

## Genius 481

Chapter 481: You Have the Qianmen Illusion Technique, I Have One-Handed Weapon Mastery\_1

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Members of the Thousand Gate have their own ways of recognizing each another, and it's easy to tell if someone is a fellow practitioner.

Take Ye Ming, for example, as soon as he used the Qianmen Illusion Technique, many people realized what was happening. Some thought that this Thousand Skills technique was an extremely formidable cheating skill, but only those within the Thousand Gate knew that although Ye Ming was only a beginner, he was indeed one of them.

Now that things had reached this point, Qin Fang knew there was no turning back.

The confrontations among members of the Thousand Gate also come with many rules. Although these rules have been passed down for thousands of years, many old traditions still have to be observed.

You could either recognize the other person as a member of the Thousand Gate before the matter unfolds and choose to avoid conflict, thus resolving the issue entirely. If Ye Ming were to find out later that Qin Fang was also from the Thousand Gate, then he would need to take the initiative to apologize and make amends, which is the most common way to handle such situations.

Or, as is the case now, the two could sit down at the gambling table and compete to see who is stronger. The victor would naturally be king, while the defeated might suffer more, with consequences ranging

from fleeing far away and giving up voluntarily to something as severe as losing a hand, a leg, or even life itself.

The outcome also depends on how much is at stake. Smaller bets naturally lead to less severe consequences, but if the stakes are too high, the loser might not only lose their capital but also risk their life. These are the rules of the Thousand Gate, which no one can defy.

From the moment Qin Fang and Ye Ming sat down to gamble, as soon as Qin Fang realized Ye Ming could actually use the Qianmen Illusion Technique, he knew this matter probably couldn't end well.

One million US dollars isn't a small sum, but it isn't particularly large either, at least relative to the current situation, which isn't bad because both Qin Fang and Ye Ming can afford this amount, ensuring the matter doesn't escalate too severely.

Qin Fang must win.

He couldn't just let that amount of money slip through his fingers, especially not when he had earned it through hard work. Not to mention giving it away to an entitled young master like Ye Ming.

It wouldn't work for him to pretend to be just an ordinary person either. After causing a commotion at Bihai Pavilion, the word had already spread, and members of the Thousand Gate only needed to do a little investigating to realize that Qin Fang was one of them as well.

Thousand Skills, also known as the Deceiving Heaven Technique, has the power to deceive even the heavens, which is quite telling.

Deceiving ordinary people is even less of a challenge, but this also depends on personal ability. For instance, in the case of Qin Fang and Ye Ming, when it comes to individual proficiency in Thousand Skills, Ye Ming is slightly ahead since he has already mastered the Qianmen Illusion Technique, whereas Qin Fang's current level of proficiency hasn't quite reached that technique yet.

But when it comes to actual strength, Qin Fang could beat Ye Ming by miles; they aren't even on the same level.

Even with the Qianmen Illusion Technique at his disposal, it would be nearly impossible for Ye Ming to defeat Qin Fang.

There are plenty of chairs under the gambling table, where onlookers can sit and watch the two compete. Qiao Zhenfei, Li Yang, and Jiang Li were sitting together, discussing this very topic at the moment.

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"Brother Xiao Fei, do you think Qin Fang can win?"

Li Yang had only met Qin Fang that day, and his understanding of him was limited to knowing his name and nothing else.

Jincheng and Ninghai are thousands of kilometers apart, with no direct contact between them. Plus, Li Yang was in the military, so he really didn't know much about outsiders.

Qin Fang might be well-known in Ninghai circles, but in Jincheng, he was just a nobody.

"Don't ask me, I know that Qin Fang's gambling skills are quite good, but this young man seems to be very strong as well... It's difficult to say who will win!"

Qiao Zhenfei had gambled with Qin Fang once before and lost a significant amount. He had a vague sense that Qin Fang had some gambling skills, but Ye Ming's display of the Qianmen Illusion Technique was quite frightening. Just by the appearance of it, you could tell it was out of the ordinary and it seemed to possess some kind of magical power. While watching him shuffle the cards, you'd become somewhat dazed, and by the time you came to, Ye Ming had shuffled the deck several times over, making it incredibly difficult to remember even a single card.

Because of this, Qiao Zhenfei was uncertain. He had a hunch that Ye Ming was very powerful, apparently much more so than Qin Fang, making it hard to predict the outcome of this round. He even faintly felt that Qin Fang could lose.

Hearing Qiao Zhenfei and Li Yang's remarks, Jiang Li became very worried. She was concerned both about Ye Ming forcing her to drink with him and about Qin Fang losing money.

One million US dollars was an astronomical amount to her. Although she had an uncle who was a general, her parents were just ordinary teachers without much money.

Worried, Jiang Li felt she was being unfair to Qin Fang. He was willing to wager on such terms to help her out, and risk losing one million US dollars—over six million RMB—at any time. Her heart fluttered uncontrollably, and the way she looked at Qin Fang began to blend with many feelings, even some unusual thoughts creeping into her mind.

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While Qin Fang was lost in his myriad of thoughts, appearing somewhat distracted, Ye Ming had already stopped his shuffling. The cards were ready, and he placed the deck down before returning to his seat.

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"Please cut the cards!"

Once seated, Ye Ming settled in like he was firmly planted on the Fishing Platform, gesturing with his hand for the beautiful croupier to cut the deck. Then he looked at Qin Fang with a calm and self-assured gaze.

The initial card cut was done by the croupier, and how many cards to cut was entirely up to their discretion. Both Qin Fang and Ye Ming had no say in the matter.

The beautiful croupier stepped forward, laid her hand on the shuffled deck, and with a gentle slide of her palm, she fanned the cards out in an arc. Nonchalantly, she picked a card near the middle, slightly off-center, and cut the deck, then took less than a quarter of the deck from the end.

This cutting of the cards was one thing; which side of the deck to take after the cut was also at the croupier's discretion.

However, as the attractively dressed croupier finished handling the cards, a bitter smile flashed across Qin Fang's face. His luck was not on his side—he had lost the first hand.

Even before the cards were dealt, Qin Fang knew he had lost the first round.

Why? Because in their one-on-one betting game, if Ye Ming, the dealer, got a 9 on his hand, he would win outright. That's how the cards were now starting out: the first four cards had values of 0, 9, 9, 7.

Qin Fang stayed quiet. Although the first hand was certainly a loss, he needed to figure out the croupier's dealing sequence first.

Some croupiers have a habit of dealing cards alternately, others prefer to deal two consecutively, and there are those who like to pick one from the top and one from bottom. Customers can specify how they want the cards to be dealt, but it's usually the croupier's decision, and they often stick to what they are most comfortable with.

What Qin Fang needed to observe now was exactly this, to determine their pattern, as it would be advantageous for him going forward, especially since he would be dealing next.

As for this first hand, no matter which dealing style was chosen, Qin Fang was doomed to lose, unless the beautiful croupier dared to deal the first card to the player. That could give Qin Fang a sliver of chance, but obviously, that was out of the question. The more experienced the casino personnel, the more strictly they adhered to the rules, especially in these details.

The beautiful croupier didn't employ any special dealing methods such as dealing two cards consecutively or one from the top and bottom; instead, she followed the standard rule—dealing from the top in an alternating fashion.

"Haha, I won!"

Very quickly, both players' two hole cards were dealt. Ye Ming had known he won the first hand just from the croupier's cut, but like Qin Fang, he was also observing the croupier's dealing method. He could afford to not care about winning the first hand, but not about the upcoming ones.

Upon revealing the hole cards, a 9 appeared right away. Ye Ming instantly defeated Qin Fang in the first round, to the point where Qin Fang didn't even need to draw another card—there was no possibility of victory.

"First round, Mr. Ye wins!"

With that result, the beautiful croupier simply gestured to Qin Fang and promptly announced the outcome of the first round. Qin Fang lost the first hand, and his starting-chip stack of two hundred thousand US dollars now belonged to Ye Ming.

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"Lost!"

Although Jiang Li already knew Qin Fang had lost the first hand as soon as he saw Ye Ming's 9-point hole card, he couldn't help but shudder when the croupier announced it with her soft voice.

Losing the first hand was not a good sign, instantly casting a shadow of worry over Jiang Li's heart. After all, with that round, two hundred thousand US dollars were gone—over a million in RMB...

"You can't tell much from this one round; it's just that the guy named Ye was too lucky..."

However, Qiao Zhenfei made a quite fair assessment. His skills might not surpass Ye Ming's and without knowing the Qianmen Illusion Technique, he would be at a significant disadvantage.

However, Qin Fang did lose the first round in a rather helpless manner; the croupier's cutting and drawing of the cards just happened to land at that position, which was most advantageous for Ye Ming.

Even if Qin Fang were extremely skilled, it was to no use, as his luck didn't seem particularly strong. He was instantly killed off upon entering the game, without even a sliver of a chance to fight back.

Luck is also a kind of strength, and Qin Fang's luck has always been better than others'. However, unexpectedly this time, it was Qin Fang who lost due to the opponent's luck, and that was quite troublesome!

"Indeed, it seems the other party's luck is a bit better..."



Comparing the hole cards of the two players, nine points to six points, Ye Ming held an absolute advantage. Although Qin Fang's six points had a chance to challenge the nine points, it was already meaningless. Ye Ming was the dealer; having reached nine points, he had already won. Even if Qin Fang matched up to nine points, it would have been in vain—he still would have lost!

Li Yang also quite agreed; they didn't lose this first round to anything else. Strategies and tactics were of no use; the opponent's luck was too good, allowing no opportunities whatsoever,

Ye Ming's Qianmen Illusion Technique had stolen the show, and that super good luck of his also lent a big hand.

The controversy over the first round was quite significant. Some said that it was Ye Ming's excellent shuffling that got the cards in perfect place; others claimed it was simply Ye Ming's fluky luck that granted him the victory in the first hand.

Yet, Qin Fang himself appeared quite calm, as if he hadn't lost the first round at all. His smile remained as brilliant as ever, as though he didn't take the first round seriously.

"Next round, please shuffle the cards, Mr. Qin!"

The beauty croupier was also quite composed; perhaps because she had witnessed many big shots competing, she was not overexcited by Ye Ming's victory in the first round.

What seemed strange to her was that, having lost the first round, Qin Fang should have been hiding in the room, holding his head and crying by now. Yet, Qin Fang acted as if nothing had happened, appearing unconcerned about anything.

Upon hearing the words of the beautiful croupier, Qin Fang stood up and straightened his clothes before walking to the middle of the gambling table. By now, a new deck of cards had been swapped in; the previous deck was set aside as it could no longer be used, and would probably be disposed of after the match was over.

This had nothing to do with Qin Fang, who now needed to shuffle the cards.

After taking a deep breath and concentrating all his energy, Qin Fang picked up the deck. Like Ye Ming, he bent the cards in half and began to shuffle them listlessly.

"Huh..."

Observing Qin Fang's action, Ye Ming blinked in slight astonishment, a hint of extreme surprise flashed across his face.

The reason was that the move Qin Fang was performing at the table appeared very familiar, as if he had seen it somewhere before but couldn't quite remember in the moment.

"Thousand Skills... but it seems not quite!"

Ye Ming was no fool; if Qin Fang were employing the Thousand Skills of the Thousand Gate, he would have given himself away immediately. However, Qin Fang used the Thousand Skills without the full display of the Qianmen Illusion Technique that Ye Ming manifested so dramatically. It didn't look like gambling, more like watching a juggling act.

Qin Fang's technique was rather simple in comparison. He just stood there, his hands continuously mesmerizing, while the deck hardly moved. Yet, the cards indeed went through many shuffles.

Ye Ming could vaguely detect a trace of the Thousand Gate style in Qin Fang's shuffling, but he couldn't recognize Qin Fang's version.

"Heh~~~ You have Qianmen Illusion Technique, and I have One-Handed Weapon Mastery. I want to see who will be the ultimate victor..."

Though Qin Fang was not adept at Qianmen Illusion Technique and was in a relatively disadvantaged position, he naturally had ways to cope, like the One-Handed Weapon Mastery Skill, whose Proficiency had already reached Intermediate level or above.

While One-Handed Weapon Mastery was nominally about wielding weapons, in modern society with firearms as the mainstay, the range of subtly handled weapons had grown much wider, virtually any object could become a "weapon". Now, these fifty-two playing cards became Qin Fang's "weapon", which he manipulated with flair...

Chapter 483: Rivals Card\_1

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Qin Fang's One-Handed Weapon Mastery might not seem as dazzling as Ye Ming's Qianmen Illusion Technique, appearing quite plain and unadorned—it was like comparing a pampered and privileged young miss from the city, fed with silk and spoon, to an honest village girl who had never seen the world beyond the mountains. The difference was so vast and clearly discernible.

Nevertheless, there were those with keen eyesight, especially the gambling house management and the veteran gamblers. Seeing Qin Fang's seemingly clumsy technique applied to such a peak level of performance, he immediately received a lot of praise.

Even Qiao Zhenfei and Li Yang felt a glimmer of appreciation upon witnessing this; Qin Fang's display was almost in no way inferior to Ye Ming's Qianmen Illusion Technique.

Of course, Ye Ming's Qianmen Illusion Technique was just at a beginner level, incredibly lavish in its motions, but quite ordinary in substance.

Qin Fang's One-Handed Weapon Mastery, however, approached the realm of being awe-inspiringly skillful. The cards flipped quickly in his hand, not dazzling, but exceedingly practical.

Plus, Qin Fang deliberately adjusted the position of the undealt cards, leaving Ye Ming utterly baffled.

After that thorough reshuffle, the deck was completely disorderly. At least Ye Ming had left some cards that might come in handy, placing them in somewhat strategic positions.

One could say that Ye Ming had crafted his deck himself, ensuring that even if he didn't get a perfect 9 points, he still had the means to play his cards to score a 9 and secure victory—that's the dealer's advantage.

But this time, Ye Ming had met his match. Qin Fang's card shuffling was disorderly and unpredictable; the poker cards were rapidly scrambled in his hands, then taken out and reshuffled repeatedly, many times over. No one could discern the final arrangement of the cards—not even Qin Fang, who was shuffling blindly.

Qin Fang's unique way of shuffling surprised everyone present, but most didn't care too much about it; what they were interested in was who would win or lose, and whether the process was thrilling.

The beautiful croupier began cutting the deck, then picked the smaller portion of the poker cards.

It was then that Qin Fang cast his Scouting Skill past, a case of "the right tool for the right job." Even without deliberately stacking the deck, Qin Fang still had methods at his disposal.

However, when Qin Fang saw the result, his face showed signs of astonishment, followed by a wry smile, leaving the opposing Ye Ming completely in the dark, his eyes nearly freezing in place, not understanding what Qin Fang was suddenly thinking, and it seemed eerily unsettling.

Qin Fang, not in any rush to reveal his hand, simply gestured for the croupier to continue dealing.

Soon, the dealer and player's cards were dealt. It was Qin Fang's turn to play the dealer. Just like the previous round with Ye Ming, if he could score 9 points, he would win.

"How...how is this possible?"

Ye Ming looked incredulously at Qin Fang across from him. He had thought of Qin Fang as nothing more than a hedonistic scion, a second-generation rich kid, yet he hadn't expected...

On the table, Qin Fang's hole cards were precisely a 4 and a 5, which added up exactly to 9 points, and with Qin Fang being the dealer, it was without a doubt another dead hand. Just like the first round, Ye Ming had no option but to watch helplessly as Qin Fang won the second round.

"This vengeance is..."

Seeing such a scene left many people dumbfounded, then expressions of amusement spread across their faces—as the situation became increasingly captivating. These first two rounds of the duel, one win each, with neither giving any chance for retaliation.

"Finally won..."

Qiao Zhenfei and Li Yang couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. After a long wait, they finally clinched a win in the second round. If they hadn't won this round, the situation would have been truly perilous.

Ye Ming's display of Qianmen Illusion Technique made it clear that he held a considerable advantage having mastered such a secret art; Qin Fang was now on the back foot, feeling the pressure.

Even though this second round was won, just like Ye Ming before, it was mainly due to better luck. To see real results, the performance of both in the upcoming rounds was what really mattered.

Naturally, Jiang Li was another person breathing a sigh of relief, sitting silently on the side, not taking the initiative to interact with Li Yang and Qiao Zhenfei. However, she listened attentively whenever they spoke, closely following Qin Fang's progress. If Qin Fang won, she would be very happy; if Qin Fang lost, she would appear very worried.

After two rounds, the score was tied at one to one, temporarily presenting a well-matched situation. Despite everyone feeling that these two rounds were won by luck and didn't reflect any real strength on either side.

The third round began, with it being Ye Ming's turn to deal again, sticking to his Qianmen Illusion Technique. This was what Ye Ming was relying on to defeat Qin Fang, so naturally, he wouldn't give it up. Especially since Qin Fang's performance with the shuffling technique had dazzled many—an astonishing revelation.

Qin Fang's gambling skill was there, not yet for Ye Ming to judge, but based on that unconventional shuffling alone, Qin Fang seemed no less formidable than him.

Soon enough, the deck was shuffled, and the beautiful croupier once again cut and dealt the cards.

This time, unlike the previous two, the dealer wasn't given an assured victory hand, finally introducing some disputes.

Qin Fang's hand was a 2 and a 5, which added up to exactly 7 points.

Ye Ming's hand was a 1 and a 6, also adding up to exactly 7 points.

Both men had the same number of points, 7, but since Ye Ming was the dealer, in the event of a tie, the loser would ultimately be Qin Fang.

Therefore, facing such a situation, Qin Fang was required to choose to draw an additional card.

Starting with 7 points, he could only increase by 1 or 2 points, bringing the total to 8 or 9 points with three cards, which were the only scores that might lead to victory.

Of course, if the third card drawn was over 3 points, then Qin Fang would have to accept the situation of busting, and would thereby directly lose the match.

Compared to Qin Fang's frustration, Ye Ming had it much easier.

"Dealer has 7 points, player has 7 points, dealer wins, it's your call!"

Ye Ming wasn't stupid; he shuffled the cards, so he had a rough idea of how the latter half of the deck was arranged. Unless a 1 or 2 was drawn, the round would be lost.



According to the rules, in such a situation, both sides could choose whether to continue drawing cards or not.

7 points were already quite high. Among the ten numbers from 0 to 9, only two could beat Ye Ming, while the remaining eight meant a loss, translating to only a one-in-five chance of winning, which was not very high.

If you also consider that the J, Q, and K cards count as zero points, it means that out of thirteen cards, only two could lead Qin Fang to victory, seemingly an even slimmer chance.

"No more..."

With the advantage in this situation, Ye Ming would certainly not foolishly draw another card and risk busting. Hence, he chose to abandon drawing and fought with his 7 points against Qin Fang.

Glancing at the roughly twelve or thirteen cards left in the croupier's hand, Qin Fang's expression grew solemn, as the next card was a 4. If Qin Fang were to draw it, he would undoubtedly bust...

"Cut the deck!"

However, at this point, everyone still had the opportunity to cut the deck once.

Having seen the remaining twelve cards, Qin Fang knew that three were either a 1 or a 2. There was a one-in-four chance, and if he cut at exactly the right spot, he could beat Ye Ming and win the third round.

The croupier promptly cut the deck again, but the result slightly disappointed Qin Fang. His luck was not good enough, as the croupier cut to a card that was too high in points, not the 1 or 2. Qin Fang still lost the round...

He drew a random card, and unfortunately, there was no way out of it, Qin Fang lost the third round, and the situation turned increasingly grim.

"Round three, Mr. Ye wins!"

With the third round, Ye Ming won again, making the score 2 to 1, with Qin Fang currently behind.

However, Qin Fang wasn't in a hurry. Just like in the second round, it was his turn to shuffle, and he still employed his One-Handed Weapon Mastery Skill, shuffling the cards into a complete mess. Even though Ye Ming studied them very carefully, he ultimately shook his head in resignation, unable to discern any pattern.

It had to be said that Qin Fang played this hand beautifully. With his Thousand Skills and One-Handed Weapon Mastery against Ye Ming's Qianmen Illusion Technique, they were evenly matched, neither able to gain an advantage over the other.

After the shuffle, the croupier began to cut the deck, her movements as calmly executed as ever, though Qin Fang knew that on the inside, the croupier might not be as calm as she appeared.

Once the deck was cut, the croupier dealt the cards, four in total, two each for Qin Fang and Ye Ming. The outcome of win or lose would depend on what those two cards were, and whether they could allow Qin Fang to defeat Ye Ming and once again even out the score...

Qin Fang was slightly stronger than Ye Ming, because he possessed the Scouting Skill. With his Advanced Detective Skill, he could acquire much more information than with the Intermediate level. In fact, he didn't need to turn over the cards to know what they were, meaning he effectively knew the outcome in advance and therefore had nothing to fear.

"2 + 6, 8 points!"

Ye Ming was the first to flip his cards, revealing a 2 and a 6, which added up to 8 points, just one point short of the highest score of 9, and nearly stepping through the threshold of victory.

"3 + 5, 8 points!"

Qin Fang also immediately revealed his cards, a 3 and a 5, which, astonishingly... also totaled 8 points!

Tied with Ye Ming at 8 points, but with Qin Fang as the dealer, his score was effectively higher. If neither side drew another card, Qin Fang would once again triumph over his opponent, tying the score at two to two.

Chapter 484 What is called real cheating\_1

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Rival cards!

Once again, rival cards!

When these points appeared, Qin Fang and Ye Ming couldn't help but glance at each other, wondering if the two were natural enemies.

It was already frustrating to encounter rival cards once, but it was incredible that they kept appearing several times. If they had not experienced it themselves, they wouldn't have imagined it to be true.

In the first round, Ye Ming started with 9 points and being the dealer himself, he defeated Qin Fang without a fight.

The second round was almost a repeat of the first, except this time the dealer changed, and Qin Fang got 9 points. Now it was Ye Ming who was defeated without a fight.

In the third round, both had the same number of points, and drawing one more card could defeat the other. Similarly, drawing one more card could also mean losing. Unfortunately for Qin Fang, he busted!

In the fourth round, everyone thought they were going to see a real clash between the Dragon and the Tiger. But the game turned into a repeat of the third round. This time the situation was entirely reversed, with Qin having the larger points and he decided not to draw any more cards.

"Dealer 8 points, Player 8 points, dealer wins, please speak!"

Such frequent occurrences of rival cards were indeed rare, and even the experienced croupier hadn't seen it often. The female croupier could not help but mutter to herself, but she didn't forget her duty and promptly announced.

"No more!"

At this point, the score was eight, just a step away from the highest nine. Just one more step and he could instantly defeat his opponent.

However, by the same token, if Qin Fang drew a card above 1 point, he would bust and lose.

Ye Ming faced the same situation, needing to draw a card even more than Qin Fang, just like during the previous round. Except, his task was even more challenging.

Qin had at least a chance of picking two out of thirteen numbers, not a very high chance, but he had already proven that. So that round, Qin lost.

Now, this tough problem fell on Ye Ming, and the difficulty was even more painful than Ye Chen's previous round. He must draw only one point to possibly win; otherwise, he would surely bust and lose.

A one in thirteen chance, even more difficult than Qin's two in thirteen, with the likelihood of failure astonishingly high, almost certainly fatal.

Perhaps knowing that Qin and the others might need to cut the deck, the beautiful croupier chose the larger half of the deck this time, at least thirty cards, among which three out of the four aces in the deck of fifty-two cards were there.

Thirty cards, three aces, a ten percent chance, a bit higher than one in thirteen but still limited. The odds of hitting were really not high.

"Cut the cards!"

This kind of rival cards situation was really troubling for Ye Ming. Once or twice was bearable, but three or four times was too much. If they continued to play, these two well-matched young men might never end, and who knows until when they would have to play.

As frustrating as it was, the situation being what it was, Ye Ming had no choice but to bite the bullet and go for it.

Directly taking another card was impossible. These rival cards made his scalp tingle. If he really took that card, it would probably be even more distressing, so Ye Ming eventually decided to cut the cards.

The final result was evident, another high number, and Ye Ming busted. This round, Ye Ming lost, and it was Ye Chen who won.

"The fourth round, Mr. Qin wins!"

Finally, this sentence arrived, and the score between the two became two to two, once again a tie. It was as if these four rounds had never happened, with neither able to win nor get the better of the other.

"It's quite boring to keep playing like this. With our level of gambling skills, we're evenly matched. Instead of wasting time like this, why don't we decide the winner in one round?"

Qin Fang suggested this after only four rounds, which had already caused both him and Ye Ming great distress. If rival cards continued to appear, they might both end up grievously wronged.

"Let's decide the winner in one round!"

Ye Ming felt incredibly indignant inside. Since he couldn't wait any longer, he readily agreed to decide the winner in one round, especially since he would be the dealer in the upcoming fifth round. This would allow him to fully use his advantage and strike at his opponent.

In one round, it would be decided who the last one million US dollars would belong to.

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"Deciding the winner in one round? What is Qin up to..."

Qiao Zhenfei felt the decision by Qin Fang was hugely distressing. Based on the current situation, Qin was still at a certain advantage. There was no need to rush into such a decision, especially since the fifth round would be dealer's disadvantage for Qin.

If it started with 9 points like the first round, there wouldn't be any need to continue; he would lose everything in one round.

He and Qin both knew that one million US dollars, although a significant amount, wasn't enough to cause them serious pain or financial injury.

But losing it in such a way would be somewhat unworthy.

"I suddenly feel that the kid might win!"

Chapter 485 What is Called Real Cheating\_2

Li Yang, whose eyebrows were originally furrowed, actually relaxed at Qiao Zhenfei's remark, half-jokingly saying he didn't know where his confidence in Qin Fang came from.

"I... I also think Qin Fang will win!"



Jiang Li, who had been silent all along, suddenly spoke up. Although she seemed timid, she appeared quite certain of her judgment.

Qiao Zhenfei stopped talking. Originally, he was the one who trusted and understood Qin Fang the most, but ironically, he was now the one harboring the deepest doubts.

However, after being reminded by Li Yang and Jiang Li, Qiao Zhenfei came to a realization. He had been projecting his own mindset onto Qin Fang, naturally adopting his own approach to life, without realizing that it actually trapped him.

In Qiao Zhenfei's impression, Qin Fang's gambling skills were quite remarkable, yet today he had not performed at his usual level, almost like a commoner relying entirely on luck.

The only thing that stood out was his two instances of card shuffling technique, which seemed unremarkable but were actually quite magical.

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"Has this young man gone crazy?"

"That guy with the surname Ye is clearly a master; the cards are to his liking, and he must have tampered with them. What are you using to win with this?"

"Exactly, it's too hasty. Isn't this just blatantly asking for a loss!"

The opinion of the audience below about Qin Fang's proposal to decide the game with one hand was mixed; some were negative about his approach, feeling it was too impulsive. They thought he should cultivate his character and enhance his current level of strength before achieving a sure-kill strike. After all, not even a fifth of the two hours had passed, and he still had quite a lot of strength.

Where there were denunciations, there were naturally also praises and support.

"I beg to differ, I think he might still have an ace up his sleeve, letting that Ye guy continue to be arrogant. Once he plays his ace, Ye will be completely defeated..."

"That's right, that guy Ye is just playing the same few moves over and over, he can't produce any new tricks..."

As for deciding the outcome with one hand, this was actually quite common in the Martial World, not to mention it still exists in real society. But Qin Fang had already decided to do this, and no one could stop him.

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No matter what the debate was like on the other side, Qin Fang and Ye Ming remained unmoved, focusing on preparing for the upcoming decisive battle. The final outcome would be revealed in this gambling showdown.

"Please shuffle..."

Qin Fang did not do anything fancy with the shuffling, still politely offering the other party to shuffle, while he himself sat there leisurely, as if he saw nothing, maintaining the same demeanor as before.

Ye Ming also found Qin Fang's state quite strange and couldn't understand how he could still be so confident at this point. However, Ye Ming's mood was still very good, quite calm and without causing any ripples.

Ye Ming still used the Qianmen Illusion Technique, although this was the last hand. Even though he vaguely had an absolute advantage, he dared not be careless until the final victory was secured.

One million US dollars was not a small sum, and if he lost, he might even feel like dying. Who knows when he could amass such an amount again, so...

"I cannot lose! I must win!"

Deep inside, Ye Ming was continuously encouraging himself, perhaps in a few minutes his wallet would double in size—a definitely good deal.

However, he needed to maintain his composure before closing this good deal.

After shuffling the cards with the Qianmen Illusion Technique, Ye Ming handed the deck back to the beautiful croupier, then returned to his own place.

"Cut the deck!"

Qin Fang didn't want to waste time and directly ordered the beautiful croupier to cut the deck, seeming eager to finish quickly.

As before, the beautiful croupier cut the deck swiftly, then dealt two cards to each player. During this process, Qin Fang watched the entire time, afraid to miss the slightest detail.

Qin Fang, 4 points, 4 points, adds up to a total of 8 points.

Ye Ming, 3 points, 5 points, adds up to a total of 8 points as well.

Rivalry cards!

Incredibly, it's rivalry cards again!

And just like the fourth round, both persons' scores are 8 points.

The fourth round was Qin Fang holding the bank, where he aggressively forced Ye Ming into a corner, pulling the score back to a tie at two-all. But who could have expected that in this critical fifth round, rivalry cards would appear again, and still with both being 8 points, it was as if someone was being pushed into a fiery pit...

"Haha, this time I want to see how you can win against me! I'll stay..."

In this moment, Ye Ming was beyond excited, having not expected the last round to be rivalry cards again. Although it wasn't the decisive 9 points, 8 points were still significant. For Qin Fang to win, it would take dumb luck, like a blind cat stumbling upon a dead mouse, for him to draw a 1-point poker card from the difficult deck of dozens.

But the likelihood of that was just too slim, the chances of winning were minuscule. This was fully demonstrated in the previous two rounds and didn't need to be repeated.

Getting 8 points and being the banker, Ye Ming decisively gave up calling for another card. He was already halfway to victory, just waiting for Qin Fang to call a card and bust, then he could collect the money!

"Cut the cards!"

Qin Fang, however, seemed very calm, just casting a sideways glance at Ye Ming, the kind that barely even looked straight at him, undoubtedly full of contempt at that moment, as if he didn't respect him at all.

The beautiful croupier seemed quite surprised as well, but she didn't say anything, just obediently re-cut the cards, and then dealt to Qin Fang.

"One point! One point! One point..."

Holding this drawn card, Qin Fang seemed to become a bit excited as well, muttering to himself as if speaking to himself, giving a feeling of great tension and urgency.

The audience below seemed to be drawn into this as well, as if they were Qin Fang sitting at the gambling table, holding the last card in their hands, muttering along with him.

"Hahaha, stop dreaming, you could never draw a one point..."

Different from the behavior of the audience below was Ye Ming. At this moment, he was truly excited, as if he had already seized victory, pocketing Qin Fang's one million US dollars in bets. Seeing so many people muttering there, with faces full of deep desire, he couldn't help but stand out and strike.

Of course, he had to strike. Qin Fang was his opponent now. If Qin Fang really drew a one-point card, then Ye Ming would lose, which was not the outcome he wanted to see.

"One point! Come on!!"

Suddenly, Qin Fang leaped up and then, with a smack, slapped the card in his hand down onto the gambling table. The whole table seemed to have been hit with a sledgehammer, nearly uprooted, had it not been for the steel bolts fixing it to the floor; otherwise, it really might have been flipped by Qin Fang.

However, everyone's attention was obviously not on this. What really mattered to them was whether the last card in Qin Fang's hand was an Ace, whether it could make a total of 9 points to defeat Ye Ming's bank of 8 points.

"It's an Ace! It really is an Ace!"

"One point, it's one point!"

"Damn, won! He really won..."

And as Qin Fang slowly withdrew his hand from the table, dozens of eyes caught sight of the third card on the table before Qin Fang, which was indeed the Ace everyone hoped to see.

Qin Fang had incredibly reversed the tide at the very last moment, miraculously relying on that Ace to score 9 points, precisely overtaking Ye Ming's bank of 8 points!

Qin Fang won!

"Heh heh, today I'll show you what true cheating is all about!"

Looking at Ye Ming's face, which was nearly turning green with envy, Qin Fang felt like he had downed a powerful tonic, his entire self brimming with strength. Yet under the table, he was muttering very softly to himself.

Chapter 486: A Life-or-Death Bet\_1

...

"This... this is impossible!"

Looking at the Ace in front of Qin Fang, Ye Ming's face, originally flushed with excitement, turned instantly pale with disbelief, his eyes filled with incredulity. He couldn't believe what was happening before him and murmured to himself.

The appearance of this Ace was too abrupt, it seemed to take Ye Ming's breath away in an instant, his body trembling slightly, his face deathly pale.

He couldn't understand, couldn't figure out at all, why Qin Fang would win this round.

He shuffled the cards, Qin Fang didn't even touch them, he clearly remembered that this position shouldn't have produced an Ace, but it did anyway.

Could I have remembered it wrong?



Is it just that his luck was too good?

Unfortunately, it was destined to be an unsolvable mystery unless Qin Fang chose to reveal it himself, otherwise Ye Ming wouldn't have a clue about the real reason.

...

It wasn't only Ye Ming who was thoroughly baffled, the casino staff were similarly perplexed, such as those currently in the surveillance room.

"How's it going? Found anything?"

A young man about the same age as Li Yang stood in front of the monitors, questioning the detection staff.

Although he wasn't on-site, he had been watching the entire process through the monitors, and thanks to the camera angle, he could see even more clearly than the audience there.

He himself was a cheating expert, and given such rules, it was rather restricting for cheaters except for the most skilled masters; anyone else would truly have to rely on luck.

How skilled was Ye Ming? This young man had a rough idea—entry-level Qianmen Illusion Technique, stronger than the average person by a fair bit, but much weaker compared to real experts. At least he thought that he could definitely beat Ye Ming, it would just take a bit more effort.

But Qin Fang...

He had no clue about him at all.

To say Qin Fang knew cheating, he acknowledged that. He had vaguely caught a glimpse of Qin Fang's cheating shadow, but it didn't seem too strong, seemingly just a beginner.

In the previous four rounds, it looked as if the two were evenly matched, giving the impression that they were evenly matched, but then in the final round, when Ye Ming almost had certain victory, he still lost, and not just lost, but was utterly defeated.

"Could it be that this Qin Fang is playing dumb to snare the tiger?"

This thought popped up in the young man's mind, startling him significantly.

If that were really the case, it would be truly terrifying. At least he didn't believe he had the capability to use narrow victories as bait with such deep calculation.

"Young Master, we've checked, there are no signs of cheating..."

Soon, the casino personnel responsible for surveillance reported back.

What's the biggest concern for a casino business?

The police?

Of course not! In such venues, the police wouldn't intervene at all, to the point where even the sons of provincial leaders come to play a few rounds here, winning hundreds of thousands and walking away.

What casinos fear the most are cheaters, true cheaters, especially those who are incredibly skilled.

For casinos, a cheating expert is like a disaster; the same is true for major international casinos like Macau and Las Vegas. They welcome gamblers from all over the world but particularly detest cheaters.

Those who are caught cheating aren't really cheaters; their fate upon being caught is usually quite grim, not infrequently involving dismemberment, and among them are those once labeled as "Gambling Kings" or "Cheating Kings."

But with cheating experts, it's different. Although the casinos realize they're cheating, they can never capture any evidence.

In the end, having no alternative, they have to spend a lot of money to courteously ask the person to leave, then add them to a blacklist and even publicly announce it in an international casino alliance; such individuals become universally unwelcomed by the whole coalition.

Jin Cheng Salon naturally hadn't reached that level, but they used a similar approach.

The appearance of Qin Fang's Ace was very sudden; almost at the moment it appeared, the young man instantly felt that Qin Fang had cheated, which is why he hoped to find evidence through the recent surveillance.

Unfortunately, just like those cheating experts, there was no evidence whatsoever. Either Qin Fang hadn't cheated at all, or his cheating skills were too formidable, fooling everyone's eyes, including the advanced surveillance equipment.

"I understand..."

The young man nodded slightly, seeing this as an ominous sign. He vaguely began to worry, fearing that Qin Fang might take action in Jin Cheng Salon, in which case they would have to suffer a heavy loss.

"I hope the situation isn't too bad..."

All he could do was sigh with such sentiment.

...

"Jiang Li, come here..."

Qin Fang, however, had no regard for Ye Ming's reaction; he had won this round and immediately gestured to Jiang Li. Now that he had won, it was time for him to collect on the bet.

Qin Fang naturally took the money without courtesy.

But at the same time, Qin Fang had won something else, something that should have been his long ago—an apology to Jiang Li.

Watching Jiang Li approach, Ye Ming's complexion turned from pale to blood red, then gradually to the color of soy sauce; he understood what Qin Fang was about to do. Not only had he won his money, but he was also going to lose face.

There was no way to welsh on the debt; when they had made the bet, each had already transferred one million US dollars into the Jin Cheng Salon's special account. Whoever won would own that money, and the whole process had been carried out under the supervision of many witnesses at the scene—no one could change the outcome.

Moreover, the bet had caused a big commotion, and many had come to see what was happening, including some top young masters from Xishu Province who had witnessed the entire process.

Ye Ming had connections, and indeed, there were quite a few influential figures in the young masters' circles of Xishu Province. For example, his cousin was one of the top young masters, but the issue was that his cousin was not here and thus had no say in the matter.

Even if he were present, it would make no difference. These young masters belonged to various factions, much like their fathers. They were not united and would never hesitate to kick someone when they were down.

Therefore, the money was lost, and Ye Ming had no choice but to swallow the bitter pill and take this humiliating loss in stride.

"I... I'm sorry!"

Facing Qin Fang, Jiang Li still seemed a bit uneasy. Ye Ming had lost the frivolity he had earlier, replaced by a deep sense of humiliation and unwillingness.

Certainly, the money was gone, and this additional bet was inescapable. In the end, Ye Ming still shook his head and apologized to Jiang Li, though anyone could hear that Ye Ming wasn't the least bit sincere.

"I... I want to gamble with you again!"

Ye Ming, having nearly lost his entire fortune, suddenly rushed up to Qin Fang, clenching his fists tightly. His eyes were bloodshot as if he were trying desperately to suppress his emotions, and he shouted at Qin Fang.

"Do you have the stakes?"

Qin Fang just glanced at him lightly and spoke with unsurpassed calmness.

Since

Ye Ming was instantly stunned. His rage had peaked, and his loss had completely eroded his usual composure—all he wanted was to win back the money he had lost.

But Qin Fang's words brought him back to reality. Ye Ming had lost all his capital to Qin Fang. The funds in his account that he could actually use were now quite limited, probably only around two to three hundred thousand at most.

This amount might be enough to play a few rounds in a casino, but when gambling with Qin Fang and trying to win back the one million he had lost, the difference was too great.

"I... I bet my life!"

Perhaps truly driven to fury, Ye Ming actually uttered such a challenge.

The moment he spoke those words, everyone present was dumbfounded, looking at Ye Ming with an incredibly incredulous gaze, then at Qin Fang, who appeared equally shocked.

To bet one's life!

This kind of insane wager might have been quite common in ancient times, but in the modern era, it's different. Now, it's an era of the rule of law—murder is a crime, even if the person in question is exceedingly evil.

Yet, at this moment, Ye Ming actually laid down such a wager, and everyone's first reaction was—the guy can't accept losing; he has gone mad!

Even Qin Fang thought the same. He hadn't expected Ye Ming's psychological quality to be so poor.

"You can't refuse. I know you are aware of my techniques, and you know where I come from. You are the same. These ancient rules that have lasted for thousands of years, you understand!"

Ye Ming's madness far exceeded Qin Fang's expectations, to the point of uttering these words.

Qin Fang's face darkened. Ye Ming was laying all his cards on the table, forcing Qin Fang to agree to his terms.



Indeed, as Ye Ming had said, Qin Fang knew he came from the Thousand Gate, and Qin Fang, after all, was also associated with Thousand Gate. Once a part of Thousand Gate, one must follow its rules, especially those that have been handed down for hundreds of thousands of years.

Although Thousand Gate's heritage was ancient, it had many branches that were incompatible with each other. Consequently, internal strife was common, and it was not rare for them to engage in life-and-death struggles.

The most famous historical example was that of Su Qin and Zhang Yi. Though both disciples of Guiguzi, their actions were entirely opposed.

If even fellow disciples could be so opposed, other branches were invariably more so.

Therefore, some very old rules had been left within Thousand Gate, some of which precisely fitted the current situation—the bet of one's life, a challenge that cannot be refused.

Chapter 487 Challenge! Twenty Dice!\_1

...

Staking one's life, truly a madness-filled challenge.

Qin Fang indeed knew of this rule, yet never expected someone would actually use such an approach for a high-stakes gamble.

"You need to think this through! You are no match for me..."

Qin Fang let out a light sigh, then spoke with a somber tone.

Ye Ming was about the same age as Qin Fang, in the prime of youth. Although they were not at the flower-like age of adolescence, the difference was negligible.

Yet he insisted on choosing such a method to engage in this insane bet.

Once he actually lost, his entire life could be completely ruined.

"You don't have to worry about that! I'm asking you, will you gamble, or not?"

Ye Ming seemed to have gone completely mad, his eyes filled with determination and an unquestionability that suggested no one could stop him at this point.

The wealthy and official second generation who had followed him before had long since ducked out. To begin with, their relationship with Ye Ming was nothing more than fair-weather friends, far from true friendship. When Li Yang appeared, they had already distanced themselves.

Furthermore, now that Ye Ming was driven by such an obscure young man as Qin Fang to the point of staking his life, this was no small matter.

Staking one's life!

Should he lose, did that mean he wouldn't even own his life anymore?

This was not a joke—their lives, they believed, were too precious. They would rather lose more money than wager their own lives.

Even the young man in the surveillance room was stunned by now; he had not anticipated the situation to escalate to such an unpredictable state.

He had already seen Ye Ming's Qianmen Illusion Technique; such people were basically unwelcome at the Jin Cheng Salon. Even if not blacklisted, they were not considered to be welcomed guests either, as such people posed significant challenges to the fairness of the casino.

As for Qin Fang, he was treated similarly, although Qin Fang's techniques were more sophisticated, making it hard to find any flaws. However, the casino was equally unwelcoming of such individuals; in fact, in the eyes of this young man, Qin Fang was even less welcome than Ye Ming.

But now these two people were locked in a confrontation, and the conflict had escalated once again, to the point of staking lives. Although he was not part of the Thousand Gate, he knew some of the rules of the Qianmen, including this particularly ruthless one.

"Now this is going to be fun; I want to see what you're going to do about it?"

The situation might be somewhat out of control, but he was quite pleased to watch it unfold; a deep smile appeared on his lips as he focused his attention on Qin Fang.

"Qin Fang..."

Jiang Li, who had been excited by Qin Fang's previous victory, deified him even more when Ye Ming apologized; but when Ye Ming made such a crazy demand to stake his life, Jiang Li became worried and immediately tried to persuade Qin Fang to decline such a crazy challenge.

But could Qin Fang refuse?

Of course not!

Having learned Thousand Skills, Qin Fang was considered to be one of the Thousand Gate. In fact, some members of the Qianmen were already aware of his identity, but Qianmen members are never the type to flock together; they usually just work with their long-term partners, such as the well-known Thousand Gate Eight Generals.

Because of this, Qin Fang, as a member of the Qianmen, had no choice but to accept this ancient challenge. Otherwise, what awaited him was not victory but a series of troublesome predicaments.

Breaking the rules of the Thousand Gate was akin to defying the Assassin's Alliance: dispatching characters similar to "Scavengers" to intervene, not to kill and rob, but through myriad cheating

techniques that would surely make Qin Fang's life utterly miserable, and in severe cases cause ruin and family destruction...

This was the consequence of breaking the rules, so Qin Fang could not possibly go against them.

Of course, as the one challenged, Qin Fang was not on the same starting line as Ye Ming. Ye Ming might be staking his life, but that didn't mean Qin Fang had to wager his own life.

He had many options, such as offering something of equivalent value as a wager. If he won, it would be a joyous victory; but if he lost, he would simply lose those equivalent items.

It was because of such old rules for settling scores that Qin Fang would mention that confrontations between cheating experts often ended tragically.

Missing an arm or a leg were considered light consequences because the ultimate loss could be one's very life, which was truly too severe.

Although Qin Fang was aware of such rules, he truly had not anticipated them falling upon him so abruptly. It was all too sudden; he never expected Ye Ming, still so young, to insist on using such a method to determine the outcome between them.

Just as Ye Ming had said, Qin Fang couldn't refuse, with only one option left—to accept the challenge.

If he won, Ye Ming would lose his life!

If he lost, Qin Fang would forfeit his wager and pay a certain price, such as crippling his own limbs, severing the tendons in his hands or feet, and while not threatening his life, it was still a significant stake.

Chapter 488 Challenge! Twenty Dice!\_2

Such old rules presented a very serious challenge for both parties involved in the bet, and unless absolutely necessary, no one would willingly issue such a challenge.

"Fine, I agree,"

Qin Fang had no other choice but to accept the condition.

As for his own stake, it was somewhat simpler—just the two million US dollars he had offered earlier.

Ye Ming issued such a challenge largely because of the money, so it was only natural to make it the stake now.

"Qin Fang..."

When Ye Ming proposed betting on their lives, everyone present was taken aback. Those who could enter this place were no ordinary people; whether wealthy businessmen or officials' offspring, they all

cherished their lives. None of them would be so reckless with their own existence, so they instinctively looked down on Ye Ming, viewing him as someone who couldn't accept defeat.

But to their surprise, Qin Fang seemed to have "had his head squeezed by a door panel"—despite having an absolute advantage, he inexplicably agreed to such terms... It was truly baffling.

Jiang Li was leaning close to Qin Fang; she had been very angry when Ye Ming asked to bet on their lives and really wanted to curse him out.

What she didn't expect, however, was that Qin Fang would actually choose to accept this life-threatening challenge from Ye Ming. Now Jiang Li was truly anxious; Qin Fang ended up in this situation entirely because of her, so how could she not be worried?

"Qin Fang... there's no need for this!"

It wasn't just Jiang Li who was worried, Qiao Zhenfei and Li Yang also showed a change in their expressions and immediately came over to dissuade him.

"You don't understand..."

Qin Fang simply shook his head, responding to Qiao Zhenfei and the others thus.

They were not from the Thousand Gate and naturally did not know its rules, and since Qin Fang could not mention the Thousand Gate in front of a crowd, he could not explain further.

"Bet on what, you say..."

To avoid further obstruction from these three, Qin Fang directly addressed Ye Ming.

This was a gambling challenge he could not refuse, so he had to grit his teeth and agree, just as he said, with his skill in cheating and his Advanced Detective Skill, the chances of losing were very slim.

"This time, let's bet on dice!"

Qin Fang's decision was not at all surprising to Ye Ming.

Compared to the real cheating experts of the Thousand Gate, his newly acquired skills made him an easier target. Any rational person would have chosen Ye Ming as their opponent.

"Dice..."

Upon hearing this, Qin Fang's brow involuntarily furrowed, and very tightly at that.



Playing cards had been introduced to Dragon Country from Western Regions and were not native gambling tools; therefore, the Thousand Skills in playing cards were relatively fewer within the Thousand Gate.

However, dice were different. Almost from the day they were created, they had been gambling tools, and they were also the gambling tools with the most techniques used by the Thousand Gate.

Qin Fang was already familiar with the Qianmen Illusion Technique, so he naturally had a basic understanding of it. He also knew that dice were the most commonly used in gambling challenges by those just starting with the Qianmen Illusion Technique.

It could be said that dice were what Ye Ming was best at and what he played most skillfully.

Qin Fang was not entirely clear how much of the Thousand Gate's ultimate techniques Ye Ming had learned, but from the current situation, it seemed he may have only mastered the Qianmen Illusion Technique.

There were many ultimate techniques within the Thousand Gate, but mastering any single one was quite difficult. Even if one only learned a single technique and refined it to proficiency, that was already quite remarkable and could be of use for a lifetime.

The Qianmen Illusion Technique was undoubtedly among the most formidable skills of the Thousand Gate, easy to learn but hard to master. Just by using this technique, one could become an extremely formidable gambling expert.

Without a doubt, Ye Ming was planning to use his greatest advantage to challenge Qin Fang.

Qin Fang had briefly confronted him before and ultimately defeated him, but that encounter also gave him a slight insight into Qin Fang's skill level.

Bearing this in mind, Ye Ming gained some confidence, believing that his chances of winning against Qin Fang in a game of dice were even higher. This was a perfect opportunity to demonstrate the Qianmen Illusion Technique at its best, much better than in the previous card game.

"Alright!"

Although Qin Fang knew Ye Ming's proficiency with dice was far superior to his own, he was still confident and not worried about losing at all.

Ye Ming had his methods, but Qin Fang had his own extraordinary techniques.

Only after a true contest would they know who was stronger or weaker, but Qin Fang was confident that the final victor would be himself, just as he had decisively defeated Ye Ming before.

"Your life... I'll take it!"

Qin Fang looked at Ye Ming, who had regained his confidence, and silently proclaimed this to himself.

...

The gambling house surely would not lack dice; the dice were brought in quickly, all having passed inspection. They were definitely not weighted with mercury or hollowed—each one was genuine.

"How do you want to bet?"

There are many ways to bet with playing cards, and there are just as many with dice—do not be misled by their apparent simplicity.

Common dice betting methods such as betting on big or small, odd or even, specific numbers, and so on are familiar to many... These are roughly the categories, but in reality, there are many more specific betting methods.

Chapter 489 Challenge! Twenty Dice!\_3

"Each person twelve dice, betting on the points..."

Ye Ming looked at Qin Fang opposite him, his face had returned to normal, and then he murmured.

Wow~~

Qin Fang hadn't had time to react when the crowd watching below let out a gasp of astonishment first.

Most of the people mingling here loved to gamble, and naturally, they had played with dice before. However, they usually bet on the size or even-odd with just three dice, and only sometimes those who felt more impressive dared to bet on the points.

However, that was limited to a scenario with fewer dice, where, with some training of the ears, one could vaguely grasp certain patterns. Some dice masters had trained themselves that way.

Three dice weren't satisfying enough, and the difficulty was relatively low, so a more challenging variant with six dice came into play. This kind of game was mostly for quite formidable experts, and ordinary people couldn't handle it well, often ending up losing disastrously even if relying on luck.

When six dice clattered and spun uncontrollably inside the dice cup, the unpredictability increased significantly, to the point that even very skilled gambling masters couldn't be sure of winning.

Yet, Ye Ming went even further, doubling the number to twelve dice. This level of difficulty was not just significant; it was enormous, causing almost everyone present to gape in shock, unable to close their mouths for a long time.

"Big? Small?"

Qin Fang's face didn't look very good either. Bidding with twelve dice was quite troublesome, and although he had learned Cheating Skills, his Proficiency wasn't high. The skills weren't too useful, let alone facing Ye Ming who had mastered Qianmen Illusion Technique.

There are only so many options to bet on with dice—big, small, even-odd, or specific points.

Betting on specific points was practically out of the question. With twelve dice, points could range from a minimum of 12 to a maximum of 72, although some more impressive experts might be able to roll a minimal 1, making the range of possible numbers even greater. It was nearly impossible to correctly guess a specific number, neither Qin Fang nor Ye Ming could do it.

Betting on even-odd also seemed unlikely; it was a fifty-fifty chance, and Qin Fang could just guess, with a hitting rate of fifty percent being too high.

That left only betting on big or small.

"Small!"

Ye Ming declared confidently, and as if worried Qin Fang didn't understand, he immediately added, "Twelve dice each, we roll once, and whoever gets the lowest points wins..."

Indeed!

Almost the moment Ye Ming mentioned betting on big or small, and specifically betting on small, Qin Fang had already guessed this possibility.

The greatest difficulty with twelve dice wasn't rolling twelve sixes but rolling a minimal one—that is, the theoretically smallest point, one.

"Alright!"

Although Qin Fang's brows were deeply furrowed, after a moment's thought, he nodded his head in agreement.

"You're very confident?"

Looking at Ye Ming's confident and arrogant face, Qin Fang casually smiled and said.

"Why wouldn't I be confident? Just because I've lost to you before? Then you're underestimating me! I forgot to tell you, my mentor has a nickname called Dice Demon!"

Qin Fang's psychological tactic seemed to have no effect, as Ye Ming dismissed it with a Tai Chi-esque shove, simultaneously revealing some news.

"Dice Demon!"

Hearing this name, Qin Fang's heart also skipped a beat.

Thousand Gate was not short of gambling masters; some of them were not less capable than those world-class Gambling Kings, but they preferred to keep a lower profile. After all, the Thousand Gate was still considered an unorthodox sect, not part of the mainstream. Even though there were quite a few well-known gambling experts from Thousand Gate, few people knew of their origins.

For instance, historical figures such as Su Qin, Zhang Yi, Zhang Liang, and even Zhuge Wuhou had illustrious reputations, but whether they came from Thousand Gate was mostly speculation by later generations, as they never mentioned it themselves.

Their silence didn't mean nobody inside Thousand Gate knew about it, though. They each had their own nickname within the sect, and while the nicknames of those figures could no longer be traced, Ye Ming's mentor's title of Dice Demon indicated his profound mastery of dice or that he was undoubtedly a top expert of Qianmen Illusion Technique.

"Twelve dice are too few. If we're going to play, let's go big, make it eighteen, no, straight to twenty..."

When Ye Ming proposed twelve dice, he naturally had some leeway, perhaps his real strength reached fourteen, or maybe even fifteen or sixteen.

Qin Fang couldn't let him off easy and straight-up added eight more. Twelve to twenty, and this level of difficulty was not just a small increase.

For each additional dice, the uncertainty doubled, and now from twelve to twenty, the added uncertainty was more than just tenfold.

Qin Fang was almost certain that Ye Ming might manage one with twelve dice, but with twenty... that wouldn't be so easy. Any problem with a single dice would ruin all the others; aiming for one... it really wasn't much easier than reaching the heavens, maybe even Ye Ming's mentor the Dice Demon could do it.

"Okay, twenty!"

Ye Ming was silent for a while, but eventually nodded his head.

Indeed, twenty dice were beyond his limit, but he had worked hard on his dice skills, certainly much stronger than Qin Fang, who was obviously just a beginner in Cheating Skills.

He realized Qin Fang knew his advantage with dice wasn't clear, so he used increasing the number of dice to strike at him.

"Hmph, I'll let you see my true strength!"

Ye Ming secretly resolved himself; he also wanted to challenge beyond his limits, as only such challenges could provide the greatest motivation for improvement.

Chapter 490: Twin Dragons Emerge from the Sea, A Pillar Reaches to the Sky - Part 1

...

"He actually agreed..."



In the eyes of the spectators, Qin Fang and Ye Ming were like two lunatics, each more crazed than the other.

One gambled with his life after losing money, while the other actually agreed to it.

One said it was a dice game where they would compete for the lowest roll, and using twelve dice wasn't enough, so they changed it to twenty, and the other also agreed. These two were truly insane—so much so that even the onlookers felt a bit of sympathy pain.

There are always crazies around, but it is truly rare to see such madness here. However, judging by the expressions of the two men, they seemed to have some confidence.

When such a large number of dice are used, the shaking cup needs to be different from the usual ones. They used a very long dice cup that could accommodate all the dice.

A single die is just over a centimeter tall, so twenty dice stacked would be quite the pillar, reaching over twenty centimeters high. Thus, the two dice cups brought over were about thirty centimeters long, quite a length.

Qin Fang had never seen such a dice cup before. He tried holding it, and it wasn't very heavy but had some heft to it. It felt like it was made of composite material—very sturdy and not so easily broken.

"I see you're unfamiliar with it; why don't you give it a try first..."

Ye Ming glanced over at Qin Fang's side, aware that Qin Fang had not used such a dice cup before and hadn't undergone that kind of practice.

His first reaction was anger. He was offended that Qin Fang had agreed to the match without any proper training.

But his second reaction was pleasure. Even though the victory might not feel completely honorable, as long as he won, he would get back his one million US dollars and could also take Qin Fang's one million. This was definitely advantageous for him.

Although he was a member of Thousand Gate, his time there had not been very long, and being a debauched scion, he was no angel and had no interest in competing fairly.

As someone who believes, "Not taking advantage when it's given makes you a fool," he was naturally happy to accept the terms of the contest.

Seemingly feeling like he had the win in the bag, Ye Ming generously indicated to Qin Fang that he could try, appearing quite magnanimous, especially since he hadn't touched the dice cup himself yet.

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

Qin Fang was not at all polite, actually nodding in agreement. He took the dice from the plate nearby, one by one, and dropped them into the dice cup.

Twenty dice filled up almost the entire bottom half of the cup in an instant. It suddenly felt heavier in his hand, adding some weight to it.

Taking a slight breath, Qin Fang began to shake the dice cup slowly.

Shaking dice was not his first rodeo. He had played with dice while singing karaoke at KTV, so he wasn't a novice, but he wasn't exactly experienced either.

However, with the Cheating Skills at his disposal, it was almost like an instinct. He shook the cup and it looked quite professional, not like the average person who might easily spill the dice when shaking such a heavy cup.

Ye Ming just watched coldly without saying a word and paid close attention to every move Qin Fang made. In the end, he simply shook his head, having almost dismissed any threat from Qin Fang.

Thump~~~

After shaking for a while, Qin Fang thumped the dice cup upside down on the gambling table.

All eyes focused on him. Even though this was just a test and not the official contest, demonstrating some level of skill was still expected. At the very least, feeling out the dice cup was a test in itself.

Even Ye Ming looked on; he had practiced this for no short amount of time and generally could tell the dice numbers by the sound they made.

Of course, that applied when there were fewer dice. For example, with three dice, Ye Ming could roughly determine the numbers. But specifics still had a degree of uncertainty. Most croupiers in casinos have small tricks when shaking dice, which can throw off cheaters.

Qin Fang slowly lifted the dice cup and revealed all twenty dice. However, seeing the scatter of the dice, Qin Fang couldn't help but feel his face redden slightly.

"Wow~~"

Now the crowd erupted in laughter, almost in unison, and even those close to Qin Fang like Qiao Zhenfei and Li Yang couldn't help but join in.

Twenty dice were scattered haphazardly around, some stacked on top of one another, but that was due to the bottom of the cup being too small to fit all twenty dice.

And even the stacked ones were not the towering pillar depicted in gambling films; they were just a plain mess, with some dice tilted in such a way that their numbers couldn't even be discerned.

There was no question, Qin Fang's performance was a failure, and quite a disastrous one at that.

Even Qin Fang himself thought so. The Beginner Level Cheating Skills didn't grant him any remarkable techniques; at this point, he was only slightly better off than an average person.

Playing with dice, he guessed that Qin Fang was only barely able to handle two or three, and as for these twenty... it was really a bit too difficult for him.

So in essence, this performance was merely his true colors coming through.

"Hmph~~"

Qin Fang's performance disappointed Ye Ming, or rather, it was a great letdown.

He had thought Qin Fang's rolling looked quite professional at first and expected to feel some pressure, but the end result was nothing like that. Qin Fang was completely a beginner.

Ye Ming even let out a scornful snort at Qin Fang's clumsy performance.

Then he picked up the dice cup himself, tested its weight, and threw a handful of dice into it. The number wasn't huge, but it seemed to be around twelve or thirteen.

Clatter, clatter, clatter~~

Ye Ming's wrist began to shake, and the dice in the dice cup vibrated rapidly, making such crisp colliding sounds. At first, they seemed a bit chaotic, but later they gradually became uniform, as if each collision was making a single sound.

"He's a skilled player!"

"Clearly much better than that Mr. Qin..."

Just by listening to the sound, Qin Fang knew Ye Ming was indeed much stronger, at least in the mastery of dice, incomparable to him.

The audience below wasn't blind, and from the sounds alone, they could tell who was stronger or weaker. A buzz of various comments arose at once, with most of them highly favoring Ye Ming.

"That's hard to say, I think that young guy is just playing dumb to catch the cunning Tiger!"

"Exactly, it was the same with Baccarat just now. Everyone thought he would lose, but who would have thought he'd actually win..."

Of course, there were a few supporters of Qin Fang too, and they had their own reasons. For instance, Qin Fang's earlier performance was merely a smokescreen to confuse Ye Ming.

Even in Ye Ming's mind, such thoughts were not absent, so correspondingly, he remained rather cautious too.

The crushing defeat of the previous round was a severe lesson for him and pushed him to this point. This round was a matter of life and death; he couldn't afford to lose even more.

Even if the opponent was truly a powerless beginner, Ye Ming planned to use his strongest ability to firmly defeat him, ensuring his victory in this game.

The dice cup was still shaking, but it was no longer in midair. It had landed on the gambling table by now, yet it didn't stop; instead, it slid rapidly across the table, moving back and forth ceaselessly, and Ye Ming's ears kept trembling slightly, listening to the sound of the dice colliding inside the cup.

"Double Dragons Emerge from the Sea!"

With a light shout from Ye Ming, he suddenly lifted the dice cup, and there saw the twelve dice, standing tall like two Azure Dragons...

"Crap, that works too..."

"So awesome! I want him as my master..."

With the appearance of the two Azure Dragons, everyone was stunned. Their eyes were wide; this wasn't a movie scene, but a real dice roll in front of them, completely authentic.

While many in the audience were people of status, such dice rolling was something they had rarely seen, and the person rolling the dice was just a young man in his twenties.

A few more straightforward and wacky young people even cried out in astonishment, clamoring to take him as their master on the spot.

This move was too incredible. If they could learn it, not only would they be confident in gambling, but showing off, or picking up girls would also become a killer skill!

However, Ye Ming didn't say much else and just glanced calmly at Qin Fang across from him, his eyes filled with a mocking smile.

But the fight had only just begun. Ye Ming didn't hesitate; he scooped the twelve dice back into the cup and started shaking again. It seemed as if the "Double Dragons Emerge from the Sea" had been just a casual trick for him.

The audience, on the contrary, was still in shock. Rolling out two Azure Dragons with twelve dice was no easy feat; just the thought of it felt incredibly impressive.

"Pillar Piercing the Sky!"



Ye Ming shouted again, slowly lifting the dice cup, careful to keep it vertical, not daring to touch the central area.

Twelve dice formed a towering pillar, standing high, one upon another, managing to maintain the structure without any sign of collapsing.

This scene was something Qin Fang had seen in those Hong Kong gambling films, but those were just movie scenes, and whether such skills truly existed was debatable.

But now he had witnessed such skill with his own eyes, and he was utterly astonished. It was far more incredible than the "Double Dragons Emerge from the Sea" technique from earlier.