

Genius 234

Chapter 234 Playing with Kitchen Knife_1

"Qin Fang, come have dinner at my place tonight. Let's you and me, master and disciple, have a few good drinks!"

After sending Cai Pingyuan back to Xingyi Martial Arts Hall, Qin Fang had planned to return to the university town, but since his master had already taken the initiative to invite him, he thought about the fact that he hadn't even had an apprenticeship banquet and immediately decided to stay.

"Master, why don't we invite the brothers and sisters with leg injuries over to Zhi Wei Residence? I'll make up for the apprenticeship banquet for your elder!"

When Qin Fang thought of this, he naturally took the initiative to invite them.

"Let's skip those tedious formalities. We are martial artists; we don't engage in that sort of thing. Let's just eat at home. Those fellow disciples of yours don't live here, they have already gone home. I'll have Xiao Qing cook a few home-style dishes, and we, master and disciple, can just drink a couple of glasses..."

Cai Pingyuan seemed not to like the outside environment so much but preferred the home-cooked meals, and he immediately rejected Qin Fang's offer, directly pulling Qin Fang inside.

"Sister Qing knows how to cook?"

Qin Fang immediately felt as if the sky had changed overhead. For Cai Qing, a fierce woman who was good with swords and guns, he could understand, but when it came to cooking, it really seemed too incredible.

"Why wouldn't I be able to cook?"

A cool voice rang out from behind Qin Fang.

"Her ferocious look suits wielding a broadsword, but a kitchen knife? Better not..."

Qin Fang was not paying attention, nor did he listen carefully to who was speaking, and he just blurted out what was on his mind.

Whizz~~

A fierce wind suddenly rose behind him, and a chill ran down Qin Fang's back. He took a small step to the side and immediately moved away from the spot, crossing his arms in defense, just in time to see a long leg striking his arms heavily. The strength was considerable, and Qin Fang was forced back several steps before he could finally steady himself.

"Alright, stop..."

The other party was about to continue the attack when Cai Pingyuan, who had been silent until then, called a halt.

"Hmph, just don't fall into my hands next time..."

The one who had attacked was naturally Cai Qing. Seeing her grandfather call for a halt, Cai Qing didn't continue, but she was slightly surprised by the great progress Qin Fang had made in half a month. However, the grudge in her heart did not lessen but rather increased. She dropped that remark and left.

"Master..."

Qin Fang wore a bitter smile and looked somewhat innocent.

"You kid, you dare to criticize Xiao Qing in front of her face. If I hadn't been here, she would definitely have given you a good thrashing..."

Cai Pingyuan, however, said with a smile on his face, not taking seriously the little conflict between Qin Fang and Cai Qing, considering it merely playful bickering between children.

But he was quite impressed with Qin Fang's progress. In the morning when they sparred, Qin Fang had used the techniques of Xingyi Fist, but the moves Qin Fang had just now were quite mixed, with some combat fighting techniques in addition to Xingyi Fist.

Of course, he would not be upset about Qin Fang learning these things; on the contrary, he was quite pleased.

Martial arts can continue to evolve precisely because of continuous refinement and improvement, which allows them to become more powerful.

Every true master does not merely follow in the footsteps of their predecessors but carves their own path. Otherwise, the result is to stay in the shadows of their forebears, never able to break through or surpass those former experts.

Qin Fang learned his Xingyi Fist and was able to integrate it with other fighting skills to create a stronger combat capability, which is the path most suitable for himself.

Just from the brief exchange they had just now, Cai Qing with her Level 5 strength, when facing Qin Fang, a Level 3, should have been overwhelming, yet Qin Fang was able to deflect the blow, showing his strength had indeed improved significantly since before.

Cai Pingyuan's reprimand was nothing more than a jest. He himself did not care, and neither did Qin Fang too much. They continued walking towards the courtyard and sat down beside a stone table under a lush ginkgo tree.

"Master, about... Is Sister Qing really up to the task? How about I go instead!"

Qin Fang hesitated a bit but couldn't help expressing his concern. Letting someone used to handling weapons manage a kitchen knife to cook seemed a bit unbelievable, and Qin Fang felt it was only proper for him, as a disciple, to show his filial respect towards his master.

"You?"

Cai Pingyuan was just as skeptical of Qin Fang as he was of Cai Qing.

"Master, you don't have to look at me like that. Don't you know I'm a restaurant owner?"

Qin Fang felt completely speechless and quite annoyed: I am, after all, a chef with 'Intermediate Cooking' skills...

"Really? The kitchen is over there in the courtyard; you can see it if you go over. I actually do want to taste your cooking and see whether it's better than my Xiao Qing's..."

Cai Pingyuan was initially hesitant but then he rolled his somewhat dim eyes and immediately pointed Qin Fang in the direction of the kitchen, speaking his mind.

"This shouldn't be a problem, just hope Sister Qing won't cry her eyes out when she loses..."

Qin Fang said this with a laugh as he headed to the kitchen. As for his comment, Cai Pingyuan simply acted as if he hadn't heard it. Let alone discussing winning or losing, the prospect of anything making Cai Qing cry was quite rare, and this obviously wasn't going to be one of those things.

...

In the kitchen.

When Qin Fang entered, Cai Qing was chopping vegetables, and it seemed like something was stewing in a pot nearby.

"What are you here for?"

Upon seeing Qin Fang approach, Cai Qing's already cold face immediately took on an additional layer of frost. She had never hidden her resentment towards Qin Fang.

"Sister Qing, there's no need to be so hostile towards me. I'm here to help you!"

Qin Fang felt quite helpless. This woman really hated him too much, simply because he had a relatively close relationship with Ning Yumo.

"No need!"

Cai Qing coldly dropped these few words and then continued chopping.

The Cai Family's kitchen was quite large and maintained the style of those old residences, although modern cooking appliances had been installed. Qin Fang also noticed the traditional stove that one often finds in rural areas. The cutting area was extensive, with several cutting boards placed on it and many washed vegetables ready to be used.

Qin Fang ignored Cai Qing and went straight over to a cutting board, picked up a kitchen knife that was put aside, and started chopping some vegetables.

"What are you doing?"

Cai Qing was furious, her resentment towards Qin Fang, who dared to ignore her presence, had peaked, and her anger was now uncontrollable. She brandished her kitchen knife and scolded angrily.

"Can't you see? I'm chopping vegetables... Just now, the master said Sister Qing's cooking skills were not bad, but I'm not entirely convinced. Plus, I'm confident my cooking skills are a bit better than Sister Qing's, so the master asked me to cook a few dishes. One reason is to honor him, and the other is to compare our cooking skills and see who does it better..."

Although Qin Fang really didn't want to enrage Cai Qing, her hatred for him had reached its peak. He was, to a sense, immune to the irritation. He took Cai Pingyuan's joking words to heart and deliberately taunted Cai Qing.

"You... fine!"

After hearing Qin Fang's words, Cai Qing's instinct was to explode, to pin Qin Fang down on the cutting board and beat him up. But after a moment's thought, she immediately gave up the idea. She wanted to defeat Qin Fang fair and square, so the next time Ning Yumo came by, she would have something to taunt Qin Fang with.

So, both of them quietly got ready in the same kitchen.

The ingredients were ready-made, and both could choose at will. Generally, one would pick the dishes they were most skilled at, at least that's what Cai Qing did.

Qin Fang, on the other hand, didn't really care. His Proficiency in cooking was about the same no matter what dish he made, so he didn't have many particularities.

Thump thump thump~~

For a while, the rhythmic sound of chopping filled the kitchen. The sound was so mesmeric it could rival that of a hotel head chef at work.

"Turns out to be a practitioner of the knife..."

Watching Cai Qing across from him, wielding the kitchen knife with such skill and without a hint of unfamiliarity, she was incredibly focused. Her long hair, usually draped over her shoulders, was now tied up in braids, with a few stray bangs slipping down from the side, adding a touch of femininity to the otherwise martial Cai Qing.

"What a pity..."

Qin Fang sighed slightly in his heart.

Just by looks alone, Cai Qing was undeniably a stunning beauty. Unfortunately, her sexual orientation was rather puzzling, and she was even more violent than Ning Yumo—a tyrannical dragon that most people simply couldn't handle.

"Hmph..."

It seemed Qin Fang's pause had given Cai Qing a hint of something. She looked up to see Qin Fang had already bowed his head, preparing to chop vegetables, giving her no chance to catch him in the act but still enough to let out an indignant humph.

Of course, Qin Fang was completely immune to it.

Thump thump thump~~

Having prepared the necessary ingredients, Qin Fang took a deep breath, and the kitchen knife in his hand whirled into a beautiful pattern, then he rapidly lifted and slammed the knife down on the cutting board at a dizzyingly fast speed.

Even the sound of him chopping was lighter, quicker, and more rhythmic than Cai Qing's. Besides, Qin Fang's Skill Proficiency in One-Handed Weapon Mastery was already quite high and he was not far from the Intermediate level.

But with such actions, Cai Qing couldn't help but take notice. Even she was slightly shocked by Qin Fang's skilled knife work and felt less confident about their little cooking competition.

"Didn't expect this kid to have some real skills..."

Despite Cai Qing's reluctance to admit it, just from the chopping alone, she admitted a complete defeat. Qin Fang's knife speed was extremely fast, but the vegetables he chopped seemed as though they had been measured with a ruler, with the length and size being unbelievably consistent. If someone were to actually measure them, they probably would think it impossible.