

## Genius 81

### Chapter 81 Skill: Thousand Skills\_1

When Qin Fang returned to the dormitory, his buddies hadn't rested either. It was hot enough that even if you wanted to sleep, you couldn't, so they just gathered together to play cards.

For freshmen like them at that time, there wasn't much in the way of entertainment. Computers were not allowed, and there was no TV. They could only gather to play cards or chess to pass the time and enhance their relationships with each other.

Of course, there was no gambling involved, at most just sticking small notes on the loser or making someone run downstairs in the middle of the night to hug a lamp post on the side of the road and shout "I am a pig" a few times, or randomly call the girls' dorm and, regardless of who picked up, yell "I love you" or something similar.

"Hey, Fourth Brother is back, just in time. I have something to do, so you take over for me for a while..."

When Qin Fang came back, Xiao Nan was on the phone, and his laptop was playing some soft music. The other four had just enough people to form a game of landlord. Gao Ming seemed to have an upset stomach. As soon as he saw Qin Fang return, he immediately dragged Qin Fang into the game and then quickly scurried off to the bathroom.

"Fourth Brother, up for it?"

Shen Yang was unreserved in asking. They were playing a four-person game of landlord, and it just happened that Shen Yang had won the most so far, naturally acting as if he were the victorious one.

"I can only play at a beginner level!"

This version of the game was quite simple, evolved from the three-player landlord and the addition of a fourth person increased the complexity and the difficulty, as did the need to consider more aspects. Qin Fang certainly knew how to play, but as he had said, he was limited in skill.

Since they weren't playing on a computer, naturally they had to shuffle and deal the cards themselves, so the four of them quickly got into the battle.

Everything proceeded normally. By the time Gao Ming came out of the bathroom, Qin Fang had already lost a few rounds. Whether he was the landlord or not, he was equally defeated, proving true his claim of limited ability, and the others teased him about it.

The game continued, and as Qin Fang was dealing cards, he was about to give up his seat to Gao Ming. Maybe because his concentration wasn't quite there, he made a slight mess of drawing the cards. He missed the card he was supposed to take and instead, the one below it ended up in his hand. Even he didn't realize it until after the card was in his grasp, and the others hadn't noticed at all.

"Comprehension skill acquired: Cheating Skills, Skill Level: Beginner, Proficiency 0%."

When this voice suddenly popped into Qin Fang's head, it startled him so much that he almost screamed, but his facial expression was quite strange, and he forgot to keep dealing the cards.

"What are you doing, Fourth Brother? Hurry up and deal!"

Seeing Qin Fang suddenly space out, the others got impatient. Shen Yang, sitting next to him, nudged Qin Fang with his sturdy body and shouted in his ear.

"Uh, nothing, nothing..."

After being nudged like that, Qin Fang snapped back to reality, and realizing that nobody seemed to have noticed he drew the wrong card, he was slightly surprised.

"Cheating Skills, a technique from Thousand Gate, use with caution, do not harm others or yourself."

The annotation for this skill was very simple, so much so that it almost said nothing, but Qin Fang understood it completely.

As someone who had watched many Hong Kong gambling movies, almost everyone knew the Gambling Kings, Saints of Gamblers, and such, and were deeply familiar with the art of cheating. Some kids even learned these techniques after watching the films, hoping to win a fortune and reach for the stars in one go.

However, these Cheating Skills were mostly used in gambling and were not legitimate methods. No wonder the System's annotation was as it was, clearly suggesting that one should not use it often.

"To use, or not to use?"

Qin Fang continued to draw cards while pondering over the question in his mind.

Gambling, since the moment it appeared in human history, had almost become an inherent vice; one could say that every person is gambling all the time, gambling with oneself, with others, with heaven, with earth...

It could be said that no one can live without gambling, and similarly, no one can be separate from cheating skills—just that some know how to utilize them, while others don't; some use these skills for good causes, and others use them to walk the crooked path.

"The use for good is good, the use for evil, evil."

Suddenly, Qin Fang recalled a common saying from martial arts novels that discuss the use of so-called unorthodox martial arts: those on the righteous path were not necessarily good people, and those who were demons weren't necessarily bad.

"It's just brothers having fun, with no financial gain involved, playing a bit is no harm..." Just like a casual card game for pure entertainment, it's really no big deal.

While talking, Qin Fang glanced at everyone and then used his cheating skills. With a slight movement of his finger while drawing cards, the card beneath the one he should have drawn ended up in his hand. Although this card might not be useful, at least it was good practice for his skills.

So, every time he drew a card, it became a performance of Qin Fang's cheating skills. He never drew the card meant for him, always stealing the card underneath.

Unfortunately, his technique was really not that great. The cards that were meant to lose still lost, and those that could win didn't necessarily secure victory. He was still the butt of the joke among his buddies, and even Gao Ming, standing behind him, would chuckle from time to time. Yet, no one noticed that the cards in Qin Fang's hand had been switched from the very beginning.

Every act of stealing a card gave Qin Fang a better understanding of this skill, and every shuffle helped him gain a bit of knowledge in controlling every card.

Even after playing over ten rounds, Qin Fang had already mastered control over this particular deck; if he wished, he could almost draw any card he wanted.

"Alright, it's getting late, time to settle up. This is the last round! Fourth Brother, you just wait to go outside and embrace the utility pole to shout your declaration..."

They played by a points system, with the landlord winning a round scoring three points and losing three, while the peasants gained or lost a point each, not to mention the usual rules for doubling.

By now, Qin Fang had already lost more than twenty points, the most among the four players, with almost no chance of a turnaround—unless the last round had only doubling bombs that he could win with.

"Alright then, the last round! Fairy Sister, assist me..."

Qin Fang didn't mind, but being forced to go outside and yell "I am a pig" really hurt his face. So, he couldn't help but play hard, and before that even let out a deliberately goofy cry, eliciting a round of weird shouts from everyone.

The final round began, and the four of them started to draw cards, with Gao Ming standing quietly behind Qin Fang.

At the start, Qin Fang's cards were indeed a mess—worse than the worst hand—but soon, Gao Ming noticed Qin Fang's hand turn fierce.

All four jokers had gathered together one after the other, followed by several sets of sevens and eights that formed bombs too, and by the time all the cards had been drawn, Qin Fang already held three or four doubling bombs in his hand.

If that was considered fierce, Gao Ming's glance at Shen Yang, Fang Dacheng, and Xi Xiaojun's hands made his facial expression truly spectacular.

Sympathetically, he looked at the gloating Shen Yang, who indeed had won the most so far, almost ensuring he wouldn't be hugging the utility pole, unlike everyone else.

Yet regrettably, this round could have given anyone a chance to win, except for him, whose bombs, though numerous, were all the smallest...

What followed could be imagined. When Shen Yang thought he had a firm grip on victory and was quite pleased, he encountered the joint onslaught from Qin Fang and the other two players; bomb after bomb of doublers rained down on him, making his expression hilariously wretched.

The result was self-evident; the points that round multiplied a thousandfold, and coupled with the original three points, Shen Yang, who had won forty to fifty points initially, ended up losing tens of thousands. His face nearly broke into tears...