

ALMIGHTY GENIUS

Chapter 5 - 4 Delicious Ramen_1

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Time was slowly passing, and Qin Fang was still engrossed in cultivating his skills...

Inside Qin Fang's room.

"I'm so hungry, I wonder if Qin Fang is done cooking?"

Tang Feifei held her little stomach, which had long been empty, and she was so weak from hunger that she couldn't help but grumble.

However, Qin Fang still hadn't brought the cooked food over, "No, I have to go check it out, eat a little first, I really can't hold on!"

Her stomach growled incessantly; even Tang Feifei, who usually minded her demeanor, couldn't bother with that anymore and staggered towards the kitchen.

"Qin..."

As she reached the kitchen door, Tang Feifei saw Qin Fang's back. Just as she was about to call out to him, she was stunned by his actions, forgetting to even call his name.

At that moment, Qin Fang was fully immersed in the significant undertaking of making ramen, his hands moving swiftly, the dough under his control thinning from thick to delicate strands of noodles...

With just a gentle flick, the noodles he pulled sprang back impressively with a snap.

Snap, snap, snap~~

Though Tang Feifei had seen noodle-pulling craftsmen at work, their skills were honed over many years, not something the average person could attempt. Yet, she hadn't expected Qin Fang to know how to pull noodles. While the noodles might not be as delicious as those made by a professional, the fluidity and grace of his movements were a sight to behold, transforming the act of noodle making into what seemed like an artistic performance.

Tang Feifei enjoyed the view, her mood considerably brightened, even temporarily setting aside her overwhelming hunger to clap her hands in delight.

"Tang Feifei, what brings you here?"

Her clapping naturally startled Qin Fang; he turned and saw Tang Feifei leaning on the kitchen doorway and couldn't help but ask.

"And you ask! You said you were going to treat me to a meal, yet it's been over an hour, and I haven't even seen the shadow of the food... Are you trying to starve me to death?"

When questioned by Qin Fang, Tang Feifei snapped back to reality, wrinkled her nose, and put her hands on her hips, attempting to look fierce.

However, she was just a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old girl, pretty and charming, and her eyes twinkled with laughter, making her even more endearing. Even Qin Fang, who usually showed no interest in women, couldn't help but become momentarily distracted, his breath slightly heavier.

"What? It's been over an hour?"

However, Tang Feifei's words soon brought Qin Fang back to reality, and he exclaimed in surprise, glancing at the sky outside, which had indeed started to darken.

"I'm really sorry, really sorry... I forgot to buy groceries today. Sister Pan next door gave me some flour, so I thought I'd pull some noodles for you. But it's my first time, and I was a bit rusty; it took me a long time to get it barely right!"

Although it wasn't Qin Fang's fault, he wasn't the type to talk behind people's backs, so he had to take the responsibility himself.

While talking, he had already put the pot on, lit the fire, and started boiling water to prepare the noodles. He took a large piece of dough and began pulling it swiftly with both hands. Very soon, a bowl full of hearty ramen was ready.

"Wow, you're so talented! The noodles are so thin and firm... I think they must be delicious!"

This time, Tang Feifei wasn't leaning against the doorway, but standing by Qin Fang's side, closely watching the entire noodle-pulling process and witnessing the fresh, thin, and firm ramen come out of the pot.

Qin Fang just smiled and didn't have much to say, but his mind was still on improving his Noodle-Pulling Skill. Surprisingly, in just over an hour, his proficiency had increased from zero to 8%. Calculating that each pull increased the proficiency by 0.1%, Qin Fang must have pulled the dough at

least 80 times. Even considering the time spent kneading the dough, it would take less than a minute to pull each batch.

In reality, it was even shorter, probably half a minute per pull. This speed was comparable to that of professional ramen chefs.

As Qin Fang became more skilled, he wasted less time initially, and later, the process became much quicker. It could take only about twenty seconds to prepare a bowl of noodles. That speed was definitely formidable.

Once the ramen was ready, the rest of the process was much simpler. This was the kitchen, and all kinds of seasonings were readily available. In no time, a steaming bowl of fresh ramen was served.

"Making a simple bowl of vegetable oil ramen, which is very straightforward and plain, is something that anyone can make!"

Qin Fang had gradually become used to situations where the items were marked with names, just as he expected. When the bowl of ramen was ready, the prefix was very ordinary, but the comment was as crushing as always.

"Wow, it smells so good..."

However, when Qin Fang brought the specially made bowl of ramen for Tang Feifei, she gently inquired and immediately detected a burst of aroma, and couldn't help but exclaim in appreciation.

At that moment, Qin Fang suddenly felt that after all his hard work, receiving such praise was enough.

Alas, after that exclamation, Tang Feifei immediately snatched the bowl of ramen from Qin Fang's hands, not minding that the noodles were just out of the pot and still very hot, and she started to eat vigorously.

Despite Tang Feifei's thin appearance, her appetite didn't seem small. Qin Fang's bowl of ramen was quite hearty, and even he would feel full after finishing it, but Tang Feifei managed to eat it all in just a few moments, even slurping the soup clean.

However, after finishing the bowl of ramen, Tang Feifei held the empty bowl with a pitiable look in her eyes and then said with her bright, tender red lips, "Qin Fang, can I have another bowl? It's really delicious!"

"Is it really delicious?"

Hearing Tang Feifei say that, Qin Fang thought he had misheard and looked straight into her eyes, clearly puzzled.

Truthfully, Qin Fang himself didn't have high hopes for that bowl of ramen. It was the first bowl he had made, and he didn't even know exactly what it tasted like, let alone deal with the system's discouraging evaluation.

"Mm, it's really delicious! It's the best ramen I've ever had..."

Seeing Qin Fang's intense gaze, Tang Feifei, still a girl, couldn't bear it and blushed, lowering her head. Still, she affirmed that Qin Fang's bowl of ramen was indeed very delicious; she had even drunk all the soup clean.