forget.

Seeing that Fang Qiu returned all the books he had borrowed that morning, the middle-aged man smirked and asked, "Is it because those books are so involved and abstruse that you no longer want to read them and turned them back?"

"No, it isn't."

Fang Qiu shook his head and answered, "I've finished my reading."

"Finished?"

Halfway through sorting out the books, the middle-aged man gave a sudden pause. He shot an astonished look at Fang Qiu, but then broke into laughter, "Kid, it's not good of you to tell lies."

Fang Qiu smiled but did not make any replies.

The middle-aged man drew out one of the books at random, gently fondled its cover, and suddenly demanded, "One inch down the seventh joint of the back is called the Shigu point. When it is hit, the victim will spit phlegm and blood for ten months before he dies. How to cure this?"

At this, Fang Qiu's eyes suddenly glinted.

Eying the middle-aged man from head to toe, he answered, "First take the Add-subtract Soup, add three grams of Eucommia and three grams of Rhizoma Drynariae, and then take three or four doses of Life-Clutching Elixir."

As he was speaking, he ignored the Bonesetting Summaries the middle-aged man was holding but drew out the Traumatology Prescriptions from the stack of ancient books and stared at the middle-aged man beamingly.

Seeing the book Fang Qiu picked out, the eyes of the middle-aged man instantly shone brighter.

He straightened up, becoming fully intrigued.

The question he asked was not from the Bonesetting Summaries but the Traumatology Prescriptions. He took the wrong book out on purpose.

He never expected this kid standing before him could answer it. However, to his amazement, the kid did answer it. What was more, he even picked out the correct book.

"Interesting!"

For the first time, the middle-aged man became eager to question someone about the books. Having spent so many years in the library, this was the first time he had come across such an interesting student.

"For men, Qi turns left. It is easy to cure the injured upper parts, but difficult to cure the down parts, because Yang Qi rises up. And for women?"

Fang Qiu composedly drew out the Traumatology Achievements and answered, "For women, Blood turns right. It is easy to cure the injured down parts, but difficult to cure the upper parts, because Yin Blood comes down."

"What's the solution?"

Asked the middle-aged man.

“First soak Fructus Amomi and drink its soup with Ji Li powders, and then, take the Qi-guiding and Blood-activating Soup, and the sugared Flower Alcohol as well as five Wounds-healing Pills.”

Replied Fang Qiu.

“Most cases with the head injured and the brains spilled out are difficult to cure; cases with bones turned green are the same. If bones and flesh at other positions are smashed, what’s the solution?”

“Apply the Pain-emptying Powders on the injured parts, and take five or six doses of the Wind-dispelling and Qi-regulating Soup. When the wound heals, take the Blood-replenishing and Qi-guiding Soup. If symptoms of tetanus, trismus or opisthotonus appear, immediately take the Flying-dragon Life-Clutching Soup.”

Fang Qiu pulled out the Secret Prescriptions for Fall Injuries.

“The horizontal bones over the heart are also called Renzi Bones. From bottom up, a man with the first joint injured will die in one year; a man with the second joint injured will die in two years; a man with the third joint injured will die in three years. This point corresponds to the lungs. Once injured, the patient is bound to spit blood and cough. Those who got severely injured in the chest and back will develop phlegm-fire and body-weakness. Injuries in the left breast incur coughs; injuries in the right breast incur hiccoughs. When the chest and the hypochondrium are both hurt, what’s the solution?”

“The Li Dong Pill and the Three Precious Yellow Wax Pill are both applicable, and then take the Lung-regulating Dose to close the practice!”

Fang Qiu drew out the Traumatology Amendments.

“Haha, not bad!”

Said the middle-aged man with a hearty laugh. He just asked four questions in a row, and the kid before him not only answered the questions without any hitch but also picked out four medical books accurately.

Even when he deliberately held the wrong book to mislead the kid during the first question, the kid still found the correct book.

What did all this represent?

It represented that the student already knew those books by heart.

What an interesting student!

“Could you tell me who you are?”

Asked Fang Qiu with all due respect.

He could not believe that the middle-aged man in front of him was just a librarian.

This man was able to repeat the contents in each book and judge the correctness of his answers, which was enough to demonstrate that he was not an ordinary guy.

Fang Qiu’s brilliant memory came from his martial practices. However, he could not detect any trace of cultivation on this man.

If his great memory was not a result of his martial practices, but he still had such a nature-defiant memory, then who was this man?

“I’m just an administrator who stays here for a living. I simply have a smart brain, and that’s all.”

Said the middle-aged man briefly, smiling.

Fang Qiu obviously didn’t buy it. But since the middle-aged man did not want to say more, he did not pose more questions. However, from now on, he knew the middle-aged man was not an average man.

And the middle-aged man also realized that Fang Qiu was not ordinary, either.

Now that the two men with secrets were not surprised at each other, that meant they both had their own secrets.

After handing the library card back to Fang Qiu, the middle-aged man took a look at the pile of ancient books and contemplated for a moment before saying, “On the third shelf in the Orthopedics Zone, at the bottom tier facing the south, the eighty-two book counting from the east—Traumatology Gist.”

“Yes?”

Fang Qiu looked at the middle-aged man in a puzzle, not knowing what to do next.

“If you’d like to read more ancient books on orthopedics, I suggest you reading that one.”

After finishing these words, the middle-aged man paid no more attention to Fang Qiu and went back to attend his own businesses.

Fang Qiu cast a thoughtful look at the middle-aged man, and then considered the suggestion for a few seconds before entering the library.

The middle-aged man was watching Fang Qiu’s back profile with some sort of expectation.

“Eighty... Eighty-one... Eighty-two!”

At the place where the middle-aged man had told him, Fang Qiu really found the book titled Traumatology Gist.

As he picked up the book which appeared to have been there for ages with no one ever touched it, he felt more confused.

“Who on earth is that middle-aged man?”

“Could he just be an ordinary librarian?”

“Only those that are very familiar with the library are possibly able to tell me the accurate position of a book.”

“And most librarians actually can’t achieve that.”

With those puzzles in mind, Fang Qiu opened the book and looked through its content. On the whole, there was nothing abnormal in this book.

It was similar to other ancient books on orthopedics.

“If so, the middle-aged man would not have recommended it to me.”

He flipped through the pages again.

All of a sudden, a page fell out of the book.

Fang Qiu Immediately reached out and caught that page with his right hand at lightning speed.

His heart was also beating fast.

“Did I damage it? This is an ancient book, probably the only one in the world. If I broke it, no way could I afford the fine with such little money in my pocket!”

Taking another look carefully, it turned out to be a blank page.

But there was no sign of it being torn off.

Fang Qiu finally heaved a sigh in relief.

It seemed that this page was a separated one, just being placed in this book. And it probably fell out when he was turning the pages.

Just when he was about to put it back into the book, his finger touched the center of this page and he froze on the spot as if having an electronic shock.

Fang Qiu goggled at the seemingly blank page in astonishment.

Chapter 4 Curing the Campus Belle!

“Words?”

“This nondescript and blank page has words in the middle!”

In fact, Fang Qiu had always had a secret deep in his heart, a secret that no one knew, including the old master!

He possessed the ability of Absolute Touch!

Anything touched by his hands would form a clear image in his mind and be deeply remembered.

He discovered this ability in the third grade when he was in primary school.

At that time, he and his friends were playing with glass balls, and one of his beautiful glass balls was gone. It happened that one of his classmates then took out one exactly like the one he had lost.

Naturally, everyone, including him, suspected that this classmate had stolen the glass ball from him.

But when his fingers touched the glass ball, he was surprised to find that he could clearly feel its scratches that were invisible to the naked eye.

At the same time, the scratches on his missing glass ball clearly arose in his mind!

By comparison, he was certain that the one in his hand was not his.

From then on he knew he owned this ability.

And only he knew he had it.

The pity was that it was an ability of no practical value. It could be used to show off in the variety show Super Brain, but it was almost useless in his daily life. Thus, he had not practiced it for so many years that he nearly forgot that he still possessed this ability.

But this ability just worked again!

He actually felt the words with his Absolute Touch.

He was sure that what he had touched were words!

“Is that why the middle-aged man at the gate recommended this book to me?”

Fang Qiu subconsciously wondered.

“Is there a secret hidden in this book?”

He examined the page carefully, but there was not a trace of any writing on it, nor even the roughness. Anyway, it gave the impression of a flat piece of white paper.

However, he did feel the words on it.

This aroused his curiosity about the words.

Without any hesitation, he immediately took the ancient book and the page to the lounge.

As soon as he sat down, he couldn't wait to get out a pen, a notebook and the page. He then placed the middle finger of his left hand directly on the page and held the pen in his right hand, ready to write whatever he felt down on the notebook.

With everything ready, he slowly closed his eyes.

The pad of his middle finger moved in a slow way.

Words came into his mind one by one.

"The most important thing in the art of bonesetting is to touch the bone, and then bonesetting!"

"In fact, the method of bone touching all depends on talent, and bonesetting is actually only a small skill; Talent could not be followed, but small skills can be learned and used... "

The first two sentences gave Fang Qiu a big shock.

He was really surprised.

What high-sounding sentiments!

Almost all ancient books praised highly of the art of bonesetting and wished it could be explained as detailed as possible.

However, this book openly said that bonesetting was a small skill!

"Isn't this a bragging?" thought Fang Qiu suspiciously.

He decided to ignore it for the moment and continue to explore the words with his eyes closed.

His brow furrowed deeper and deeper as more and more words floated to his mind.

And his shock grew.

This was an article entitled The Theory of Bonesetting.

It divided bonesetting skill, which was commonly thought very simple, into three realms: Controlling Realm, Friendly Realm and Conscious Realm!

Besides, the difference between these three realms was dramatic and stunning.

Simply put, the Controlling Realm was that one could perfectly know the characteristics of human bones and could tell the problems of human bones from the body shape, so as to precisely set the bones.

The Friendly Realm meant that one became the friend of the bones and united with them, thus achieving perfect bonesetting at will.

According to the above, Fang Qiu, who already knew something about healing injuries, found that he was still far from the Controlling Realm, let alone the Friendly Realm.

The article said that the highest level was the Conscious Realm.

If the meaning of the Controlling Realm and the Friendly Realm were still within Fang Qiu's ability to understand, the Conscious Realm was far beyond his comprehension.

The theory said that someone could break a bone in an instant with consciousness, and also could make the bone reborn!

This was a description of the Conscious Realm.

This was appalling!

What was even more astonishing was that it actually recorded how to train the Conscious Realm!

This was totally unexpected to Fang Qiu because the way to train the Controlling Realm and the Friendly Realm were not described at all, which looked as if the two realms were not worth mentioning.

He had no idea whether the author of this article was a madman or an unsurpassed master.

According to what had been written on the page, one, who achieved the Conscious Realm, was truly as incredible as a God.

Even he, who bore exceptional cultivation, was frightened by the contents of the paper.

Having finished one side, he turned the page to the other side and attached the middle finger of his left hand to the paper.

Immediately, many pictures of the human skeleton began to emerge in his mind. They were more detailed than the colored anatomical drawings available today.

The detailed pictures of human bones, ligaments, muscles and the like were followed by the pictures of bone injury treatment. Looking at these pictures, Fang Qiu felt as if he was seeing a figure changing rapidly with the pictures.

There were pictures of fingers, fists, legs, back and so on.

It looked like therapy.

In fact, it was more like a person teaching him hand in hand!

Ten minutes later, the figure vanished as the final image emerged.

Fang Qiu slowly opened his eyes, but he was still in shock.

It was not until three minutes later that he came to himself.

“Amazing!”

He couldn’t help marveling in the heart.

He didn’t know who could leave so much information on a single page, which helped his bonesetting skills improve to the first stage: the Controlling Realm.

Although he was still a little puzzled, he had really broken through to the Controlling Realm!

No wonder the mighty was so scornful of the first two realms. If Fang Qiu had the ability to elevate someone who knew bonesetting a little directly into the Controlling Realm, he would be dismissive of them, too.

“The world is more mysterious than I know!”

“Such as this mighty. I’ve never heard of such a person.”

Fang Qiu sighed secretly.

With a shake of his head, he prepared to touch the page again and go over the contents.

Just then he was keenly aware that something was wrong with the atmosphere in the library.

He didn't look back, but he noticed that the library lounge was full. He was so absorbed in the contents of the paper that he didn't realize that so many people had come.

"But why do so many people suddenly come to the library, and almost all their eyes are on me?"

"And why do these eyes exude a touch of hostility?"

"What the hell is going on here?" he wondered.

Fang Qiu prepared to figure out what exactly had happened. The moment he looked up, a pair of big bright, clear and beautiful eyes across the table came into his sight. He was taken aback.

Surprisingly, the person sitting opposite him was the new campus belle Jiang Miaoyu, a freshman of the department of acupuncture and massage in the Jiangjing University of Chinese Medicine.

She was the perfect goddess for all boys at the Jiangjing University of Chinese Medicine.

Fang Qiu was not expecting to see Jiang Miaoyu here and he had only seen her far away in the military training.

She was very stunning and had an outstanding temperament.

It was his first impression of her at the time.

In a flash, he knew what had happened.

No wonder so many people came to the library. They were all there to see the campus belle.

No wonder those people looked at him with hostility in their eyes. It turned out that they were jealous that he was sitting with the prettiest school girl.

Knowing this, Fang Qiu gave a bitter smile.

He could not believe that such a dramatic thing had happened to him.

He looked at Jiang Miaoyu and found that this beautiful girl simply cast a glimpse at him before she raised her right hand, holding a needle to prick an acupuncture point in her left arm.

It was one of the few acupuncture points that Fang Qiu knew about.

The Quchi point.

According to some ancient books, this acupoint could be used to treat arm paralysis and pain as well as upper limb paralysis.

It seemed that the girl was going to try the needle on herself.

The needle fell quickly and penetrated her skin.

This stitch was very precise.

Her movements were also very pleasing to the eye.

Then she twisted the needle.

Fang Qiu suddenly remembered the rumor on campus that Jiang Miaoyu was a descendant of an acupuncture family.

Now it seemed that this was true, or a freshman, who had only experienced military training without having classes, would not be so skilled in acupuncture treatment.

Soon, the first twist ended, but Jiang Miaoyu slightly frowned.

Fang Qiu realized that what she was doing didn't seem to work out for her.

When he turned his eyes to her white and tender left arm, he was stunned.

He was no ordinary novice bonesetter now, but a bonesetter in the Controlling Realm. He could see the minor problems at a glance.

Now he knew that Jiang Miaoyu, who had inserted the needle into her arm, was not trying the needle at all.

She was treating herself.

If the symptom was arm discomfort caused by a simple obstruction of vital energy and blood, to acupuncture Quchi point was very effective, but it was a pity that the beautiful girl's arm was not the case.

After a little hesitation, Fang Qiu reminded her, "You're not treating it right."

Jiang Miaoyu's hand that was about to twist the needle again paused. She looked up at Fang Qiu, slightly startled and puzzled.

"Your arm must have been damaged recently. There is a minor dislocation of the wrist joint and a slight ligament strain. To acupuncture Quchi point is useless for this kind of bone injury in a short time. What you need is bonesetting."

Fang Qiu explained.

At his words, there was a flash of surprise in Jiang Miaoyu's bright eyes.

Her arm was indeed uncomfortable, which was caused by the heavy load she carried when she tidied up her dormitory this morning. She was surprised to know that the boy opposite her, who also wore military training uniform, could tell her symptoms at a glance.

"Look like there are many undiscovered talents in this university!" she thought.

At that moment, another pain came from her left arm, which made her frown slightly.

Not wanting to see others suffer, Fang Qiu immediately suggested, "If you need, I can help you."

His tone was full of confidence.

Curious about him, Jiang Miaoyu looked Fang Qiu up and down carefully.

In the face of her, some boys blushed and could not speak, and some tried hard to show themselves. It was the first time that she had seen a boy who

had offered to heal her injury at the first meeting, and had known her problem at first sight.

“Is this a new flirting trick?” she wondered.

But when she saw Fang Qiu’s sincere expression, Jiang Miaoyu knew that he really wanted to help her.

“Then, please,” she said and gave him a little smile.

Jiang Miaoyu said and stretched out her left arm, with a look of anticipation in her eyes.

Her charming smile immediately wowed Fang Qiu.

But the next moment he turned into a doctor, with a solemn look and calm eyes.

Fang Qiu grasped Jiang Miaoyu’s left upper arm with his left hand, gently held her left hand with his right hand, and then shook it slightly. Suddenly, he looked up at her and gave her a big smile. “You’re pretty,” he praised her from the bottom of his heart.

Jiang Miaoyu froze at what Fang Qiu said. She was waiting for him to set her bone right and never expected his sudden praise.

“Thank...”

Before Jiang Miaoyu could finish, Fang Qiu had a sudden flash of light in his eyes. His hands simultaneously gave her left hand and arm a sudden and hard twist, one clockwise and the other counterclockwise. Before Jiang Miaoyu could react, his hands were back in position!

Fang Qiu then loosened her arm and said happily, “It’s okay now.”

Chapter 5 A Exclusive Big Secret

“You...”

Jiang Miaoyu just understood the sentence “you are really beautiful” from the boy was not to praise her, but let her be in a daze in one moment to make all her muscles relax.

The boy in front of her was just using this moment for bonesetting.

She didn't know what to say about the behavior of the boy in front of her.

Jiang Miaoyu tried to move the arm and was surprised to find that it was cured. Her arm's uncomfortable feeling disappeared a lot.

“There should still be some pain, which is caused by the ligament strain. There is no way to make it quickly recover, you can only let it heal itself. Don't overuse your left arm within one week.”

Fang Qiu advised her like an old doctor to his patient.

“Well, thank you!”

Jiang Miaoyu moved her arms while saying thanks sincerely.

“You're welcome.”

Fang Qiu said with a smile.

Just then, the mobile phone near Jiang Miaoyu's hand vibrated.

“Excuse me, I'll take a call.”

Jiang Miaoyu said while picking up the phone embarrassedly.

Fang Qiu beckoned her to help herself and continued to study the bone setting theory.

But at this time, the surrounding boys were quite furious.

Their goddess had been defiled!

There was a man grabbing her arm and holding her hand!

Although it was just a few seconds, this could not be tolerated!

The most unbearable thing was that their goddess smiled at that guy!

“Why?”

“Why!!!”

The boys in the whole library were almost heartbroken.

At this time, Jiang Miaoyu put down the phone and said shyly, “I’m going to leave. My roommate forgot to take her key. I have to go back and open the door for her.”

“Help yourself.”

Fang Qiu beckoned to her by stretching out his hands.

Jiang Miaoyu nodded and said, “Thank you again.”

“You’re welcome.” said Fang Qiu.

Jiang Miaoyu smiled faintly. Then she put away the needles as well as the books and left in a hurry.

She thought that Fang Qiu would stop her for her number, but he didn’t.

Fang Qiu ignored the jealous and murderous eyes around him. He continued to close his eyes and pick up the page, placing his left hand on the page again without distractions.

But the moment when he placed his arms on it, his eyes opened suddenly.

His eyes were filled with shock and disbelief again!

Disappeared!

All the marks on it disappeared!

Fang Qiu quickly picked up the page and checked them for several times. Finally, he confirmed that.

It’s gone. It’s totally gone.

Now the page in his hand became a blank sheet of paper completely without any meaning.

“I have no idea who can do this. What a disposable item!”

Fang Qiu felt a little yearning for the talent who can make such a wonderful page. “How I wish I could meet him in person.

“Could it be the middle-aged man at the door?”

It suddenly occurred to him

If it was him, he must know what on it!

He decided to sound it out after thinking for a while.

Fang Qiu immediately put the useless page into the ancient book and put back the book in the distance. Then He took some modern books of orthopedics and went to the circulation desk at the door.

The reason why he took modern books was that he wanted to compare to know the difference between modern orthopedics and ancient orthopedics and drew on others’ successful experience.

Seeing several books brought by Fang Qiu, the middle-aged man could not help showing a trace of disappointment in his face. He asked, “Didn’t you find that ‘Traumatology Message’?”

“I did, but there was nothing strange as I looked through it. So I put it back.”

Fang Qiu replied, but he stared at the middle-aged man casually.

“Is there anything strange about this book?”

The middle-aged man shook his head and said as if to himself, “it seems that you can’t crack it as well.”

Hearing this, Fang Qiu shook his body and mind with his eyes lit up. Then he asked calmly, “What can’t be cracked?”

“Nothing.”

The middle-aged man answered coolly.

Then he quickly took statistics procedure for Fang Qiu, pushed forward the books together with the borrowing card and turned his back on Fang Qiu.

But Fang Qiu smiled faintly.

“It seems that you do not know the secret inside!

“Then you can’t be the talent!

“Who on earth is that talent?

“And who are you?”

Fang Qiu put the ancient books in the bag, picked up the borrowing card with a “thank you” and walked out of the door directly.

Looking at Fang Qiu’s figure, the middle-aged man sighed in disappointment.

One of his seniors had told him that there was a big secret hiding in the book. But he had been here for ten years and had not found any secret at all.

He saw and knew a wonderful boy today, so he let him have a try.

But unfortunately, still nothing was found.

It seemed that what his senior said was not true!

The middle-aged man could not help thinking of it. However, he was not very concerned about this big secret because in his opinion, the secret of orthopedics was nothing more than secret recipes and plaster things. It was not a big deal if he did not know.

Just let the secret dissipate over time!

He did not know Fang Qiu had already gotten the big secret and had used it to the new school beauty.

As soon as Fang Qiu carried his schoolbag back to the dormitory, the three fellows in the dorm immediately surrounded him.

“The youngest, please teach me!” The third oldest Sun Hao asked directly.

“Please teach me!”

The oldest Zhu Benzhen and the fourth oldest Zhou Xiaotian asked in chorus.

“Teach what?”

Fang Qiu put down the schoolbag and asked doubtfully.

“About chasing after girls. Oh, no. I mean the method of playing the hand-flute, please!”

Sun Hao implored with a yearning look. He seemed to want to learn it immediately to show off.

“This is simple.”

Fang Qiu directly pulled up a chair, sat down and began to teach.

Three people were all in a daze for a moment. Obviously, they didn’t think Fang Qiu was so nice.

Then they pulled up their chairs ecstatically and started to learn.

Half an hour later, three of them lied on their beds with hopeless faces while Fang Qiu had already gone to the canteen for a meal.

“Guys, it’s a little difficult!” The fourth oldest Zhou Xiaotian said weakly as he looked at the white wall of the roof.

“It’s more than a little, it’s too much hard!”

Sun Hao also said weakly.

After a continuous play of half an hour, they didn’t learn anything. It made their heads oxygen-poor and made them see stars.

“Didn’t the youngest say? Persist and never give up. It took him several years to reach this level.” said the oldest Zhu Benzhen.

“After several years, I would have graduated from the university! How could I chase after girls! It seems that in the future, we can only live in the shadow of the youngest. Especially, this boy now has shown a sign of a straight-A student as he never stops reading even for one moment!”

“Alas!”

The three people sighed together and continued lying on the bed like the dead.

After dinner, everyone went to evening self-study session together.

Today, the beautiful senior and class teacher Liu Feifei said that there would be a class meeting.

In the class meeting, Liu Feifei praised Fang Qiu a lot.

Then everyone realized that the God of Justice that was discussed a lot in Campus BBS in the afternoon was Fang Qiu!

The class immediately burst into a round of warm applause.

Other classes were very confused after hearing this. "What is Class Three doing? So noisy."

And Zhu Benzhen, Sun Hao and Zhou Xiaotian looked paler. They looked at each other and smiled wryly.

"This shadow of the youngest is a little big!"

After the class meeting, this group of people went back to their dormitory, washed and went to sleep.

Three o'clock early in the morning.

Fang Qiu sat up from the bed and got dressed quietly. Then he opened the door of the dormitory and jumped down directly from the fifth floor.

It was soundless when he landed.

Just then, he turned into a flashing dark shadow and quickly flew toward Yaowang Mountain in the university.

Three o'clock every morning was the time for him to start practicing kung fu.

From the perspective of Chinese Medicine, if 24 hours corresponded to the 24 solar terms of four seasons, then three o'clock in the morning corresponded to the Beginning of Spring when all things were generated. Practicing Kung Fu at this moment was in sync with the aura of the sky and the earth, which was undoubtedly the best.

The Jiangjing University of Chinese Medicine was large, with dense vegetation and lush green.

“Yaowang Mountain” was the Central Lake in the campus. Beside it, there was an artificial mountain, which was full of various Chinese herbs.

Unfortunately, these herbs were just only empty suits due to climate reasons, etc.

Once Fang Qiu stepped into Yaowang Mountain, he heard a voice of “hey” and “ha”. He frowned slightly at once.

“Is there anyone else besides me?”

Fang Qiu had come to where the voice was as he made a quick movement. He stared blankly for a moment when he saw a man practicing sparring. Just then, he smiled slightly.

Chen Cong.

He was another one that the beautiful senior referred to, who was on behalf of their class to put on a performance, which was a martial arts display!

Fang Qiu stood quietly under the tree, watching Chen Cong sparring.

His sparring was as dynamic as a tiger, strong and forceful.

It felt quite fierce and malicious.

His move was very violent.

But Fang Qiu shook his head. When he was going to leave after seeing for a while, he heard a loud roar suddenly.

“Who?!”

Chen Cong immediately stopped sparring and looked warily in the direction of Fang Qiu.

The sweat trickled down from his forehead, it was either because of the sparring or an embarrassment.

It was so careless of him not to notice that someone was watching beside.

But Fang Qiu walked out from the shadow of the tree with a slight smile. Just now, he revealed his figure on purpose. If Chen Cong did not find it, he would be very disappointed.

“Fang Qiu?”

As Chen Cong saw clearly the man’s face, he frowned slightly.

“It’s me. Good morning,” said Fang Qiu.

“What are you doing here?” Chen Cong took out a towel to wipe the sweat over his body, his expression relaxed obviously.

“I was just passing by.”

Fang Qiu replied curtly.

“Passing by?”

Chen Cong’s movements stopped and eyes shined. “You passed by at three o’clock early in the morning? Are you out for exercises as well? Also for kung fu practicing? You’re not going to tell me you’re here to study, are you?”

Fang Qiu did not answer.

At this time a leaf fell down from the tree. He stretched out his palm to let the leaf fall exactly on his palm and then looked at Chen Cong with a half-smile.

But Chen Cong ignored it and still stared at him, waiting for his answer.

Seeing this, Fang Qiu turned over his palm. The leaf slowly fell.

“I just can’t fall asleep so I come out to relax. But I did not expect to meet you. No more disturbing you. I will go first, you go on.”

After that, he nodded and left.

Chen Cong looked at the leaving figure of Fang Qiu and narrowed his eyes. Then he put on his clothes and quietly followed up.

Fang Qiu sensed someone was following him and smiled faintly.

If Chen Cong was really a beginner of martial arts, he must be aware of the powerful state behind his action of picking up the leaf by hand.

But he didn't.

That meant he did even enter the realm of kung fu.

So, he had nothing to say with Chen Cong because their roads were different.

Fang Qiu sped up instantly. The whole person silently disappeared into the jungle.

Chen Cong followed up, but suddenly Fang Qiu was nowhere to be found.

Huh?

This situation made him frown instantly.

With his talents, it was unlikely for him to be ditched by an ordinary student.

He looked around at once, but there was no sign of Fang Qiu.

Back to the original place, Chen Cong was lost in deep thought.

"Could Fang Qiu be an expert?"

Otherwise, it would not be so easy to get rid of his tracking so easily.

The speculation made him instantly excited. He clenched his fists.

"It seems that my way is not lonely. Finally, I found the person to practice with!

"However, it seems that this guy is not ready to expose himself, I must find a chance to sound out him."

After the decision, Chen Cong took off his clothes and continued practicing Kung Fu.

At the same time.

Fang Qiu arrived at Central Lake. There was an island in the middle of Central Lake. Few people got there because there was no boat.

He was all ears to listen and made sure there was nobody around.

Internal Qi was filled through his entire body after he took a deep breath.

He silently walked forward.

He had one foot into the lake surface. An appalling scene occurred, he did not sink.

He stood on the lake surface impressively with his feet clung to the water surface as easily as though walking upon a level road!

Fang Qiu strode forward steadily, even more steadily than that on the flat ground. And it added a misty sense.

He walked faster and faster, finally feeling as flying up on the lake.

Qing Kung!

If someone saw this scene, he would certainly think of the Qing Kung from the swordsmen films on TV!

In this world, someone had the ability of Qing Kung. It completely violated Newton's laws!

If this news got out, everyone in the world would be shocked definitely!

Fang Qiu jumped from the lake surface like a giant eagle and then landed lightly on the island. He sat cross-legged and started cultivating.

In the realm where he reached, moves were no longer important.

It was the internal Qi that should be focused on.

With the movement of internal Qi perfusion, every move implied the theory of kung fu, very powerful.

This was the real way to simplify like great wisdom appeared stupid.