

Genius 189

Chapter 189 Fierce Training_1

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"Alright, enough chit-chat..."

Ning Yumo seemed to notice Qin Fang's odd gaze, and realized that Cai Qing's hand was indeed misbehaving. She immediately pushed Cai Qing away gently and returned to Qin Fang's side.

"Qingqing, I'm entrusting Qin Fang to you now, you must train him well. I don't expect him to be as skilled as you are, but he should at least be able to handle three to five people, right?"

Ning Yumo said earnestly, pulling Qin Fang over with a smile, and the look she gave him was filled with tenderness. It wasn't the tenderness between lovers, though; in her heart, she simply saw Qin Fang as a younger brother, and the tenderness was that of sisterly care.

Such a gesture and tender look from Ning Yumo made Cai Qing pause for a moment. When she saw Ning Yumo standing close to Qin Fang, almost leaning against him, jealousy immediately shone in her eyes. Even her gaze towards Qin Fang turned incredibly hostile.

Not only that, but Qin Fang could clearly see the red aura rising from Cai Qing's body.

"As I thought!"

Qin Fang instantly became alert. This woman obviously had feelings for Ning Yumo, and her orientation was quite abnormal. Seeing Qin Fang's close relationship with Ning Yumo unavoidably filled Cai Qing with dissatisfaction.

"Don't worry, Mo Mo, when have I ever let you down? I'll make sure to train him personally..."

Compared to the hostility in her gaze towards Qin Fang, the look Cai Qing gave Ning Yumo was full of softness, and her smile was extremely sincere. But as she spoke these words, the tone of voice unintentionally took on a menacing quality.

Ning Yumo might not have noticed, but Qin Fang, already on alert, did.

"It looks like my days of martial arts training here won't be easy..."

Qin Fang thought to himself, but Cai Qing could never possibly guess his true thoughts, "I wonder if getting beaten by a Level 5 expert will increase my Combo Points even more..."

Ning Yumo had brought Qin Fang here hoping he would learn a move or two of Cai's Xingyi Fist, along with some fighting techniques, so his abilities would at least be decent enough to protect himself.

However, Qin Fang wasn't actually concerned with learning the moves of Xingyi Fist. His purpose was to spar with more experts, analyze their techniques, and even... get beaten up.

To improve his proficiency in the Strong Body Technique, getting beaten was inevitable. The more he got beaten, the more Combo Points he would gain, and therefore, the faster his proficiency in the Strong Body Technique would grow.

If he was lucky enough, he might even comprehend the Tough Skin Technique, which only had a slim chance of occurring. This would greatly enhance his defensive abilities, adding more security to his path of becoming a National Arts expert.

It was with this consideration in mind that Qin Fang wasn't afraid of Cai Qing at all.

No matter how much Cai Qing detested him, at worst, she would be a bit heavy-handed, resulting in a swollen nose and a bruised face. A more severe injury, such as damaged muscles and tendons, was less likely, as her skill level ensured she could measure her force accurately. As for inflicting a more brutal deathblow, that was even less probable.

What was Qin Fang afraid of?

Death!

But Cai Qing was not likely to be cruel enough to go to that extent, which meant she posed no threat to Qin Fang at all. His physical condition was not like that of an ordinary person; unless he was beaten to death, even if all his bones were broken, as long as he replenished his Life Points, he would be able to fully recover as if nothing had happened.

Given this, did he need to fear Cai Qing?

Even if the woman possessed the horrifying strength of a Level 5 expert!

"Qin Fang, from today onward, you will train with them..."

Cai Qing might have had a serious issue with her sexual orientation, but she was decisive in her actions. She immediately pointed to a group of young people who were training and instructed him.

"Qingqing, Qin Fang doesn't have any basics, how can you ask him to train with your fellow disciples?"
Qin Fang was about to agree when Ning Yumo spoke up first with a furrowed brow.

"Cai Qing's disciples?"

Qin Fang was taken aback at the mention. When he had entered, he had already taken notice of their levels. There were eight persons in total, with five of them at Level 3 and the remaining three at Level 2.

Such a level was only slightly better than those from the middle courtyard outside the small cross courtyard, so Qin Fang originally thought that these people were the elite students of the martial arts hall. Now, it seemed that all eight of them were inner-chamber disciples, belonging to the true lineage of the Cai Family Xingyi Martial Arts Hall.

Training with these people meant that Qin Fang's treatment was already equivalent to that of an inner-chamber disciple. This was indeed an extraordinary standard. By rights, Qin Fang didn't qualify for this, which seemed to be the result of Cai Qing's burning jealousy.

"Don't worry, their Xingyi Fist technique is just at the beginner level. Training with them will definitely be much better for Qin Fang than training with those outside. The intensity might be slightly higher, but the results will be very noticeable..."

Cai Qing had her own reasoning, and one argument followed another, almost tempting Ning Yumo, "Qin Fang, what do you think? I'm worried you won't be able to handle it..."

"Don't worry, Sister Ning, I can take it!"

Qin Fang immediately patted his chest and promised, the sound of patting on his not-so-muscular chest echoed, drawing a contemptuous look from Cai Qing.

However, Qin Fang's reaction to this was extremely mild. He deliberately avoided her gaze, putting on an air of disdain. Unfortunately, his avoidance in Cai Qing's eyes was seen as a display of cowardice, a weakling without responsibility, further confirming her resolve to drive Qin Fang away from Ning Yumo.

Driving a man away from a woman wasn't really difficult. All one had to do was make the woman realize that the man was truly useless. Ning Yumo had high standards, to the point where she once declared, "Whoever wants to be my boyfriend must first be able to beat me," and even more boldly proclaimed, "A man who can't even handle me has no right to win my heart"...

Because of such statements, many privileged young masters in Ninghai were smitten with Ning Yumo, yet none seemed to have the courage or ability.

If anyone had the skill, it was Tang Cheng, but he was already married and wouldn't get involved in this matter.

On the other hand, Cai Qing's skills were stronger than Ning Yumo's, or perhaps it could be said that Cai Qing's relentless martial arts training was for the sake of Ning Yumo's words, which Ning Yumo herself was unaware of.

"Luo Shixiong, I'll leave Qin Fang to you. Don't let him slack off and make sure he catches up with you guys quickly..."

Cai Qing's method of dealing with Qin Fang had begun at that moment. She called over a Junior Martial Brother named Luo, gave him a simple order, and had him take Qin Fang away, while she herself took Ning Yumo inside for a chat.

"You're called Qin Fang, right? From now on, we're martial brothers. I'll call you Junior Martial Brother Qin..."

This Luo Shixiong was a nice person, around the same age as Qin Fang. The other Senior Martial Brothers were also similar in age, with only two a bit younger at sixteen. However, in the world of martial arts, seniority was determined by the time of entry, so even though these two were younger than Qin Fang, he still had to respectfully call them Senior Martial Brothers.

"Of course, there's no problem. You can call me Junior Martial Brother Qin or just Qin Fang..."

Clashing with Cai Qing was an unavoidable situation, caused by the stance of the two. It wasn't someone else's fault. However, Qin Fang didn't have any grudge against these Senior Martial Brothers. And because everyone was of a similar age, they soon became much more harmonious.

"Junior Martial Brother Qin, did you offend Sister Qing somewhere? She's actually asking you to keep up with our progress..." Luo Shixiong whispered after Cai Qing and Ning Yumo went inside.

"I really don't know. This is the first time I met her today, and it turned out like this..."

Qin Fang felt somewhat wronged as he spoke. This kind of situation was truly his first experience; he had somehow managed to offend Cai Qing out of the blue.

"By the way, it seems you have a pretty good relationship with Miss Ning..." Luo Shixiong hinted meaningfully.

"Sister Ning is my sworn sister. We have a great relationship!"

Qin Fang naturally had no need to hide this. Without such a relationship, Ning Yumo wouldn't have personally brought Qin Fang to seek Cai Qing's favor, although he hadn't expected this favor to be so wrongful.

"No wonder then..."

Upon hearing this, Luo Shixiong and the other Senior Martial Brothers all had an expression of sudden realization, even muttering something rather exaggeratedly.

Clearly, these Senior Martial Brothers already knew about this and wouldn't bring it up themselves. Not wanting to get involved was one thing; Qin Fang guessed they didn't want to suffer Cai Qing's wrath either, as the strongest among them was only at Level 3, nowhere near Cai Qing's Level 5.

"Heh heh, you're all afraid of getting beaten, so let it all fall on me!"

Qin Fang silently thought to himself, but now it seemed there was no need to worry for the day. With Ning Yumo present, Cai Qing certainly wouldn't act against Qin Fang. Doing so would only lower her status in Ning Yumo's eyes, and that was a foolish move Cai Qing wouldn't make.

"Alright, enough talk, let's start! Junior Martial Brother Qin, this is your first day, so you don't need to push too hard. Just lift this stone lock with one hand two hundred times, and that's for each hand..."

Although Qin Fang was sure Cai Qing would torment him severely and knew that training with these Inner Sect Disciples would be extremely harsh, he didn't expect it to be this extreme. The stone lock Luo Shixiong pointed to couldn't weigh less than fifty or sixty pounds. Lifting it two hundred times with each hand, Qin Fang feared that after he was done, he wouldn't even be able to hold chopsticks...