

Invincible Little School Doctor

16: Chapter 16: You disfigure yourself just like getting plastic surgery!

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Sun Zhe also looked in the direction of the voice and saw a guy dressed plainly, looking like a loser, walking towards him with an unfriendly stare.

And behind the loser was a short-statured but delicate and pretty little nurse.

At this moment, a student who was a sworn friend of his recognized Ye Haochuan and whispered to Sun Zhe, "Young Master Sun, this guy is Ye Haochuan, the one who saved Li Wenfeng."

Once Sun Zhe heard this, a sharp light flickered in his narrow eyes.

He pulled out the Silver Needle that was stuck in his hand and gritted his teeth, "You little brat, I didn't settle the score with you yesterday for saving Li Wenfeng, but now you dare to stick me with a needle.

We'll settle both old and new grievances, you're dead for sure today!"

No sooner had he finished speaking than the students around him gathered up to surround him.

In their view, Ye Haochuan was just like the two bodyguards lying on the ground, about to become the next target of their beating.

At the end of the hallway, many doctors and nurses, as well as students who had come for treatment, were watching from a distance, all very worried for Ye Haochuan.

Sun Zhe's father, Sun Yongsheng, was the famous head of Yongsheng Group in Haishan City.

This kid bullied both boys and girls at school, acting lawlessly.

Now, with their numerical superiority, Ye Haochuan was completely outmatched and stood no chance at all.

Well, let alone Sun Zhe, even the sworn friends around him all came from good backgrounds and had extraordinary family support.

Each one either drove a BMW or an Audi.

If Ye Haochuan dared to hit one of them, he'd be in big trouble.

Kou Jing and Han Xue'er were even more anxious, both tightly clenching their fists with palms full of cold sweat.

Although they had seen Ye Haochuan's ability to overpower Li Tianwei's three bodyguards yesterday, now, with at least ten people on Sun Zhe's side, could Ye Haochuan possibly prevail?

Little did they know, Ye Haochuan smiled nonchalantly, cracking his knuckles, "Buzz off, who's going to die today is still up in the air!"

This carefree attitude immediately infuriated Sun Zhe.

"Guys, beat him for me, beat him until he's a bloody mess!" Sun Zhe commanded with rage.

As soon as Sun Zhe gave the order, the students menacingly closed in on Ye Haochuan, rolling up their sleeves, ready to fight.

"Young Master Sun, rest easy, watch how we beat him up!"

"Young Master Sun, I can't guarantee anything else, but crippling this little punk is no problem at all!"

"Damn it, Ye, you dare to talk to our Young Master Sun like that?"

Are you freaking asking for it?"

Facing the students closing in from all directions, Ye Haochuan's expression turned cold, "Damn, a bunch of fools courting death!"

On hearing this, Sun Zhe's buddies were instantly enraged and rushed at him all at once.

The next moment, Ye Haochuan's energy sank into his Dantian, he bent down, using his left foot as the pivot point, he spun around forcefully, sweeping out with a leg sweep, a domineering aura sweeping across everything.

"Smack smack smack..."

A series of rapid sounds ensued, one after the other, resembling musical notes varying in pitch, continuous and unbroken.

Followed by screams beginning to rise and fall, almost every student at the forefront of the charge fell to the ground, clutching their legs and wailing loudly.

“Damn it, if you want to cripple others, you’d better be prepared to get crippled yourself!” Ye Haochuan said as he looked at the bodies sprawled on the ground.

The rest of Sun Zhe’s buddies were shocked and secretly cursed their bad luck, “Damn it, we’ve kicked the iron board today, we’ve encountered a master.”

And the surrounding onlookers, all rejuvenated, nobody had expected Ye Haochuan to be such a good fighter.

However, Sun Zhe had always been arrogant and how could he easily admit defeat?

Moreover, he himself was a martial artist.

The two bodyguards sent by Li Tianwei had been taken down by him with just a few moves.

“Damn, no wonder you’re so arrogant, kid, you’ve actually trained a bit in martial arts,” Sun Zhe’s expression turned cold on the spot, and he said viciously, “But in front of me, you’re not arrogant enough.”

With that said, Sun Zhe bellowed, “Get out of my way, all of you!”

The crowd of buddies dispersed like a tide, clearing a space, each of them shouting and cheering for Sun Zhe.

“With Young Master Sun taking action, this kid is doomed for sure.”

“Exactly.

Our Young Master Sun is the school’s Sanda champion and has been mentored by a master.

This kid’s done for.”

“Hehe, I’d bet this guy won’t survive the day.

Even if he does, he’ll probably be crippled by Young Master Sun!”

Listening to these mocking words, Ye Haochuan felt contempt.

Each of them looked down on others with disdain.

What kind of eyes do they have?

At that moment, Sun Zhe moved forward a few steps, reached Ye Haochuan, and without warning threw a straight punch at him.

The speed was astounding.

All around, exclamations rose and fell in succession.

Turns out, after Sun Zhe threw his punch, Ye Haochuan didn't move an inch.

Just as the punch was about to land on his face, Ye Haochuan suddenly responded with even greater speed like lightning, grabbed Sun Zhe's fist in his hand, and then twisted it in the opposite direction with force.

Sun Zhe immediately let out a yelp of pain and knelt on the ground, his face swelling red.

Surrounded by Sun Zhe's close circle, all their faces changed color, none of them had expected that their champion in Sanda, Young Master Sun, would not last a single move against Ye Haochuan.

They cursed in unison, demanding Ye Haochuan to let go.

Ye Haochuan, seizing the advantage, would not let up.

Why would he listen to these people's noise?

Instead, he continued to activate his Longevity True Qi, increasing the strength in his hand.

Sun Zhe's wrist became more and more painful, beads of sweat the size of beans continuously rolled down his face, and through gritted teeth, he cursed, "Son of a bitch, how dare you mess with me..."

"Mess with you?"

"I'm going to beat you up!" Ye Haochuan said, and then slapped him across the face.

Immediately, a clear palm print appeared on one side of Sun Zhe's cheek, burning hot.

"You dare to hit me?" Sun Zhe was furious.

"Smack!"

Ye Haochuan unleashed another loud slap and said indifferently, "I'm hitting you today.

What can you do to me?"

"Fuck your mother!" Sun Zhe suddenly erupted like an angry lion.

“Idiot!” Ye Haochuan laughed coldly, gripping the hand that held Sun Zhe’s fist, and applied more force.

Sun Zhe immediately let out a scream like a pig being slaughtered.

The group of Sun Zhe’s cronies couldn’t stand it any longer and came up to attack together, but Ye Haochuan grabbed Sun Zhe and swung him around as a human weapon.

Those who closed in were all thrown to the ground, crying out in pain.

Seeing this, Sun Zhe realized at once that the guy in front of him was not to be trifled with, but he still blustered weakly, “Ye, let go of me right now, or I’ll find someone to kill you!”

“Kill me?”

Ye Haochuan was thoroughly enjoying the fight, his confidence swelling.

He scoffed at the threats, “If you want to kill me, I’ll fucking kill you first!”

After speaking, he concentrated his Longevity True Qi in his palm and delivered smack after smack, one after another, fiercely slapping Sun Zhe’s face.

With the power of the Longevity True Qi, his slaps were several times stronger, swelling Sun Zhe’s face and causing a buzzing in his ears.

“Brother Ye, Brother Ye, I’ll call you my dear brother, please stop hitting me.

I beg you to stop.

If you keep going, I’ll be disfigured!”

Sun Zhe was in so much pain that tears streamed down his face.

“Your disfigurement is like getting plastic surgery!” Ye Haochuan laughed.

“Pfft—” Kou Jing and Han Xue’er, who were beside him, couldn’t help but burst into laughter upon hearing this.

17: Chapter 17: Block the Enemy Soldiers!

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However, seeing Sun Zhe in such a pitiful state, Kou Jing and Han Xue’er began to feel somewhat reluctant to see him suffer further.

Han Xue'er was the first to persuade, "Brother Ye, stop hitting him, just let it go..."

Kou Jing also followed, "Yes, Doctor Ye, a small lesson was enough, don't go too far."

As soon as Sun Zhe heard both women pleading for him, it seemed to him like music from heaven, and he quickly seized the opportunity, "Yes, Brother Ye, listen to the two sisters-in-law, please spare me..."

Kou Jing and Han Xue'er both blushed upon hearing this; what sisters-in-law?

Nonsense!

Ye Haochuan, however, burst into laughter, released Sun Zhe's fist, and clapped his hands, "You're lucky, your calling me 'brother-in-law' was on point, now take your men and scram!"

Kou Jing stomped her foot angrily, this jerk, openly taking advantage of her!

Han Xue'er, however, felt differently; though he was a bit of a lecher, he was exceptionally handsome and skilled, being his woman would mean security, who would dare bully her then?

By that time, Sun Zhe had already gotten up, limping away with his gang, hurriedly and in disarray.

However, once he reached the elevator at the far end of the corridor, the guy turned boisterous again, yelling at Ye Haochuan, "Motherfucker, you wait, if I can't beat you, I'll find a master to take you down!"

Fuck!"

After saying this, the group rushed into the elevator and vanished.

"Fine, I'll wait, let's see what crap master you can bring," Ye Haochuan said nonchalantly.

At this moment, Kou Jing and Han Xue'er came up to him, both women wearing worried expressions.

"Doctor Ye, Sun Zhe's background is not simple; now that you've provoked him, I'm afraid he won't let this go easily," Kou Jing said with a frown.

"It doesn't matter, I block warriors; women, I seduce, I'm not scared of him at all," Ye Haochuan said nonchalantly.

Block warriors and seduce women?

What kind of ugly talk is that?

Why does everything sound wrong when it comes out of his mouth?

Kou Jing and Han Xue'er, both embarrassed, gave him a cold look and no longer dared stay with him.

They called the doctors and nurses who were not far away spectating, to quickly carry the two unconscious bodyguards lying on the ground to the emergency room for urgent care.

Once the women left, Ye Haochuan went into the VIP ward.

Li Wenfeng, who was unable to move on the hospital bed, immediately gave a thumbs up as he saw him enter, "Big Brother Ye, you're truly awesome.

That Sun Zhe is the Sanda champion of Haishan University, and you took him down in just a few moves."

Ye Haochuan grinned and scoffed, "That guy's skill and he dares call himself a Sanda champion?

Has Haishan University become 'a place where there are no tigers, hence the monkey becoming king?"

Unbeknownst to him, carrying the Longevity True Qi and having inherited the Holy Hand's Medical Techniques, his martial skills were not something ordinary people like Sun Zhe could compare to.

Li Wenfeng smiled, his face full of admiration, "Brother Ye, it's not that he lacks skill, it's just that you're too good.

Although I can't get out of bed and didn't see how formidable you were, I can imagine it, and your skills are indeed impressive."

Ye Haochuan touched his nose and humbly said, "Just average, not a big deal handling some petty people."

Li Wenfeng nodded his head and then his expression became serious, "However, Brother Ye, I still need to remind you that just now, Sun Zhe threatened to find a master to deal with you, and if I'm not wrong, he must have gone to find his master."

"His master?" Ye Haochuan was taken aback.

"Yes, his master," Li Wenfeng nodded, "His master is actually a worldly master hired by his father, with a very mysterious identity.

No one knows his name, he is just known as Eighth Master.

According to my father, this Eighth Master is from a mysterious organization called something Hellfire...”

Ye Haochuan raised his eyebrows, feeling somewhat familiar, and blurted out, “Hellfire?”

“Yes, yes, Hellfire, that’s the mysterious organization,” Li Wenfeng brightened up, then looked puzzled, “Hey, Brother Ye, how do you know the name Hellfire?”

Ye Haochuan couldn’t explain that he had heard it from Long Xiaotian, so he vaguely said, “Just a wild guess.”

Li Wenfeng didn’t suspect anything and continued, “According to my father, this organization Hellfire has a strict hierarchy, acts very stealthily, and each member is extremely ruthless.

I’ve seen firsthand how formidable that Eighth Master is.

It’s said that within Hellfire, he’s just a low-level disciple, not even a full disciple.”

“What, not even a full disciple?” Ye Haochuan frowned, “Young Master Feng, you said you’ve witnessed his prowess, then between him and me, who is more formidable?”

Li Wenfeng thought for a moment, then shook his head, “I think he is a bit more formidable.”

“What?” Ye Haochuan felt somewhat indignant, thinking to himself, ‘I’ve received the legacy of the Holy Hand, and I’m so awesome, yet I’m still not as good as a mere disciple of Hellfire?’

Li Wenfeng seemed to sense his displeasure and didn’t know quite how to explain; suddenly, he remembered something, took out his cellphone, and said, “Right, Brother Ye, I have a video here secretly recorded with my phone, about him helping Sun Zhe deal with some thugs around our school, let me show you...”

Ye Haochuan’s interest was piqued, he leaned forward, and soon, Li Wenfeng played a video on his phone.

In the video, at least thirty thugs, armed with cleavers, daggers, and even iron bars, aggressively charged at a skinny man who looked as thin as a bamboo pole.

Presumably, this skinny man was the so-called Eighth Master mentioned by Li Wenfeng?

Because of the distance, it was hard to make out Eighth Master's face and age, however, he stood there giving off an impression as if he were a mountain, completely the air of a master.

Just as these thugs were about to chop Eighth Master into mincemeat, suddenly, he bellowed loudly, and somehow, almost all of the thugs immediately clasped their ears, falling to the ground and rolling around in pain.

"Damn, could this skinny guy have practiced some sort of Qigong?"

With just one shout, he's that powerful!" Ye Haochuan exclaimed in surprise.

He considered the Longevity Technique very formidable, and indeed, after gaining the Longevity True Qi, his own strength had become very strong, but to reach the level where a shout could harm an opponent was very difficult.

Moreover, in the memories received from Holy Hand, there weren't many martial arts secrets, after all, it was about healing and saving lives.

The practice of Longevity Technique was mainly for enhancing his own cultivation and aiding in saving lives, not purely for harming others.

"Brother Ye, you are indeed right, this Eighth Master actually did practice a kind of Qigong.

His shout just now was actually a technique called Lion's Roar..."

Lion's Roar?

The name did roll off the tongue nicely.

Suddenly, Ye Haochuan began to look forward to it, thinking how awesome it would be if he could master this Lion's Roar technique?

18: Chapter 18 Ancient Martial Artist?

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Seeing he didn't respond, Li Wenfeng assumed he was still in shock and continued, "Although I was far away at the time, I could still feel the power of that guy's Lion's Roar.

It felt like my ears were about to go deaf."

Ye Haochuan exclaimed, "That guy's Lion's Roar is indeed formidable, one roar sweeps over a large area!

It's much more powerful than any direct physical attack."

"Exactly.

From what I've learned later," said Li Wenfeng with lingering fear, "those little ruffians who were injured by that guy eventually had all their hearing weakened, and one or two even became deaf, turning into useless people.

Lucky for me, I was far away or else I would have ended up the same."

Ye Haochuan frowned.

This guy was a formidable opponent; if Sun Zhe called him over, Haochuan wasn't sure if he could withstand him.

"However, Brother Ye, you should not worry too much.

As I know," Li Wenfeng added, "although that guy is strong, using the Lion's Roar takes a lot of energy.

After helping Sun Zhe clean up the small thugs around our school, he used this Lion's Roar several times consecutively and is now in seclusion at Sun Zhe's place to recuperate.

He won't be likely to come after us anytime soon."

Ye Haochuan then breathed a sigh of relief, as long as he didn't come right away, he could think of ways to increase his strength.

Moreover, according to the former head of Long Group, Dragon Roar, there was bad blood between Long Group and Hellfire.

Surely, Dragon Roar would not stand idly by.

Though this might earn him a scolding from Dragon Roar, his life mattered more, and he couldn't worry about that now.

Footsteps sounded.

Ye Haochuan turned his head and saw through the hospital room door that a group of people rushed in, led by a student with Maserati hair, followed by several stern-faced bodyguards wearing sunglasses.

"Young Master Feng, are you alright?"

Did that bastard Sun Zhe do anything to you?” the Maserati-haired student shouted anxiously.

“Damn, as if that guy could do anything to me?” Li Wenfeng cursed.

“Haha, that’s right!

If that bastard Sun Zhe dared to hurt you, all of us brothers would wipe him out,” the Maserati-haired student laughed.

At that moment, the Maserati-haired student noticed Ye Haochuan’s presence.

Since Ye Haochuan was about to end his shift and had already changed out of his white coat into casual clothes, he mistook Haochuan for Friend Feng’s friend.

“Young Master Feng, who is this gentleman?

How come I’ve never seen him before?” asked the Maserati-haired student.

Only then did Li Wenfeng introduce Ye Haochuan to him.

And from Li Wenfeng’s introduction, Ye Haochuan learned that the Maserati-haired student was called Lei Yiming, also from a wealthy family and close childhood friend of Wenfeng; they were deeply bonded brothers.

However, Lei Yiming was not a student at Haishan University, but studied in another city, Qingyuan.

Hearing of the incident with Wenfeng, he had taken leave from school and flown back home on a private jet, showing deep loyalty.

“Young Master Ming,” Wenfeng spoke earnestly, “listen to me, Brother Ye is a great benefactor to me, Li Wenfeng.

If it weren’t for him acting to save me last night, my life would have been claimed by King Yama.

You should show him some respect from now on.”

“Ah!” Lei Yiming was taken aback.

Li Wenfeng then related the incident with Sun Zhe during the basketball duel the previous afternoon, how Sun Zhe had suddenly attacked him, causing serious injuries.

“Damn, that Sun Zhe, having no skills in his own team, actually resorted to dirty tricks.

Young Master Feng, you recuperate well here, I'll go and settle the score with that bastard Sun Zhe right away," Lei Yiming said angrily.

Li Wenfeng waved his hand and laughed, "No need, it's pointless to go after that guy now.

Brother Ye has just beaten him to a pulp."

"Brother Ye is that amazing?

Sun Zhe, that bastard, is your Haishan University's sanda expert!" Lei Yiming exclaimed in surprise.

"So what if he's a sanda expert?

In front of Brother Ye, that little brat Sun Zhe is like clay." Li Wenfeng said disdainfully, curling his lip.

Following that, Li Wenfeng embellished how Ye Haochuan had showed his divine might and how he had beaten Sun Zhe and his group to the ground.

Only then did Lei Yiming start to believe and admire Ye Haochuan profoundly; he also affectionately started calling him Brother Ye.

After chatting for a while, Ye Haochuan thought it was getting late and, worried that that Eighth Master might trouble him at any moment, he really wasn't in the mood to continue chatting with two kids.

He then made an excuse about needing to move some luggage from his rental house and prepared to take his leave.

"Brother Ye, why not take my car?

It'll be faster," Lei Yiming suggested earnestly, as he had always respected heroes who were fearless in the face of violence,

Ye Haochuan intended to refuse, but couldn't withstand Li Wenfeng's persuasion and thus reluctantly accepted Lei Yiming's kindness.

Lei Yiming, truly born into a wealthy family, had come to visit his fraternal brother at Haishan University with three luxurious cars, a Maserati as his own ride and two black Audis trailing behind, obviously serving as an escort for the Maserati.

The bodyguard arranged by Lei Yiming initially suggested that Ye Haochuan take the Maserati, but considering that he had a lot of luggage at his rental, he chose the Audi with a larger trunk instead.

“Vroom—”

After getting into the car, the engine of the Audi started immediately, and it shot out like a tiger sprung from its cage.

Twenty minutes later, Ye Haochuan arrived at his basement rental house, settled the rent with the landlord, packed his luggage into the trunk of the Audi, and then headed back to Haishan University.

Along the way, his cellphone suddenly rang, and upon checking the caller ID, it was a different unfamiliar number than before.

Ye Haochuan knew it was Long Xiaotian calling, thought that this guy was overly cautious.

Changing phone numbers so often, almost never repeating the same one.

Pressing the answer button, he heard Long Xiaotian's voice, informing him that the arrangements for him to live together with Lin Qingxuan were all set.

However, Ye Haochuan was currently worried that Sun Zhe might have the Eighth Master seek revenge on him, so his excitement from before had faded.

Long Xiaotian, seeming to sense his thoughts, chided jokingly, “What’s wrong with you, kid?”

“You’re like an eggplant beaten by frost”

Ye Haochuan then shared his enmity with Sun Zhe and the potential retaliation from a Hellfire Disciple.

However, mindful of the driver in the car, he didn’t make his mention of the Hellfire too obvious.

“Go on, a Hellfire Disciple worth nothing.

Is the Longevity Technique passed down to you by the Holy Hand just for show?”

Focus on your cultivation, enter the Postnatal Early Stage soon, and you can handle a mere Hellfire Disciple however you want.”

Hearing Long Xiaotian speak so casually, Ye Haochuan’s spirits lifted, and he quickly asked what the Postnatal Early Stage was all about.

“Well, since you’re now a reserve member of the Long Group, I might as well tell you.

All of us, we're not ordinary people; we are Ancient Martial Artists, and our strength is measured by our Martial Arts Path World Realm."

Hearing this, Ye Haochuan was stunned for a moment: "Ancient Martial Artist?"

19: Chapter 19 Martial Arts Path Boundary 19: Chapter 19 Martial Arts Path Boundary
Hearing Ye Haochuan's voice filled with astonishment, Long Xiaotian chuckled from the other end of the phone, "That's right, Ancient Martial Artist.

What's the matter, surprised, aren't you?"

Ye Haochuan quickly collected himself, chuckled at himself, and said, "A little.

Because I never imagined that I would be involved with this.

Alright, Brother Long, please continue."

"Okay."

Long Xiaotian paused for a moment, then continued.

"In fact, our current organization Long Group is just a front to mislead the public; our true identity is that of Ancient Martial Artists, and the real name of our Long Group is Ancient Martial Arts Sect."

"Oh, I see," Ye Haochuan nodded.

"You are not yet a true member of our Ancient Martial Arts Sect, so details about our sect are currently kept secret from you.

When your cultivation improves in the future, we'll tell you more.

Now, I will explain the most fundamental cultivation boundaries of Ancient Martial Artists, something you must know."

At this, Ye Haochuan perked up, listening with rapt attention.

"Before officially entering the Martial Arts Path World Realm, there are two stages, Postnatal and Innate.

Both of these stages focus on the cultivation of True Qi, and it's only after surpassing the Innate Realm that one can step into the Foundation Establishment Stage and begin cultivating True Yuan."

"The Postnatal and Innate stages each have four boundaries: Early Stage, Early Stage, Mid-Stage, and Peak."

“An Ancient Martial Artist in the Postnatal Early Stage can lift a thousand jin with their bare hands, in the Postnatal Mid-Stage they can lift two thousand jin, in the Postnatal Late Stage, three thousand jin, and at the Postnatal Peak, they can lift five thousand jin.”

“The Innate Realm is a watershed.

An Ancient Martial Artist in the Innate Early Stage can lift ten thousand jin, in the Innate Mid-Stage, fifteen thousand jin, in the Innate Late Stage, thirty thousand jin, and at the Innate Peak, they can lift fifty thousand jin.”

“As for the Foundation Establishment Stage, well, there’s no need to talk about it now; we can discuss it when your strength reaches that level,” Long Xiaotian said with a sigh.

Hearing this, Ye Haochuan sensibly did not press the issue.

After all, it would be who knows how long before he successfully got through the Postnatal and Innate realms; fretting about the Foundation Establishment Stage was pointless!

At this moment, Long Xiaotian suddenly voiced his confusion, “Strange, Holy Hand is very familiar with these matters, doesn’t the inherited memory he passed on to you contain this information?”

Ye Haochuan was lost for words, silently muttering to himself in protest: Seriously, if I had this information, would I still need to ask Brother Long?

“Perhaps, after Holy Hand died, when existing as a Soul Body, he was quite weak.

Transferring all of his memories to you was clearly not easy, and as a result, much of that memory was probably lost,” Long Xiaotian deduced with a somber tone.

Ye Haochuan felt that this made sense, and immediately sighed to himself with regret, thinking that if he possessed those memories, he wouldn’t have been at a disadvantage with Long Xiaotian.

“The disciple from Hellfire that you mentioned, in reality, doesn’t have a high cultivation level.

You could say he hasn’t even stepped into the Postnatal Realm; his strength is almost no different from our lowest-tier disciples in the Ancient Martial Arts Sect.”

Hearing this, Ye Haochuan curiously asked, “So does that make me a Disciple now?”

“That’s right,” Long Xiaotian acknowledged, “But from the Lion’s Roar used by that Hellfire Disciple, his strength is indeed much more formidable than yours.

After all, you've just started practicing the Longevity Technique, and your foundation is shallow."

Hearing this, Ye Haochuan frowned and said in a lower voice, "So you're saying, if I face him, I'll only be on the receiving end of a beating?"

"If you do not rapidly increase your strength and enter the Postnatal Early Stage Realm, then yes, you would indeed have no choice but to be at his mercy."

Ye Haochuan's frown deepened as he whispered, "But Brother Long, I feel that cultivating the Longevity Technique is not progressing very quickly.

How could I possibly enter the Postnatal Early Stage in a short period of time?"

"I'm almost dead because of you.

Didn't the Holy Hand tell you in the memories he passed on that you could use his unparalleled medical techniques to concoct some miraculous elixirs and speed up your cultivation?" Long Xiaotian vented angrily.

Ye Haochuan brightened up, scratching his head sheepishly, "That's true, but I don't have the materials for it here."

"Are you an idiot?"

If you don't have them, go find them.

Haishan City isn't without its Chinese medicine shops.

Can't you search there?" Long Xiaotian became more irritated as he spoke, "Alright, from now on, don't bother me with these trivial issues; figure it out yourself."

With that, Long Xiaotian abruptly hung up the phone.

"Damn, was it necessary to get so furious over a couple of extra questions?" Ye Haochuan murmured, curling his lip.

Putting away his phone, Ye Haochuan leaned back in his seat and dozed off, but his mind was busily sifting through the Holy Hand's memories until suddenly a clue emerged.

"Qi Condensation Pill, what a great item!" Ye Haochuan's eyes lit up again, but he immediately shook his head, "Too bad it's already late.

The pharmacies have almost all closed for the day.

I'll go to the medicine shops tomorrow to look for the materials.

If I manage to make it, and after consuming it, reaching the Postnatal Early Stage will be just around the corner.

Then, will I even need to be afraid of what's-his-face, Eight Gramps?"

A few minutes later, the Audi stopped in front of Haishan University Hospital.

He was about to move his luggage back to his dormitory when he got a call from the beautiful chairman, Xiao Haimei.

"Have you moved all your luggage?" Xiao Haimei asked.

"Yes."

"Don't rush to move your stuff to your original dorm for now.

Leave it at the hospital gate's on-duty room.

I have already notified the security guard there, and he will take care of it for you.

First, come to your office; there's something I need to talk about with you."

Ye Haochuan's heart tensed.

Could it be related to his staying in Building No.

7 to protect Lin Qingxuan?

Rushing to his office, Xiao Haimei was leisurely browsing through his work diary, looking quite amused.

At the moment, Xiao Haimei was wearing a semi-transparent black chiffon long dress with her hair piled high, revealing her fiery and passionate side in full force.

Her charming face with a hint of flirtatiousness was intoxicating, especially the wildness that occasionally oozed out of her maturity, involuntarily arousing a desire to conquer.

Seeing him gawking straight at her, Xiao Haimei's cheeks turned pink, and she spat at him, "Pervert, what are you looking at?

Keep staring and I'll gouge out your eyeballs."

Ye Haochuan chuckled, "Sister Mei, you're doing me wrong.

I was just checking on how your cervical and lumbar spine are doing.

What's that got to do with being a pervert?"

The big pervert was obviously up to no good, but still, so righteously argued!

Xiao Haimei felt like she was hitting cotton—no matter how hard she punched, it seemed to have no effect.

She could only helplessly say, "Alright, be serious.

Do you know why I called you here?"

"Please, Sister Mei, I'm not the worm in your stomach.

How would I know?

You're not going to introduce me to a girlfriend, are you?

Sigh, let me make it clear, if she isn't at least one-tenth as pretty as you, I won't agree," Ye Haochuan said with a smile.

"Smarty-pants."

With a playful glance, Xiao Haimei then said half-jokingly, "Yeah, it's about introducing you to a girlfriend.

She's gentle and beautiful, younger than me, too.

Interested?"

Ye Haochuan exaggeratedly jumped up, "Of course, Sister Mei, where is she?

What's her name?"

What is this mess?

Xiao Haimei was incredibly frustrated inside.

Big pervert, not a good thing at all!

20: Chapter 20: Am I the Uncle?

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After gathering her emotions, Xiao Haimei slowly calmed down, feeling quite self-mocking.

What was she even getting angry about?

This Doctor Ye, always so flirtatious, it was his nature.

Even though he was a bit of a womanizer, he was still much better than those hypocritical so-called gentlemen!

Especially compared to her ex-husband, who said one thing to her face and did another behind her back, it was countless times better.

Thinking of the ex-husband who abandoned her for another woman, her heart inexplicably started to sting again.

“Sister Mei, say something!” It was Ye Haochuan, who, seeing her silent for so long, urged her to speak.

Xiao Haimei then snapped out of her thoughts and said seriously, “Here’s the thing, that girl is none other than Lin Qingxuan, the student you asked me to look for yesterday.

I just received a call from her father, Secretary Lin; he’s heard of your skills and wants you to become Lin Qingxuan’s personal physician.

I agreed.”

Even though he already knew the ins and outs of the situation, Ye Haochuan still pretended to be surprised and said “Oh,” but was a little shocked.

He had not expected Lin Qingxuan’s father to be a secretary, a typical powerful family indeed.

Seeing that he did not object, Xiao Haimei continued, “Because Lin Qingxuan recently suffered from a strange illness.

She has seen many doctors to no avail, and her condition has only worsened.

She often sleepwalks at night, her personality has become increasingly quirky, and she has even shown suicidal tendencies.

If it weren’t for Secretary Lin specifically asking for you by name, the school would have arranged for her to take a leave and go home.”

Ye Haochuan nodded and chuckled, “Well, it seems the family of Lin Qingxuan has found the right person.

For this kind of strange illness, apart from Yours Truly Ye, I'm afraid there really isn't anyone who can treat it."

Pfft, here he goes again, so full of himself, not knowing the first thing about humility.

Xiao Haimei gave him a sideways glance and said, "According to her family's request, you as the personal physician need to be with her twenty-four hours a day, especially at night, you can't leave her side.

So, after discussions, the school has decided to arrange for you to move into Dormitory No.

7 and stay with her until her illness is cured..."

"Okay, no problem," Ye Haochuan declared, patting his chest.

Seeing how readily he agreed, Xiao Haimei suddenly had an uneasy feeling.

Knowing this man's lecherous nature, what kind of romantic trouble could he stir up in the female dormitory of No.

7 Building?

She was about to change her mind when she remembered that even her grandfather had agreed to it.

If she refused, wouldn't that anger her grandfather?

Her grandfather was no other than Xiao Jian, the old Clan Leader of the Xiao Family—a person whose word was law in the Xiao Family.

At the same time, he was also the elder she respected the most.

Her becoming the chairman of Haishan University's board of directors during the recent personnel changes was the result of Xiao Jian pushing through the opposition.

Although she did not understand why her grandfather insisted on having Ye Haochuan stay at Dormitory No.

7, Xiao Haimei still respected her grandfather's wishes.

Perhaps the old man had his reasons.

However, looking at Ye Haochuan's excited appearance, she felt it necessary to give the playboy a stern warning: "Ye Haochuan, let me warn you, Dormitory No.

7 houses girls from families with complex backgrounds.

It's best you restrain yourself, otherwise you won't even know how you died.

Understand?"

"Understood," Ye Haochuan said; of course, he wouldn't start behaving recklessly now.

First, he had to move in.

"Good, let's hope you can do as you say," Xiao Haimei handed over a slip of paper, "Here are the contact numbers of Lin Qingxuan's three roommates.

Now, go move into Dormitory No.

7."

"Alright then."

Ye Haochuan took the slip of paper, inwardly elated.

Haha, beauties of Dormitory No.

7, brother is coming!

"Strange, by the look of you, why don't you seem happy at all?

Building Seven, oh, that's where all the rich and beautiful congregate.

Don't you find it even a little bit exciting?

Or are you not a man at all, incapable of feeling anything?" Xiao Haimie said with a smile that wasn't quite a smile.

Ye Haochuan was so frustrated.

Please, just a moment ago you were warning me to hold back, and now you want me to act all thrilled?

There's an old saying that really isn't wrong: Women are indeed strange creatures.

If I'm a bit unrestrained, she has to warn me.

If I'm decent and upright, she says I'm not a man.

Damn, what do you want from me, really?

“Sister Mei, don’t think so poorly of me.

I’m a doctor.

Going to Building Seven is to treat patients, nothing more.

Please don’t insult my noble profession,” Ye Haochuan said righteously.

“I hope you stay true to your words.

Alright, off you go to report to Building Seven.”

Watching his indignant look, Xiao Haimie covered her mouth with a giggle, stood up, and under her black silk long dress, a pair of straight, beautiful legs were faintly visible, full of temptation.

Ye Haochuan’s eyelids couldn’t help but twitch, and he hesitated repeatedly, wondering whether to use “Perspective” and take a peek to discover the secrets within, but after much thought, he couldn’t bear to spoil such beauty.

Sometimes, many beautiful things are more evocative when veiled, and exposing them completely would instead lose their charm.

After parting ways with Xiao Haimie, Ye Haochuan first went to see Li Wenfeng and Lei Yiming, told them about accepting the school’s task to treat a girl in Building Seven, and left under their envious, jealous, and hateful gazes.

Lei Yiming’s driver loaded his suitcase all the way to the doorstep of Building Seven.

Ye Haochuan took his suitcase out of the trunk, watched the Audi drive away, then took out his mobile phone and dialed one of Lin Qingxuan’s roommates and close friends, Zhao Bingqian’s number.

From what he understood, Lin Qingxuan’s condition was unstable, she was easily agitated, and had a strong aversion to doctors; therefore, Xiao Haimie provided him with her roommates’ numbers so he could contact them before moving in.

“Hello, who’s this?” a crisp and youthful voice came from the other end of the phone.

“I’m Ye Haochuan, a doctor from the school hospital, assigned by the school to treat Lin Qingxuan...”

“Oh oh oh, I know.

I’ll come down to get you in just a moment.”

A few minutes later, Ye Haochuan's phone rang again, but it was Zhao Bingqian calling back.

"Doctor Ye, where are you?"

"I'm right at the entrance of Building Seven, with a suitcase by my side, and yeah, the very handsome one."

"The most handsome?"

Why don't I see you?

All I see is a bunch of old men."

Old men?

I'm an old man?

Damn, do I really look that old?

Ye Haochuan was both amused and exasperated.

This Zhao Bingqian, she's no easy person to deal with either.

It looks like I'll inevitably have to bicker with her in Building Seven.