

## Genius 1031

### Chapter 1031: The Expert at Bluffing Girls

Fate is too illusory and ephemeral, not entirely trustworthy, but to say it's all coincidental seems far too fortuitous.

Among the vast sea of people, Qin Fang has encountered a considerable number of individuals, including many experts, but only the one before him has True Qi compatible with his own.

Even for Chu Yunxuan and Su Xiaoxiao, who developed True Qi through fusion with him, their True Qi is not compatible with Qin Fang's, but rather of the same origin, essentially the same type of True Qi.

If one were to trace the source, it might only lead to the origins of the Internal Cultivation Methods that Qin Fang practices, seemingly obtained from Fang Dacheng.

The version initially acquired could only be considered a simplified edition, lacking the true essence, not because Fang Dacheng was stingy, but rather because it is a familial secret skill not to be disclosed without elder's permission, a common method of inheritance among many Martial Families.

Of course, Fang Dacheng never imagined that Qin Fang's cultivation speed would be so swift that he has long since left him far behind.

Cultivation of Inner Strength isn't something that can be accomplished overnight; it requires years of accumulated practice. It's hard to believe that Fang Dacheng cultivated for over a decade to reach his current level of Cultivation, while Qin Fang has already entered Level 5 within half a year...

It's also a blessing that Qin Fang acquired the National Arts Skill; as his strength increases, so does his Proficiency with the skill, nearly starting from Intermediate level and now already verging on Advanced...

The deficiency in the Cultivation Technique hasn't greatly impacted Qin Fang, as the System automatically completes the skill, but the foundation remains the skillset given by Fang Dacheng.

Now, with such a situation, the reason still lies in the Cultivation Techniques both people are practicing.

"Right, the Boss's family seems to be in the mountains of Yanggui Province... Could it be in these mountains?"

Upon thinking this, Qin Fang was slightly startled, suddenly recalling this detail, and even briefly wondered if Fang Dacheng might be from the Tang Sect...

"It shouldn't be, everyone from the Tang Sect bears the surname Tang; there are no exceptions..."

But he quickly dismissed this possibility; those who join the Tang Sect abandon their former surnames from day one, automatically taking the surname Tang, and some even need to have their names chosen anew by the Tang Sect.

Fang Dacheng's surname is Fang, and so is his entire family's; they should have no relation to the Tang Sect...

His mind filled with doubts, but it wasn't appropriate for Qin Fang to inquire about this from Tang Xin, as the matter of Internal Cultivation Methods is a taboo subject in any sect, usually not breached even among close friends, let alone between Qin Fang and Tang Xin who had only just met.

"Cough cough, it's getting late; we should head down the mountain soon..."

Despite the mystery, Qin Fang ultimately decided to act as if nothing had happened, wearing a faint smile as he said this to Tang Xin.

"Mm, let's go..."

Tang Xin also lightly nodded, her fair visage behind the veil showing a hint of blush, clearly conflicted about their intimate posture.

In earlier times, specifically during the Ming and Qing dynasties, in the era when "men and women did not touch hands when giving or receiving objects," their current manner would have been highly inappropriate.

The Tang Sect had secluded itself from the Martial World around that time, staying hidden for hundreds of years. The thoughts of its members tend to be more traditional, and as a girl, looking at Tang Xin's attire, one can imagine what life within the Sect must be like.

However, it seems that Tang Xin is intentionally accommodating Qin Fang's habits, hence her actions, which left Qin Fang quite helpless.

He wanted to explain or even pull away, but in the end he chose not to... because the sensation of compatible True Qi was indeed very pleasant, as if unbeknownst to them, both parties' True Qi were slowly strengthening.

Such a good opportunity, Tang Xin likely did not want to miss out on, so they let it be...

Thus, the two left the secluded valley, and Black Witch Doctor Mulun's unfortunate corpse was abandoned there, naturally to be consumed by poisonous insects and wild beasts, a common occurrence in the mountains.

In fact, Qin Fang had initially considered disposing of the corpses of Shangguan Tianling, Lei Peng, and Shangguan Hao in the same place, but remembering Shangguan Tianling's final words, Qin Fang ultimately decided against doing so.

Tang Xin is now friendlier towards him, not only because there are no grievances between them, but also due to some misunderstandings that just occurred. Although their current attitude seems quite intimate, it doesn't erase the fact that they are still essentially strangers...

Qin Fang isn't quite sure why Shangguan Tianling would say such a thing back then, but there must be some secret unknown to Qin Fang. If this secret were to be exposed, it's uncertain whether Tang Xin would still be as courteous to him.

It would be quite troublesome for Qin Fang if Tang Xin were to come across the body and discover something.

To avoid such an occurrence, Qin Fang gave up on that plan. After all, the mountainous area is vast, and he could just dispose of the body in any remote corner; there's no need to do it here.

So the two of them started walking down the mountain. The sky had not yet completely darkened and was still bright. With their pace, they were confident they could get out of the mountains before nightfall.

Qin Fang glanced at the sky, then took out his mobile phone from his pocket and checked the time. It was already past four in the afternoon. He had intended to call Wen Yan to report his safety, but there was no signal at all in the mountains... Qin Fang could only give up reluctantly.

"Mr. Qin, what is this?"

Tang Xin, upon seeing the small object in Qin Fang's hand, was obviously very intrigued and couldn't help but ask. She had grown up in the mountains and never ventured far from them.

Life in the mountainous region is simple, backward, and even somewhat primitive. Only the areas close to the outskirts of the mountains have electricity; farther in, it becomes quite primitive.

Tang Xin doesn't even know what electricity is, let alone a mobile phone...

"This is a mobile phone!"

Qin Fang, without being reserved, handed the phone to Tang Xin and explained, "This is a very practical communication device for us outsiders. Even if two people are separated by thousands of miles, they can talk as if face to face... what a pity that the signal here in the mountains is so bad!"

Tang Xin took the phone, carefully examining it with rapt interest, while Qin Fang briefly guided her. She was quick-witted and soon got the hang of it.

Today's smartphones are feature-rich but also increasingly user-friendly, with various applications for their many functions. The direct tap-to-use nature makes them quite simple to operate.

Tang Xin, like a child taken by play, excitedly engaged with the phone, tapping here and there, looking around, utterly delighted—even the simple games that Qin Fang found quite childish brought her great joy...

Click~~

With a gentle click, Qin Fang took a photo of Tang Xin with his phone. Even though she still wore a veil—a Tang Sect requirement for unmarried female disciples when outside until they are married and allowed to remove it.

"Is... is this me?"

When Tang Xin saw the clear image on the phone, she could hardly believe it was real. Even clearer than looking in a mirror, almost perfect in detail, as though her entire being was encapsulated within that small screen.

The Tang Sect has been secluded for too long. Although some elders occasionally ventured out and experienced the wide world, they never encountered or tried recent devices like mobile phones that have developed over the past decade or so—they naturally didn't inform their disciples.

While Tang Xin was a favored disciple in the Tang Sect, she never had the chance to leave the mountains and explore the outside world. The mountain folks were quite xenophobic, and outsiders did not wish to venture deep into the mountains, so it was unlikely for them to encounter Tang Xin, who had no chance to see a mobile phone.

Until she met Qin Fang, that is...

"There are also movies inside, Miss Tang. You can watch them when you have nothing to do!"

Taking photos was just one simple feature. The pixel quality of Qin Fang's phone was quite good, producing high-resolution images. Although it was far from professional cameras, it was decent enough to keep Tang Xin utterly baffled...

Tang Xin might be a heavenly beauty, extraordinarily talented, and sharp-witted, but in this aspect, her experience was perhaps less than that of an ordinary village girl outside the mountains.

In this regard, Tang Xin is like the village girl among village girls, the most unsophisticated among the unsophisticated...

However, such a beauty is the easiest to impress, with her eyes shimmering with novelty and interest. Qin Fang noticed her shock had not left her gaze, her eyes almost bulging out.

If the photo already left Tang Xin speechless with shock, the sounds coming from the phone, along with lifelike images, were simply too overwhelming; she could only let go of Qin Fang's hand and cover her astonished gap with her delicate hand...

She knew the outside world had changed a lot, and the Tang Sect had been closed off for too long, but the outside world possessed many things they did not, from birth their existences revolved around cultivation, cultivation, cultivation, and little else.

As for what all this cultivation was for, perhaps they themselves didn't even know.

Chapter 1032: Descending the Mountain with Overwhelming Force

Although it was just a small mobile phone, the impact it had on Tang Xin was indeed immensely huge, almost completely overturning all her worldviews.

The movie stored in Qin Fang's mobile phone was a major foreign production, with incredibly exciting content and explosive plotlines, especially those dazzling special effects and powerful explosive scenes, which even Qin Fang found impressive during his first viewing.

But now, through Tang Xin's eyes, it wasn't just about being amazed by the special effects; it felt more like witnessing a grand battle between gods and demons.



Those airplanes soaring freely in the midair, those cars that raced without horses, and those skyscrapers tens or hundreds of stories tall...

And then there were countless simply-dressed beauties that made her blush and heart race just by looking at them... Of course, perhaps what she cared more about were the clothes, shoes, and bags these beauties wore.

In short, when she thought back to her life within the Tang Sect – it could hardly be called living; it was just muddling along waiting for death.

Tang Xin was completely stunned, still holding the mobile phone in her hand, but the expression on her face was evidently off, although Qin Fang could only see her eyes.

"Miss Tang, to be honest, the outside world has changed a lot. The Tang Sect has been secretive for many years, and perhaps while it has reached higher and farther in the Martial Way, the consciousness of its people has been too disconnected from the outside world for too long."

Qin Fang kindly reminded her that the reclusiveness of the Tang Sect was to prevent the interruption of the sect's lineage, which was not wrong in itself, but avoiding worldly interaction for hundreds of years and even restricting sect members from going out was a bit too arrogant.

Isolation cannot bring about progress, and ultimately can only lead to being phased out... That is the natural law of survival of the fittest, an unchangeable fact.

"Having great martial strength is indeed good, but perhaps you don't know, those ordinary people looked down upon by the Tang Sect have already created incredibly powerful weapons; a small bomb can easily kill hundreds, and even if Martial Arts are cultivated to the peak, they still cannot withstand it..."

Today people outside know that martial strength is no longer the ultimate deterrent, the emergence of various kinds of firearms has made martial artists far less formidable.

Just like the outlaws of Shui Po Liang Shan, one hundred and eight heroes, each a first-rate individual, many with extremely impressive skills – based on Qin's estimate, many of their strengths were at the Grandmaster Level...

But if those times were shifted to now, and these people wanted to become bandits or kings of the mountains again, perhaps just a round of bombardment would kill them all. No need for the hassle of fighting over and over again, never managing to conquer...

"Miss Tang, I won't say too much. If one day you wish to step out of these mountains, feel free to come find me!"

Tang Xin was completely shocked, having watched that movie and seen those daunting scenes, she had no idea they were special effects, and was indeed tremendously startled.

Looking at the stunned Tang Xin, Qin Fang kindly spoke out, for there would be many benefits for him if he could coax this Tang Sect Heroine, whose abilities were a match for his own, out of the mountains.

At the very least, the True Qi she possessed, which was compatible with Qin Fang's, was something he needed very much... just now when Tang Xin let go of her hand, that feeling of compatibility disappeared instantly, and Qin Fang's True Qi calmed down again.

"Without permission, Tang Sect disciples cannot leave the mountains..."

Hearing Qin Fang's words, although Tang Xin was somewhat moved, in the end, she shook her head and declined. The people of the Tang Sect had lived in the depths of the mountains for hundreds of years, although their days weren't as splendid as the outside world, they were quite good, which made them reluctant to leave the mountains...

Qin Fang had no particular feelings about this; success would have been best, but failure was within reason. He and Tang Xin didn't know each other well, and to think that just a few words would persuade her to leave the mountain was unrealistic. Otherwise, there wouldn't be years of the Tang Sect's remaining hidden...

"Miss Tang, I've found the way, it's this way, what about you?"

After strolling in the mountains for a little over an hour, as the daylight began to fade, Qin Fang had found the route to the Nayi Tribe and casually inquired with Tang Xin.

"I still have to walk this way forward..."

Although Tang Xin had never left the mountains, she still knew some of the conditions inside; at least she was very familiar with the route she needed to take care of things, and pointed in another direction.

"It seems we must part ways here!"

Looking at the path, completely different in direction from Qin Fang's, he knew that their stroll together had come to an end.

"Miss Tang, it's getting late, and I shouldn't delay you any further, so let's part ways here. If fate allows, I hope we can meet again..."

Qin Fang clasped his fists, expressing his farewell with proper decorum as befitting the Martial World, for since their paths diverged, and there were others worrying about him, he could not continue to follow Tang Xin.

"Take care! Till fate brings us together again..."

Tang Xin, who obviously hadn't fully recovered from the shock just yet, responded subconsciously by clasping her fists in return upon hearing Qin Fang's words.

Hearing her response, Qin Fang naturally had no reason to stay; he immediately turned and walked in his own direction, soon disappearing into the dense forest, while Tang Xin kept watching his silhouette until it vanished completely... only then did she come somewhat back to her senses.

Looking at the forest now void of his presence, Tang Xin's eyes carried a visible sense of loss, but ultimately, she could only sigh softly and head in the direction she needed to go.

"We'll meet again if fate wills it... but perhaps there won't be such a chance!"

Tang Xin could only lament in her heart... She knew that after this farewell, it would be difficult to have another day of reunion unless their fates were truly intertwined.

"Mobile phone..."

It was only then that she remembered that she still had Qin Fang's mobile phone in her hand, which she had not yet returned to him. Qin Fang himself had forgotten and just walked away...

But by this time, Qin Fang was already far away, and even if she wanted to chase after him, she would not be able to catch up; besides, the terrain in these mountains was quite complicated with no proper paths, and she hadn't even asked him to which tribal village he was heading.

"If we truly are meant to meet again, then when I see you next time, I'll return it to you..."

Holding the mobile phone in her hand, Tang Xin silently made the plan in her heart. Her somewhat despondent mood shifted for the better, and a slight smile even appeared on her face. Walking along, she continued to play games on the phone to pass the idle time...

Life in the mountains was too simple, and if there were such wonderful things to while away the time, Tang Xin was quite satisfied... Except Qin Fang seemed to have forgotten to tell her that mobile phones

need to be charged. Even though Qin Fang's phone was specially made and had a relatively longer standby time, it couldn't withstand constant gaming.

Qin Fang also hadn't thought of this, and he was currently worried that Sang Duo and Uncle Wen, not having seen him for a long time, might organize the people from the tribe to come search for him in the mountains, which would be a bit unnecessary to make such a commotion; most critical was that he didn't want Wen Yan to worry about his safety.

The more he thought about this, the faster Qin Fang hastened his pace. He was retracing the route he had taken into the mountains. Although the terrain looked similar everywhere, Qin Fang had made some small marks, so he wouldn't take the wrong path on his return.

"Somebody..."

But about ten minutes or so into his journey, he heard a great commotion ahead, as if many people were entering the mountains. "Could it really be Uncle Wen and the others?"

This path led to the Nayi Tribe, and usually, hunters would enter the mountains in groups of three to five at most; it was rare to see dozens of people mobilizing at once, so it was very likely Uncle Wen and the others.

Today, Qin Fang had helped resolve a conflict for the Nayi Tribe that could have caused many injuries and even deaths. The people of the tribe, living in the mountain, had simple thoughts: whoever was kind to them, they would be kind to in return... Naturally, they were very friendly towards Qin Fang, treating him as a friend of the tribe. Now with Qin Fang in trouble, Sang Duo's call to arms had immediately had many responding, and they set out to search the mountains together.

Although this was just Qin Fang's conjecture, it was not far from the truth; faintly, Qin Fang heard Uncle Wen's voice, which confirmed his guess.

After a moment of thought, Qin Fang took a large wild boar's carcass out of the Props Box. Without caring about the blood and dirt, he carried it on his shoulder and walked towards where the voices were coming from.

Rustle rustle rustle rustle~~

As expected, Qin Fang didn't have to walk far before he heard the rustling of leaves in the forest, and soon dozens of people came out. The two groups bumped into each other almost immediately, and the hunters subconsciously raised their bows and arrows, seemingly ready to act at any moment.

"Hold your fire!"

Luckily, Sang Duo reacted quickly. Being at the forefront, he immediately recognized Qin Fang's presence and shouted loudly.

"Xiao Qin?"

Uncle Wen then parted the crowd and walked towards Qin Fang, looking at him in astonishment and then at the wild boar, weighing at least several hundred pounds on Qin Fang's shoulder, his eyes nearly popping out...

He had been very worried about Qin Fang's safety because he had witnessed how formidable the boar was and wouldn't have organized so many people for a rescue otherwise.

#### Chapter 1033: Are You the Reinforcement She Called For?

In fact, not only him, but all these villagers who came to rescue Qin Fang were also dumbfounded. These large wild boars are recognized as the overlords of the mountains, and these hunters would always avoid them from afar, definitely not willing to mess with them. However, Qin Fang alone managed to kill such a big fellow, which was truly astonishing.

They did know that Qin Fang was very strong, as many of them had personally seen how he effortlessly dealt with the young princess of the Gelan Tribe. His skill with the whip was absolutely domineering and overpowering, which made all these villagers watch in fear and trepidation.

But this young lady, when in Qin Fang's hands, couldn't muster any resistance at all and was directly made to cry... This was a scene many had not witnessed before.

However, at that time, as Qin Fang was just bullying a little girl, it didn't bring them a very direct impact, nor did it elevate Qin Fang to a much higher status.

It was just like Song Qingshan previously; Zhuoda was the first to see that Song Qingshan was impervious to swords and spears, something that astonished the ordinary villagers, but Zhuoda was not so convinced.

However, when Song Qingshan alone killed Xiong Xiazi and returned, Zhuoda fully believed the previous statement because it seemed there was no one else in the mountains who could kill a bear alone.



Now, Qin Fang's situation was almost the same. This huge wild boar might not be comparable to the bear Song Qingshan killed, but it definitely wasn't far behind. Both these creatures were considered kings of the mountain beasts, which other wild animals would not dare to provoke lightly...

However, Xiong Xiazi died by the hands of Song Qingshan, and this large wild boar fell under Qin Fang's hands. The skin of the pig was still intact and in very good condition, but the wound was such that it was cringe-worthy...

"Uncle Wen, what is all this? I'm back, isn't this too grand a welcome?"

To spare everyone the awkwardness, Qin Fang immediately joked with a laughing tone.

"You youngster... We saw you took down such a large boar and were afraid you couldn't handle it alone, so we specially brought more people to help!"

Uncle Wen clearly understood Qin Fang's implication and exchanged a wry smile with Sang Duo before jokingly responding.

"This is just right, this thing is indeed too heavy, I'm exhausted..."

Qin Fang was not shy, immediately dropping the large wild boar on the ground, allowing the villagers who came to help to come forward, tie it up, and lift it, which was much easier with more people around.

Having taken down such a large wild boar, according to the rules of the mountains, the entire tribe could share it, and those who came did not come for nothing; they could all have a share.

Since they could take part of it, these people were naturally very happy to get busy. Moreover, with many people and ready tools, it was quickly lifted and they headed back to the tribe down the mountain.

While walking, Qin Fang walked together with Uncle Wen, chatting casually from time to time, passing the bit of time.

"I was also worried about your safety. We have been waiting for you at the mountain base for a long time and you didn't return, making us worry! We wanted to call you, but there's no signal in the mountains, so it was impossible to make a call. With no choice left, we asked Sang Duo to organize many people to prepare to enter the mountains to rescue you because entering the night, the mountains become very dangerous..."

Uncle Wen briefly explained some reasons. They were not very worried about Qin Fang originally, but since they couldn't see him return, they couldn't help but worry.

Had it not been for this situation, they wouldn't have done this, as organizing so many people to enter the mountains is not an easy task.

"Make a call! A cellphone? Ha... I forgot I had to come back! Sigh, never mind, let her keep it for playing!"

Qin Fang only then remembered that the cellphone was still with Tang Xin; he had forgotten to take it back, but now it was too late to say anything. Besides, he didn't care about the money of the phone, when he got back to Ninghai he would just rearrange the card and it would be fine, it had no major impact.

"I overlooked that, I'm really sorry... At that time, that wild boar was chasing me, and I almost got lost. It took me a great effort to find my way back!"

Qin Fang still didn't plan to speak about the matter with Black Witch Doctor Mulun. This profession by itself was a taboo in the mountains, and moreover, he had killed so many people from the tribe. If they knew about this, it would probably cause a huge uproar.

Since he had already killed the man, and those who had died could not come back, it might as well let this matter pass; at least the families of the victims had already accepted the fact of their loved ones' deaths. Bringing it up again would unavoidably make them sad once more.

Not mentioning Mulun's matter, there was naturally no need to mention Tang Xin's either. Tang Sect was a very secretive entity; only a few people in the mountain knew its existence, most people were unaware, and it was not a kind place. Ordinary people couldn't even enter Tang Sect, and might get directly killed by the densely packed mechanisms, traps, poisons, and hidden weapons there.

Rather than that, it's probably better to let them continue unaware, as after all, this was a completely different world from theirs. If Qin Fang wasn't a person from the Martial World, he wouldn't care about Tang Sect at all.

Chapter 1034: Are You the Reinforcement She Called For?\_2

The group quickly made their way back to the tribe. On seeing such a huge wild boar, it instantly attracted the attention of many people in the tribe; it was like a festival had come—with a large crowd gathering to watch.

At the same time, Sang Duo gathered some skilled butchers to dismember the large wild boar, then went from house to house distributing the meat.

Of course, the best cuts were naturally reserved for Sang Duo's family, after all, the boar had been hunted by Qin Fang, and Qin Fang was Sang Duo's guest. Everyone else was merely basking in his reflected glory.

Such acts of generosity naturally endeared Qin Fang more to the tribe, with everyone looking at him with a mix of reverence and closeness.

Sang Duo was extremely happy today; first, his mother, who had been on death's door, was suddenly revived by Qin Fang and seemed to even have her days extended. Then, while hunting in the mountains with Qin Fang, they captured such a big wild boar. Although much was given to others, his family still had plenty left—enough to last for some days.

He also knew that Qin Fang was Wen Yan's boyfriend, and that this visit, aside from attending to his critically ill grandmother, was actually meant to solidify their relationship. Originally, Sang Duo had little regard for people from outside the mountain, but when it came to Qin Fang, he was a hundred, a thousand, even ten thousand times satisfied. None of the strong young men in the tribe could even compare a little to Qin Fang.

Auntie Song had also heard about this, and she immediately became even more impressed with Qin Fang. Even when arranging the sleeping quarters for the night—previously she had constantly reminded Wen Yan not to fall easily for Qin Fang—she actually went out of her way to arrange for Qin Fang and Wen Yan to stay in the same room...

As for the reason, well, it's simple—the home conditions are humble, so everyone just make do with what we have!

However, this excuse really left Qin Fang with nothing to say. Sang Duo and his wife took up one room; their son and daughter-in-law another; Auntie Song shared one with her mother; Song Qingshan and Uncle Wen took up one more; and thus the last room was left to Qin Fang and Wen Yan... With all the rooms accounted for in Sang Duo's home, which was relatively spacious, the arrangement was still quite packed.

In the end, Qin Fang and Wen Yan entered a room and lay in the same bed. However, Qin Fang had no intention of taking advantage of Wen Yan. He did not wish for their first time to happen in such an environment.

Wen Yan was interested though. Lying in Qin Fang's arms, she kept exploring something. Of their trio, only Xiao Muxue had already reached that level of intimacy with Qin Fang; the other two were quite envious and anxious, yet Qin Fang was reluctant to make a move on them, which left them quite frustrated.

Especially after the Cao Chun incident, these thoughts grew even stronger. Didn't Tang Feifei even study Qin Fang's Metamorphosis technique specifically so that she could trick Qin Fang?

Qin Fang simply held Wen Yan, just quietly embracing her. Although his hands almost wandered over every inch of Wen Yan's skin, in the end, he did not take that final step.

A night without words.

Eventually, both of them managed to sleep without further ado. Qin Fang managed to sleep quite well, while Wen Yan was tense and full of hope, seemingly a little insomnia, only falling asleep when utterly exhausted in the later hours of the night.

However, the next morning, while both were still in the middle of sweet dreams, they were woken up by noise outside. Houses in the mountains were rudimentary, and those built from stone had particularly poor sound insulation. As soon as it got noisy outside, it easily woke the people inside.

Not to mention that the noise that woke Qin Fang this time was caused by an old acquaintance!

"Zhuoda, what are you up to now? Do you want to start a war again?"

Although Qin Fang was somewhat frustrated, he came out only to see Zhuoda, who had gone back to the Gelan Tribe yesterday. Moreover, he brought even more people than before, looking as though they were indeed about to start a war, which provoked Qin Fang to scold immediately.

"Um... Mr. Qin, we really didn't come to start a war! It's just..."

Zhuoda said with a bitter smile on his face, then glanced back at the crowd behind him, signaling that there was another reason for this.

Zhuoda wasn't a fool. Both Qin Fang and Song Qingshan had shown their abilities, leaving him utterly amazed. Today, as soon as he led his people over, the Nayi Tribe immediately gathered together. Hearing that they came to find Mr. Qin, tensions soared between the two sides, looking like they might come to blows at any moment.

He realized upon seeing this that Qin Fang must have done something to earn the sincere respect and recognition from the people of the Nayi Tribe.

"Mr. Qin, I'm here again..."

Almost as soon as Zhuo Da finished speaking, Zhuoma was seen walking out of the crowd, carrying a whip and riding a pony, with another woman on horseback seeming to be accompanying her.

At this moment, Zhuoma's face was smug, and her gaze towards Qin Fang no longer held the fear of yesterday.

Indeed, Zhuoma lived up to her nickname of Xiaolajiao (Little Chili), with a snap of the whip in her hand, she shed the distress of yesterday's tearful image, yet her eyes still showed undeniable hostility towards Qin Fang.

"You little brat, didn't get enough spanking yesterday and want me to give you a few more?"

Qin Fang looked at the defiant Xiaolajiao with a teasing tone in his voice, remarking that although she was a bit young, her pert little bottom was quite perfect, and he could still recall the elasticity and touch...

"You... bastard!"

Spicy Pepper Zhuoma immediately flew into a rage. She had always been like a princess, with strength far surpassing that of the men, always the one to bully others, never the one to be bullied.

What was most infuriating was that Qin Fang had bullied her, and upon meeting him again, he dared to tear open her wound, which was utterly detestable.

Snap~~

Zhuoma's whip cracked towards Qin Fang without any courtesy, making a crisp sound. The whooshing of it cutting through the air was quite pleasant to the ear, but at the same time, no one dared to underestimate the power of that whip.

However, her whip might appear daunting, but it was ineffective against Qin Fang. His face unchanged, he reached out with his arm and caught the tip of the whip in his hand effortlessly.

Zhuoma's face changed as she struggled, but couldn't free it, her strength nowhere near Qin Fang's.

"Master, look, it's him who bullied me... he even... even spanked me... you must help me take revenge!"

The thought of her pert little bottom being hit by this detestable man the day before, leaving it tingling all night - it wasn't painful, but it filled Spicy Pepper Zhuoma with boundless rage.



Had her master not arrived at her place last night and promised to stand up for her, she wouldn't have been able to sleep at all.

And so, first thing in the morning, she led her master to seek revenge.

In her eyes, although Qin Fang was indeed strong, much stronger than her, he was no match for her master. As long as her master made a move, victory was assured.

"Hmph, once Master captures you, I will definitely lash your butt with my whip until it's torn and tattered..."

Imagining the moment when she could capture this despicable man, the little girl immediately contemplated how she would punish him.

Although she had already decided on a method last night, seeing his face now still made her want to choose the most brutal punishment - whipping his butt!

However, Qin Fang had spanked her pert little behind with his palm, while she intended to use the whip in her hand, wanting to lash him until his flesh split open.

Without a doubt, the woman leaning next to her, riding on the horse, was indeed Xiaolajiao Zhuoma's master and her greatest reliance for this encounter.

"Are you the reinforcement this little brat has called for?"

Looking at the woman on the horse, Qin Fang's face first showed surprise, then settled into a slightly amused smile as he asked in a jocular tone...

Chapter 1035: The Reinforcements and the Enemy are Together!

In fact, as soon as this woman appeared, Qin Fang had already noticed her, but he didn't react, and was taken by surprise when the young Zhuoma came charging fiercely, bringing reinforcements.

And this woman was the young girl's master—even though she didn't seem much older than young Zhuoma...

"Sort of!"

This woman also lightly leapt down from the tall horse, landing steadily in front of Qin Fang, and a faint fragrance hit him, giving Qin Fang a refreshed feeling.

"So, do we still need to fight?"

Qin Fang smiled, his posture relaxed without any intention of fighting, nor even the slightest bit of defense, just asking with a smile.

"No need..."

The woman also immediately flashed a bright smile, creating a spring-like atmosphere, especially for Qin Fang facing her, the feeling was particularly strong.

"Here you go..."

The woman made no move to attack, and instead seemed to have no intention of doing so, instead reaching into her clothes and handing something to Qin Fang.

"Thank you!"

Qin Fang did not refuse, accepting what the woman handed over and casually putting it into his pocket while naturally uttering polite words.

"I should be the one thanking you... I broke it!"

However, upon hearing this, the woman's face turned embarrassed and she spoke with some unease.

"Master, you know each other?"

Originally, the young Zhuoma was waiting for her master to seek revenge for her, but unexpectedly, these two had no intention to fight and instead started chatting casually.

This left the young girl Zhuoma dumbfounded, her face filled with disbelief, unable to accept the reality before her.

Others might not know her master's identity, but as her disciple, she was quite clear: a hidden disciples of the Tang Sect deep in the mountains.

Tang Sect Disciples seldom left the Sect to venture to the outskirts of these great mountains, and only a few of her fellow tribespeople knew of such a sect's existence. They maintained considerable reverence, not daring to talk lightly about it, let alone approach it carelessly.

Just like her, had she not been playful as a child, gotten lost in the mountain, and by chance met her master practicing sword in the mountains, she might have grown up obediently like other girls in the tribe and simply married a man when she turned sixteen...

It was precisely that encounter that changed Zhuoma's life. She followed her master in practicing martial arts. Though her talent was nothing remarkable, Zhuoma willingly worked hard, and these ten years of perseverance granted her the cultivation she possessed now.

In the Gelan Tribe, the strongest wasn't her brother Chu Da, but rather this little princess Zhuoma, with all the men of the tribe defeated by her.

Perhaps it was also because of this reason, Zhuoma was somewhat overbearing, never knowing modesty. Previously, no one had cared to confront her, but she happened to meet Qin Fang, who also uncharacteristically spanked her... That enmity was now deeply rooted.

One-on-one, Zhuoma clearly knew she was no match for Qin Fang, so she used a secret signal to call her master from seclusion; her master's strength was much greater than her own.

But somehow, the situation before her eyes didn't look quite right...

Without a doubt, this woman was none other than Tang Xin the Tang Sect Beauty, who had just walked a part of the mountain road with Qin Fang the day before.

Qin Fang had also not expected that she was young Zhuoma's master, and although both had thought they would never see each other again, here they were meeting again in such a bizarre way.

"It's not broken, it just ran out of battery... Too bad we can't charge it in the mountains!"

Qin Fang took out the phone from his pocket, looked at it and realized it was out of battery—what battery is, Qin Fang couldn't easily explain at the moment, that too only if Tang Xin could understand.

"It's not broken, that's good, that's good..."

Upon hearing that it wasn't broken, Tang Xin immediately felt relieved, and with her delicate hands, she patted her bountiful, tender chest in fortune.

Before she could say more, upon hearing there was no way to charge it in the mountains, she understood she wouldn't be able to use the phone and felt inevitably disappointed—she initially planned to take this phone back to the Tang Sect to enjoy often, but now it seemed hopeless.

There's no way around it. If it were outside, even if the conditions were a bit rough, at least there would be electricity. But in these mountains, although there are quite a few people living, everything is rather backward. Qin Fang has learned this over the past few days; at night it's pitch dark, and there's not even a light in the bathroom, let alone charging a cell phone.

"Master..."

The little girl, feeling ignored, couldn't take the hit and immediately clung to Tang Xin's arm, cooing and swaying it.

"What's wrong?"

Poor Tang Xin seemed to have forgotten her initial purpose of coming here; when Zhuoma acted coyly, Tang Xin looked confused and asked.

"Erm..."

Zhuoma was thunderstruck, and her eyes seemed to burst into flames.

Their relationship might be master-disciple, but the two of them are close in age and actually interact like sisters. The only reason they are called master and disciple is to facilitate Tang Xin teaching Zhuoma martial arts.

Tang Sect is very strict about taking in disciples, selecting those with exceptional talents and root bones for mountain training, and they only come out once every ten years.

Zhuoma had the chance to enter the mountain ten years ago, but missed it due to a severe illness during the Tang Sect's disciple selection. Moreover, Tang Xin was very young at the time, which ruined their plan of becoming martial sisters. Instead, they became master and disciple, so that Tang Xin could legitimately bring Zhuoma into the Tang Sect the next time they chose new disciples.

Because of their sister-like relationship as both master and disciple, Zhuoma isn't very afraid of Tang Xin. Instead, they behave like sisters, speaking openly and showing emotions immediately.

This is the situation now; they are like good sisters, but Zhuoma is angry that this man spanked her, and her "sister" not only did not stand up for her but was also laughing and talking with him. What an outrage!

Zhuoma got angry, but the consequences... seem to have not much impact.

"That... Zhuoma, I think you and Qin Fang might just have a misunderstanding!"

Perhaps due to the pressure of accepting help, Tang Xin, who had been holding Qin Fang's phone for a long time, might have kept it if they hadn't met again. She was quite embarrassed, especially since her disciple and sister had caused such a dispute with Qin Fang, making her position very awkward.

But then she thought, the issue between them didn't seem to be a deep hatred, couldn't they just talk it out? There was no need to escalate it so dramatically.

However, she was trying to speak from a relatively neutral position, but once she spoke, it seemed like the implication might have changed.

The right and wrong between Qin Fang and Zhuoma are difficult to discern. Zhuoma was the one who initiated the attack on Qin Fang, especially with that final lash was after Qin Fang had already spared her, and then she launched a sneak attack. That's what made Qin Fang angry and led to him spanking her.

In this sense, Zhuoma was at fault first, and Qin Fang spanking a girl afterward was probably a bit too much. Assuming fault on both...

Both are to blame, so Tang Xin's comment was quite neutral.

But Zhuoma obviously didn't see it this way. In her mind, Tang Xin was the reinforcement she called for, so she should be siding with her, seeing Qin Fang as an unforgivable villain, and they should unite to deal with this bad guy.



As for her own mistakes... she conveniently ignored them.

Unfortunately, Zhuoma didn't expect that Tang Xin, who rarely leaves the sect, would already know Qin Fang, who was also entering the mountain for the first time. Moreover, judging by their interactions, they seemed quite familiar, or perhaps... their expressions appeared a bit strange!

"You... wait, Master, come here!"

Hearing Tang Xin's words, Zhuoma almost instinctively wanted to get angry and turn away, but she held back because she seemed to have noticed something and immediately changed her tone.

"What is it?"

Tang Xin was also a bit puzzled, not quite understanding what Zhuoma was trying to do, but still walked over to her side, looking at her with some confusion.

"Do you like this Mr. Qin?"

Zhuoma didn't shout it out loud in front of many people, instead, she pulled on Tang Xin's arm and whispered in her ear.

The voice was very soft, seemingly only audible to the two of them. Qin Fang was relatively far away, and despite his sharp hearing, he couldn't hear clearly.

But the moment Zhuoma asked this question, Tang Xin was momentarily stunned, then a faint pink blush appeared on her face, and she fiercely glared at Zhuoma.

"Silly girl, what nonsense are you spouting? I just met him not long ago, how could I..."

Tang Xin shyly glanced at Qin Fang, then pinched Zhuoma's arm in disapproval, strongly refuting her apprentice's suspicion.

"Could I really like him? Impossible, we've only just met, how could feelings develop so quickly?"

But while she denied it verbally, her heart couldn't help but murmur. Write the CSS code for your three-column layout. Make sure the columns are aligned such as they can contain image and text content. Use appropriate color, font, and padding for the content.

Chapter 1036: I'll Give You Three Moves!

Qin Fang and Tang Xin's meeting was by considerable chance and filled with drama; nevertheless, it must be said, it indeed brought great shock to Tang Xin.

After they parted yesterday, Tang Xin lingered for a long time on the events before, admitting completely that she was unmoved would be somewhat deceiving herself.

"Are you still lying to me? If you didn't like him, would you protect him like this?"

Zhuoma was obviously not so easily fooled and immediately retorted sharply, obviously quite dissatisfied with Tang Xin's answer.

The two had known each other for over ten years, and their relationship had always been very good; they were extremely familiar with each other, and there were rarely secrets, but on this matter, Tang Xin seemed to have not told Zhuoma... which indicated a problem.

"Don't talk nonsense, there's really nothing between him and me, and you also know my background, even if I did have those thoughts, it would still be impossible..."

Tang Xin still shook her head denying this, perhaps she was a little moved, but when she thought about her identity and the rules of the Tang Sect, she had no choice but to quench that little spark that had just risen in her heart.

"That's true too..."

Zhuoma thought about it, and it did indeed seem to be the case.

The Tang Sect has kept a low profile for hundreds of years in order to preserve the inheritance of the sect, thus, disciples are not allowed to leave the mountains; given the vast distance from the authority of the emperor, it's easy for some of the Tang Sect's secret techniques to be spread out, which is not something the Tang Sect would like to see.

It's easier to deal with male disciples, even if they really intend to take disciples and pass on their art, at least it still counts as part of the Tang Sect's inheritance. However, female disciples are different; once they marry out, those Tang Sect secret techniques they carry might not necessarily belong to the Tang Sect anymore... Just like the saying goes, a married-off daughter is like water that's been poured away!

Perhaps it's also because of this reason that the Tang Sect imposes stricter restrictions on female disciples...

Especially Tang Xin, who is ranked among the top ten skilled young female disciples of the Tang Sect, carrying relatively more secret techniques, and also a strongly protected target. Even her future marital partner would necessarily be chosen from the Tang Family clansmen, those not of Tang bloodline have a hard time competing.

The Tang Sect's traditions have long evolved from a family to a sect, although those in charge are still selected from the orthodox disciples of the Tang family, the disciples not of Tang bloodline also increasingly hold more decision-making power.

However, the orthodox Tang Family would not possibly allow such a situation to continue worsening, so for exceptionally talented female disciples like this, they are generally married to Tang Family clansmen, ensuring the children born carry the Tang bloodline, inheriting superior genes and better martial arts talents. This ensures that the Tang family's disciples are always the most excellent.

Various restrictions can be said to leave Tang Xin with not much choice, and as for freedom of love, that's even more impossible.

The Tang Sect has been hidden for hundreds of years and their thinking hasn't aligned with the outside world. Although martial artists are less concerned with minor details and have some freedom in

marriage, which is slightly better than the utterly arranged marriages of ancient times, compared with modern people from the outside world, that's a completely different level.

The more such restrictions exist, the more melancholic Tang Xin felt, and coincidentally, she had some troubles recently. Zhuoma sent her a signal, so she took the opportunity to get out for a walk.

One was to distract her heart, and the other was to avoid that trouble...

As close sisters who left nothing unsaid, Tang Xin naturally told Zhuoma about these matters. Zhuoma understood Tang Xin's difficulties; if it weren't for the current situation that had arisen by chance, Zhuoma definitely wouldn't have asked that way.

"Miss Tang, how about this, since you're also troubled, may leave my disagreement with Zhuoma for me to settle..."

Seeing Tang Xin and Zhuoma whispering there, and later noticing Zhuoma's face seemed a bit off, her eyebrows already knotted together, and her eyes also full of worry, Qin Fang thought Tang Xin was really troubled between him and Zhuoma, and thought about it and simply decided to take this matter upon himself.

"Then how do you want to settle it?"

Before Tang Xin could speak, Zhuoma immediately asked indignantly.

Zhuoma knew about Tang Xin's predicament; perhaps Tang Xin really had a bit of feeling for Qin Fang, but the harsh reality made her realize it was impossible.

Zhuoma didn't want her good sister to be troubled and was already planning other methods to deal with Qin Fang, but didn't expect Qin Fang to come to her himself, giving her no reason not to seize the opportunity.

Tang Xin opened her mouth, but ultimately remained silent, agreeing by default to Qin Fang's proposal, hoping that these two would resolve their conflict themselves, to avoid putting her in a difficult position.

"How about this, I'm a man, I won't fuss over things with a little girl, I'll let you strike thrice without fighting back, how about that?"

It could be said that Qin Fang was being quite generous, directly proposing a face-saving way to resolve the issue, and of course, it was the same for him.

"No way, if you dodge, I can't hit you..."

Just hearing Qin Fang's proposal, Zhuoma was immediately displeased; she was aware of the gap between herself and Qin Fang.

Just like before, it was impossible for her to hurt Qin Fang even though he was giving her three chances to strike; but she really had no certainty of winning.

"Then what do you want?"

Upon seeing that Zhuoma, this little girl, didn't seem easily fooled, Qin Fang let out an annoyed snort.

"You stand there, don't move, not allowed to fight back... um, not even allowed to move your hands!"

Zhuoma clearly didn't know how to quit while she's ahead. Since she was the one proposing, she naturally set conditions favorable to herself. She was quite harsh this time.

Initially, Qin Fang was not allowed to fight back, but considering how Qin Fang had immediately grabbed her whip, she modified the condition to not allow him to use his hands at all, making her request even stricter than before.

Upon hearing this, Qin Fang frowned immediately. Zhuoma's condition was clearly a bit absurd, not allowing him to move was one thing, but not even allowing him to use his hands, then what was he to use to block Zhuoma's whip?

Just letting Qin Fang surrender to such a little girl was impossible. Suddenly, an idea sparked in Qin Fang's eyes, and he had a plan.

"I can agree to this, but I also have a condition..."

Then Qin Fang spoke cheerfully, as if the little girl's condition wasn't particularly outlandish, and he agreed right away.

"Let's hear it..."

Hearing that Qin Fang agreed, Zhuoma instantly felt a surge of joy, as if she had already seen victory, but then she heard Qin Fang propose a condition as well and instinctively felt annoyed, yet still forcefully suppressed her anger and asked.

"Very simple, I'll give you three moves. I won't fight back or move, and even if you hit me multiple times, it's no problem... However, for every move beyond the three, you will let me spank your bottom once. How about it? Do you dare to accept? If you don't dare, then all previous conditions are nullified, and we shall no longer mention any past grievances..."

To deal with such an unreasonable little girl, Qin Fang could only respond with a trick for a trick, and also used the Goading Strategy.

This low-level Goading Strategy might not work outside; probably even middle schoolers younger than little Zhuoma wouldn't fall for it.

But for Zhuoma, the moment she heard Qin Fang's "Do you dare?", she was immediately triggered, almost wanting to scream with eight mouths—"What? Do I dare not? Is there anything in this world that I don't dare to do?"

Of course, Zhuoma is a mountain girl, and although she has a stubborn temper, she is not so vulgar in her speech...



"Not dare? Why wouldn't I dare? Three lashes and I'll have you wailing in pain... Alright, I agree! Who is scared of whom!"

Indeed, Zhuoma immediately agreed to Qin Fang's condition, huffing with anger.

Of course, she had her calculations, Qin Fang had already said she could lash him as much as she wanted, she would just keep whipping non-stop, sooner or later she would hit him.

And she was best aware of her own whip; a single lash was enough to break Qin Fang's skin and flesh, it's probably unlikely he'd have the energy to spank her after that.

Thinking this way, Zhuoma definitely wasn't on the losing side, so what did she have to fear?

"You'd better not regret it..."

Qin Fang's face wore a casual smile, apparently not too worried, as if everything was already under control, which annoyed Zhuoma even more.

"I'm afraid the one who will regret it won't be me..."

Not to be outdone, Zhuoma, not being one to concede defeat willingly, retorted immediately.

"When do we start?"

Qin Fang didn't want to waste time bickering with the little girl, and went straight to the point.

"Let's start now..."

The little girl was already raring to go, excitedly speaking, not being able to wait to see Qin Fang's flesh ripped and in a bloody mess.

While speaking, Zhuoma shook her whip, seemingly warming up before the action, clearly she was indeed impatient.

"Wait..."

But just as the little girl was about to start, Qin Fang suddenly spoke up.

"What now?"

The little girl was angry, why so much nonsense? She had just built up her momentum, and now it was pressed down again, making her extremely frustrated, almost wishing she could tear Qin Fang apart to feel relieved.

"Are you sure right here? Don't you want to change to a less crowded place?"

Qin Fang asked with a weird expression, while glancing around at the hundreds of onlookers. Last time Zhuoma was already hugely embarrassed, and there seemed to be even more people this time. If Qin Fang was to spank her in public again, Zhuoma would truly be unable to show her face.

Chapter 1037: The Pact of Three Whips

If it weren't mentioned, Zhuoma herself might not have paid attention to these details. She was solely focused on giving Qin Fang a severe beating as fast as possible, determined not to let him off unless he was battered and bruised, kneeling and begging for mercy.

But in that case, three lashes would obviously not be enough. It might require four, five, six, or even seven lashes, and it was not impossible that even more—eight, nine, or ten—might be necessary.

By then, even if Qin Fang ended up in a worse state from the beating, she still couldn't escape the tragedy of being spanked in public. Even if by that time Qin Fang really had no strength left, just a couple of touches... she could bear it in her heart, but with so many people watching, she couldn't bear it!

"Let's change the place... best if it's just the two of us!"

After hesitating for a moment, Zhuoma actually found Qin Fang's words to make sense and immediately agreed. But then she thought, it would be best if it was only the two of them. No matter who ended up unlucky in the end, only the two of them would know... it wouldn't spread out.

"That works! Let's go over to that mountainside, where hardly anyone goes..."

Qin Fang nodded and then pointed towards a spot at the foot of the mountains near the Nayi Tribe. It was a small valley with a relatively flat ground, and a small pond nearby where water was drawn and things were washed. If the two of them went in, hidden by the trees, it would be nearly impossible to see from the outside what was happening inside.

"Alright, let's go..."

Zhuoma immediately nodded and took the lead with her whip, heading over there. Qin Fang followed at a leisurely pace, signaling to those around him, which naturally included the Tang Sect Heroine Tang Xin.

Although Zhuoma's request was outrageous, the people on Qin Fang's side still tended to believe that the ultimate victor would definitely be Qin Fang. Just yesterday, they had feasted on the wild boar Qin Fang brought back, already regarding him as an almost divine being.

In the Gelan Tribe, Zhuoma had a more domineering presence because she was the chieftain's daughter and also the strongest in the tribe, so the men naturally had to give her face.

But this place was the Nayi Tribe, not the Gelan Tribe; why would these people give Zhuoma face?

On the contrary, Qin Fang was their friend, their guest, so they naturally tended more towards Qin Fang's victory.

The people of the Nayi Tribe and the Gelan Tribe each had their preferences, but this did not affect the mood of the parties involved, Qin Fang and Zhuoma. Tang Xin originally wanted to follow, but in the end, she stayed outside.

As an outsider, it was better not to get involved, or she would be in a difficult position. Although she understood that Zhuoma's chances of winning were not very high unless she could use her brain more and employ some smarter tactics...

Of course, she also knew that Qin Fang wore the Body Protecting Inner Armor, which even her Treasured Swords couldn't pierce, so Zhuoma's whip was unlikely to have much effect.

In this light, the agreed three moves seemed insufficient...

At this point, Tang Xin could no longer help either party and could only rely on them to resolve the issue themselves. She only needed to wait outside for the result.

Having arrived at the place prepared for the duel, Zhuoma suddenly remembered that she seemed to have forgotten to ask Tang Xin something—that is the extent of Qin Fang's strength.

If she knew that Qin Fang's strength was almost the same as that of Tang Xin, Zhuoma would definitely not have agreed to Qin Fang's conditions—almost like handing over the victory on a platter, despite the harsh terms Qin Fang had agreed to.

Unfortunately, Tang Xin was not here, so she had no one to ask. Moreover, she had already agreed to the conditions, and to back out now would mean automatically giving up even the three lashes...

"Hmph, what's there to be afraid of, I don't believe you're really that formidable..."

Zhuoma secretly boosted her own morale, inwardly scorning Qin Fang thoroughly.

"Now there's no one else, just the two of us left. Can we start now?"

Qin Fang was calm and composed, seemingly not worried about his potentially miserable fate, which really frustrated Zhuoma, but she was helpless considering Qin Fang was indeed much stronger than her.

"I'll stand right here, you go ahead..."

Qin Fang found a spot to stand firm and said to Zhuoma with a smiling expression.

This location was quite open, with no trees nearby to obstruct, so Zhuoma's whip could be freely wielded without being blocked by the branches.

"Hmph, you just wait... don't move!"

Zhuoma lifting her whip, gave a light shout, not in a hurry to strike, but instead slowly circled around Qin Fang, seemingly planning to take her shot from behind him.

Attacking from behind allowed for very tricky angles, and it was hard to distinguish between real and feigned strikes. This way, the chance of her succeeding was quite significant.

Although she had previously attempted a Sneak Attack on Qin Fang from behind, back then Qin Fang could move and dodge, so her failure was understandable.

Because of this, she specifically reminded Qin Fang not to move, nor to fight back... with this constraint, her chances were much greater.

Slowly making her way to Qin Fang's back, facing his rear, Zhuoma's face immediately revealed a sly grin, as if she was also mocking Qin Fang for being too naive, even agreeing to the conditions that she herself found excessive.

Chapter 1038: The Pact of Three Whips\_2

Tightening the long whip in her hand and glancing over at Qin Fang in the distance, Zhuoma also clenched her teeth, slightly raising her arm, ready to make her move.

Thwack~~

Having adjusted the angle, Zhuoma immediately lashed out, the whip soaring through the air straight for the back of Qin Fang's head with incredible speed and a tricky angle.

Not allowed to use hands, nor to move, Qin Fang's options for defense were very limited; he could only think to use some part of his body.

Feet?

It was possible!

But since Zhuoma aimed for the area behind the head, it would be possible for Qin Fang to perform a wide split, but kicking the back of his own head was out of the question.

If he actually managed to do that, he would truly be a freak of nature! At least, Zhuoma and the others had never seen such a person...

Other parts of the body?

There didn't seem to be any part more robust than that; any part hit by her whip would definitely not feel good... the throbbing pain of flesh tearing was almost within visible reach.

The whip cracked through the air, bringing with it a sharp gust of wind. Even from a distance, Qin Fang could already feel a slight chill on his back.



This warning wasn't extremely dangerous, and it wouldn't pose a fatal threat to him, but if the whip really did hit, he would certainly suffer a painful lashing of skin and flesh.

Qin Fang was no fool; he wouldn't stupidly walk into a beating. Since he had agreed to these terms, he naturally had a countermeasure in place.

Yet, he didn't move, seemingly having no intention to do so. After all, both of them had agreed beforehand, and if he moved, it would mean his immediate loss, and the rationale would no longer be in his favor.

The whip attacked swiftly, but Qin Fang remained immobile, as if he allowed the whip to strike him, which surprised and astonished Zhuoma even more.

Thwack~~

As Zhuoma had initially thought, the whip struck Qin Fang's body hard, producing a dull thud.

Just by hearing the sound, Zhuoma couldn't help but feel a twinge of sympathy, coupled with excitement and thrill, almost bursting forth with the thought, "Revenge at last!"

"Eh..."

However, before she could revel in her delight, she noticed that Qin Fang seemed to not have been hit at all, still standing there erect and motionless.

Most crucially, her whip struck him, but absurdly left not even a mark... it was altogether strange and eerie.

"What's going on?"

Zhuoma was also shocked, as reality seemed to be completely different from what she had anticipated, leaving her brain struggling to catch up.

"It must be an illusion... definitely an illusion..."

After contemplating, she thought she might have misheard or misseen, perhaps not having struck Qin Fang at all, or perhaps he blocked it with some other part of his body—although she seemed to have seen nothing.

"One move!"

At this moment, Qin Fang spoke calmly and unhurriedly, clearly intending to count for himself to prevent Zhuoma from denying it if she lost, and also to conveniently settle accounts with her after the fact.

"Hmph, once more..."

Given the many years Zhuoma had trained with the whip, it was impossible for her to make such a minor mistake. Whether she hit or missed, she had her own judgment.

Yet Qin Fang was unharmed, which utterly surprised her. Nevertheless, she immediately began preparing for her second attack...

Thwack~~

The whip quivered, tracing a beautiful arc mid-air, resembling a rapidly slithering viper, ready to strike at any moment.

Thwack~~

However, this time, while the whip was mid-air, it suddenly changed direction, shifting its target from attacking the boss to aiming for that vulnerable spot beneath a man's waist. The end of the whip, like a Viper, struck right at Qin Fang's beloved Second Brother. Even a gentle touch would spell a shattering disaster for his eggs and the end of his bird.

"Damn, this girl is seriously vicious..."

Although he expected Zhuoma's attacks to get more intense and malicious with each strike, she was still a young girl and shouldn't be that despicable.

But reality proved that for the sake of victory, Zhuoma could be quite despicable, launching a low hit. She first feigned an attack with a false move, then changed her target to Qin Fang's lower body, making it incredibly difficult for Qin Fang, facing away from Zhuoma, to defend himself...

Smack~~

Another crisp sound; Zhuoma's whip had struck Qin Fang once more, again aiming for the lower region, where men are most vulnerable. A mere touch there could leave one clutching their groin for quite a while, let alone being whipped; that was much more dangerous and malicious.

"Eh, how is that possible..."

However, Zhuoma quickly died yet again and Qin Fang remained unfazed, not uttering a sound as if the whip hadn't touched his Second Brother at all.

"Could this guy be a eunuch?"

Seeing her strike fail once more, Zhuoma felt frustrated and couldn't help but make such a wicked guess.

If Qin Fang knew that despite her young age, this girl's thoughts were so prematurely vicious, he would definitely detest her thoroughly...

"Two moves!"

Qin Fang said calmly, his tone not changing at all, as if he were a neutral referee rather than the target of the whipping.

"Don't get cocky, it's still too early..."

The more casual Qin Fang was, the more frustrated Zhuoma became; she huffed and immediately prepared herself for the next, third move.

If this strike still didn't succeed, each subsequent one would be at a huge disadvantage for her. One more strike would mean losing one more butt to Qin Fang...

Thinking of her tender little tush facing such a great threat, Zhuoma immediately resolved to be ruthless, her gaze towards Qin Fang's back growing increasingly hostile.

"I must succeed! I must..."

Constantly psyching herself up, she rapidly swung her whip, transforming the black leather into a sinister and fierce Shadow. It enveloped the sky, assaulting Qin Fang like a cascading menace.

Sensing Qin Fang's strength and realizing that this was her last free hit, Zhuoma didn't rush to act. Instead, she kept feinting move after move, creating a churning, swirling lash shadow, like long, slender black Dragons dancing amidst the clouds...

Now left, now right, now upward, now downward; there was no specific direction for her to strike, making it extremely difficult to defend against, and no one could guarantee when Zhuoma would make her actual move.

Of course, it was equally uncertain whether Zhuoma would keep feinting without suddenly launching a real attack.

It must be said that the young girl Zhuoma had put serious effort into her whip skills; she wielded it as if it were an extension of her arm.

Looking at the overwhelming array of whip shadows, it was easy to feel an inexplicable pressure... but unfortunately for her, the direction she chose seemed problematic. Standing behind Qin Fang meant that the pressure from the lash shadows was utterly useless against him; they held no threat at all.

Buzz~~~

Eventually, Zhuoma could no longer hold back and took her shot. After dozens of feints, she suddenly changed direction and lashed out toward Qin Fang's body.

This attack was very sudden, with a tricky angle and bizarre technique, incredibly difficult to guard against...

Smack~~

Indeed, Zhuoma hit Qin Fang once again...

"What exactly is going on?"

The problem was, Zhuoma quickly grew infuriated because Qin Fang still looked unharmed as though he hadn't been whipped at all...

Could this person be invulnerable?

Deep down, Zhuoma was nearly despairing, feeling utterly bamboozled...

Chapter 1039: Spanked Again~

Three lashes have passed, yet Qin Fang still seemed unscathed, not a single mark on his body, not even a tear in his clothes.

This reality was too much for Zhuoma to accept.

Her eyes were filled with boundless frustration and astonishment, thinking that if she couldn't whip Qin Fang half to death, she at least expected him to endure a few lashes.

But the harsh reality was that she hadn't achieved anything at all. Her three free lashes were already used up.

"Um, the three moves I offered are over. Are you planning to continue? I advise you to forget it; you can't hurt me! And... I don't hold back in a fight!"

The three lashes ended, and Qin Fang naturally kept his word. He had been purely defensive or rather, he didn't even bother to defend himself at all, taking the three lashes, which was giving great face to Zhuoma.

At other times, perhaps both parties could have let bygones be bygones with a laugh, but with Zhuoma it was not the case.

Zhuoma too had her pride as a young lady, destined to become a disciple of the Tang Sect in the Martial World, a heroine in the making with Cultivation to rival her master Tang Xin, the strongest warrior of the Gelan Tribe...

Yet Zhuoma, who had never experienced defeat, had repeatedly suffered setbacks at the hands of Qin Fang. Not only had she lost face several times, but her pure and admired derrière had been tainted by Qin Fang.



The three free lashes were over, and Zhuoma was now conflicted. She understood that Qin Fang was much more powerful than her, not even on the same level, perhaps not too far from her master and sister Tang Xin, maybe even stronger.

Logically, it would be most appropriate to stop now. Qin Fang had already given her much face by letting her whip him three times for free, even if she didn't leave as much as a scratch on him, but at least if it ended now, she wouldn't lose anything more, at most it was just not being able to vent all her frustration.

But it was precisely because she couldn't vent this pent-up anger that Zhuoma felt such resentment. Now Qin Fang was actively persuading her, his tone was quite sincere, and he genuinely had no other intentions, but to Zhuoma's ears, it sounded as if he was purposely provoking her, mocking her for being timid and lacking the spirit to take risks...

With this interpretation, everything changed.

"Don't give me that insincere crap, I'm not buying it! Humph, I don't believe..."

Indeed, Zhuoma got incredibly angry, her whip cracking as she wielded it again, transforming into a treacherous Viper rapidly striking at Qin Fang.

"It's just a few spanks, right? I'm not afraid of you..."

She was trying to bolster her own courage, maybe because Qin Fang had already spanked her once, defiling what was pure had been done, and now even if it was defiled a few more times it wouldn't matter as much.

Whack~Whack~Whack~

The whip turned into streaks of dark shadows, exceedingly fast, angling cunningly, and striking with even more ferocity and ruthlessness.

And this time, she was not lashing one by one but whipping continuously, swinging at Qin Fang three to five consecutive times as the cracking sound was incessant.

Lashing one by one was too easy to dodge, especially with Qin Fang's superior strength, but continuous strikes meant that without moving his body, gaps were more likely to appear, giving her a chance to succeed... This was Zhuoma's thought at the time.

But in fact—

Qin Fang remained as before, standing still, motionless, but every time the whip came his way, although it seemed capable of hitting something solid, it appeared as if it didn't touch him at all.

The flurry of whip shadows seemed formidable and deadly, but to Qin Fang, they were as if nothing, quietly enduring everything, the whip bringing a gentle breeze, fluttering his clothes a tiny bit...

But not a single tear or mark from the whip could be found on Qin Fang's clothes, an extreme and mysterious oddity...

Whack Whack Whack~~~

The whip still howled, tumbled, and lashed, sounding like thunder, crisp and melodious, with a clear rhythm, yet it failed to inflict any real damage.

Zhuoma grew more anxious, her strikes became faster and more urgent, the whip in her hands became a blur of shadows, too fast to follow its trajectory, nearly enveloping Qin Fang completely...

As time ticked away second by second, Zhuoma's face grew increasingly somber and desperate, with sweat already drenching her forehead and soaking through her clothes.

Every strike she launched was with full force, and though it lacked the enhancement of Inner Breath, the prolonged effort weighed heavily on her. She was nearly too exhausted to even lift her whip, yet she clenched her teeth and persisted, as if determined to fight Qin Fang to the bitter end before giving up...

At first, she had fantasized about giving Qin Fang a brutal beating, if not killing him then at least injuring him severely enough to keep him bedridden for half a year before he could recover...

But now,

Her desires had simplified significantly; she didn't ask for much, just to leave even the faintest trace of a whip mark on Qin Fang's body would be more than enough.

Snap~~

Finally, as the sound of a whip cracked, the whip could no longer reach Qin Fang's body, falling limply half a step away; it was clear Zhuoma had reached the limits of her strength.

Snap~~

This failed strike was just the beginning, Zhuoma clearly didn't want to give up. She tried again with a whipping arm, but the whip's speed had decreased by eighty to ninety percent, and its lethality was significantly reduced. Even if it did hit, it would at most cause a slight pain, nothing threatening.

Even so, she couldn't keep it up; after only two more lashes, Zhuoma slumped powerlessly to the ground, her whip hanging weakly from her hand as she gasped for air, the very picture of exhaustion.

"You little girl, out of strength, huh? I told you, it's impossible for you to hurt me, and you just wouldn't believe it..."

Seeing that the little girl Zhuoma could no longer raise her arm, only managing to squat and pant heavily, her entire body drenched in sweat, her little face flushing with impatience.

Only then did Qin Fang leisurely approach Zhuoma, his face calm and tone indifferent, as he spoke. He had indeed warned Zhuoma before, but she did not believe it and insisted on gritting her teeth and persevering.

As a result, Qin Fang was just as unscathed as at the beginning, with not a single injury, while he had worn the little girl Zhuoma out...

Seeing Qin Fang approaching, the little girl Zhuoma still wished to lash out with her whip, but her arm had long since gone numb, as if she had completely lost sensation, unable to successfully command it even slightly.

"You..."

Upon hearing Qin Fang's words, Zhuoma was furious, but she was already too exhausted to do anything but gasp for breath.

Speaking was already such a struggle, let alone taking action – which was completely out of the question. Aside from glaring at Qin Fang with eyes brimming with anger, there was nothing else she could do.

"Since you're out of strength, I'll take it as your surrender. Now it's my turn to settle the score with you..."

However, Zhuoma couldn't move anymore, but it was time for Qin Fang to settle accounts. He had been whipped continuously with a barrage of lashes, which would have been enough to rip any ordinary person apart.

Qin Fang did not admire this little girl's temperament; although the thoughts of these mountain folk were simple and rough, it was indeed a bit too much this time.

After taking so many hits for nothing, if he just let things slide, Qin Fang wouldn't be able to accept it. If he didn't teach this little girl a lesson, who knows what else she might get up to in the future.

"You... you..."

Hearing Qin Fang's words, Zhuoma was momentarily stunned; she had been too anxious about how to hit Qin Fang, temporarily forgetting the agreement between them.

Now that she remembered, her face turned alternately red and white, becoming exceptionally expressive, especially since she was about to say something when Qin Fang simply picked up her limp body, lifting her into the air, and then she was sprawled across Qin Fang's legs.

Snap~~

Qin Fang's hand moved with impressive speed, instantly landing a slap on Zhuoma's small, pert bottom, causing a tingling sensation that invaded her private area and stirred a very strange feeling.

Slap slap slap~~

Qin Fang, as if mimicking her earlier whip strikes, continuously slapped her bottom, left and right, hitting Zhuoma's pert behind...

Zhuoma felt both shame and anger, her body wanting to resist but with no strength left, making her helpless under Qin Fang's actions as she felt repeated intimate contacts on her buttocks...

At first, there wasn't much direct sensation, mainly because Zhuoma was too furious, suppressing other feelings, but as her backside swelled from the hits, her pert bottom became extremely sensitive. The tangy, tingling sensation suddenly gave Zhuoma an extraordinarily strange feeling...

Chapter 1040: Swollen Butt from Spanking

"I'm going to... kill you!"

With tears brimming in her eyes from the pain in her little bottom, Zhuoma gasped out this resentful roar, as if she wished she could tear Qin Fang into pieces.

Slap~~

An unusual sensation she had never experienced before made her almost forget the pain in her buttocks, as if she were indulging in this peculiar feeling.

This sensation was strange and special. Zhuoma was somewhat perplexed by it, yet as mountain girls could marry at sixteen, and Zhuoma was already seventeen or eighteen, she more or less had an inkling of certain things. As Qin Fang whipped her, she suddenly remembered some matters, causing her already flushed face to turn as red as blood.

Suddenly, Zhuoma sensed and understood something, but Qin Fang was actually quite wronged; he truly had no other thoughts.

Although his palm was relentlessly smacking Zhuoma, with every contact he was channeling a fine stream of True Qi into Zhuoma's body to soothe the discomfort, which also served to indirectly cleanse her meridians and Inner Breath...

Qin Fang's True Qi had been condensed after consuming the Superb Spiritual Medicine Golden Dragon Saliva, and his True Qi contained a trace of Spiritual Energy, making it very effective for cleansing Inner Breath.

Unfortunately, Zhuoma's anger, shyness, and even hatred blinded her to these circumstances, and she didn't notice that, from being previously unable to speak, she could now speak more fluently, nor did she notice that much of the fatigue in her body had dissipated.

Otherwise, perhaps her feelings towards Qin Fang would not be so antagonistic.

Slap~~

"Alright, I've spanked you for all you owed me. We're even now..."

With the final slap from Qin Fang, he stopped his hand, and his face still held that utterly infuriating expression that Zhuoma saw, but at the same time, it finally let Zhuoma breathe a sigh of relief.



Casually throwing the little girl onto the soft grass, Qin Fang climbed to his feet, laughing and saying.

"Ouch, that hurts..."

Zhuoma also struggled to stand up, but as soon as she moved a bit, she felt sharp pain in her buttocks. Touching it with her hand, her originally perky little bottom now seemed like a swollen steamed bun, having puffed up a circle, and it hurt terribly to touch.

"I advise you not to move around recklessly; it'll feel better if you don't. Otherwise... hehe! I'm going..."

Seeing this scene, Qin Fang couldn't help but laugh; he was quite precise with his moves, appearing severe and feeling painful, but they were not going to cause any real injury, and a little rest would quickly bring everything back to normal.

With this, the matter was essentially concluded, and Qin Fang left the girl on the grassy meadow of the valley and walked out of the valley alone.

"You jerk... I'll... I'll..."

Watching Qin Fang's departing figure, Zhuoma's face changed dramatically, and she immediately started angrily howling, cursing at Qin Fang's retreating back.

However, when she wanted to utter harsh words, her mind couldn't help but flash back to the time Qin Fang spanked her, with a particularly forceful smack as if punishing her for her rude remarks.

This made her biting words involuntarily pause as they reached her lips, unable to be spoken... and by the time she gathered the courage to utter them decisively, Qin Fang had already left the valley.

Outside the valley, people from the Gelan Tribe and Nayi Tribe were all waiting for news, each hoping to see the person they wished would walk out of the valley.

Of course, if they could meet with a smile and dissolve their grudges, that would be more pleasing to many.

But they also roughly guessed, the likelihood of that was really not great. They knew Zhuoma's temper, and she surely wouldn't let things go easily. Without giving Qin Fang a good beating, she wouldn't let it rest.

With Qin Fang's formidable strength, naturally, he wouldn't just sit and wait for death, and if he truly made a move, the little girl Zhuoma would certainly be unable to withstand it...

Both had reasons not to concede lightly, so the end result was self-evident. It definitely would not be a peaceful resolution, and inevitably, one of them would end in tragedy.

"Qin..."

With a somewhat weird expression on her face, Tang Xin looked at Qin Fang, then peered behind him, seemingly not seeing Zhuoma's figure, and she couldn't help wanting to ask.

What Qin Fang and Zhuoma did inside that small valley, although those outside roughly knew a bit, they still didn't know much.

Tang Xin was aware of Qin Fang's strength. Even if he let Zhuoma have a few moves, he definitely wouldn't get hurt... On the contrary, if Qin Fang wanted to do something, Zhuoma would be utterly powerless to resist. This wasn't a fight on the same level at all.

"She's fine, just a swollen butt..."

Qin Fang's expression was indifferent, and he even had a slight smile as he pointed toward the small valley behind him.

"Ugh... thank you!"

Tang Xin was startled initially upon hearing this, but then her worried expression quickly turned into a smile. Clearly, she had understood what Qin Fang meant.

With Zhuoma's butt swollen, and in light of the arrangement between Qin Fang and Zhuoma, unless one was particularly slow-witted, the incident's course of events was easy to understand.

A spanking in exchange for a whipping.

Qin Fang must have measured his strength when dealing with Zhuoma, not too harsh, but even so, he had still caused her butt to swell, which meant he must have done it many times.

Likewise, the number of slaps equaled the number of whippings Qin Fang endured...

The reason Qin Fang willingly took a whipping was really for Tang Xin's sake, otherwise, he had no reason to tolerate this nonsense, even if he was almost assured not to be at a disadvantage.

Understanding this, despite Qin Fang having swollen Zhuoma's butt, Tang Xin still felt indebted to Qin Fang. Saying thank you was the very least she could do.

"Why thank me? The fact that you haven't turned on me is already giving me face..."

Qin Fang laughed, speaking nonchalantly.

Zhuoda was also anxious on the side; after all, Zhuoma was his own sister. Claiming no concern would be utter nonsense, but since Qin Fang wasn't saying anything else, he didn't dare to act rashly.

Upon hearing Qin Fang's words, he became even more anxious. Zhuoma was like a little princess in the Gelan Tribe; everyone cherished and pampered her. She had never suffered such grievances, let alone such a loss, and now even her butt was swollen. His mind was completely overwhelmed.

"Zhuoda, hurry up and help her... Don't worry, I guess this little girl will be fully recovered by tomorrow!"

Qin Fang noticed his expression and immediately spoke with a jovial tone.

Considering Zhuoda had been quite civil to Qin Fang in the past few days, Qin Fang was reluctant to hold grudges over their earlier encounters. Moreover, Zhuoda was worried about his sister. Qin Fang guessed how anxious he would be seeing Zhuoma with a swollen butt, so he simply gave him a slight hint of reassurance.

"Thank you, thank you..."

Although Zhuoda was somewhat skeptical in his heart, Qin Fang's words reassured him somewhat. After a few days of interaction, Zhuoda had some understanding that Qin Fang was not a cruel person.

"Get some men to come in with me..."

He casually called out to some strong men from the tribe and hurried into the valley to carry her out. It didn't take long before the faint sound of Zhuoma's angry roar could be heard.

These poor fellows, unable to vent their frustration with Qin Fang and having stewed in even greater anger, could only unload their anger on themselves.

And they couldn't argue back; if they truly angered little princess Zhuoma, they could expect her to make them suffer once her butt recovered. Not to mention anything else, just being beaten every other day was inhumane treatment.

Zhuoma was not one of these grown men; she was a spoiled woman, and women could tend to be more vengeful... definitely not someone to offend casually.

"Master..."

However, when Zhuoma was being carried out, Tang Xin stepped forward to check on the injury, and that little girl Zhuoma instantly became teary-eyed, shedding her former queenly demeanor and behaving pitifully with coquettish protest.

"Don't ask me for help; his strength is only stronger than mine, not weaker..."

But Tang Xin just shook her head, looking rather helpless, immediately foiling Zhuoma's little scheming...

"Master, you're kidding, right?"

Although the reality had already proven this, Zhuoma still harbored a little hope. In her heart, her master Tang Xin was an invincible top expert among her peers. Qin Fang might be formidable, but he couldn't compare to Tang Xin, who came from the ancient and prestigious Tang Sect...

"What do you think?"

Tang Xin gave her a glance and retorted, her meaning quite clear.

"Then why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Zhuoma was suddenly dejected, snorting, clearly dissatisfied that her master and good sister had not treated her well enough.

"Did you give me a chance?"

Tang Xin was likewise irritated as she rebuffed...