

## Genius 187

### Chapter 187 - Xingyi Martial Arts Hall\_1

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"When did you learn to drive, I had no idea?"

Seeing Qin Fang start the car and smoothly drive away from the Elite Salon, Ning Yumo asked in surprise.

As far as she knew, Qin Fang rarely had the chance to touch cars. Before, he didn't have the ability or the capital, and even though he now had the capital, it seemed there wasn't enough time. That's why she found it strange enough to ask.

"Heh heh, I just learned not too long ago, I don't even have a driver's license..."

Qin Fang grinned, "Actually, I've been wanting to ask Sister Ning to help me get a license, just haven't had the chance to bring it up."

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Ning Yumo gave Qin Fang a rolling of her eyes, "We'll see about that, if your driving skills aren't up to scratch, don't expect me to help you!"

She spoke firmly, but the expression on her face and the smile at the corner of her mouth told you it was just talk—when it came time to help, she definitely wouldn't refuse.

"Rest assured, I'm certainly not bragging to you, even playing with drifting is no problem..."

Seeing that Ning Yumo was joking with him, Qin Fang was naturally happy to join in with a laugh of his own.

"Oh, really? Let's see you perform a drift then, I've never witnessed one with my own eyes..."

Ning Yumo had a hint of a mischievous smile on her face, speaking teasingly.

"Err... let's not, we're in the city, it's too unsafe! For the safety of the pedestrians and other vehicles, let's not do it!"

Qin Fang's face immediately turned bitter, he was just talking nonsense.

His Riding Skill allowed him to quickly learn how to drive, but techniques like drifting on curves were still beyond him for now. Perhaps once his Riding Skill reached Intermediate, it would be no problem at all.

"I knew you were bluffing..."

Ning Yumo tossed another look at Qin Fang, speaking indignantly. However, this was just banter between the two of them, nothing to be taken seriously.

Qin Fang laughed it off and then focused on driving, as it was getting late, and he needed to be careful driving from the city center towards the university town.

It seemed Ning Yumo suddenly remembered something and immediately asked, "By the way, have you ever learned Thousand Skills?"

Qin Fang's heart skipped a beat, but he pretended to be puzzled as he replied, "What Thousand Skills? Oh, I'd like to be like the gambling god Ko Chun from the movies, but I've never had such a mentor and haven't learned such skills! Otherwise, why would I go back to making ramen at a stall? I'd rather just walk around a casino a few times, and the money would be rolling into my pocket..."

Qin Fang was telling the truth—before acquiring such ability, he really didn't know anything, and his mother had explicitly forbidden him from gambling, so he would have never gotten involved with it.

As for the acquisition of the Cheating Skills, it was entirely accidental, and he rarely used them.

Today, he had only stepped in because Xiao Nan had lost quite a bit, and Russian Roulette was particularly suitable for using his Cheating Skills, so he helped Xiao Nan recover his losses. He hadn't expected that Ning Yumo, who should have been out to get her car, had told the doorman to fetch it and came to see Qin Fang herself, just in time to witness his moment of glory.

"It's best if you stay away from gambling as much as you can. I've seen too many people become destitute and break their families because of it, not to mention the officials who embezzled public funds and ended up in jail. I don't want the same for you..."

Ning Yumo spoke with feeling, her line of work exposed her to much of society's dark side, like the gambling taking place in the Elite Salon, which was expressly forbidden in the country, yet it went on unchallenged and unchecked there.

"I understand, Sister Ning!"

Qin Fang nodded. He had no desire to get involved, so there was no reason to refuse.

"You have tomorrow off, where are you planning to go play with Feifei?"

After a brief silence, the atmosphere in the car lightened slightly and Ning Yumo asked cheerfully.

"I just ran into Brother Tang, and he asked me to tell Feifei to go home tomorrow. As for me... I guess I'll read some books in the dormitory or play basketball with my buddies!"

Tang Feifei was his official girlfriend, and although he had Xiao Muxue as a backup, he didn't dare say too much in front of Ning Yumo. Given the close relationship between these two beauties, like sisters, if Qin Fang dared to say he was going out with Xiao Muxue, he reckoned Ning Yumo would tear him apart right then.

"I see..."

Ning Yumo hesitated for a moment, "If you're free tomorrow, come with me. I'll take you to a place..."

"Where?"

Qin Fang was slightly taken aback before asking with some curiosity.

"Xingyi Martial Arts Hall... it's the place I mentioned to you before!"

Ning Yumo didn't hesitate and immediately told Qin Fang, "Your fighting skills are really awful. Plus, you don't have much of a background to speak of, and you're in possession of a large sum of money. If you don't have some self-defense skills, I really won't feel at ease!"

"It's just perfect that Cai Qing, the daughter of the hall master, and I are classmates. I can get you into the elite class, which should teach you some skills..."

Ning Yumo's words touched Qin Fang. After all, Ning Yumo really didn't have any obligation to help Qin Fang—they only knew each other because of Tang Feifei and had even saved Qin Fang's life. Now she was looking out for him in this way, which genuinely surprised and all the more made him cherish this friendship.

"Thank you, Sister Ning!"

Qin Fang replied very earnestly and swore silently in his heart that he would treat Sister Ning well, and if anyone dared to bully Ning Yumo, even if it meant using lethal force, Qin Fang would definitely not let them off easily.

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Xingyi Martial Arts Hall did carry some reputation in Ninghai, especially its master Cai Pingyuan, who was the vice-chairman of Ninghai Martial Arts Association and also one of Jiangnan Province Martial Arts Association's permanent directors, boasting significant influence.

There is an old saying that goes, "The poor study the arts, the rich learn to fight." This sentiment was not only applicable in ancient times but held true even in the technologically advanced modern era.

Without a solid economic foundation, even with martial arts study, one could only ever scratch the surface. Learning the true essence of martial arts skills was almost impossible.

Take Xingyi Martial Arts Hall for example—the students were divided into three levels: ordinary students, elite students, and inner chamber disciples.

These three levels represented three distinct teaching methods.

The ordinary students were mainly those who wanted to learn some simple Sanda fighting or combat, many of them children with various reasons but mostly for fitness and health. The martial arts taught to these students were mostly by coaches who were skilled in martial arts; some were even ex-military special forces. The fees for them were relatively cheaper.

Elite students were those with some talent for martial arts who had just missed the best period to start training. These students paid higher fees and were taught by members of the Cai Family of Xingyi Martial Arts Hall. They would pass on some techniques and moves that were not particularly powerful; achieving a small success in these was considered quite worthwhile.

Real mastery of Cai's Xingyi Fist's essence was reserved for the least numerous group—the inner chamber disciples. These disciples had excellent fundamental capabilities for learning martial arts and had been trained from a young age, usually possessing quite impressive skills by adulthood.

Of course, becoming an inner chamber disciple was not easy.

In the National Art Circle, even though martial arts had declined to its current state, the idea of different families and schools opening their doors to share their secrets was impossible—some even preserved the ancestral rules of "Teach the sons, not the daughters; the eldest, not the youngest; the legitimate, not the illegitimate."

The stricter the rules, the more likely that very powerful martial arts would gradually disappear from history.

Even though the Cai Family had established this martial arts hall and abandoned these potentially lineage-ending rules—basically allowing students from the main line and even some from the collateral line to learn their techniques and even teaching daughters who would marry into other families as long as they were willing to learn—the lineage began to take root and develop slowly.

Despite this, the Cai Family was still very serious about taking disciples.

Teaching daughters and secondary branches was fine since they were still part of the Cai Family, but teaching disciples was different. If the rival families learned their techniques, it would create serious trouble.

Therefore, families like the Cai Family, which had relaxed their restrictions, would often choose to raise orphaned children with clear identities from a young age, ensuring the family's martial arts could be slowly passed down.

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Qin Fang had the opportunity to train at Xingyi Martial Arts Hall and even through backdoor channels—becoming an inner chamber disciple was clearly impossible, but becoming an elite student was not too difficult. Ning Yumo had good relations with Cai Qing and adding one more person was a small matter, especially since Qin Fang's tuition fees were still fully paid.

Qin Fang wanted to say that it didn't matter to him whether he was an ordinary student or an elite student. His main goal was to enhance his Combo Points and Fist Technique Proficiency; even if he didn't learn the Xingyi Fist from Xingyi Martial Arts Hall, he could still grind his way to becoming a master over time.

But thinking of Ning Yumo's concerns, Qin Fang buried these thoughts deep in his heart.



Moreover, as an elite student, his sparring partners in future training sessions would also be elite students, surely much more reliable than the ordinary ones. With Qin Fang's current +10 in Strength, Agility, reaction speed, and so on, it was inconvenient to act against ordinary people, and there was also the worry of hurting them.

Facing these elite students, and even the instructors of the elite students, Qin Fang's spirits were ignited. This was a great way to increase his Combo Points.

"Then I'll come over first thing tomorrow morning! Hehe, the thought makes me quite impatient..."

Qin Fang wasn't just saying it—his heart was truly racing, and even his blood seemed to boil, as if every cell in his body was eagerly awaiting an impending thrashing...