

ALMIGHTY GENIUS

Chapter 4 - 3 Major Improvement in Proficiency_1

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"What's going on?"

Qin Fang was very surprised as he looked around the empty kitchen. There was no one else but him, which deepened his confusion. However, he soon felt he might be overthinking, "Could I have heard wrong? That must be it! My head took a hit, and it's probably not fully recovered yet."

Thinking this, Qin Fang didn't take the matter to heart and was about to continue rolling out the dumpling wrappers. But as he looked down, he really got the shock of his life.

The dough in his hand, no, at this point, it should be called noodles.

Why?

Because there was a label on the noodles—Roughly Made Ramen.

Having just left the game studio, Qin Fang was very familiar with such game-related occurrences. Those words appearing on the noodles in his hand were like item names in games, even coming with a prefix.

If this had already made Qin Fang's eyes bulge and virtually rendered him speechless, what he noticed below the noodle's name made him want to cry without tears, feeling like he could spew blood three liters.

"Roughly Made Ramen—The creator was too lazy; these noodles are practically a lethal weapon!"

In all honesty, Qin Fang could swear to heaven that he meant to roll dumpling wrappers, not make any ramen. Yet this damn thing had the audacity to label the noodles in his hand as Roughly Made Ramen.

Despite his reluctance to accept it, he had to admit the comment was very fitting. The lump of dough was for rolling out dumpling wrappers, and although Qin Fang had cut it into several pieces, if you planned to treat it as ramen, it would indeed be too aggressive.

Let's not even discuss whether this Roughly Made Ramen could be cooked properly—if it did get cooked, whoever ate it would be choked to death! It's just too thick and cannot be swallowed...

Therefore, the comment suggesting it was a lethal weapon was indeed not an exaggeration.

At this moment, Qin Fang truly felt like he'd seen a ghost, completely baffled by the whole situation. It seemed too strange, "Has my world turned into a game world?"

He had never read novels about superpowers, simply because he didn't want to waste the time. He needed to work overtime to earn enough money. However, his colleagues in the studio sometimes spent their leisure time browsing the internet and reading novels, and they would occasionally share what they read with him, letting him know about this kind of genre.

But when Qin Fang looked at the things around him, they still looked the same. Even when he picked up a kitchen knife nearby, there were no labels or comments on it, and the same went for other objects—apart from the "Roughly Made Ramen" in his hand.

"Right, Noodle-Pulling Skill..."

Suddenly, Qin Fang remembered the voice mentioning something about a Noodle-Pulling Skill, along with something about proficiency. As a former game worker, he was naturally familiar with these terms.

As this thought crossed his mind, Qin Fang felt as if a panel, similar to a character sheet from games, or more accurately, a skill panel, had emerged in his mind. It was clearly marked with a skill—Noodle-Pulling, Beginner Level, Proficiency 0.1%.

"Could it be that, like in games, I can actually use this skill now that I've learned it?"

Perhaps because of the day's bizarre events, after the initial shock and subsequent discomfort, Qin Fang began to gradually accept this reality, incredible as it seemed, like an Arabian Night's tale.

After giving it some thought, Qin Fang couldn't help but shake the "Roughly Made Ramen" in his hand again. Unfortunately, it seemed as though the noodles had already taken shape and didn't respond—his proficiency also hadn't increased.

Qin Fang hesitated for a moment but then took another long piece of dough and started tossing it.

"Beginner Level Noodle-Pulling Skill, proficiency +0.1%."

As expected, when Qin Fang switched to a different piece of dough, it really worked. The Noodle-Pulling Skill was actually effective. He felt almost as if his

hands were moving on their own, twirling the dough quickly through the air, much like how the noodle masters he'd seen maneuvered their dough.

But...

Plop, the noodles broke!

"Roughly Made Ramen—The creator was too lazy; these noodles are practically a lethal weapon!"

Looking at the two broken strands in his hand, which showed considerable improvement, Qin Fang found some humor in the situation despite feeling rather helpless about the assessment.

It's normal for noodles to break. Qin Fang was just a novice; if he could match the masters who had trained for many years so quickly, those masters might as well bang their heads against the wall.

"I refuse to believe I can't pull off a bowl of noodles today..."

Without realizing how absurd his determination sounded, Qin Fang had also forgotten about Tang Feifei waiting in his room for him to treat her to a meal. He started to focus on the Roughly Made Ramen.

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Qin Fang couldn't remember how many times such game system-like notifications appeared, nor did he keep track of how many Roughly Made Ramens had materialized in his hands, as every piece of dough went through the motions to become these noodles.

When all the dough was used up, Qin Fang had to recycle the Roughly Made Ramen back into dough and start pulling again...

Failures continued, but the Beginner Level Noodle-Pulling Skill's proficiency kept increasing, modest though each rise was. Qin Fang's persistence was paying off.

With the proficiency increasing, Qin Fang's improvement was also noticeable. The prefix of the pulled noodles started to change as well.

It went from Roughly Made Ramen to Noodles That Won't Kill You, to Barely Edible Ramen... The progression was clear.

The noodles, which were originally as thick as an infant's arm, gradually became thinner, moving from the size of fingers, down to chopsticks, and eventually the standard thickness of noodles...

Gradually, the noodles Qin Fang pulled started to look a bit more like real ramen rather than the initial lethal weapon they resembled.