

Genius 461

Chapter 461: Action! Assassination..._1

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Yulong Bay Villas, the highest-grade villa area in Jiange County Town, is almost adjacent to Jiange Forest Park. One only needs to cross a wall to enter the scenic area.

The people from Iron Hand Sect reside here, in a mansion within the villa area that belongs to a disciple of the sect. However, it is currently requisitioned by Iron Hand Sect for temporary use. More than a dozen people live in the spacious villa, among whom Vice Sect Leader Yan Kuan occupies the largest room.

His nephew, Fu Ming, actually lives with them, but he's not a good egg, having already gone out early to seek targets for seduction. On nights like this, he always has his own affairs to attend to.

The security measures inside the villa area are only average, mainly because Jiange is just a small town with a sparse population. Even a villa area like this has sold less than two-thirds of its units, leaving it rather deserted.

With fewer residents, naturally there are fewer incidents. The number of security guards is not large, and there are only five or six on duty each day. Come night, there are about three. One is responsible for the main gate, while the other two patrol the villa area before returning to the security room to continue their idle chatter.

Qin Fang is currently lurking outside the gates of this villa. He is covered in a layer of black tight-fitting clothing, his face looking exceedingly ordinary, absolutely the kind that gets lost in a crowd.

Even Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue, the two beauties who know Qin Fang too well, would not be able to recognize him now, because he has altered his appearance.

Qin Fang had recently advanced to Level 4 and once again received a Skill Book. The skill he obtained was Metamorphosis.

Metamorphosis is a skill that involves changing one's physical appearance by adjusting the body's bone structure. It must be said that its practicality is quite strong, somewhat similar to the Face-Changing Technique.

However, the Face-Changing Technique uses medicines to alter facial features, while Qin Fang's Metamorphosis adjusts and changes by moving the skeleton, making such a facial change impossible to detect even the tiniest flaw. This is the true natural "Face-Changing Technique".

The area of this villa is quite large, including the garden, lawn, garage, and the swimming pool at the back. It probably spans four to five hundred square meters. Qin Fang is leaning on the corner, quietly observing the movements inside.

There seem to be quite a few people living in the villa, and it appears lively. At least Qin Fang has been squatting here for quite a while, and the inside hasn't calmed down the entire time.

Qin Fang isn't concerned about the other disciples of the Iron Hand Sect. What truly catches his attention is Vice Sect Leader Yan Kuan. However, he seems to prefer not mingling with his disciples and

instead stays alone in his room in a daze. The same holds true now. He resides in that largest bedroom, and with a lift of his head, Qin Fang can clearly see the situation there and has a plan for.

The light in the room is still on; perhaps he's asleep, or perhaps he has not yet settled securely into slumber. Qin Fang quickly located the room where Yan Kuan was staying among the many rooms.

Although Qin Fang saw Yan Kuan, he dared not act rashly. He still needed to find the perfect opportunity for action, preferably a method that could end his opponent's life silently and without notice.

Looking at the various items in the Props Box, many are quite rare, especially a few very special items, such as a dagger coated with a considerable amount of Five Poisons Powder.

This was looted from Chen Liang. It had always been lying quietly in Qin Fang's Props Box. The Five Poisons Powder on this item was too potent, and even Qin Fang himself might not withstand its full impact.

That was the level of toxicity, and he dared not take the item out for storage, just worrying about inadvertent exposure to his head or body.

When Qin Fang saw the dagger, his eyes lit up. He finally thought of the means by which he would strike at Yan Kuan. The Five Poisons Powder was colorless and tasteless, with fierce toxicity—almost to the point of sealing the throat upon contact with blood. Yan Kuan definitely couldn't escape, but what Qin Fang truly considered was how to strike at Yan Kuan.

There were quite a few people in the villa. For Qin Fang to enter Yan Kuan's bedroom without alarming anyone, the difficulty was much greater. Almost no one there would have a peaceful interaction with Qin Fang; most were after his treasures.

"Fu Ming?"

This actually surprised Qin Fang. He had just arrived here when he happened to see Fu Ming leaving the villa by car for a night out, and he didn't expect him to come back by himself, let alone to faint at the doorstep.

From Qin Fang's vantage point, he had a clear view of Fu Ming collapsed on the ground, unable to recover for quite some time. Qin Fang immediately came up with a plan.

Taking advantage of the night, Qin Fang withdrew from the villa and headed straight for Fu Ming, quickly dragging the unconscious body away from the spot.

Having grasped the routine of the security patrol's timing, Qin Fang calculated that the two night guards should be meeting here soon. He had to move Fu Ming's body quickly, lest the two guards discover him.

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The residential villa area was spacious enough, yet sparsely populated. Qin Fang dumped the drunken Yan Fu Ming in the bushes, then sealed his acupoints with Silver Needles, effectively turning Yan Fu Ming into a living corpse.

When Qin Fang emerged from the dark corner, he looked strikingly similar to Yan Fu Ming, who lay hidden in the shadows. Qin Fang had nearly mirrored Yan Fu Ming and Yan Kuan to a tee, achieving

almost 90% resemblance except for a few minute details that were too difficult to adjust to achieve complete likeness.

After Qin Fang had assumed his new role, he also changed into Yan Fu Ming's clothes. Fortunately, although the young man had drunk heavily, he hadn't passed out, and his clothes were relatively clean. That was a stroke of luck amid misfortune.

The security patrol in the villa area had finished their rounds and quickly went back to rest, and it was then that Qin Fang leisurely made his way toward the villa.

Entering the villa's main gate was a breeze. It was an automatic electric gate that Qin Fang could open with the remote control he had pilfered from Yan Fu Ming, allowing him to stride confidently into the villa.

Just as Qin Fang had seen earlier, Yan Fu Ming's several elder disciples had driven even the cockroaches and rats to tears with their singing. It was quite late, yet over ten people were still singing, looking exceptionally excited. Despite the discordant voices that gave Qin Fang a headache, he surmised that Yan Kuan likely remained in his room because he couldn't bear such singing.

But Qin Fang definitely wasn't in the mood to worry about that; he wanted to keep his distance from these people as soon as possible.

"Master Ming, Master Ming is back!"

However, with Qin Fang now bearing Yan Fu Ming's face and wearing his clothes, the Iron Hand Sect disciples immediately spotted Qin Fang and greeted him in turn.

Qin Fang dared not speak but simply waved his hand, and promptly headed upstairs. Yan Kuan was residing on the upper floor, and Qin Fang had to make his move.

Although he now wore Yan Fu Ming's face and clothes, at the end of the day, he wasn't truly Yan Fu Ming. While appearances could change, Qin Fang would not alter his voice. Fearing exposure at the first word spoken before seeing Yan Kuan, Qin Fang chose to remain silent; it wasn't the scenario he hoped for.

Fortunately, those disciples treated Yan Fu Ming with great respect, aware that he was the beloved nephew of Vice Sect Leader Yan Kuan, who was notoriously protective of him, caring for him as if he were his own son.

Consequently, not only was Yan Fu Ming unreasonable and domineering outside, but within the Iron Hand Sect, virtually no one liked him either.

Of course, Qin Fang wasn't about to forget to deploy his Scouting Skill on these Iron Hand Sect disciples; he didn't want to be spotted by any exceptionally talented disciple, as that would be a real hassle.

"Scouting Skill (Intermediate) experience points have been maxed out, automatically upgrading to Scouting Skill (Advanced)!"

The Scouting Skill had surprisingly upgraded at this crucial moment, which was quite unexpected for Qin Fang. He had known two days earlier that the Scouting Skill was close to leveling up, but didn't expect it to happen so opportunistically.

Opening the skill panel, he saw that the previous Intermediate Detection was now Advanced Detection, and the proficiency was reset to zero to start a new cycle of accumulation.

With the Scouting Skill upgraded, Qin Fang naturally wanted to test its effectiveness. Choosing one of the many people below, he deployed the skill on them.

"Zhang San, Iron Hand Sect Disciple, LV4, Neutral Camp, Abilities: Iron Sand Palm Level 4, Iron Head Skill Level 3, Fox Assumes Tiger's Might Level 2, Hitting Someone When They're Down Level 1... Weaknesses: Lecherous, gullible."

"Li Si, Iron Hand Sect Disciple, LV4, Neutral Camp, Abilities: Iron Sand Palm Level 5, Great Strength Vajra Palm Level 2... Weaknesses: Cowardly, can't drive."

"Wang Wu..."

Indeed, the difference between Advanced Scouting and Intermediate Scouting was significant. While most of the content was similar, the "Abilities" section now displayed various levels numerically marked.

Since these were all Iron Hand Sect disciples who had spent a considerable amount of time practicing the Iron Sand Palm, each of them was skilled, all at Level 4 or above, which was quite high.

But the changes didn't stop there; the scouting also detected the targets' weaknesses, which was a pleasant surprise for Qin Fang. It was certainly advantageous for Qin Fang to now have a clearer understanding of their weaknesses for planning purposes.

The upgrade of the Scouting Skill was simply a minor interlude within the process and couldn't cause much of a stir. Qin Fang had to remain as low profile as possible, preferably without alerting Yan Kuan.

On the second floor, it was quiet, and no one was around, which slightly relaxed Qin Fang.

It didn't take long for Qin Fang to arrive at the door of the bedroom where Yan Kuan stayed.

Taking a deep breath, Qin Fang then knocked on the room's door, knowing that Yan Kuan hadn't rested yet and must be inside.

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Indeed, it was just over ten seconds when Qin Fang heard a faint sound of footsteps, and then the door of the room was opened from the inside, revealing an ordinary, resolute face.

Without a doubt, this man was Qin Fang's assassination target—Yan Kuan.

Finally meeting Yan Kuan in person, Qin Fang's heart inexplicably surged with excitement. Although he had already seen pictures of Yan Kuan, the reality of facing him made it hard for Qin Fang to contain himself.

"Fu Ming, you're back..."

Yan Kuan was around fifty years old, well-preserved, and looked quite young. Moreover, because of practicing martial arts, he appeared quite robust, which exerted no small amount of pressure.

Given such intensity of pressure, Qin Fang was aware that Yan Kuan's strength was indeed not to be underestimated. Even Su Yang was clearly no match for Yan Kuan, and the gap between them was quite significant.

Qin Fang nodded without saying a word, mainly because he dared not speak up. No one was more anxious about Yan Fu Ming than Yan Kuan—who could detect even the slightest abnormality in a voice.

At the same time, Qin Fang's Scouting Skill was immediately cast upon Yan Kuan to seek the most valuable firsthand data, and the recently upgraded to advanced Scouting Skill was also a new ace up Qin Fang's sleeve.

"Yan Kuan, Vice Sect Leader of Iron Hand Sect, Level 5, Evil Camp (Evil Points 537), Abilities: Iron Sand Palm Level 7, Tongbei Fist Level 5, Eagle Claw Skill Level 4, Black Tiger Force Level 4... Weakness: Yan Fu Ming."

The conclusions drawn from Qin Fang's advanced Scouting were quite different from before. For instance, Yan Kuan, who looked like a loyal and honest middle-aged man, turned out to belong to the Evil Camp, and his Evil Points were revealed to be as high as 537. If one considers that each life taken was worth 100 Evil Points, this meant that Yan Kuan had at least five or six lives on his hands.

Qin Fang was already determined to kill Yan Kuan, but now seeing his high Evil Points, he was even more resolved to eliminate such a villain.

With such high Evil Points, the number of people who lost their lives or suffered severe injuries at his hands must not be few. This was quite reasonable and normal for his identity as the Vice Sect Leader of the Iron Hand Sect; otherwise, he wouldn't have been so aggressive and overbearing in Gongzhou.

Otherwise, his nephew Yan Fu Ming's boldness wouldn't be so great. He disregarded many officials, behaving arrogantly as if he were the top Young Master in Gongzhou.

But, in fact, those Young Masters never took Yan Fu Ming seriously. Even when they befriended him, it was mostly a superficial relationship of wining and dining. When trouble arose, it was always Yan Fu Ming who was out in front while the Young Masters retreated.

Yan Fu Ming had become such a villain partly because these people egged him on, but the fool never caught on to their intentions.

Yan Kuan, however, could see it but just couldn't bring himself to criticize Yan Fu Ming. He simply turned a blind eye to it because there was nothing in Gongzhou he couldn't handle. If a situation really got out of hand, he would surely have ways to completely cover it up.

Qin Fang guessed that Yan Kuan's high Evil Points were mostly acquired in such ways, and Yan Kuan's only weakness was his own nephew, Yan Fu Ming.

Qin Fang had some prior knowledge of this, knowing that Yan Kuan was very fond and overly protective of Yan Fu Ming, pampering him as if he were the apple of his eye, giving off a somewhat incomprehensible feeling.

But now, Yan Fu Ming's place in Yan Kuan's heart was clearly more than just a simple uncle-nephew bond; he had become Yan Kuan's only weakness.

Could it be that this uncle and nephew had some unspeakable secret?

It wasn't odd for Qin Fang to think too much; their relationship seemed too strange, far exceeding the bounds of a typical uncle-nephew relationship. Even his own son could hardly be treated any better.

Ideas for action plans flashed rapidly through Qin Fang's mind as his brain worked quickly. Many potential plans appeared simultaneously, being rapidly dismissed until... Qin Fang noticed something.

"Why aren't you talking?"

Seeing Qin Fang just standing there silent, Yan Kuan was perplexed, wondering what had happened to Yan Fu Ming.

"Could it be an illness?"

Yan Kuan found it strange and reached out his hand toward Qin Fang as if he wanted to help Yan Fu Ming back to his room to see what was the matter.

But just then, the "Yan Fu Ming" who had not made any significant moves, who was actually Qin Fang, suddenly raised his hand. A black, block-shaped object descended from above, flying straight toward Yan Kuan's forehead.

Of course, this object was none other than the brick Qin Fang had not used for a long time—and this time, instead of striking with it, he threw it.

Throwing + Brick.

This combination could achieve a higher chance of Dizziness. Although it wasn't guaranteed to be one hundred percent, it was certainly well over fifty percent. And at such a close range, the System defaulted to an even higher probability.

"Brick successfully hit the target, the target is in a 3-second Dizzy State, and any attack will immediately break it!"

Wasn't Qin Fang just waiting for such a prompt to appear?

Three seconds of dizziness might seem brief, but for an expert with a shocking speed like Qin Fang, it was enough to determine the outcome.

The block-shaped brick vanished, but in Qin Fang's hand appeared a dagger, chilling to the bone, almost as if it could slice through the air, stabbing directly toward Yan Kuan's heart.

Chapter 464: Success! Kill the Target!_1

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At this moment, Yan Kuan was in a Dizzy State, which would last for three seconds.

That amount of time wasn't really long, barely a few ticks of the clock and it would be over, but Qin Fang needed to make use of these short three seconds.

The dagger in his hand thrust out swiftly, like a vast expanse crossing the sky, piercing through Yan Kuan's chest clothing without any hindrance, and the sharp blade buried itself into Yan Kuan's heart.

Thwack~~

A clear sound rang out, accompanied by the distinct crimson of blood that instantly soaked Yan Kuan's chest cloth and even Qin Fang could feel the pressure of blood on his hand from the dagger.

"Ah..."

The intense pain woke Yan Kuan from his Dizzy State immediately, just as the system prompt indicated—upon being attacked, the Dizzy State would be lifted instantly, even though only half of those three seconds had passed.

Such agony wasn't something an ordinary person could endure; it was a direct stab to the most critical part of the human body, much like the ancient torture of heart gouging, utterly fierce and extreme.

Even someone as strong as Yan Kuan, whose strength was almost at the peak below Grandmaster Level, couldn't help but let out a pained roar under such a direct attack.

Bang~~

Moreover, such torment also made Yan Kuan's eyes bulge, glaring furiously at the face before him, so familiar he couldn't be more familiar, filled with confusion and disbelief. Yet, in the end, he still landed a punch on Qin Fang's shoulder.

In fact, Qin Fang was already drawing the blade ready to flee, but Yan Kuan's punch came extremely fast. Perhaps the threat of death brought forth an unbelievable burst of strength; so fast that Qin Fang, with all attributes boosted by +25, couldn't even dodge in time.

Although Yan Kuan's strength had not reached Grandmaster Level, he was almost a Level 6 expert, far stronger than Qin Fang. This punch was full of resentment; Qin Fang was almost blown away by it, his Life Points dropping by nearly ten points—a loss of as much as one-third, indicating the punch's formidable power.

It felt like his shoulder bones were coming apart, but Qin Fang didn't care at all, just clenched his teeth and endured the severe pain.

Yan Kuan's punch actually helped Qin Fang – the dagger in his hand was almost driven out of Yan Kuan's body by the force of the punch.

With the dagger no longer blocking, a bright crimson Blood Arrow shot straight out from Yan Kuan's heart, forming a near-perfect straight line of blood aiming right at Qin Fang.

Qin Fang was no fool, getting stained by the blood would be troublesome. He was there to kill, and now that his goal had been achieved, what he needed to do was leave as quickly as possible.

Yan Kuan was doomed to die, with no possibility of surviving.

That stab had hit Yan Kuan's heart, a vital spot. An ordinary person would have died instantly, but even a Martial Arts Expert like Yan Kuan, who had a bit more vitality than regular people, could not possibly survive.

Furthermore, the dagger Qin Fang used was procured from Chen Liang, smeared with the juice of the extremely toxic Five Poisons Powder—a poison that seals the throat upon contact with blood. If injected directly into the heart and bloodstream, survival would be unthinkable. If Yan Kuan still lived through that, then Qin Fang really had no words.

Even Old Master Wu, a Level 7 Grandmaster, nearly met his end due to a small trick involving Five Poisons Powder.

Yan Kuan's strength was much too weak compared to a Grandmaster-level Expert like Old Master Wu, so the eventual outcome was clear.

Go to the hospital?

Setting aside the medical standards and doctor's expertise of the hospital here, after all, this is just a small county town. Although there may be a few with quite outstanding Medical Arts, the majority are just ordinary doctors.

Moreover, given the toxicity of this specially formulated Five Poisons Powder, the long time taken to get to a hospital would have been more than enough for Yan Kuan to die seven or eight times over.

That's why Qin Fang was not at all worried that his mission would fail. All he needed to do was wait for Yan Kuan's downfall.

"Ah..."

But Yan Kuan was not as strong as he seemed. At the initial stage of shock and pain, he could still remember to deal with Qin Fang. But when the dagger left his body, he could no longer bear the agony and let out a humiliating, excruciating howl.

The cry was loud and exceptionally ferocious.

Even the Iron Hand Sect Disciples who were merrily enjoying themselves upstairs were startled by such a bizarre scream. They turned off the music and listened for any reaction from above. However, when they heard Yan Kuan's painful moans, whether out of concern, fear, or some other emotion, they immediately rushed upstairs.

Qin Fang had anticipated this situation, but Yan Kuan's endurance turned out to be slightly weaker than he had expected, and this painful cry came earlier than planned.

Qin Fang could not concern himself with that now. What he needed was to escape quickly and avoid being surrounded by the Iron Hand Sect Disciples at all costs. Although most of these people were level 3 or 4 martial artists, with their numbers, even he, Qin Fang, would find it quite troublesome. And if the police were alerted, then he would be in real trouble.

Caught by the police on his first strike?

That would be way too disappointing, and certainly not something Qin Fang wanted to see happen.

Qin Fang's escape was swift. Almost immediately after the Iron Hand Sect Disciples heard Yan Kuan's screams, Qin Fang had already opened a window and, without a second thought, jumped out to flee. He didn't give the disciples any chance to encounter him, making his hasty escape...

"Master..."

"Vice Sect Leader..."

Similar cries of alarm arose behind Qin Fang as those disciples rushed up to find Yan Kuan slumped by the door frame, pointing a finger at the already opened window as gusts of Qingfeng blew in, shrouded by the night...

Qin Fang was extremely fast. He jumped from the second-floor window, with a height difference of over four meters. Yet for Qin Fang, it was as if it was nothing. He landed as if nothing had happened, quickly adapted, and immediately dashed off at full speed.

On his way, Qin Fang took special precautions and then changed into his own set of clothes, quickly vanishing from the Yulong Bay Villas. After several twists and turns, he erased any traces that might reveal his identity before calmly returning to the resort.

It was as if he had become invisible, with no one aware that he had been out, let alone knowing that he had just killed the Vice Sect Leader of Iron Hand Sect, Yan Kuan.

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Yan Kuan was indeed dead. By the time the people of Iron Hand Sect found him, he had already taken his last breath.

The dagger had pierced his heart, a critical hit that cost Yan Kuan half his life. And now Qin Fang had used the Dragon's Breath Technique to ensure the separation between the two was complete.

Yan Fu Ming's power was not particularly strong, but at least a few legends surrounded him. But now it seemed there really wasn't much hope.

Yan Fu Ming, bare-bodied, was discovered in a thicket not far from the villa, with very obvious bloodstains on him. He had been extremely drunk, and it wasn't until the afternoon that he sobered up.

Without doubt, those bloodstains came from Yan Kuan, who had been killed by Qin Fang. Qin Fang had simply taken advantage of the situation. For Qin Fang, such bloodstains were a hassle if he got involved, but sometimes, when used strategically, they could be quite effective, as was the case now.

As the main suspect, Yan Fu Ming was arrested by the police. The reason being that Yan Kuan was already dead, stabbed in the heart and meeting an untimely end. According to Iron Hand Sect Disciples' accounts, during that time window, only Yan Fu Ming had returned to the villa alone and went upstairs by himself.

What they never expected was that Yan Fu Ming, a degenerate only known for indulgence, and Yan Kuan's most beloved nephew, could turn against his only kin.

The problem was, aside from him, almost no one had seen the murderer. By the time they arrived, Qin Fang was long gone, vanished into the night, leaving no possibility of being caught.

Instead, Yan Fu Ming became the suspect. He had drunk far too much, was severely intoxicated at the time, and had no idea what had actually happened. Even when the police came to arrest him, he was still shouting slogans like "Do you know who my uncle is?"

Unfortunately, the police were unmoved by this. Instead, they all looked at Yan Fu Ming with extremely odd gazes, not as if observing a normal person, but rather like looking at an idiot or a pitiful creature.

But when Yan Fu Ming learned that his greatest support, the Vice Sect Leader of Iron Hand, Yan Kuan, had been assassinated, and that the suspect... was himself, he was completely stunned.

What had happened the previous night was a blur to Yan Fu Ming. He remembered only that he drank a lot, returned to the Yulong Bay Villas, and then... truly knew nothing.

He had been severely drunk, and Qin Fang had used a special acupuncture technique to delay his awakening. Even the cold night dew didn't cause any sign of him waking up until Qin Fang, before leaving, had deliberately arranged some things, only then did Yan Fu Ming slowly come to.

However, upon waking up, he had no idea what had occurred, but somehow he had become the prime suspect, even though he couldn't believe that he would actually kill his greatest support...

Chapter 465: Great Harvest!_1

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Yan Kuan died just like that, very suddenly, and very strangely.

As for the murderer... the primary suspect was still his own nephew, Yan Fu Ming, although the police really couldn't fathom any motive for Yan Fu Ming to commit murder. In the end, they could only attribute it to a drunken frenzy.

This reason was actually quite frustrating, but since no more suitable motive could be found, they had to make do with it. After all, Yan Kuan was already dead, and some people were quite happy to see such an outcome.

News of Yan Kuan's death also reached the Martial World Congress.

For them, this was not good news. After all, Yan Kuan was one of the supporters of this Martial World Congress. Although his overall strength was not overly powerful, he was still considered a force to be reckoned with, especially in Xishu Province.

However, it was unimaginable that Yan Kuan, who had almost reached the Quasi Grandmaster Level, would end up with such a fate, which was truly lamentable.

Most of those who truly knew of Yan Kuan's character maintained a relatively neutral stance. In the past, they might have been unhappy with Yan Kuan and Yan Fu Ming, but now that Yan Kuan was dead, to continue demeaning the deceased really seemed a bit excessive.

The next day at the Martial World Congress, the organizers even specifically expressed their regret over the incident and reminded those present to take good care of themselves. After all, as martial practitioners often engaged in combat with others, they had quite a number of enemies. No one wished to be assassinated while out and about.

Meanwhile, the real murderer, Qin Fang, was still at large, as if he had never had any connection whatsoever to the incident.

At least from the evidence available, there appeared to be no motive or reason for Qin Fang to commit murder, and Qin Fang had appeared using Yan Fu Ming's face, erasing all traces in the process.

Fingerprints?

Qin Fang would not make such a novice mistake. His Metamorphosis skill involved changing his bone structure to achieve the final effect of "disguise" and also affected the skin's surface to a certain extent.

This minor effect was not a big deal, but smoothing out the skin a little presented no problem at all. So when Qin Fang transformed, all the fingerprints on his hands disappeared entirely, as smooth as a mirror, making it impossible to leave any fingerprints. Moreover, Qin Fang was extremely cautious in his actions and would not leave such loopholes.

Whether the police continued to investigate this case or managed to charge Yan Fu Ming with murder, it didn't make much of a difference to Qin Fang.

If Yan Fu Ming was convicted of intentional murder, it would be almost as good as a death sentence. If they dug up his past, he would definitely be done for.

With Yan Kuan murdered, Yan Fu Ming lost his strongest pillar of support. The Yan family, which once reigned like emperors in Gongzhou, immediately fell apart, and various old enemies flooded into Gongzhou, dividing the Yan family's territory and taking revenge on the remaining members, seizing the opportunity to hit someone when they're down.

Yan Kuan was the strongest pillar of the Yan family, with a very high status and formidable strength. But without him, the Yan family was nothing. Just the public's reaction alone was already quite sensational, with many unable to help but excitedly set off firecrackers, blasting away in celebration.

All this was of no concern to Qin Fang. What he cared about most now was how long it would take for the hitman transaction platform to approve his mission completion request.

Due to the special nature of the mission, it was not possible to use methods like taking photographs to prove he had indeed killed the target. He had to rely on the hitman transaction platform to confirm this.

Not to mention that Qin Fang had left quite abruptly, without the time to arrange anything, so he really had no reliable means at hand for proof.

However, it was clear that Qin Fang had greatly underestimated the effectiveness of the hitman transaction platform. Almost immediately after Qin Fang submitted the mission completion request, the mission was officially declared complete.

Mission completed, member points +5!

This number might not seem very high at first glance, but in reality, it was not so simple.

Typically, mission points range from 2 to 5, with the amount earned closely linked to the difficulty of the mission. This means that for the same mission, some might only earn 2 points while others could get the full 5 points, showing the system indeed regarded Qin Fang favorably.

To advance to a Two-Star Assassin required member points to reach 20. Assuming one earns 5 points for each mission, it would take the assassination of four individuals and the completion of four missions to rise to a Two-Star Assassin.

However, Qin Fang could not always guarantee such a good completion rate, so future missions might only award 2, 3, or 4 points.

Of course, when Qin Fang ranks among the higher stars, the difficulty of the missions will increase, as will the points earned from them.

"Congratulations, you have completed the subquest of the main quest, 'King of Assassins': Assassinate Yan Kuan."

"Congratulations, you have earned 500 Experience Points!"

"Congratulations, you have earned 2000 Skill Proficiency points!"

Almost as soon as the Assassin Platform provided the assessment results, three such notifications appeared in Qin Fang's mind, immediately bringing a splendid smile to his face as he let out a sigh of relief.

500 Experience Points might not seem like a lot, yet it was indeed considerable. It was due to the fact that Qin Fang had completed a subquest; otherwise, the reward for Experience Points from the quest might only be two or three hundred, which would already be considered generous.

Now that Qin Fang's character level had reached Level 4, and he was only one level behind Yan Kuan's Level 5, it was still an over-level kill, yet the yield was obviously not as substantial as when Qin Fang, at Level 3, took down a Level 5 expert.

Moreover, this time, the task was not accomplished by Qin Fang overpowering Yan Kuan with his own means. Instead, it was like the time he had killed the Golden Crested Snake, using special methods.

Last time was with a gun, and this time with poison... Such methods of killing significantly reduce the acquisition of Experience Points.

Nonetheless, Qin Fang was very satisfied with such a figure.

500 Experience Points might be a mere drop in the ocean compared to the required 25,600 points for leveling up, but it accounted for a two percent increase, which was fairly quick considering the current slow pace of leveling up.

If he could maintain such a high speed of leveling up, Qin Fang knew that it wouldn't take too long to reach Level 5, thereby significantly reducing the inexplicable pressure his peers, the young geniuses, were putting on him.

2000 Skill Proficiency points, this was the part Qin Fang cared about most.

Or to put it another way, if he had to choose between the two rewards from these tasks, Qin Fang would definitely forsake Experience Points in favor of Skill Proficiency points.

Improving skills primarily relies on Proficiency, but the ways to gain Proficiency are relatively troublesome. Also, Qin Fang has many skills, and it is quite laborious to focus on each one. Being a "maniac" who cultivates so many skills at once is truly unusual.

Qin Fang didn't have the time to study each skill one by one and could only acquire more Proficiency through such questing methods, so he could advance the skills he wanted to improve as quickly as possible.

Two thousand Skill Proficiency points is certainly not a lot; it only amounts to a 20% increase for Beginner Level Skills and a pitiful 4% for Intermediate Skills.

However, Qin Fang didn't mind these figures. Whether it was 20% for Beginner Level or 4% for Intermediate Level, it was a substantial gain for him. If he were to increase the Proficiency of a certain skill on his own, it would take at least several days to achieve such a level.

Now, just by completing a minor subquest of a main quest, he could gain such high rewards, which was quite exhilarating for Qin Fang.

If a one-star task can yield such high returns, then taking on higher-starred tasks later would definitely result in considerable profits.

The points on the Killer's Trade Platform are very useful; they're fundamental to an assassin's survival. As long as one increases their star level, there will be no shortage of tasks to undertake.

As for the commission, it's not something Qin Fang, whose net worth is in the billions, particularly cares about. After all, with his current abilities, there are quite a few simple ways to earn a million in commission.

Looking at the 2000 Skill Proficiency points and considering which skills needed upgrading, Qin Fang eventually shook his head and did not use up those points. He decided to save them for now and use them when necessary for the best effect.

"Due to your act of slaying Yan Kuan of the Evil Camp, you have gained +50 Justice Points!"

"Congratulations, you have acquired the title: 'Scourge of Villains'!"

Just when Qin Fang thought his gains were limited to this much, two more delayed notifications arrived.

"Eh, what's going on here?"

These two sudden notifications took Qin Fang aback, they were so abrupt that he was momentarily confused.

The first notification was understandable; Qin Fang indeed had killed Yan Kuan, who was a high-scoring player of the Evil Camp with over five hundred Sin Points. As a "Good Person" who belonged to the Righteous Guardian Faction, killing such individuals from the Evil Camp entitled him to something akin to honor points.

Previously, such values were a vague concept; Qin Fang could sense their existence, but there hadn't been explicit indications. Now, it seemed, it should be Justice Points.

Chapter 466 The True Face of the Ring of Justice_1

...

What Qin Fang hadn't expected was that killing Yan Kuan, a man from the Evil Camp, would actually net him up to 50 Justice Points, which was definitely way beyond his expectations.

The uses of Justice Points, Qin Fang had already roughly figured out some avenues, such as it could slow the gain of Sin Points when using the "Stealing" skill.

Sin Points and Justice Points are a pair of mutually existing values. Increasing Sin Points essentially means reducing the corresponding Justice Points. Most people are from the Neutral Camp, which means their Sin Points and Justice Points are relatively balanced.

Once one of the values becomes significantly higher, a change in faction alignment will occur immediately. For example, exceeding 20 points of Justice is considered a "Good Person" and over 100 points would align one to the "Righteous Guardian Faction."

Conversely, exceeding 20 points of Evil would earn one a "Not a Good Person" title, and continuing to increase Sin Points would then reveal titles such as "Hooligan," "Villain," or "Brutal Thug." Once over 100 points, one officially becomes a member of the "Evil Camp."

Qin Fang actually found it quite strange because due to the Stealing Skill, his Justice Points had been slowly decreasing, and had long been below 20 points of Justice. Yet, he still counted as a person of the Righteous Guardian Faction...

"Could it be..."

A surge of excitement came over Qin Fang, and with a thought, the Ring of Justice, which was in a hidden state, appeared on his hand.

It was a very archaic-looking silver ring that seemed unremarkable, and even its description was extremely simple, so much so that it was nearly equivalent to not having provided any information at all.

However, this time Qin Fang wouldn't let it go. He felt that his inability to identify its features previously was mainly due to the low level of his Scouting Skill, and that the item level of this Ring of Justice was relatively high.

The Advanced Scouting Skill activated, immediately identifying the nearly unsubstantial Ring of Justice once more.

After a faint halo passed, the appearance of the Ring of Justice underwent some slight changes; the ring itself seemed to have been repolished and refurbished, completely revitalized. It was engraved with some archaic patterns that not only did not mar the beauty of the ring but provided an alternative impact.

"Ring of Justice, Rare Item, the ring worn by warriors of justice, possesses incredible magic power. The wearer will always be aligned with the Righteous Guardian Faction. Additional attribute: Charm +3."

As Qin Fang had previously guessed, the true attributes of the Ring of Justice finally emerged under the detection of the Advanced Detective Skill.

The previous contents were the same, but the two points that followed were the real focus.

"Always aligned with the Righteous Guardian Faction!"

That is to say, even if Qin Fang killed someone, the Sin Points would be enough to enter the Evil Camp, but as long as he wore this Ring of Justice, he would still be recognized as a person of the Righteous Guardian Faction.

This benefit was quite good; at least, even if Qin Fang did something evil, like using the Stealing Skill frequently, the speed of Sin Point gain would be halved. Even if he rushed to hundreds of Sin Points, Qin Fang could always use the Ring of Justice to reduce the gain of Sin Points, which meant the Skill Proficiency increase speed was doubled.

"Additional attribute: Charm +3!"

Upon seeing this attribute, a wry smile appeared on Qin Fang's face. He really didn't know whether to cry or laugh.

He had been wondering why he seemed to have suddenly become more popular with women lately. Unexpectedly, the previous "+1 Charm" had already been troublesome enough, and now there was an

even more potent "+3 Charm," and because the previous attributes of the Ring of Justice were not unsealed, Qin Fang had been completely unaware of its existence.

Of course, this charm attribute wasn't just about women; it had a significant role to play. It was somewhat similar to the effects of the Righteous Guardian Faction, just a strengthened version.

Those with a higher Charm attribute find it easier to gain favor and approachability during interactions with people from the Neutral Camp. There are many examples of this, such as Ning Yumo, Ning Weiqiang, Tang Cheng, and Qiao Zhenfei, who are all Neutral Camp people but get along very well with Qin Fang.

Of course, such people are naturally the enemies of the Evil Camp. Hence those with high Sin Points are the most repulsive of Qin Fang, even occasionally feeling an uncontrollable loathing against him.

And this also became the reason Qin Fang always seemed to rub people the wrong way without realizing it, prompting them to target him...

The previous "+1 Charm" was a minor troublemaker; now, with "+3 Charm," it became a particularly troublesome troublemaker. It's no wonder Qin Fang felt that he had been beset with constant problems lately.

Since leaving Ninghai, he had never had a moment's peace, going out to hatch a pet egg only to encounter a murder case, with two corpses lying on his car.

During a casual conversation, Su Yang took the initiative to confront him, and they ended up fighting immediately. It was only by sheer luck that he managed a draw, thereby avoiding a beating.

After that, attending a black market auction, he encountered a robbery...

Whenever Qin Fang thought about these incidents, he felt extremely aggrieved. It seemed as if these troubles were willfully antagonistic, directly targeting him. It was only now that he knew it was this item causing mischief.

But could Qin Fang possibly throw away such a Ring of Justice?

Definitely not. It was too valuable to let go of, and Qin Fang had no intention of doing so.

"Sigh, whatever, take it one step at a time!"

Qin Fang was quite open-minded about it. If it was a Charm +3, then so be it. Even if it brought more trouble, it also brought Qin Fang many benefits. At least, it was a good way to gain Experience Points.

"For the People's Welfare?"

This title system was relatively independent, with each title having a special function. Qin Fang already had several titles, but overall, he had been using the title "Good Person", which added Charm +1 and halved the accumulation of Sin Points.

Compared to the "Good Person" title, the title "For the People's Welfare" seemed to have even better effects.

"Title: For the People's Welfare. Eradicating infamous scourges (requires affiliation with the Evil Camp), and additionally gaining a high amount of Justice Points!"

Seeing this note, Qin Fang understood where the extra 50 Justice Points had come from. So, that was the reason.

As usual, such a title was not insignificant but it had greater limitations and could only produce very good effects when used in specific circumstances.

...

"Brother, I know your acupuncture skills are pretty good. Can you do me a favor?"

Qin Fang was intending to continue watching the Martial World competition, but Qiao Zhenfei's phone call disrupted his plans.

"If it's within my power, just ask..."

That was the kind of person Qin Fang was. If you treat me with sincerity, I'll return it tenfold. He had always been genuinely sincere with friends who truly wanted to connect with him. Qiao Zhenfei had become a rather good friend of his, and even if slightly less close than Tang Cheng or Ning Weiqiang, he was still quite valuable to him.

"An uncle in my family got injured and might become paralyzed..."

Qiao Zhenfei sounded somewhat dejected, but he still told Qin Fang the truth.

"I'll give it a try..."

Hearing Qiao Zhenfei's words, Qin Fang knew the condition must be much more serious than Qiao Zhenfei had said, or else he wouldn't be so emotional.

Today's medical arts were of a very high level. Qiao Zhenfei referring to him as "uncle" implied that he was certainly not of ordinary status. Naturally, he could receive the best treatment in the country, yet if even that hadn't succeeded, the severity of the condition was evident.

If it were about treating a disease, Qin Fang would definitely have refused without hesitating, even if it was requested by Qiao Zhenfei, because Qin Fang really knew very little about medical arts.

However, with cases of paralysis, Qin Fang's acupuncture skills could be of use, and that made a difference.

The Nine Revival Needles had been revitalized under Qin Fang's hands, demonstrating tremendous shocking power, which Qiao Zhenfei had witnessed firsthand. Moreover, acupuncture could indeed be utilized for such a condition.

Qin Fang wouldn't guarantee effectiveness, but he was confident in one thing—if even his Nine Revival Needles failed to have an effect, then the patient could only end up paralyzed, or even face amputation...

If it reached that stage, it was beyond what Qin Fang could treat. It truly would be the end of the road for his ability to heal, even if he used the most taboo secret techniques.

There were many causes for paralysis, with nerve compression and nerve rupture or necrosis being the main ones.

If it were the latter, Qin Fang honestly had no solution; he couldn't help someone repair completely necrotic nerves, as he lacked such capability.

But if it was just nerve compression, Qin Fang did have a way to alleviate the situation and even pinpoint the location of the compressed nerves. Perhaps surgery could then be used to complete the treatment.

"Alright, wait for me over there, I'll drive right over to pick you up..."

Hearing that Qin Fang had agreed, Qiao Zhenfei couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement. He had no better solution at the moment, and Qin Fang was just one of the options he considered, sort of a last-ditch effort.

But the situation had progressed to a point where, even if he didn't want to think that way, he no longer had a choice.

If Qin Fang's miraculous and bizarre Acupuncture Secret Technique really worked, then he would indeed play a monumental role in the recovery. Of course, he was also very concerned about the condition of his uncle, who had taken care of him for many years. Though not related by blood, their relationship was akin to that of father and son...It was precisely because of this that upon hearing such dire news, he had become so desperate in seeking medical experts for help.

Chapter 467 Patient_1

...

Qiao Zhenfei's destination was not Jian Ge, but rather Jincheng, the provincial capital of Xishu Province.

The distance from Jian Ge to Jincheng was anything but short. However, Qin Fang and his party did not delay much; they set off directly from Jian Ge to a nearby military region's airport. From there, they took a military armed helicopter and easily flew hundreds of kilometers to reach their destination.

"We're here!"

Qin Fang's ears had not yet recovered from the roaring sound of the armed helicopter when he faintly heard Qiao Zhenfei say such a phrase.

"Western Shu Military Region?"

Surveying his surroundings, Qin Fang was a bit surprised to find himself in the Western Shu Military Region, one of the few major military regions in the country, ranking alongside the Ninghai Military District.

Qin Fang only knew that Qiao Zhenfei had brought him here to treat an elder's paralyzed legs. However, he did not know that the place would be within the Western Shu Military Region. It seemed that the person's identity was not simple and was very likely a high-ranking officer of the military region.

This was not surprising at all, as Qiao Zhenfei was a true descendant of the Red elites, with ancestors who stood at the nation's pinnacle and parents who also held fairly high positions, including some provincial and ministerial officials.

Therefore, this uncle whom Qiao Zhenfei held in such high regard must also be an extraordinary figure, undoubtedly a person of high status as well.

"Correct, he is a high-level officer of the military region. Despite his poor health, he has always persisted in his work. A truly admirable general!"

Qiao Zhenfei also nodded affirmatively and said, his eyes filled with admiration and respect, which was no wonder he had earnestly begged Qin Fang.

Stepping off the military helicopter, Qin Fang noticed that people had been waiting there for them for quite some time, all dressed in military uniforms, all officers from the armed forces.

"Brother Xiao Fei..."

There were about a dozen people in the group, several of them a bit older, all above the age of forty, with the lowest rank being that of Lieutenant Colonel. The only moderately young person, around twenty-five or twenty-six, immediately greeted Qiao Zhenfei as he saw him descend.

"Xiao Li!"

Qiao Zhenfei also appeared very pleased, giving the young man a warm hug, indicating that their relationship was quite good.

"Let me introduce a friend to you... Qin Fang, my good brother! This is Li Yang, a childhood friend I grew up with, and also my younger brother!"

However, Qiao Zhenfei naturally did not neglect Qin Fang. After sharing their excitement, he immediately introduced Qin Fang and Li Yang to each other, letting them get acquainted.

"Brother Li..."

Qin Fang called out politely, as he was younger than Li Yang and naturally couldn't address him as Xiao Li as Qiao Zhenfei did.

"Great, great, if you are Brother Xiao Fei's brother, then you are Li Yang's brother too. We're family, no need for such politeness!"

Perhaps it was the military background, but Li Yang was also easy to get along with. He didn't act distant from Qin Fang, giving him a warm hug and expressing considerable goodwill.

"Xiao Li, how is Uncle Li's condition?"

After the introductions, Qiao Zhenfei got down to business. It turned out the elder he mentioned was none other than Li Yang's father, a major general and chief of staff of the Western Shu Military Region, an absolute heavyweight.

Regretfully, such a revered general now found his legs paralyzed, able to get around only by wheelchair, and this condition continued to worsen, threatening to spread to his upper body, with the outright paralysis of the whole body not being beyond possibility.

"The situation is not very good; the hospital has already recommended amputation..."

Speaking of his father's condition, Li Yang's heart grew heavy. It was an exceptionally rare disease, starting with the legs and gradually leading to nerve death. Despite the paralysis, the condition did not stop progressing but became even more aggressive, spreading to the whole body.

Now his legs were essentially numb, and the condition continued to spread upwards. The only option was to amputate the legs to halt the progression of the disease, possibly giving a glimmer of hope; otherwise, all that remained was to wait for death. Should the nerve death reach the heart or brain, there would be no hope left.

"Don't worry, there must be a way!"

Qiao Zhenfei's mood was also quite somber. When he learned of the situation over the phone, he had already braced for the worst, but the reality was far more serious than he had imagined, to the point where amputation was unavoidable.

Neither Li Yang nor Qiao Zhenfei wished to see such a strong and respected general end up like this.

As a general who had experienced real war, General Li was a very pure soldier at heart, the kind who would rather die on the battlefield, his body wrapped in horsehide, without hesitation. However, now in his prime, he had unfortunately contracted such a strange disease which not only kept him away from the battlefield but also away from the military and the army barracks he had dedicated his life to.

"I brought Qin Fang here today because I wanted him to give it a try. He possesses an acupuncture technique that has been lost for hundreds of years, so maybe there's a way..."

Qiao Zhenfei immediately pointed to Qin Fang by his side as he spoke.

"Really?"

Li Yang's face lit up with hope. Although he didn't hold much expectation that Qin Fang could cure his father's illness, at this point, they had to try anything. Who knew, a miracle might just occur.

"I do possess a secret acupuncture technique, but as to whether it can treat General Li's condition, I dare not make any guarantees without an actual attempt," Qin Fang replied, slightly nodding his head. What he said was indeed the truth. The Nine Revival Needles were certainly miraculous, but they were also limited to what humans could achieve. They were effective against many diseases, but not all ailments were curable with them.

Even at the time of its creation by Huangfu Mi, the Nine Revival Needles couldn't cure a hundred diseases with one needle. Otherwise, there wouldn't have been a Fatal Needle among the Nine Revival Needles, a technique used to ease the passing of those beyond help.

"Yes, let's give it a try. Maybe it really can work... Qin Fang's acupuncture techniques could even turn a living person into a vegetative state. Perhaps there really might be a way to tackle such an illness!"

Ye Xiang had been badly affected by Qin Fang's treatment previously, lying in bed as a vegetative person for nearly a month, with all of the hospital's experts at a loss. The only person who could have solved the problem was Elder Ma, the Medical Grandmaster, but he recognized Qin Fang's acupuncture and chose not to get involved. This was why Ye Heng, the chief of the Ninghai City Bureau, had no choice but to humbly seek Qin Fang's aid for his son's sake.

Qiao Zhenfei had witnessed the beginning of that event and learned of the subsequent details, and he was truly astonished by Qin Fang's enigmatic and unpredictable Acupuncture Secret Technique.

It was precisely that which prompted him to specially invite Qin Fang to try his techniques in this situation.

...

The Military Hospital, the best hospital in the whole Jincheng area.

Whether it was the level of the doctors or the hospital's equipment, almost everything was top-notch, beyond the comparably high medical standards of city hospitals.

General Li was currently residing in the VIP ward, grappling with an unusual illness common treatments might do nothing to ameliorate. The hospital had made many efforts but still couldn't cure him or even slow the progression of the disease.

The only course of action was to amputate both legs before the dying nerves spread to the thighs, which might provide a slim chance of survival.

Qin Fang and his group arrived here escorted by Li Yang and several military officers, with soldiers standing guard outside, making entry quite difficult for the average person.

Compared to the low spirits of people like Li Yang and Qiao Zhenfei, when Qin Fang saw the general, he couldn't help but be astounded, for General Li's face showed no sign of despair or decay. Instead, he was smiling and talking with a girl who had arrived earlier than them in the hospital room, occasionally bursting into hearty laughter. He seemed to be in good spirits, which made it hard to believe that such a sanguine general was suffering from such a terminal illness.

After passing through several layers of guards at the door, Qin Fang and the other two had finally reached the hospital room, with Li Yang leading the way, followed closely by Qiao Zhenfei, and Qin Fang at the rear.

"Uncle Li..."

As soon as he entered, Qiao Zhenfei saw General Li lying in bed and his eyes immediately reddened as he spoke softly, which Qin Fang could tell was a suppressed voice, as if raising it any louder could lead to an outpour of tears.

Qiao Zhenfei really was a man of true feelings, and through their interactions, Qin Fang had come to truly understand his character—a man definitely worthy of friendship.

In comparison, Zhang Yuliang from Southern Yue was far inferior. To this day, Qin Fang didn't feel comfortable around him, but for the sake of Qiao Zhenfei, he refrained from outright confrontation.

Of course, Qin Fang had essentially cut off all contact with this man since returning from Southern Yue.

"Is that Xiao Fei... come here, let Uncle take a good look at you, it's been years since I last saw you!" General Li showed great excitement upon seeing Qiao Zhenfei, waving him over to catch up.

"Xiao Fei lived at my home for eight years, and my father treated him like his own son," Li Yang quietly explained to Qin Fang.

With that, Qin Fang understood. Qiao Zhenfei had lived at the Li Family home not for half a year, but during his childhood, and it had left a profound impression. Even after returning to the Qiao Family, he

couldn't forget such deep emotions, treating General Li as a father figure. His true feelings now came to the surface.

Chapter 468: Blackened and Withered Legs_1

...

There weren't many people in the ward; there were only a handful in total.

There was the sick General Li, along with his wife, and the girl who had been speaking with General Li before. Beside them stood a female military doctor who had been there all along and a military-clad man standing as straight as a flagpole. Of course, there was no shortage of various medical devices in great numbers.

This was a senior officer's ward, so it was quite spacious. If it had been a regular ward, the influx of so many people would have definitely felt crowded.

Though there were many people, the atmosphere was not lively.

Why was that?

No one could be in high spirits faced with such a situation.

Even General Li, who wore a smile on his face, had a trace of desolation that Qin Fang could read. He was a strong soldier, but not a Saint who could view everything with detachment. His emotions were showing through.

Qiao Zhenfei was accompanying General Li in conversation, while Li Yang was keeping company with Qin Fang.

But Qin Fang had no interest in just standing around uselessly, wasting precious time, when he could be doing something helpful. He wanted to understand General Li's condition as soon as possible.

If it was treatable, he would definitely find a way to save him!

But if it was untreatable, then they would have to proceed with the hospital's plan to amputate.

Yet if they resorted to that course of action, there was no doubt General Li would have to leave the military that he had loved and devoted his life to—a loss for both him personally and the military, a pity indeed.

"May I have a look?"

Qin Fang greeted Li Yang; as a stranger here, he couldn't just take action without permission.

"Uncle Li, this is my friend Qin Fang. He masters an Acupuncture Secret Technique..."

The ward was spacious, but there weren't many people, and they were all within earshot. Qiao Zhenfei, who was speaking with General Li, naturally overheard Qin Fang and promptly relayed his words to the general in bed.

What needed to be said didn't require many words, just enough to communicate the intent.

General Li was slightly taken aback. Although he had an open mind, he had a stronger desire for a speedy recovery to return to the military, so he wasn't resistant to different treatment methods.

But inside the hospital, it was important to follow the doctors' arrangements. As a soldier, he deeply cared about such rules; matters of expertise needed to be judged by professionals.

Hence, General Li didn't nod immediately but looked towards the female military doctor beside him.

The young female military doctor wasn't much older, clearly younger than Qiao Zhenfei and about the same age as Li Yang—mid-twenties.

Being able to practice medicine at such an age was quite impressive. In a civilian hospital, physicians this age would typically only be interns, yet she already held responsibility for such an important ward, which indicated a high level of competence.

"Xiao Xuan, what do you think?"

General Li asked with a look, while Li Yang beside Qin Fang asked aloud, their familiarity evident in his address.

"Traditional Chinese Acupuncture?"

The female military doctor's face showed a hint of skepticism, yet her eyes cast a clear disdain, "Uncle Li, my personal advice is that it would be better not to try it lightly..."

However, her response dimmed the expressions of Qiao Zhenfei and Li Yang, who both looked visibly disappointed.

"Xiao Xuan, Qin Fang's Acupuncture Secret Technique is really powerful. Let him take a look, perhaps..." Qiao Zhenfei seemed to know the female military doctor too and immediately spoke up to persuade her.

"Sir, may I ask if you have a medical license?"

The female military doctor didn't respond to Qiao Zhenfei but turned to Qin Fang and asked seriously.

It wasn't until that moment that Qin Fang clearly saw the woman who had so readily dismissed his skills—a face like a melon seed, flawless beauty without a touch of makeup, quite a radiant presence. It was unexpected to find such a delicate flower, but her expression was somewhat too cold.

What surprised Qin Fang the most was the pride and disdain in her eyes, as if she were a swan looking down upon him as if he were a... toad.

"Er... how did I become a toad!"

The thought flashed through his mind, leaving Qin Fang quite frustrated.

"No, I'm not medically trained..."

Qin Fang was indeed honest, simply shaking his head to indicate that he wasn't medically trained despite Elder Ma's strong desire to snatch him from Cai Pingyuan's grasp and have him learn the Medical Arts.

Hearing Qin Fang's response, the contempt in the unnamed beautiful female military doctor's eyes intensified. Then, she turned to General Li on the bed and said, "Uncle Li, he doesn't even have a medical practitioner's license. Allowing him to treat you is far too dangerous, and I am against it..."

"Wait... wait a minute,"

Qin Fang was puzzled. When had the ability to treat illnesses been tied to having a medical license? Moreover, why did the female military doctor's words sound so off?

"This elder sister..."

The crowd couldn't help but reveal strange expressions at his address. Qiao Zhenfei, Li Yang, and even the silent girl all responded alike, and so did General Li and his wife. But Qin Fang, seemingly oblivious, continued speaking.

"First of all, I won't deny that I lack a medical license. I truly didn't study the arts. Second, treating General Li is about helping a friend to the end and showing personal respect for General Li, which has nothing to do with you. Third, I only said I would look at General Li's condition, not that I would treat it... does looking require your approval as a doctor?"

Indeed, Qin Fang was irritated by the female military doctor who looked down on him too much. He came here in good faith to help, without any ulterior motives.

In the mouth of this female military doctor, however, he was made out to be some sort of Martial World scam artist, faced with complete disdain. Anyone would undoubtedly feel quite uncomfortable in this situation.

"You..."

The female military doctor, named Xiao Xuan, was suddenly at a loss for words in the face of Qin Fang's three points. Angrily staring at Qin Fang, she wanted to retort but seemed unable to find any solid ground to stand on.

Yet, she couldn't swallow this insult, almost wanting to smash Qin Fang's face into pieces.

What she found most unbearable was Qin Fang calling her "elder sister"...

"Am I that old?"

Any woman cares greatly about her appearance, especially beautiful ones, who are most sensitive and intolerant of being told they look old. Qin Fang's use of such a term to address her undoubtedly made her quite upset.

"Xiao Xuan, stop arguing. Let the young man have a look..."

Fortunately, General Li stepped in at the critical moment. He had no particular opinion of Qin Fang and originally thought of him as just a young person Qiao Zhenfei knew. Now, he found Qin Fang rather interesting and couldn't help but agree with Qin Fang's words.

"But..."

The female military doctor wanted to say more, but General Li waved his hand, signaling her to stop. At this moment, the previously silent girl came over and led the female military doctor aside.

"Thank you, General Li..."

Qin Fang was quite polite, giving a fist salute to General Li—an action he had grown accustomed to, having just participated in the Martial World conference, where such a comparatively quaint gesture was used in greeting instead of shaking hands like modern people...

"Please..."

General Li was broad-minded and returned the gesture, then pointed towards his legs covered by blankets which had long lost sensation, hanging limply like two stone slabs.

Qin Fang nodded, approached the bedside, and pulled back the blanket to reveal General Li's legs. Because they needed treatment, the legs were bare without trousers, revealed directly upon lifting the blanket.

Hiss~

Though Qin Fang had braced himself, seeing the current state of the legs still made him gasp in surprise.

Normal human legs are flesh-colored, but these were as if soaked in ink, having turned completely black, or more precisely, a purplish-black.

If these legs weren't physically connected to General Li's body, Qin Fang would never believe they belonged to a human. They looked more like two charcoal sticks, devoid of any flesh color, entirely purplish-black, even down to the blackened nails on all ten toes, creating an eerie sight.

With a flick of his wrist, a Silver Needle appeared in Qin Fang's hand, pre-arranged in anticipation. Alerted by Qiao Zhenfei, he prepared the Acupuncture needles and a special box for them, which now came in handy.

Qin Fang didn't touch the areas spreading upwards but instead used the Silver Needle to prick the tip of General Li's big toe, coaxing out a small trace of blood.

"Black blood..."

The blood, too, was purplish-black, looking just like ink. Qin Fang's brow furrowed in response.

Not just there, Qin Fang used the Silver Needle to draw blood samples from several locations on General Li's legs, but the results were the same, all turned purplish-black, no exceptions.

Qin Fang didn't make a sound, merely picked out a drop of the black blood and held it in his palm, then stared at it quietly, looking rather abnormal.

Qiao Zhenfei and Li Yang were both somewhat surprised by Qin Fang's sudden change, but seeing his focused expression, they refrained from disturbing him recklessly.

In fact, Qin Fang was indeed surprised, not by the blood's color change but because he suddenly realized General Li's leg condition wasn't due to some nerve-decay illness but had another cause.

Chapter 469 I Can Cure!_1

...

Staring at that single drop of black blood in the palm of his hand, Qin Fang indeed felt quite astonished and couldn't help but glance over at the female military doctor beside him.

"We've conducted a blood analysis, it's all necrotic, without any vitality..."

The female military doctor, as if knowing what Qin Fang was about to ask, expressed herself very directly, despite her considerable dissatisfaction with Qin Fang.

But this female military doctor had clearly guessed wrong, Qin Fang wasn't looking to ask about that, he was just a bit puzzled internally. However, since the other party had already shown some goodwill, naturally, Qin Fang couldn't fail to reciprocate.

"Did you really conduct a comprehensive blood analysis?"

Qin Fang directly threw out such a question, implying deep skepticism about the conclusion alluded to.

"What's the matter, Qin Fang, is there a problem?"

Qiao Zhenfei was the first to react. He knew Qin Fang quite well; he wasn't someone who spoke without basis, yet now he was being so blunt, it must mean there really was an issue.

Since Qin Fang had found a problem, Qiao Zhenfei was definitely supportive, after all, he was the one who brought Qin Fang here. If he weren't supportive, then Qin Fang's presence here would indeed be meaningless.

"What do you mean by that! I was personally in charge of the blood analysis, I carefully compared every bit of data, there's absolutely no mistake..."

Before Qin Fang could reply to Qiao Zhenfei, the beautiful military doctor named Xiao Xuan immediately became furious. As she said, when she discovered the black blood, she took it very seriously. She led the process and analyzed the data repeatedly, there was absolutely no oversight.

But now, with Qin Fang so clearly questioning her analysis, how could she not get angry?

"Let's not speak so absolutely..."

Qin Fang shook his head, expressing himself with a sense of helplessness.

This beautiful military doctor seemed to have a rather low opinion of him. That didn't matter much, but the issue was, as Qin Fang had said, she might have really made a huge oversight in the blood analysis.

It was clear that the beautiful military doctor was acquainted with General Li and his family, seeming to have quite a good relationship. He hadn't wanted to say it outright, even if he was worried about affecting their relationship.

"What's really going on, Qin Fang?"

Qiao Zhenfei was also becoming anxious. He wasn't very concerned with the argument between Qin Fang and Xiao Xuan, what he truly cared about was the condition of General Li...

"That blood..."

Qin Fang was just about to reveal the truth, but an unexpected incident occurred.

Ah~~

No one knew what happened, but General Li, who had been perfectly fine, suddenly let out a scream, his hands furiously clutching at his waist as his stoic face twisted in an instant.

Perhaps the sudden intense pain had come too unexpectedly, even a tough guy like General Li couldn't resist in that moment and let out such a scream. After that, General Li fell silent, his face fierce, veins bulging, teeth clenching with a gritting sound, yet he made no further sound.

"This is bad, the illness has relapsed!"

The female military doctor's face turned pale, and she immediately cried out, then used the intercom to summon other doctors from the hospital. General Li's sudden bout of intense pain was very rare, and she couldn't help being extremely worried.

And when she examined General Li's legs, she discovered that the blackness which had covered his legs was now spreading towards his waist at an alarmingly fast rate, much faster than the speed at which it had previously invaded the legs. No wonder General Li's reaction was so extreme just now.

"Aunt Shen, Uncle Li's condition is very grim. The necrotic nerves have started to spread to his upper body, and the speed is very fast. We must amputate immediately, or we'll be too late!"

The situation alarmed the female military doctor, her pretty face showing horror. She had no choice but to urge Mrs. Li beside her.

At this moment, the Li family was stunned; no one expected the condition to suddenly worsen to the point where they had to make a decision immediately.

General Li's wife, Aunt Shen, looking at his pained and fierce face, had tears streaming down, and the girl beside her held onto Aunt Shen tightly, as if she would collapse as soon as she let go.

"Go ahead with the amputation!"

Faced with such a critical moment, Aunt Shen had no other recourse. General Li had already lost all sense to the pain and was enduring it instinctively, unable to even think. With no choice left, Aunt Shen made such a difficult decision.

"Prepare for surgery immediately..."

Having received Aunt Shen's consent, the female military doctor made a decisive call. She signaled to the doctors who had just walked in, and immediately, a nurse came in to prepare.

"Hold on!"

Just at that moment, Qin Fang suddenly shouted loudly, stopping these doctors from taking any further action, "Amputation is not an option!"

Qin Fang's physique was quite imposing. By standing at the door of the ward, he immediately blocked it. No one wanted to take General Li to the operating room without getting him out of the way first.

And in this ward, the surgery was not possible.

"You... what do you think you're doing! Li Yang..."

The female military doctor was instantly infuriated. At this critical juncture where every second counted, this man, who didn't even have a medical license, dared to block the door and prevent them from performing the surgery.

But she was a woman with not much strength. How could she compete with the physically strong Qin Fang? So she looked towards Li Yang beside her.

"Brother Xiao Fei, Qin Fang he..."

Li Yang also felt torn right away. He was concerned about his father's safety, and although the thought of his father losing both legs was heartbreaking, keeping his father alive was even more important.

However, out of consideration for Brother Fei's feelings, he didn't take action against Qin Fang directly but instead turned to Qiao Zhenfei.

"General Li doesn't need an amputation to be treated!"

Qin Fang didn't look at Qiao Zhenfei or Li Yang but stared directly at the confident female military doctor and spoke deliberately, and his following sentence was even more venomous, "Don't use your unreliable brain to harm others..."

"You..."

The female military doctor was livid. She had been practicing medicine for some years, always treating and saving lives, and no one had ever accused her of harming rather than healing people.

But Qin Fang didn't give her any chance. With a flick of his wrist, several Silver Needles appeared between his fingers. He then quickly walked to the bedside, flung the cover all the way back, and without even needing to locate the acupoints, he rapidly inserted the Silver Needles into General Li's body.

"Bro, don't get worked up, what exactly is going on..."

Seeing that the female military doctor and Qin Fang were about to fight again, Qiao Zhenfei quickly stepped in to mediate and took the opportunity to ask about Qin Fang's side of the story.

"I'd like to stay calm, but they were about to perform an amputation... Sigh, I can't explain it clearly to you, but in a word—I can cure this disease!"

Qin Fang also helplessly let out a wry smile. It really wasn't his intention to target the female military doctor, it's just that they were about to amputate without fully understanding the disease, which wouldn't have been any help at all.

If they had gone through with it, even if he, Qin Fang, managed to save the person, a warrior through and through would have been utterly ruined by this group of incompetent doctors.

Indeed, in Qin Fang's view, these doctors were nothing but incompetents. Perhaps they meant well, but they hadn't understood the issue and were rushing to perform an amputation, which was far too reckless. He had to step in early, even if it meant exposing some things.

"Can cure!"

These two words had quite a strong impact, stunning everyone present.

The Li Family was excited and overjoyed, not knowing how to react, while the doctors were stunned because, in their view, such a strange disease was a terminal condition, with no second option other than amputation to save the body.

They did want to take their time to find a cure for the strange disease, but the priority was to amputate General Li's legs as soon as his condition flared up, preventing the spread of the necrosis. Only then would they have enough time to research this strange disease and finally conquer it.

But at such a critical moment, Qin Fang stepped forward to stop them, and his bold claim of "can cure" wasn't just hindering their medical work; it was a harsh slap in their faces.

And so, one by one, the doctors showed expressions of surprise and anger, especially the beautiful female military doctor. She was already quite dissatisfied with Qin Fang, and now, being "slapped" like this by him, it was no wonder she didn't feel comfortable at all.

"Ah... Look quickly!"

But before the female military doctor could speak, a doctor beside her suddenly let out a strange shout. Then everyone in the ward followed the direction he was pointing at, all with their mouths agape, stunned as if their jaws had dropped to the floor, because what they saw was truly unbelievable.

Originally, the purplish-black color was spreading towards General Li's waist, which was why the female military doctor insisted on surgery immediately.

But now...

The purplish-black color not only stopped spreading but was actually receding downwards. Soon, it returned to its previous state. The part of the body between the thigh and waist that had turned purplish-black recovered completely to normal, as if there had never been any issue at all.

All of this happened almost instantaneously, and the cause of such an outcome—it seemed to be only the few Silver Needles that were still inserted into General Li's body...

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The purplish-black color had already receded to its original position, but did not continue to fade, stopping right there.

Even so, this had astonished everyone present, especially the beautiful military doctor, whose beautiful eyes were filled with incredulity, as if she had witnessed a miracle.

"Qin Fang, can you really cure him?"

Qiao Zhenfei quickly recovered and pulled Qin Fang aside to ask in a low voice.

The situation was now clear: Qin Fang's Acupuncture Secret Technique had stabilized General Li's condition, preventing it from worsening, thus averting the disaster of amputation.

But this was merely a temporary solution to an immediate crisis, the real challenge was completely curing this strange illness.

Qin Fang had made it clear just moments ago that he could treat it, and naturally, Qiao Zhenfei had to inquire further. In fact, as soon as he asked, all eyes turned to Qin Fang.

"This...actually, I'm not completely certain myself!"

Feeling the gaze of so many eyes upon him, Qin Fang couldn't help but feel somewhat embarrassed and responded apologetically.

In the urgency of the moment, his earlier statement might have been somewhat overconfident, but in reality, he did not have complete assurance.

The Li Family's people felt a wave of disappointment upon hearing this; Qin Fang's miraculous acupuncture had given them great hope, but his words seemed to douse their flickering flame of hope with cold water.

The beautiful military doctor had a similar reaction. She had thought Qin Fang could truly bring back the dying, but to her dismay, he wasn't entirely confident—a sentiment that slightly alleviated her previous sense of loss.

"Then how certain are you?"

Qiao Zhenfei's brows knitted tightly, but he couldn't help asking further.

"About eighty percent..."

Qin Fang hesitated for a moment, then gave a rather uncertain answer.

Pfft~~

Upon hearing Qin Fang's response, several people couldn't help but burst out, glaring at him as if they wanted to kill him.

An eighty percent chance of cure was so high that in medical terms it almost equated to certainty, yet Qin Fang spoke as if there was less than a fifty percent chance.

"Brother, you must be joking with me..."

Qiao Zhenfei was speechless. He truly believed that Qin Fang was unsure, estimating around a fifty percent chance, which indeed seemed unreliable.

Yet after hearing Qin Fang mention an eighty percent certainty, Qiao Zhenfei felt like strangling him. With such high odds, there was no question they had to try.

The beautiful military doctor shared Qiao Zhenfei's sentiments. She too was frustrated with Qin Fang, who clearly had such a high assurance, yet spoke as if he was in grave danger. She really wanted to strangle him too.

What she didn't realize was that at this moment, she no longer doubted Qin Fang's medical arts, seemingly acknowledging that he truly had such capabilities. Perhaps it was the Acupuncture Secret Technique that had truly astounded her.

But Qin Fang had more to say, and wasn't about to let it end there. He added, "There are a few herbs I'm not sure we can collect. If we can get them, the chance might improve to ninety percent..."

There it was, another ten percent increase!

The beautiful military doctor was now completely exasperated. A ninety percent chance of healing was virtually synonymous with a full recovery. She knew that even a simple appendix surgery in a hospital

came with its risks, yet such small procedures rarely encountered complications—maybe one in ten thousand cases.

"Are you really that confident?"

Qiao Zhenfei was still somewhat worried and sought confirmation once again, while Li Yang had already approached, looking at Qin Fang with hope.

"Can I joke about such a matter?"

Qin Fang offered a wry smile, "We can start right away, but if we want to eradicate the root of the issue, it would be best to find those herbs..."

General Li's condition was quite bothersome. Qin Fang had a way to treat it, but without a few specific ingredients, it would be difficult to fully resolve the issue. Mainly, Qin Fang's current level of Inner Breath was not strong enough to support a long duration of acupuncture, and he needed some herbs to assist him, achieving twice the results with half the effort.

"Let's get started; just tell me what herbs you need, and I'll arrange for someone to prepare them immediately!"

Upon hearing this, Qiao Zhenfei's face lit up with joy, insisting that Qin Fang get to work without delay. As for the herbs, he wasn't worried; nowadays, as long as one was willing to pay, there was hardly anything that couldn't be purchased. And money was not something that Qiao Zhenfei was short of—he could afford whatever amount necessary.

"The herbs I need aren't easily found; they can only be gathered from ancient forests. Furthermore, they require very specific harvesting methods to avoid damaging their medicinal properties, otherwise, they're useless..."

Qin Fang shook his head and explained that collecting herbs wasn't as simple as pulling up turnips, especially the few he needed, which not just any herbalist could handle. Only he could do it properly; otherwise, the herbs' potency could be ruined. Moreover, two of the herbs contained potent toxins—incorrect harvesting methods could be lethal...

"Here's what we'll do: I will write down the appearance and some characteristics of these herbs for you to locate them. Have your people find them, but tell them not to touch. Mark the location, and I will personally go and gather them..."