

Chapter 7: My Genes Evolve Infinitely

I THINK YOUR TALENT IS PRETTY GOOD

Five minutes later, Li Qinghe finished playing with Lianliankan, stood up and walked to the door.

‘You don’t need to come out.’

Flaming, who has been standing upright, breathed a sigh of relief:

‘Yes!’

Lu Yuan, who was practicing the martial arts boxing in the corner, saw Li Qinghe come out and quickly walked up:

‘Sister Qinghe, are you okay?’

An ambiguous smile appeared on Li Qinghe’s face:

‘What can I do? Ming Ge and I are old acquaintances.’

Lu Yuan: ‘...’

He was silent, and then spoke:

‘Thank you, Sister Qinghe, this time.’

‘I’m still waiting for my brother Luyuan to develop, and I will take me out of this ghost place in the future.’

Li Qinghe patted Lu Ze on the shoulder and smiled.

Lu Yuan looked at Li Qinghe and nodded seriously: ‘Don’t worry, I will.’

‘Okay, let’s talk about the future. Brother Ming has agreed to practice here. When he comes out, you go and ask him.’

Lu Yuan nodded.

‘Then I’ll go back first, I’m so sleepy.’

Li Qinghe stretched out his hand to cover his mouth, yawned, then bid farewell to Lu Yuan, and left the Daming Martial Arts Hall.

Lu Yuan continued to practice martial arts boxing.

Within a few minutes, Flaming also walked out.

With a contented smile on his face, Lu Yuan glanced at it and lowered his head slightly.

Flaming saw Lu Yuan, walked over, grinned with white teeth, and smiled:

‘Lu Yuan, right? I heard Qinghe said, you want to practice physical skills here? What you learn is military fist and military killing sword?’

Lu Yuan nodded: ‘Yes.’

Flaming looked at Xia Luyuan and said, ‘Let me see it.’

Lu Yuan took a deep breath and practiced the martial arts boxing.

Lu Yuan only has less than a day to practice martial arts boxing. Although he has learned the boxing force, his fighting is not too smooth. It is just that Lu Yuan’s strength is not weak.

Flaming by the side of didn’t care much at first, then his face gradually became dignified, looking at the fist wind, a look of stunned expression appeared on his face.

The power displayed by this fist wind is not like a genetic warrior who has just awakened and has not entered the land of origin!

After a set of punches, Lu Yuan’s face turned red, and he breathed slightly.

He turned his head to look at Flamming, and found that Flamming's face had a look of stunned expression.

Lu Yuan paused: 'What's the matter?'

Flaming regained his senses, his face was slightly weird and said: '...Qinghe said you awakened the day before yesterday?'

Lu Yuan nodded: 'Yes, Brother Ming, is there any problem?'

Flaming was silent, and then spoke:

'Come on, punch me.'

Lu Yuan was startled and looked at Flamming: 'Brother Ming, do you say let me punch you?'

'What? Afraid of hurting me? Get started.'

Flaming showed a look of impatience.

Lu Yuan twitched the corner of his mouth.

This Flamming is very strong, and he is not an opponent, what can he do?

Just hit it.

He retracted his fists and lunges and twisted his waist, blasted his fist out, fist wind surging, and his fist hit Flaming's chest.

Feeling the fist wind, Framing's pupils shrunk slightly, and he lifted his palm-sized palm to block Lu Yuan's fist.

Lu Yuan found that his fist seemed to hit the copper wall and iron wall, unable to make an inch, and Flamming's body didn't even shake.

This also made him more certain that the strength of himself and Flamming was not a little bit different.

I am still very weak.

When Lu Yuan's thoughts were flying, Framing's voice sounded:

'...You really just awakened?'

Lu Yuan looked at Framing with some doubts. He asked this question for the second time.

Is there something wrong with yourself?

Lu Yuan has some doubts.

'I just awakened.'

Framing looked at Lu Yuan with a strange look in his eyes:

'When you first channeled Reiki, how long did it take to sense Reiki, and how long did it take to absorb Reiki?'

Lu Yuan was startled, only then did he understand what was wrong with him.

Feeling too strong?

This power is a bit powerful, not like a genetic warrior who just awakened?

I definitely can't say that I can sense aura without being quiet, it's too outrageous.

Lu Yuan thought about it, and then said:

'It took a long time to absorb the aura.'

can be considered less than half a day in an instant, right?

Lu Yuan changed his view.

Framing's eyes widened when he heard Lu Yuan's words.

Then he gave a dry cough and smiled:

‘Ah... Lu Yuan, right? Since Qinghe has handed you over to me, I think you have a good talent, so I reluctantly accept you as an apprentice, how about?’

Lu Yuan was a little surprised, and said:

‘Brother Ming, are you strong?’

‘I...’

Flaming was about to speak, when he suddenly thought of Qinghe’s reminder before, he forcibly closed his mouth.

He opened his mouth and said: ‘Ah, although I have just broken through to the first-order warrior level, I will become very strong in the future!’

Lu Yuan: ‘?’

That’s it?

A warrior class?

Isn’t it much better than me?

I have unlimited potential anyway.

Lu Yuan was speechless for a while.

Lu Yuan laughed dryly, and said, ‘Brother Ming is really good, but I haven’t gone to college yet, so let’s talk about it when I go to college.’

Flaming frowned slightly when he heard Lu Yuan’s words, he could naturally hear Lu Yuan’s perfunctory words.

But when he thought that Lu Yuan was brought by Qinghe, he didn’t dare to do anything to Lu Yuan. He could only smile reluctantly and nodded:

‘That’s OK, we’ll talk about it when you are in college.’

Lu Yuan glanced at Flaming in surprise.

He thought that Flamming would become angry, but he didn't expect to be angry.

seems to be a good person.

But I am afraid I will be a little low-key afterwards.

At the very least, when it is not safe enough, you can't be too strong.

Flaming continued to speak:

'If you want to practice physical skills, you can't do it alone. I will arrange a few opponents for you. You have to practice against them!'

said, he turned his head to face the strong man who was punching not far away and said:

'Little Tiger!'

The brawny man turned his head, with a simple smile on Fang Zheng's face, he trot over:

'Brother Ming!'

'Well, you accompany this kid on stage to practice.'

'Huh? This bean sprouts?'

Xiaohu glanced at Lu Yuan and couldn't help showing a bitter look:

'I'm afraid I will confiscate him and kill him...Would you like someone else to accompany him?'

Lu Yuan raised his eyebrows slightly when he heard the words, and said nothing.

'Stop talking nonsense, it's you! Otherwise I will practice with you!'

Hearing this, Xiaohu quickly became serious: 'Okay, I'll accompany you right away!'

Flaming nodded in satisfaction:

'You guys come with me.'

He took the two to the front of an arena.

There are two brawny men practicing in duel on the ring, punching each other hard, their bodies and faces are full of black green.

There were many people watching the game under the ring, cheering and booing ceaselessly.

'Old cat! Are you okay! Straight punch! Right uppercut! Fuck!'

'Boar! Hard! Did you ** have no food! Beat him! Beat that twat!'

The spectators saw Fulangming coming, and one by one quickly let go, and looked at the three of Fulangming curiously, especially the raw face of Lu Yuan.

Flaming patted the ground, the ring banged.

'Stop!'

Flaming's words are very useful here. The two fiercely fisted in the ring beat each other and opened their bodies.

The two wiped the wounds on their faces, panting heavily, UU reading [www.uuk](http://www.uuk.com) 7 nshu.com stared at each other, and then looked in the direction of Flaming.

'Brother Ming.'

Flaming beckoned and grinned:

'Come down and change!'

‘Substitution?’

Not only the old cat and the boar, but also the spectators were taken aback.

Then someone expected to ask:

‘Brother Ming intends to take the stage to practice?’

‘Little tiger is a sandbag?! Wonderful!’

‘Hurry up and start! Ming brother is awesome!’

Xiaohu heard what everyone said, still with a silly smile on his face, he scratched his head:

‘Brothers, I’m going to disappoint you. Brother Ming won’t make a move. It’s me and this bean sprouts dish.’

Xiaohu pointed to Lu Yuan.

Everyone looked at Xia Luyuan, and they were immediately disappointed.

‘It’s just him? I don’t have as thick arms as my arms, so I can’t ask him not to die with a punch?’

‘New face? Such a sissy doesn’t go to the Jinhui Club to pick up guests, what are they doing here?’

‘Hey! Sissy! You won’t be scared to pee when you get on stage?!’

‘Hahahahaha!’

Everyone whistled, watching Lu Yuan laugh.

Brother Ming also hugged his sturdy arms and grinned.

He looked at Lu Yuan jokingly:

‘How is it? Boy, can’t you get on?’

Lu Yuan raised his eyebrows, glanced at them, and rolled up his sleeves silently.

‘Come and try.’

Xiaohu smiled and scratched his head: ‘Then I won’t pay the medical bill if I get beaten up by me!’

Lu Yuan twitched the corners of his mouth: ‘Don’t you pay.’

‘Now that it’s done, let’s go on stage.’

Amidst the whistles of the crowd, Lu Yuan and Xiaohu entered the ring.