

## Genius 92

### Chapter 92 Disassembly and Assembly of Firearms\_1

After that, Qin Fang naturally couldn't meddle anymore. Tang Cheng directly called an assault team to put the original copy of the "Preface to the Orchid Pavilion" into a safe and escorted it away.

Meanwhile, Ning Weiqiang stayed behind to deal with some remaining matters, like issuing gag orders to the appraiser as well as to Qin Fang and Chen Jiangnan. Such a matter was already quite serious, so confidentiality measures were necessary.

By the time he finally returned to the dorm, it was already very late, and Qin Fang also went online to look up some information about the original rubbing. Then he suddenly realized why Tang Cheng and Ning Weiqiang attached so much importance to it, and why the appraiser was so frightened. This was a true national treasure, an authentic work that was supposed to have been destroyed in a great fire but had miraculously reappeared in the world.

"What a loss..."

However, as Qin Fang's mind became clearer, he gloomily discovered that he had suffered a great loss.

The Buddha statue had been bought jointly by the four of them, and any windfall should have been split evenly among them. Yet, now they had stumbled upon such a grand find, a treasure that was not allowed to be traded, an invaluable piece, and in the end, it didn't come into his possession, and it even added a debt to his name.

"Forget it, a setback may be a blessing in disguise. At least now I know my scouting skill can be put to such great use. When I have time, I'll go to the antique street and might find some bargains..."

Luckily, Qin Fang was quite optimistic and didn't dwell on the issue. He soon came up with a new plan.

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"Qin Fang, you lad look quite dapper in this military uniform! Still, you fall a bit short compared to your brother here..." Shen Yang said with a chuckle as he pointed to Qin Fang, who was trying on the military training uniform.

"You mean with your gorilla build? Better not flatter yourself..." Qin Fang promptly retorted. Shen Yang, tall and burly, even the largest size seemed quite tight on him, indeed resembling a gorilla.

"Are you guys still messing around? I heard we're going to be thrown into the military base for training, half a month, man, how tough will that be?" Xiao Nan, the rich second generation, truly made a fuss about it.

Unlike other cities, Ninghai is home to a major military district. Thanks to Ninghai University's high status, they enjoyed such treatment, unlike other universities that simply dealt with it on campus.

Being sent to the army meant that everything had to be done according to military rules, with strict obedience. For these free-spirited students, it was torture, not to mention for someone like Xiao Nan, who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

"What's there to fear? It's just half a month. Just endure it and it'll be over... Hehe, there are perks to military training in the army. I heard during shooting, they give you plenty of bullets... Not like at other universities where you get at most five shots!"

It must be said that every man has a special affection for guns. The moment they heard bullets were plentiful, their eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, and even Fang Dacheng, who was used to manual labor, was no exception.

Thus, under such encouragement, Qin Fang and the others were sent along with other freshmen to the Ninghai Military District's base camp outside the city, beginning their half-month military training.

However, the days were not as hard as they had imagined. The instructors were quite polite to these prized students, with the only punishments being running laps or doing push-ups for those who disobeyed, nothing else too difficult. They even made sure to have them stand at attention under the shade of trees whenever possible.

When the students, who had heard terrifying stories about military training, were surprised at how reasonable the instructors were, someone found out that every previous year's training was very strict, with common occurrences of people passing out or fainting in the sun, and last year there was even a near fatality. That's why Qin Fang was so lucky this year.

The ten-plus days of training quickly passed by. Though it was slightly tough, the group of students bit the bullet and got through it, and they finally came to the eagerly anticipated firearms shooting training.

"Why is it the Type 56 semi-auto? I thought it would be the Type 81..."

When Qin Fang and the others received their guns, someone immediately started complaining about Type 56 and Type 81, and since Qin Fang didn't know much about firearms, he didn't care too much.

He weighed the Type 56 semi-automatic rifle in his hands, which was quite heavy. However, for some reason, he felt like there was something wrong with this gun. His wrist subconsciously gave a slight flick, and with a clattering sound, the Type 56 semi-automatic rifle in Qin Fang's hand disassembled into a pile of parts.

"Hmm? Who did this?"

The instructor explaining the use of firearms to the students was suddenly startled by a loud noise, and he quickly noticed a pile of parts on the ground—a disassembled Type 56 semi-automatic rifle, freshly issued. His face turning dark, he bellowed out.

"Reporting, instructor, it was me!"

Qin Fang too bore a wry smile but honestly stood up nevertheless.

"Qin Fang, it was you, kid... Everyone else, dismissed!"

In the more than ten days past, the instructor had become quite familiar with Qin Fang and the other students, able to call out each of their names. He let the rest go off to play with their guns on the side, only keeping Qin Fang back.

"Don't be nervous, it's okay... Have you played with guns before?"

Qin Fang, who had expected severe punishment from the instructor, was surprised to find the instructor sitting down next to him, asking in a rather amiable manner.

"Reporting, instructor, no!"

Qin Fang's posture slumped as he instinctively replied.

"Don't be too nervous, you're not a real soldier, no need for that, just talking..." Seeing Qin Fang's reaction, the instructor immediately darkened his expression.

"If you've never played with guns, how do you know how to take them apart?" The instructor pointed at the heap of Type 56 parts on the ground.

The gun had just been issued, and the instructor had hardly started teaching how to use it when Qin Fang had completely disassembled it. With such speed, not even a professional could manage that.

"I was quite naughty as a kid, I liked taking things apart to play, and just now I couldn't help myself..." Qin Fang said with a feigned shy expression on his face.

In truth, as soon as the gun was in his hands, Qin felt something seemed off. Armed with his Repair Skill, it was almost instinctual that the gun met its fate. Once the skill activated, the gun ended up like this.

"Can you reassemble it?"

The instructor didn't seem to think much of it, many people have such quirks. Back when he first enlisted and touched a gun, he did the same and ended up running twenty laps as punishment. Seeing Qin Fang, it was like looking at his younger self.

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

Qin Fang didn't finish his sentence but still began to slowly search among the pile of parts. A three-dimensional diagram of the Type 56 immediately came to mind, clearly listing where each part should go, allowing Qin Fang to simply follow the blueprint.

Even when Qin Fang touched a part, he instantly knew where it was supposed to go.

Despite his awkward movements, Qin Fang managed to reassemble the Type 56 and handed it over to the instructor.

Click-click-click~~

Taking the gun, the instructor released the safety and tested it a few times—it worked perfectly. He expressed his amazement with a surprised praise, "Good kid, impressive..."

Undoubtedly, Qin Fang had never played with guns before, and his awkward actions weren't feigned. Yet he managed to disassemble and reassemble the firearm on his first try successfully, an extraordinary feat. Even new recruits would need some time and training to achieve this.

"Heh heh, just lucky, just lucky..."

What else could Qin Fang say? He certainly couldn't tell the instructor that he had a skill, making it all too simple!