

Genius 212

Chapter 212 - Setting Bones for a Beauty_1

Among the hundreds, if not thousands, of clubs in university towns like that of Ninghai University, the Ninghai University Martial Arts Association still had some renown. This was mainly because three years ago, the president of the association led their members to win the championship in the National College Martial Arts Championship and successfully defended the title the following year, making the Martial Arts Association unmatched in popularity at Ninghai University.

Unfortunately, after the president graduated, the association lost such an exceptional master, and the performance in the new annual competition wasn't ideal.

In three years' time, the members who participated in the competitions had gradually graduated, and the current Martial Arts Association was no longer on the same level as during its heyday.

However, the association still had a reputation, especially among unsuspecting new students like Qin Fang and Fang Dacheng.

Qin Fang asked Xiao Muxue about her choice. Compared to him, the relatively mild-mannered Xiao Muxue chose a chess and card club, which Qin Fang knew she was quite skilled in, particularly Go.

After hanging up the phone, Qin Fang had already arrived at the shaded path outside the cafeteria, where indeed, hundreds of meters of tables were lined up on both sides of the road, displaying signs for new members or various promotional posters.

Qin Fang glanced around and saw that there were probably hundreds of clubs, and he found it hard to believe that there could be so many bizarre clubs.

But this had little to do with Qin Fang himself. He wasn't like Shen Yang, who would collect an application form from each club. If you really joined all of them, just the membership fees would be enough to make Shen Yang howl all night long. Qin Fang had a goal in mind and was looking for the location of the Martial Arts Association as he walked along.

"Hey, student, come join our Parkour Association..."

"Join our Street Dance Club!"

"Handsome guys, come join our XX Association..."

"..."

It was like a marketplace here, with Qin Fang hardly taking a few steps without seeing upperclassmen energetically shouting out for attention, which caused Qin Fang to break into a sweat.

Fortunately, it didn't take long for Qin Fang to find his target, located in a corner next to the main entrance of the cafeteria. A small sign was erected with photos of the championship win from three years ago and the successful title defense from two years ago, giving off quite a presence.

There was also a table here with a small sign that read "Martial Arts Association." Next to it were stacks of clean, unused application forms.

Behind the table, there was a girl with her back to Qin Fang, seemingly busy with something, and without any companions around her.

From the back, the girl appeared to be petite and slender, certainly with a nice figure. As for her face, Qin Fang couldn't make it out as she was turned away from him.

Knock, knock, knock, knock~~

"Senior sister..."

Qin Fang approached and gently tapped the table, politely calling out to her.

"The application forms are on the table, take one yourself, there are pens beside them, fill it out yourself..." The senior sister seemed quite busy and didn't even turn her head when Qin Fang spoke; she just threw out this sentence.

The senior sister's voice was that kind of soft and pleasing Wu dialect, one could tell she was from the Jiangnan Gusu area, which sounded familiar to Qin Fang because his mother spoke with the same voice.

Qin Fang only vaguely knew his mother's hometown was in Gusu, but as for his grandparents, uncles, and aunts, he had never met them or even heard his mother mention them, so Qin Fang assumed his mother had no other family.

Still, hearing this voice, Qin Fang felt a warmth of familiarity and didn't mind that her tone wasn't very friendly. He picked up a pen and began to fill out the application form.

"Senior sister, after I fill it out, where should I put it?"

The application form was quite simple, requiring just the name, sex, faculty and class affiliation, contact phone number, and so on. If you felt like it, you could also write a bit about your special skills or past achievements, which would be even better.

Obviously, Qin Fang didn't write any of those. He really couldn't, after all, it wouldn't be appropriate to write something like "Intermediate Xingyi Fist, Intermediate National Arts."

"Just put it on the table..."

The senior sister still didn't turn her head and responded as before.

"Oh..."

Qin Fang replied and placed the completed form on the table, weighing it down with the pen to prevent it from being blown away by the wind.

Curious about what could be keeping the senior sister so busy, Qin Fang took a step to the side to get a better look. He saw the petite senior sister rubbing her ankle with her small hands, while her fair and jade-like foot seemed somewhat red and swollen, even bruising a little.

At that moment, her small hands were vigorously rubbing the ankle as if that was the only way to make it feel better. But the more she rubbed, the more it ached, and the more it ached, the more she felt the need to rub, creating a vicious cycle that led to the current situation.

"You shouldn't rub it like that..."

Almost subconsciously, Qin Fang called out.

"Hmm?"

This senior girl, upon hearing Qin Fang's words, immediately stopped what she was doing and looked at him strangely. It was only then that Qin Fang got a good look at the senior girl's true face.

A round, oval-shaped face with a bit of baby fat, fair skin, and delicate features, especially her small mouth and fine eyebrows which gave an incredibly stunning impression.

This face, when seen as a whole, belonged to the very typical doll-like kind, seemingly belonging to someone only around fifteen or sixteen years old.

A quite exquisite porcelain doll!

Having seen such a face, Qin Fang internally gave such an evaluation.

"Your foot isn't just sprained, the bone is dislocated. If you keep rubbing it like this, you'll only make the slight misalignment worse and it won't do any good..."

Qin Fang had a bit of research in this area; he had learned some therapeutic massage techniques from the old man living next door, in addition to playing the erhu. He had seen this kind of injury in girls like the one before him many times.

"If you trust me, let me set the bone for you, I guarantee it'll stop hurting soon..."

Looking at the delicate face full of questions before him, Qin Fang confidently made his offer.

"Hmm..."

The girl hesitated briefly but still placed her elegant foot in front of Qin Fang.

Although it was already October, entering autumn, the temperature was still quite hot. Most girls were still wearing short skirts, and the girl in front of him was no exception.

Such an action of moving her graceful foot inadvertently caused the skirt on her thigh to slide up a bit, allowing Qin Fang to catch a glimpse of her snow-white, jade-like thigh.

Of course, seeing anything more was impossible.

The girl was very vigilant and immediately reached out to hold down her skirt to prevent exposing too much.

Qin Fang squatted down, cradling that delicate, jade-like foot. It was as small and exquisite as the girl herself—not a three-inch golden lotus, but clearly smaller than average. Qin Fang estimated at most a size 35 in shoes.

Upon grasping her foot, the girl's calf involuntarily trembled, and she let out a sharp intake of breath.

"It's okay, don't be afraid, it'll be over soon."

Without looking up, Qin Fang just held the silky smooth foot and started to gently twist it, assessing the degree of dislocation. He didn't look up at the girl, but he comforted her as he sensed her fear.

In reality, the girl's face was flushed with embarrassment. After all, she and Qin Fang had only just met for the first time, and here he was, holding her foot, which seemed far too intimate.

However, seeing Qin Fang was focused solely on setting the bone without any other intentions, she felt somewhat relieved. The blush on her face gradually receded, though the embarrassment in her eyes lingered.

Naturally, Qin Fang noticed none of this; his hands were still carefully manipulating the girl's petite foot, quietly, ever so quietly. Occasionally, as he moved it, his eyes would drift slightly upwards, catching a glimpse of the view beneath her skirt.

But Qin Fang was professional. He focused intently on correcting the bone, gradually finding the right direction and position for the dislocation.

Crack~~

The process of setting the bone was rather simple. The girl just heard a faint popping sound at her ankle, followed by a slight pain, which made her instinctively want to pull her foot back.

"Don't move!"

But the grip of Qin Fang's hand was firm like it was made of steel, grasping her ankle so that she couldn't move her leg. At the same time, he issued the command with a very stern tone.

Almost instinctively, a slight resistance formed in the girl's heart, but seeing Qin Fang's earnest demeanor and feeling the pain in her ankle easing, she stopped struggling.

Qin Fang then twisted the front of her foot a few more times, lightly brushing against the extremely sensitive sole, which made the girl's eyes fill with an even deeper sense of shame.

The girl knew that the sole of her foot was very sensitive and that being touched like that could cause some quite unusual reactions, such as... she felt her lower body getting slightly damp.

Almost subconsciously, she clenched her legs together, as if that would make it slightly better.

"Phew~~ All done! It's okay now..."

Fortunately, this situation didn't last long. After confirming the bones were back in place, Qin Fang put down her foot and let out a long sigh of relief.