

A Bunch 42

Your Grandson Isn't Simple

"My dear ancestor, why have you come back only now? Your dad's calls are going through the roof!" When the woman in the villa heard the familiar footsteps, she instantly came running down while holding onto the phone, wearing a displeased expression. However, when she came down and saw how her son looked, she dropped her phone that she was planning to call her husband with.

"Son, where did you get this haircut from?"

The boy lowered his head, feeling a little embarrassed. "This... doesn't it look nice? The hairstylist said that this was the scumbag perm that was passed down in his family. If I can't find a wife with this hairstyle, then I should give up on finding the right hairstyle and have to consider going for cosmetic surgery or visit an andrologist."

"It's too good!" The woman put her hands together and sighed. "To be able to give you a haircut that can make your weak and feeble face look normal. It's a great masterpiece. Give me the address to that shop. I'll go sign up for a membership with them tonight!"

Brother Dog: "..."

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Under the constant urging from his father, Brother Dog and his mom anxiously rushed over to the location where they agreed to meet. However, what Brother Dog was surprised about was that it wasn't a restaurant or some high-class club, it was a gym instead. He couldn't help but feel uneasy. They couldn't possibly be starting tonight, right?

To be acting out so swiftly, as expected of someone who had been a soldier.

After entering the gym, the receptionist led the two of them to the VIP room. It was meant for VIP customers to have 1-on-1 teaching with their coach. They would provide private equipment based on the requirements.

There was now a middle-aged man covered in fats running on the treadmill in the room. His face was flushed red, and he was perspiring profusely. Brother Dog glanced at the speed. It was at 2.3 kilometers per hour, and the person had only been running for seven minutes. His eyes twitched and he thought, (How on earth could Dad already perspire so much after running for a few minutes at such slow speed?)

(Was this what they called the legendary plumped meat?)

"Shiyu has come?" When the middle-aged man saw the two of them and quickly took the chance to switch off the treadmill. Brother Dog's eyes twitched once again. At this instant, his dad's movements didn't look like a 200 jin [2] fatty. As expected, a fatty would only display abnormal abilities when they were slacking.

"Quick, come and meet your Uncle Liu!" Before the guy behind him said anything, the fatty quickly introduced him warmly.

“Don’t use your son as an excuse. We said that it’d be half an hour. Not a minute less. There’s still ±23 minutes. Finish running before you leave!”

Hearing that, the fatty wore a bitter expression. “Brother Liu, it’s been so long since we’ve met. Don’t be so serious. Give me some face in front of my child!”

The middle-aged man with a rectangular face still said solemnly, “If I were to continue to give you face, your body will really fall to ruins!”

“Uncle Liu!” Brother Dog went up and greeted him politely.

It was only after Brother Dog had greeted him that the middle-aged man turned to look at him. This was his leader’s grandson who was the most good-for-nothing.

Every time the old man mentioned this grandson, he wouldn’t do so with a good attitude. He would say that this grandson was weaker than himself despite that he was an old man. Even though this grandson was young, he looked so weak that it was as if he was going to die. It was painful to look at him!

However, this boy didn’t seem that bad. It was true that he looked a little pale and weak, which should have been a result of indulgence in s*x and pleasures or staying up late over the years. However, he hadn’t lost the vigor of a young man. His eyes, especially, appeared quite sharp. It wasn’t as jittery as his leader had made him out to be.

At the thought of this, Uncle Liu nodded slightly and said, “Come with me. The old master had told me to train you up so that you can gain some masculinity. As his grandchild, I think that this is necessary as well. Today, I’ll test your body condition first, and tomorrow, I’ll proceed with the training based on your concrete condition. Don’t worry, you’re still young. No matter how you train... you won’t die!

Brother Dog: “...”

“Start off with two sets of bench press!”

“Yes, Uncle Liu!”

Brother Dog lay down, picked up an empty bar, took in a deep breath, and slowly lifted it...

When Brother Dog’s father saw that his son started off with an empty bar right from the start, he sighed and shook his head. When he had been outside, he had seen many girls capable of adding 10 kilograms weight on each side. It was no wonder the Old Master would say that this kid didn’t have any masculinity at all.

However, Uncle Liu thought differently. He was a little surprised as he looked at this kid. It was a smart choice for someone who hadn’t been exercising to choose an empty bar at the start. After all, just the empty bar alone would weigh 20 kilograms. If a newcomer wished to lift it completely, it wouldn’t be that easy. Many people could barely lift an empty bar when they were doing bench presses for the first time. Moreover, they would occasionally appear unstable and sway to the left and right.

However, this kid’s stance was very good. His back was flat on the bench, having no gaps at all. His lower thigh hung down naturally to the ground, clearly to avoid any bridging. Most importantly, his breathing rhythm when doing the bench press could be said to be perfect with his body’s movements. People who

were proficient in training knew the importance of proper breathing. This was especially so for him, who was trained in the Neijia Fist [1]. He understood even better how important breathing was for training.

Such breathing rhythm was something that even an experienced Neijia Fist Master like him might not maintain all the time. This kid should just be lucky.

At the thought of this, he asked, "Can you continue if the weights are added?"

Brother Dog paused for a moment and then said, "I don't know... I've never tried before..."

"Then let's give it a try..." Old Liu didn't give him a chance to reject and added one ten kilograms weight on each side. He then said, "Try lifting it!"

A hint of bitterness broke out on Brother Dog's face, but he didn't dare to go against this senior. Even though this Uncle Liu was just a guard working for the Old Master in the past, his status at home was very high. Brother Dog heard from his mother that even the most capable Eldest Uncle in the family would have to refer to him respectfully as Brother Liu.

He took in a deep breath and tried to lift the bar. It took him only an instant to know that he didn't have enough strength, and it made him appear a little awkward. Even girls who had a little training should be able to lift this.

He suddenly missed his character in the game. There, he was very manly, being able to lift a weight of several tons!

Due to his insufficient strength, he naturally couldn't maintain the current professional standards he had. His body started to bridge a little.

When his fat father saw that, he quickly said, "You're bridging, you're bridging! Quickly correct your posture!"

"Shut up!" Uncle Liu glared at the fatty, who seemed to be watching a show. He then turned and said to Brother Dog, "Continue!"

Many people who did bench presses feel that bridging wasn't an accurate posture. There were even many bodybuilders who exaggerated the side effects of bridging. However, the truth was that bridging was very necessary when one was trying to break through past their bottlenecks.

If one's upper body didn't have enough strength, the body would subconsciously borrow strength from the waist and abdomen, and their bodies would arch up. It wasn't to say that this was wrong. As long as the posture was done right, it would instead assist one to break through past their current strength bottleneck. Otherwise, no matter how accurate one's action was, what use would there be if they could only lift a ten-kilogram weight?

As expected, after Brother Dog had borrowed strength from his waist and abdomen, the bar that he hadn't been able to lift was raised slightly. Old Liu took a step closer. When most people without any experience try to break through past their limits, they might hurt themselves if they didn't control themselves well. Uncle Liu got closer and was on standby to provide assistance at any moment.

However, to his surprise, this child was more stable than he imagined. Even under this situation where he was attaining a breakthrough in his strength limit, his rhythm was still perfect.

As time passed, Brother Dog started to familiarize himself with the weight. His body also started to move back, no longer needing to borrow strength from his waist and abdomen to be able to lift this weight.

The process was very smooth, and even Uncle Liu, who was a professional trainer in the military, couldn't find any faults. He asked curiously, "Little Yu, have you trained before?"

Brother Dog was stunned. To speak the truth... he hadn't. Did the training in the game count?

Seeing that Brother Dog didn't reply, Uncle Liu squinted his eyes slightly and then said, "Get up..."

"Oh..." Brother Dog put down the bar, feeling uneasy. He got up slowly from the bench, and his breathing slowly became lighter, becoming coherent. Seeing this, a hint of gleam flashed in Uncle Liu's eyes.

"Punch at this to show me!"

"Huh?" Hearing that, Brother Dog looked at the punch force testing machine that Uncle Liu was pointing to. He fell into a slight daze.

"Brother Liu, don't be kidding. That's a professional testing device. Anything below 80kg won't be recorded..." Brother Dog's father quickly chipped in. He knew his son. He was very weak, and it'd be embarrassing if the lights didn't even light up from his punch.

Brother Dog frowned slightly. He felt a little uncomfortable seeing his father's behavior. His father was always outside and never cared about him.

At the thought of this, Brother Dog recalled the force exertion technique the instructor in the game had taught him. He subconsciously lowered his waist to assume a horse stance, regulated his breathing, and then slowly loosened up a few of his core muscles. His rhythm remained surprisingly constant. In an instant, Brother Dog opened his eyes abruptly. A gleam flashed past in them, and his aura became sharp all of a sudden.

Bang!!!

209 kilograms!!!

The red number that shot out caused Brother Dog's fat father, who was drinking water at the back, to choke and have water coming out of his nose. After coughing for a while, he asked, "Damn, this equipment should be spoiled, right?"

Uncle Liu's eyes narrowed into a line. He didn't doubt this number at all. Although it seemed ridiculous for a child who looked so weak to punch out a force that was almost close to that of a professional boxer, his rhythm had been smooth, almost having used his body to an extreme. If his body wasn't taken into consideration, this punch would definitely be one that only a top-notch boxer could perform!

"Little Yu, have you practiced martial arts before?" Uncle Liu suddenly asked.

"Huh?" Brother Dog was stunned as he stared at that number in a daze. When he heard Uncle Liu's question and returned to his senses, he instantly panicked. "N... No!"

He then looked at his fist in disbelief. To speak the truth, he was more inclined toward believing his father's view and wondered if the equipment was spoiled!

After coming out from the gym, Uncle Liu bade the family of three goodbye and slowly walked to a quieter street. After walking for a very long time, he eventually took out his phone and called his old boss.

"Hello, Little Liu? How are things? Are you used to living there?" A powerful voice rang out from the other end of the call.

"I'm a little not used to it..." Old Liu's face broke into a rare smile. "It's too hot and humid. Our Old North City is better."

"Haha!" A cheerful laughter rang out. "You're thinking of skipping out on the job and coming back so soon? Why? Is that little b*stard a gone case?"

"That's not it..." Uncle Liu paused for a moment before speaking in a soft voice, "Old Boss, your grandchild might not be simple..."

"Oh?"