

## Genius 215

### Chapter 215: Knockdown with a Single Kick\_1

Qin Fang was now a near Level 3, less than 100 Experience Points away from leveling up—an easy threshold to cross. His skills in combat had become incredibly fierce; dealing with a small fry at Level 2 posed no difficulty for him at all.

It was precisely for this reason that Qin Fang didn't bother to stoop to Du Wei's level. However, some people just couldn't see the light and genuinely considered themselves "the best under the heavens," foolishly seeking punishment.

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

Accustomed to being overbearing, Du Wei was never someone to reason with. He already found Qin Fang extremely irritating, and having been slapped hard in front of so many people just now, he felt the burning pain on his cheek and became enraged to the extreme.

Looking at Qin Fang, who was as calm as ever, and feeling the scornful attitude coming from him, Du Wei could no longer suppress the anger in his heart. With a roar, he immediately charged toward Qin Fang; his eyes turned blood red, clearly exhibiting his ferocious wrath.

"Stop it, Du Wei..."

Wen Yan was still astonished at how the seemingly weak Qin Fang could slap the burly Du Wei when she heard Du Wei's roar and saw him charging toward Qin Fang again. With utmost urgency, she shouted, her face filled with panic and tears welling up in her eyes.

"Step aside..."

Seeing the irate Du Wei charging towards him, Qin Fang's pupils constricted slightly. He immediately told Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue standing beside him, signaling them to pull Wen Yan away as well.

"Be careful..."

The two women didn't hesitate. After taking a look at the raging Du Wei and then at Qin Fang, they whispered a warning and moved away from his side, also pulling away the nearly weeping Wen Yan.

Once the three women had stepped away, the space around Qin Fang seemed much emptier but it also granted him more freedom. At that moment, Du Wei's fist was already aiming for Qin Fang's face.

Boom~~

As Du Wei's fist was mere inches away from Qin Fang's face, everyone couldn't help but gasp. Such a fierce punch aimed at the face could easily smash the nasal bone into fracture.

A muffled sound rang out, and everyone involuntarily closed their eyes, as if fearing the sight of the bloody scene, with some skittish girls screaming.

"Is that all the strength you've got?"

Just then, they heard Qin Fang's indifferent voice.

Everyone looked over and saw that with less than five centimeters to Qin Fang's nose, Du Wei's fist was actually blocked by Qin Fang's palm: the two caught in a deadlock, Du Wei's face filled with astonishment, yet incapable of advancing his fist even a centimeter further.

However, Du Wei was not the type to back down easily. Seeing one of his fists blocked and practically standing face-to-face with Qin Fang, he almost subconsciously delivered a knee strike aimed at the most vulnerable part of a man.

"See how you die..."

With a fierce expression, Du Wei said in a chilling and menacing tone as he stood before Qin Fang.

But before Du Wei could finish speaking, he suddenly felt his knee, and even his entire thigh, as if struck by a heavy object. His face twitched, no longer able to stand and confront Qin Fang, and he jumped back, staring at Qin Fang across from him in surprise.

Qin Fang's hand was empty, and it seemed it was his other hand that had blocked Du Wei's knee.

But...

"It felt as if it was hit by some kind of stick?"

A question emerged in Du Wei's mind. The impact he'd just experienced was not light, as if he'd been hit by a stick, causing his entire thigh to go instantly numb.

Yet Qin Fang's hands were completely devoid of any such object; they were empty, which confounded him.

"You are no match for me... stop wasting your energy!"

Qin Fang simply stood there, watching Du Wei. He didn't take the opportunity to counterattack while the other was catching his breath and instead offered a piece of genuine, albeit slightly pretentious, advice.

"Dream on..."

But Du Wei was obdurate and would not concede until he achieved his goal. The pain in his thigh quickly subsided, and he promptly moved and swung his fist at Qin Fang once more.

Qin Fang couldn't help but shake his head. Du Wei was truly overestimating himself, lacking any self-awareness. Qin Fang almost wanted to slap him down then and there, but glancing over at Wen Yan, who seemed very worried, he hesitated and decided not to strike too hard.

However, Du Wei was far from courteous like Qin Fang. His fists pounded viciously, complemented by knee strikes, elbow jabs, and claws, using almost every technique he could think of, leaving Qin Fang both bemused and amused.

Qin Fang struck with an air of easy nonchalance, constantly stepping backward, yet no matter whether Du Wei threw a punch, a kick, an elbow strike, or a knee ram, Qin Fang always deflected the attack casually with a single slap.

The gap between the two men was too starkly evident. Even the bystanders could tell and all believed that if Qin Fang counterattacked, he could definitely knock the tall and burly Du Wei flat to the ground.

"Dammit, is this guy brain dead or what? He obviously can't win yet he's shamelessly clinging on..."

"Exactly! So shameless..."

"I heard this guy's from the Physical Education Institute and he's also the vice president of the Martial Arts Association..."

"A loser like him can be the vice president? Then wouldn't our handsome junior brother demean himself by becoming the president of the Martial Arts Association?"

"..."

Various comments circulated, but the majority were about Du Wei's overestimation and shameless behavior, which made his already unsightly face turn even more ashen.

But at this time, he couldn't let go. Since he was already being cursed at, he might as well be thick-skinned to the end and become even more aggressive with his moves. He was ready to lose face just to take Qin Fang down.

"This piece of trash can be the vice president?"

From the surrounding discourse, Qin Fang discerned something and was astounded that someone like Du Wei could become a vice president. Did that mean the Martial Arts Association had no one else?

Two years ago, Ninghai University's Martial Arts Association was the champion team of the National University Student Martial Arts Championship. Even if they had declined in the past two years, surely they hadn't fallen to such lows?

If it really was this bad, then Qin Fang clearly saw his and Fang Dacheng's decision to join the Martial Arts Association as a mistake, as it was nothing like they had imagined.

"Ah..."

Just then, Du Wei seemed to feel too humiliated by Qin Fang's mocking and, like a madman, suddenly spread his arms and charged wildly at Qin Fang.

Considering his posture, he probably intended to use his body's advantage to grapple Qin Fang and take him down, thus gaining an edge. This would at least be better than being toyed with by Qin Fang.

Seeing Du Wei's move, Qin Fang's brow involuntarily furrowed, finding Du Wei a bit too presumptuous.

"Be careful, Qin Fang..."

Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue, who had been carefree and amused by Qin Fang's calm demeanor and were happy for him suddenly showing such skill, knew about his seven days of military training. So, Qin Fang's sudden adeptness didn't surprise them at all.

However, upon noticing Du Wei preparing such a unscrupulous move, they were worried despite knowing Qin Fang could handle it and couldn't help shouting out in concern.

Qin Fang immediately smiled at them and made an "OK" gesture, reassuring them before turning to face Du Wei.

If Qin Fang had cared to glance at Wen Yan, he would have seen that, just like Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue, she felt a sense of relief at Qin Fang's gesture, and perhaps Qin Fang would have already taken harsh measures against Du Wei.

Bang~~

At that moment, Du Wei was almost within reach of Qin Fang and nearly managed to grasp Qin Fang's arms, but Qin Fang suddenly lashed out with his leg, kicking fiercely at Du Wei's abdomen.

Du Wei hadn't anticipated the ever-defensive Qin Fang to suddenly strike, but now he was sent flying by that very kick, his body turning horizontal and hurtling backward.

Smack~

Du Wei fell hard from mid-air to the solid cement floor, crashing down in a messy heap, the heavy blow to his abdomen seemingly overridden by the pain from the fall.

"Don't push your luck too far... take care of yourself!"

Looking at Du Wei who had taken a hard fall, Qin Fang had not an ounce of pity. Everyone's patience has its limits, and Du Wei had repeatedly challenged his, so it was only right that Qin Fang taught him a lesson.

"You... hiss!"

Far from being grateful, Du Wei tried to struggle to his feet only to be met with a sharp pain in his abdomen, excruciating to the point of nearly passing out. The gathered strength for his struggle dissipated instantly and he collapsed back onto the ground with a slap.

Qin Fang had already turned to leave. Hearing the noise, he took a deliberate glance back at Du Wei and saw the rage, defiance, and spite in his eyes. For that, Qin Fang could only shake his head in resignation.

That kick had seemed like a regular strike, but Qin Fang had actually used a bit of hidden strength. If Du Wei had just lain there and rested a while, he would have been fine.

But if he insisted on struggling, he would feel considerable pain in his abdomen, and for some time after, his stomach would be extremely uncomfortable.