

Genius 1071

Chapter 1071: Kill Without Mercy

High Priest Darren holds a very high status in the mountains; ordinary people dare not disturb him. Even in this independent kingdom-like stronghold of his, none of his subordinates dare to bother him while he is enjoying the company of a woman.

Qin Fang appeared, subdued, and killed without giving High Priest Darren any chance to call for help. Naturally, none of the people outside noticed the changes inside the stone house.

The young girl cowered alone inside the stone house, not daring to make a sound, nor rashly run away. She was now hoping that Qin Fang would come back quickly.

At this moment, Qin Fang had transformed into a shadowy illusion and started wandering around the stronghold, meticulously scouting every corner and familiarizing himself with the terrain.

This stronghold was not very large, much smaller than other tribes, and searching it was not very difficult... It hardly took Qin Fang five minutes to know the area like the back of his hand.

The guards inside the stronghold were quite strict, especially at the entrance, where people constantly patrolled back and forth. Anyone wanting to enter the stronghold had to go through a very strict check.

Besides these people, it seemed that the rest were gathered in a corner of the stronghold. Here, there were rows of stone houses, lit up, clearly indicating that they were occupied.

As Qin Fang approached, from afar, he could already hear the sounds of flesh colliding, women's moans, men's gasps, and other men's dissatisfied urging...

In short, Qin Fang hadn't even gotten close before he guessed what these houses were used for.

Sneaking up to the stone house, Qin Fang took a look inside and was immediately shocked by the scene before his eyes... it was said that people enjoyed this sort of thing, but he hadn't expected to see such a messy scene deep in the mountains.

The stone house was not small, inside was a very long stone ledge, and on these ledges, naked women lay every meter or so, with men on top of them, energetically thrusting...

And next to each man were two or three other men waiting, stroking those sinful things, continuously urging their currently active companions to finish quickly...

The expressions on these women's faces did not show any pleasure; instead, they all seemed in great pain, or simply numb and blank...

Qin Fang also noticed that these women seemed to be quite young, no more than seventeen or eighteen years old, very few over twenty.

Without a doubt, these women were likely lured here in the name of sacrifices by High Priest Darren, but instead of becoming the Holy Woman offered to the supreme deity, they became the venting tools of these beast-like men.

It seemed that this was their only value of existence, and if such value was lost, there was no need for them to exist.

For example—

"Ah, ah, ah, ah..."

Qin Fang personally witnessed a woman being ridden by a man, suddenly making such a strange, rapid screaming sound, then her body shook violently, foam formed at her mouth, and before Qin Fang could rush to her aid, she had already stopped moving.

However, though her death was tragic, Qin Fang vaguely saw a relieved expression on her face... Clearly, a life in such hell was not as straightforward as death.

"What a bummer... Get some people, throw her out to feed the wolves!"

The man who had been vigorously thrusting on top of her still seemed unsatisfied, and actually continued to thrust a few more times on the corpse, his body trembling as he climaxed, finally finishing.

Yet, he was still cursing, seemingly very unhappy, showing no fear at all, laughing and calling out to a few companions, even planning to throw the corpse to feed the wolves...

"Beasts!"

At this moment, Qin Fang truly could no longer suppress his anger; these people were completely devoid of humanity.

Almost gnashing his teeth in fury, Qin Fang flicked his Military Spike in his hand, his entire figure turning into a black shadow as he rushed into the room. The dark, sharp Military Spike immediately became like the Reaper's scythe, effortlessly tearing open one chest after another, fiercely stabbing again and again into those utterly blackened hearts.

Ah~~ah~~ah~~

The screams rose and fell, filling the stone house and spreading outside, swiftly reaching the rest of the stronghold, shocking many guards who were patrolling outside.

And inside the stone house, in the blink of an eye, out of over thirty men, about seven or eight were clutching their bleeding hearts, their faces deathly pale with eyes filled with boundless terror.

But it was already too late, their hearts were pierced by the military spike, not even gods descending to earth could save their lives now.

The remaining people, in shock and horror, were also frantically trying to find weapons to fend off this sudden appearance of a ghost-like assassin.

However, not only were they slow, but there were also no decent weapons nearby, Qin Fang's military spike in hand still aiming one at a time, like chopping vegetables, slaughtering this group of completely inhuman beasts.

These guards were all followers of High Priest Darren, and Qin Fang had already reconnoitered them all; not one could be considered a good man, each with two or three lives on their hands, all from the Evil Camp, plus what Qin Fang had just witnessed, how could he possibly be polite to these people?

Ah ah ah ah~~~

Screams arose one after another, the shrill sound trembling through the entire stockade, also shaking the peaceful and serene mountains and forests around.

This stockade was relatively remote, not near other tribes, which facilitated High Priest Darren in organizing his subordinates for such bestial acts; yet, it also allowed Qin Fang the freedom to slaughter these inhuman beasts...

Over thirty people, in the blink of an eye, were cleanly slaughtered by Qin Fang, each with similar wounds, all had their hearts pierced by Qin Fang's military spike, dying a violent death almost immediately.

Blood had almost completely stained the stone hut a bright red, the scorching blood sprayed on the numb, bewildered miserable women, awakening their consciousness.

Looking at the corpses strewn all over the ground, and looking at Qin Fang's figure, like the god of death, these women were incredibly shocked, but soon couldn't help but burst into weeping woefully.

One by one wasn't enough, these dozen or so women all huddled together, letting out bursts of heart-wrenching sobs, crying over the tragic days they were deceived into.

"Who is it?"

"Quick, over here, over here..."

Qin Fang, having killed over thirty people, didn't intentionally prevent them from making noise, allowing their screams to continue.

After he finished killing the people inside the stone hut, the guards outside also hurried over, immediately noticing Qin Fang standing at the doorway of the stone hut, holding a black sharp military spike.

Although these guards couldn't see clearly what had happened inside the stone hut, seeing their companions lying on the ground behind Qin Fang, and the fresh blood still dripping from Qin Fang's military spike, how could they not understand?

"Kill him, kill him..."

No one knows who suddenly shouted, and then these guards were seen weapons in hand, arrows nocked, all aimed at Qin Fang, this unknown outsider.

"You all are going to die... not a single one of you will escape!"

Qin Fang coldly watched these guards, his gaze sweeping across each person's face, while also meticulously counting each person's Sin Points, but the final result still made Qin Fang utterly disgusted.

In this stockade, there clearly were no unstained individuals; all were smeared with the same muck as High Priest Darren, each with blood on their hands, and Qin Fang even noticed one person whose Sin Points were as high as eight hundred...

And this person's status was slightly higher, because he is High Priest Darren's son, also his future heir, who has learned Darren's tricks, believing that after Darren's retirement, he also plans to pass on this Qianji Ring to his son so that he can continue conning the people in the hills.

This son not only mastered the deceptive arts quite akin to High Priest Darren, but he also intensely followed in his father's footsteps in terms of habits.

Most of the women High Priest Darren brought back were for his own pleasure, he also knew a technique of absorbing yin to supplement yang, which kept him energetically vigorous and youthful-looking.

Don't be fooled by his appearance of around forty, he was actually over fifty, yet his desire was no less vigorous than a young man in his twenties, even stronger perhaps.

The small remainder fell into the hands of his son, who would then brutally ravage them, and after growing bored, directly throw them to his subordinates to mess with, this kid's preferences were quite perverted, several women who couldn't bear the abuse and strongly resisted, were strangled to death by him...

Therefore, this kid's Sin Points are second only to his father's, making him a true executioner.

Bang~~

Seeing such a person, Qin Fang didn't bother being polite, the military spike in his hand suddenly disappeared, replaced by a handgun, with a gunshot, that villain immediately fell, his heart exploding into a brilliant spray of blood, dying exceedingly fast...

Click, click, click, click, click~~

The remaining few were no good birds, Qin Fang, to prevent anyone from sneaking away in the chaos, didn't bother to kill one by one, simply took out the MP5, aiming at this group of people without any courtesy, and brutally spray-fired...

Chapter 1072: Justice Points Soar

These people, speaking of the mountain, were considered relatively elite. It seemed that High Priest Darren had learned some simple military training methods outside, and had trained his subordinates well—they were much stronger than the scattered warriors from the mountain tribes...

It's just a pity that no matter how strong these people were, it was of no use. In their hands were nothing more than bows and arrows and Miao Knives, but when faced with Qin Fang's MP5 gunfire, they had no defense whatsoever.

After several bursts of gunfire, not a single one in front of Qin Fang could stand anymore; they all fell to the ground, dead or wounded...

Towards these people, Qin Fang didn't show the slightest bit of courtesy. He had made up his mind to annihilate them all, leaving not a single survivor to continue causing harm.

Almost none of these people in front of him were unscathed—each one bore gunshot wounds. Those less fortunate had already gone to report to Lord Yan, while the luckier ones were still lying on the ground, wailing...

Qin Fang walked over, and with a bang of his gun, sent all the wounded who hadn't yet died straight down to Hell, to accept all kinds of harsh punishments there.

For every evil person Qin Fang killed, his Justice Points would increase a bit. Although most of these people had around three hundred Sin Points, dozens or nearly a hundred of them together amounted to about twenty to thirty thousand Sin Points, which was several times more than the three thousand plus belonging to someone like High Priest Darren.

Qin Fang had also roughly figured out the mechanism for obtaining Justice Points: killing an evil person would convert one-tenth of their Sin Points into Qin Fang's Justice Points.

Thus, after a round of killing, not only had Qin Fang fully repaid the Justice Points he originally owed, he also caused his Justice Points to skyrocket to nearly three thousand, immediately transforming from a penniless pauper to a bit of a rich man now.

Of course, the ones he killed were all evil people. Among the vast sea of humanity, such people were very rare, and it was extremely unusual for them to be clustered together like this.

Qin Fang estimated that if he were thrown into a jail, there would probably be even more wicked people there; if he killed his way through...

But that was just his fantasy, after all. Not everyone in prison is necessarily evil; many people, although they have committed crimes and served time, are still of the Neutral Camp, or even belong to the Righteous Guardian Faction.

Killing such people would not only fail to yield Justice Points, but would instead increase Sin Points, and the higher one's Justice Points, the more Sin Points one would get from such a killing...

Like Monk Wukong, whom Qin Fang had recently tricked into joining him, with his few hundred Justice Points—if Qin Fang killed him, the Sin Points added would definitely be over a thousand...

"Sigh~~"

Finally, Qin Fang had wiped out all the evil people, and thus his Justice Points ceased to increase. The crisis in this stronghold was thoroughly resolved.

It was not until this moment that Qin Fang turned around to head back to the stone house, where quite a few women were still waiting inside, and these people also needed to be dealt with.

Only—

"This..."

When Qin Fang walked back into the stone house, there was complete silence; the dozen or so women were all lying there, each with a knife stuck in their bodies, and were by then devoid of any signs of life, all dead.

It's not that Qin Fang had missed anyone in his killings, as he could easily confirm who was dead and who was not; it was impossible for someone to be overlooked...

These women had all committed suicide, perhaps feeling that there was no longer any meaning in living. After gaining a brief moment of freedom, they unanimously chose to end their lives.

"Alas, perhaps this is also a form of release..."

With all these women dead, none willing to live on, the stronghold at this point was left with only Qin Fang and that newly deceived girl as the living; everyone else was dead.

With so many bodies, if they were left there, they would likely be discovered before long. Although by that time, they might all be torn apart, but the death of so many all at once would surely cause a stir...

Qin Fang thought for a moment and immediately sprang into action, gathering the hundreds of bodies together, then using the firewood readily available in the stronghold to burn them all to ash.

Those killed by him no longer needed to exist in the world, and perhaps those women did not wish to leave any stain on their bodies either; thus, burning them all would be a bit cleaner.

Only after the fire had died down and all the bodies had turned to ashes did Qin Fang tidy up a bit and return to the stone house where High Priest Darren had lived.

Inside the stone house, Darren's body was still there; Qin Fang had not burned it together with the others as it still had some other uses, and that girl was also there, still pale but her eyes immediately shone brightly upon seeing Qin Fang.

"Have you made up your mind?"

Ignoring Darren's body, which besides the Qianji Ring, was merely a dried-up old man—Qin Fang had no special fetishes—he gently inquired of the girl.

"Can I... go with you?"

The girl asked anxiously; she was left alone here earlier with Darren's body, which frightened her but also gradually calmed her down. After careful consideration, it seemed to be her only choice.

Chapter 1073 Justice Points Soar_2

"Come with me?"

Qin Fang was momentarily stunned, his eyebrows furrowing slightly; this was clearly not the answer he had hoped for. However, seeing the perplexed and helpless girl before him, he couldn't help but feel a touch of softness.

"I am not from these mountains; I come from beyond them. Do you still want to go out with me?"

Nevertheless, Qin Fang revealed a bit more of his intentions and asked this, leaving the decision to the girl. He would not force her.

"Yes, I just need to be with you... I... I can be your maid, your female slave... anything you want, as long as you don't abandon me!"

The girl showed no hesitation, her utterance firm. She even seemed willing to agree to anything just to stay with Qin Fang.

She could no longer return to her former home, and the mountains could no longer shelter her. Following Qin Fang seemed like her only choice, and if it meant going outside the mountains, it didn't seem too undesirable.

"This..."

Taking the girl out of the mountains was not a big issue, but having a sixteen-year-old girl constantly by his side was clearly inappropriate.

"How about this: I'll take you out of the mountains, help you get settled in, and once you adapt to the outside world, you can decide your own future..."

Qin Fang thought briefly and said so.

The girl was very young, only sixteen years old, barely a high school student outside. Securing a place for such a girl was not a difficult task.

Moreover, Qin Fang remembered Tang Xin, who had accompanied him out of the mountains. She might feel lonely outside, needing time to adapt. Wen Yan couldn't always stay with her, so having this girl might be a good idea...

"Hmm, I will listen to you!"

The girl nodded her head, her tone very submissive, making her seem truly like a docile little maid, which Qin Fang found quite unsettling.

However, with this decision made, the problem seemed to be resolved.

"Then let's go. Tonight we will return to your village to stay overnight. Your face should not be shown as it is now. I'll make some changes..."

The girl had been marked for sacrifice to a supreme deity, and her appearance in the village would undoubtedly cause disapproval.

Although Qin Fang was not afraid of any trouble from the villagers, he also did not want to shatter their dreams. He prepared to make some changes to the girl, at least so that the familiar faces in the tribe would not recognize her...

Face-Changing Technique, something Qin Fang had not learned, but there were other ways to alter one's appearance, such as the incredibly advanced makeup techniques from beyond the mountains, which could turn an ugly woman beautiful or a man into a woman... In short, these makeup techniques could achieve many wondrous transformations.

Although Qin Fang did not have any makeup products on hand, he could manage simple changes, like turning the girl's long, black hair into a neat bob in no time. He rummaged through the Props Box and found a set of alluring clothes that the girl could wear; the rustic mountain girl was transformed into a sharp, urban beauty.

"Tsk, tsk, not bad, not bad..."

When Qin Fang had completed everything, even he was a bit impressed with his handiwork. The girl before him, he couldn't believe she was the same unrefined mountain girl from before. Probably even her own parents would not recognize her—they would at most find her vaguely familiar.

"After we go back, you just keep quiet, and you can't speak the local mountain dialect anymore. Once we leave these mountains, I'll find someone to teach you Mandarin..."

After dressing up the girl, Qin Fang specifically instructed her again before leaving the tribe with the girl. Before leaving, he also took away the body of High Priest Darren...

Although the journey here was quick, he had to keep an eye on High Priest Darren and remember the route, which caused some delay. But now on the return trip, with the Miao Jiang girl named Yingzi leading the way, their pace was significantly faster, taking less than half an hour to return to the tribe.

The girl's name was long, a common trait among the mountain people, but usually they had a simpler nickname, and this girl's nickname was Yingzi. Although Qin Fang wasn't completely sure, that seemed to be what her name was based on the pronunciation.

"Qin Fang..."

Just as he reached the entrance of the tribe, he saw Wen Yan and Tang Xin waiting there. Upon seeing Qin Fang return, Wen Yan immediately rushed over, carefully checking Qin Fang's body, worried that there might be something wrong with him.

"This is—"

After confirming that Qin Fang was alright, she then noticed Yingzi, who was following behind Qin Fang and looking very timid, and she looked inquiringly at Qin Fang.

Yingzi's current appearance did not resemble a girl from the mountains at all, but rather like someone who had returned from a major city, which left Wen Yan quite puzzled.

Not just her, Tang Xin felt the same. Although she found Yingzi quite familiar, it was hard for her to connect her with the girl who had been sacrificed; they seemed like people from two different worlds...

"She is the girl who was sacrificed! Here's what happened..."

Qin Fang didn't hide anything. It was impossible not to let Wen Yan and Tang Xin know that Yingzi had suddenly come back with him.

Moreover, to resolve this matter smoothly, he needed Wen Yan's help, so he told her everything he saw in the tribe, including how he had killed all those people without hiding anything...

"Well done killing them! These people are worse than beasts..."

After hearing all this, Wen Yan appeared even angrier than Qin Fang, possibly because as a woman she could empathize more. Having experienced such a tragedy, those people's actions were indeed utterly inhumane.

"Your name is Yingzi, right? I'm Wen Yan, you can call me Yan Yan or Sister Yan... From now on, you'll be with me, I won't let anyone bully you again!"

Wen Yan, being a clever girl, immediately understood Qin Fang's intention and warmly took hold of Yingzi, cheerfully talking to her, helping to ease her inner timidity and unease.

Tang Xin still seemed a bit like she was in a dream, finding it hard to believe that this urban beauty was previously the rustic mountain girl.

But after observing her for a while, she also confirmed this was the fact...

Looking at her own clothes, it was still the ancient palace attire from before. Initially, Wen Yan had lent her the clothes, but her conservative mindset made her quite uncomfortable with clothes that showed too much skin...

Now seeing Yingzi's transformation, however, she couldn't help feeling a bit tempted; and she had also heard from Qin Fang that if she went outside the mountains dressed in ancient attire, she would definitely be gawked at as if she were a monster.

Qin Fang naturally didn't know what Tang Xin was thinking at this moment, but he could finally breathe a little easier now.

Anyway, with things having reached this point, the dust had truly settled. Although this was originally none of Qin Fang's business, encountering injustice demanded action, let alone such vile deeds. Qin Fang couldn't ignore them if he hadn't seen them, but having seen them, he naturally couldn't ignore them.

Moreover, this intervention brought Qin Fang a very substantial reward—nearly three thousand Justice Points, a treasure, Qianji Ring that upgraded his Cheating Skills by +1, and various Experience Points... and an extra tagalong maid, Yingzi!

Chapter 1074: Coming Out of Seclusion

With the help of Wen Yan and Tang Xin, it was easier for the young maid Yingzi to be accepted by others. She even ran home to take a few glances, but never dared to acknowledge her identity, returning with red eyes.

The night passed very peacefully, perhaps due to the completion of the sacrificial rites. The entire tribe was immersed in joy, and people in the village celebrated until late into the night before finally returning to their homes to rest.

In the end, nothing unexpected happened, and the night passed.

Early the next day, Qin Fang and his companions set off early on the mountain road back to the city. Tang Zhan had escaped, and Tang Sect's people could come chasing at any time, so it was better to leave this mountain quickly.

The group immediately set off, heading out of the vast mountains...

However, at this time, a surprising piece of news came—the most respected High Priest Darren in the mountains had been called by the gods and had sacrificed himself, returning to the embrace of the deities.

Some witnessed High Priest Darren leap devoutly from the very cliff where the sacrifice took place yesterday, plunging into the abyss below...

And so, after deceiving the mountain folk for over a decade, High Priest Darren left this world in a most glorious manner, returning to the embrace of the deity he worshiped.

The sizable sacrificial team he organized also disappeared mysteriously, leaving the entire village clean as if everyone had vanished overnight.

But compared to High Priest Darren, these people seemed insignificant, and no one bothered to deliberately investigate the truth behind this matter.

Of course, all this was the handiwork of Qin Fang. He simply needed to assume the guise of High Priest Darren, "accidentally" appear before certain individuals, then find a way to hold their attention and lead them to that cliff before taking a deep dive... And with that, the whole affair was considered resolved.

It was indeed High Priest Darren who leapt down, but not alive—he was already a corpse that had been dead for a night.

For an ordinary person, pulling off such a trick might not be very credible, but for Qin Fang, it was much simpler, as he was also skilled in the Qianmen Illusion Technique.

Qin Fang's Cheating Skills were about to advance to the Intermediate level. Paired with the Qianji Ring that he acquired from High Priest Darren, which added +1 to his Cheating Skills, his ability jumped

another level, moving from Beginner to Intermediate, and was even close to reaching the Advanced level of Cheating Skills...

It must be said that the Qianji Ring, one of the prized treasures of the Thousand Gate, with its +1 skill in Cheating Techniques, seemed inconspicuous at first, but its impact became terrifying as one progressed further.

Just imagine, if Qin Fang were to raise his Cheating Skills to the Grandmaster-level, then wearing this Qianji Ring would automatically elevate his skills to an even higher level of Grandmaster...

The extent of power that Grandmaster-level Cheating Skills could reach, Qin Fang dared not imagine for the moment, yet it was probably not far off compared to the almost demonically intelligent Zhuge Kongming.

If Qin Fang were to also master the Qimen Dunjia Technique, his strength would become even more frightening...

Japan's Ninjas, having merely learned a fraction of the Qimen Dunjia, developed the fantastic and bizarre art of Ninjutsu, earning an incredibly fearsome reputation among international assassins and killers.

Should Qin Fang master the complete Qimen Dunjia, the path to becoming the King of Assassins would be made much smoother...

With Cheating Skills nearing Advanced level, the mastery of the Qianmen Illusion Technique would become more proficient and realistic. The villagers who happened to witness such a scene could only

stare dumbfounded as their highly respected High Priest Darren leapt from the cliff, entering into the embrace of the gods...

No one found anything abnormal about this. The cliff had been specifically selected by High Priest Darren as the sacred site for sacrifice. He had once claimed that it was the place closest to the deities, that by leaping from here, one could enter into their embrace...

Whether his words were true or false cannot be contested, as those who leapt would not survive. Naturally, no one could refute his claim with facts, allowing such a deception to go unbroken for more than a decade.

The matter of High Priest Darren thus came to an end, resolved with excessive calmness and tranquility. This was also why Qin Fang deliberately left the corpse there so it would serve its purpose.

Having dealt with everything, Qin Fang quickly sneaked back into the tribe and just in time to meet up with his companions, continuing their journey out of the mountains.

The group that entered the mountains as five had now become seven, adding two more women, Tang Xin and Yingzi...

Wrong, there was one more!

"Zhuoma..."

Upon seeing Xiaolajiao (Little Chili) Zhuoma with her very rustic floral cloth bundle on her back, Tang Xin couldn't help but exclaim in surprise.

The world beyond the mountains was too alien to her, and even though she knew that Qin Fang would certainly help her, she still felt nervous at heart. Having a companion would make it easier for her to accept everything.

Although Wen Yan was very kind to her, it was difficult for two people from different worlds to fully understand each other's feelings, and the arrival of Yingzi, a girl from the mountains, didn't change much either.

Zhuoma had been her dear sister for many years, and they shared a very close bond. Tang Xin usually confided everything to Zhuoma, who never kept any secrets from her either. If Xiaolajiao (Little Chili) Zhuoma would accompany her, Tang Xin felt that she would be able to adjust more easily... It was just that Zhuoma had initially rejected her proposal. Although Tang Xin didn't blame Zhuoma, she still felt somewhat depressed.

But now, Zhuoma appeared before her, carrying that little bundle and not riding her beloved pony, so Tang Xin understood Zhuoma's intent.

"You want to come with us too?"

Qin Fang gave Zhuoma a strange look and asked.

He was aware that Tang Xin had once asked Zhuoma to leave the mountain with them, but at that time, Zhuoma did not agree and went straight back to the Gelan Tribe.

Qin Fang thought he wouldn't see this arrogant, queen-like Xiaolajiao (Little Chili) again, but unexpectedly, after one night, she had caught up to them, and even ran ahead to wait for them.

"I'm worried about my master going out alone, I want to stay with her... I won't let you succeed!"

This little girl seemed quite wary of Qin Fang, clutching Tang Xin's arm firmly and declaring her intentions while giving Qin Fang a look as if guarding against a thief, leaving him utterly speechless.

"Suit yourself..."

Qin Fang felt quite embarrassed; he did have some feelings for Tang Xin, but not to the extent of a starving tiger pouncing on its prey. Most importantly, their True Qi could harmonize with each other, and even holding hands would constantly enhance their internal True Qi strength.

Apart from that, Qin Fang didn't really have any other intentions toward Tang Xin at the moment, although he couldn't guarantee that would never change. However, being guarded against like a thief by this girl was truly speechless.

Though they weren't entirely in agreement, Qin Fang wasn't about to refuse Zhuoma's desire to accompany them. After all, whether it was one sheep or a herd, it didn't make much difference...

Given Xiaolajiao (Little Chili) Zhuoma's temperament, if Qin Fang refused her company, she would surely leave the mountain and follow on her own anyway. With her relatively naive nature, she might end up being taken advantage of... or even swindled while naively counting money for her deceivers.

If something happened to Zhuoma, Tang Xin would likely feel uneasy too. So rather than adding complications for himself later, it was better to take her along now. At least, Qin Fang could still control this little girl—if she disobeyed, he would spank her fiercely!

The little girl's buttocks were quite perky and the flesh was just right, with a very good feel. Recalling the sensation of spanking, Qin Fang couldn't help but glance slyly toward the girl's pert little bottom...

"Pervert..."

The little girl was already on guard against Qin Fang, and as soon as she noticed the look in his eyes, she cried out indignantly and immediately hid behind her master, Tang Xin.

"Hahaha..."

Everyone present, except for Yingzi who had followed later, knew about Qin Fang spanking Zhuoma. At the little girl's humorous reaction, they all couldn't help but burst into laughter...

Laughter aside, having had their fun, they temporarily put aside their previous grievances and gathered together to continue their journey down the mountain.

The group of seven expanded once more, becoming a group of eight. Uncle Wen and his wife were a pair. Tang Xin and Zhuoma were close sisters. Wen Yan was with the timid Yingzi, and Qin Fang walked alongside Song Qingshan. Although the two men appeared to be chatting casually, their eyes were always vigilantly scanning their surroundings.

The closer they got to descending the mountain, the less relaxed they became... none could guarantee that the people of the Tang Sect wouldn't catch up so quickly.

There were many powerful experts in the Tang Sect, and people like Tang Nan and Tang Zhan, who were Grandmaster-level experts, were only part of the younger generation. Above them were Grandmaster-level powerhouses which Qin Fang was not capable of confronting...

If such a person appeared, Qin Fang and Song Qingshan might not be able to handle them together, considering that the Tang Sect had more than just one or two of such masters!

Not to mention, apart from the people of the Tang Sect, the fierce natives in the mountains were not easy to deal with either. Who could be certain that someone like Zhuoma, who had tried to claim a bride, wouldn't appear on their path?

Fortunately, their worries did not come to pass. It was not until Qin Fang and his companions successfully exited the mountain that he and Song Qingshan both secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Chapter 1075 Ninghai Dynamics

The concerns of Qin Fang and his group were not unwarranted; if the matter hadn't been of great significance, Qin Fang would not have rushed out of the mountains in such haste.

Though his current strength was quite formidable, it was still insufficient to confront the Tang Sect, a powerful faction known for fiercely protecting its own. A strategic retreat was the best choice for him right now.

Tang Nan's death meant that his father, Tang Yuantao, might personally take action. He would certainly be a formidable and extremely tricky grandmaster. Qin Fang estimated that even using his trump card might not be enough to defeat the opponent, and the situation might become even more perilous, leaving him possibly unable to escape...

Fortunately, Qin Fang and his group had successfully exited the vast mountains before the Tang Sect members could catch up. There would be no further opportunity for them to chase outside unless the members of Tang Sect were willing to leave the mountains where they had been secluded for hundreds of years.

"Is this the world outside the mountains?"

As the group emerged from the mountains and reached the nearest small county town at the foot of the mountains, they observed the somewhat dilapidated buildings, and Zhuoma, Yingzi, and Tang Xin all looked surprisingly amazed...

The constructions in the mountains were quite simple, mainly stone houses and wooden houses, with more stone houses due to their ability to shelter from the wind and rain, and protect against large beast attacks. Wooden houses, on the other hand, were relatively easier to construct and could be built slightly taller; however, compared to these five or six-story buildings in front of them, they looked like nothing more than shabby mud clumps.

"This is considered a poor small county town, wait till I take you back to Ninghai; you will then know what a big city looks like... And yet, Ninghai is not even the most flourishing metropolis, places like Capital City, Jiangzhou, Shenzhou, and so on are much more prosperous!"

Observing these few people gaping at the already rather old buildings as if they were palaces, Qin Fang was somewhat helpless and simply explained a few things.

The Wen family of three pursed their lips, holding back smiles, not wanting to openly laugh. It wasn't because they were mocking the three girls for being too rustic.

"Yes, let me tell you about the outside world..."

As Qin Fang's closest companion, Wen Yan now took on the role of an explainer, promptly pulling the few closely-bonded young ladies into a quiet conversation.

Meanwhile, Qin Fang went into the county to find a vehicle, as it was impossible to return to Ninghai without one...

As for taking an airplane, unfortunately, Zhuoma, Yingzi, and Tang Xin had no ID cards and thus could not board a plane. They had to take the expressway back...

Although the journey was slightly longer, it wasn't a major issue.

Qin Fang was not short on money; flinging money at the problem, getting vehicles was not an issue at all, and he soon handled it, even intentionally picking two rather honest drivers.

Uncle and Aunt Wen did not continue to stay with Qin Fang's group; they went directly back to Jiupan City, after all, they had their work to handle, so Qin Fang arranged for one of the drivers to take them back.

Wen Yan was going back to Ninghai with Qin Fang; with six people left in Qin Fang's group, two cars were just right...

Originally, the plan was for Qin Fang and the driver, Master Wang, to each drive a car, but since the three girls were unfamiliar with the outside world and did not dare to separate easily, Wen Yan ended up driving the three girls, while Qin Fang and Song Qingshan took the car driven by Master Wang...

Although it was a bit of a hassle, the group immediately set off, speeding toward Ninghai; the journey of thousands of kilometers was not something that could be covered in a short while.

"Brother Da, how is the situation in Ninghai?"

The first thing Qin Fang did after coming out of the mountains was to charge his phone and switch it on, connecting with Chen Da and others who were far in Ninghai.

Qin Fang had seriously dealt with Li Feng not long ago; that guy was probably still lying in the hospital. Even if his injuries recover, he might have become a disabled person.

Li Rui, as the elder brother, held deep-seated hatred towards Qin Fang and even teamed up with Shen Wuben, a secular disciple from Shaolin Temple, hoping to deal with Qin Fang. Unfortunately, Qin Fang didn't give him a chance and directly fled to the mountains in Yanggui Province. Losing the target, Qin Fang didn't know how furious Li Rui could get, and worried if he might start targeting Qin Fang's people.

Chen Da and their presence were relatively secretive; besides those close to Qin Fang, outsiders rarely knew their exact relations with Qin Fang.

Despite Li Rui's extensive influence and highly informed network in Ninghai, Chen Da and the rest were all former special forces, possessing robust reconnaissance and counter-reconnaissance skills, making it not easy to uncover their details.

Although this didn't guarantee that Li Rui couldn't figure out their details, Qin Fang had instructed before leaving that once something was amiss, Chen Da and his group should immediately scatter and hide, awaiting his return.

"Young Master Qin, there has been no movement over there for the time being..."

Although Qin Fang left Ninghai more than ten days ago, Chen Da and the others have been keeping an eye on Li Rui's side, but Li Rui and Shen Wuben have made no moves, seemingly waiting patiently for Qin Fang's return.

"No movement..."

Qin Fang also couldn't help frowning, knowing Li Rui as he did. It should have been impossible for there to be no reaction after Li Feng was crippled by Qin Fang, yet the reality was just so.

"There's a problem, a big problem..."

Although he couldn't yet fully grasp what Li Rui was truly planning, Qin Fang vaguely felt that things might not be as simple as they appeared on the surface.

"How is Monk Wukong doing?"

Putting Li Rui's affairs aside for the moment, Qin Fang inquired about Monk Wukong's situation. This meat and wine monk possessed terrifying strength. Song Qingshan managed to defeat Tang Sect's Grandmaster Level Late Stage expert Tang Zhan, who was even stronger than him, but he explicitly stated he wasn't sure about defeating Monk Wukong...

From this, it can be seen that the monk's true strength was absolutely stronger than what Qin Fang had anticipated.

Now upgraded to an advanced, nearly Grandmaster Level Scouting Skill, the skill's effects were immensely powerful, yet it still couldn't derive accurate conclusions about those who concealed their strengths.

Monk Wukong was definitely formidable, with just his Reed Crossing River Technique making many stronger experts feel utterly hopeless, not to mention that he had cultivated the secret techniques of Shaolin Temple's Seventy-two Ultimate Skills to an extremely profound level...

"Could it be that Shen Wuben and Li Rui have made no moves because of Monk Wukong?"

The thought of Monk Wukong's strength couldn't help but arise in Qin Fang's mind... Monk Wukong's goal was directly opposite that of Shen Wuben; one aimed to snatch the Buddha Bone Relic from Qin Fang, while the other aimed to protect both it and Qin Fang...

Qin Fang had not yet met Shen Wuben in person, but he was a secular disciple who came down from Shaolin Temple on the mountain, possessing at least the strength of a grandmaster. He might not be comparable to a freak like Monk Wukong who ventured down Wooden Men Lane alone, but his cultivation was certainly not too shabby...

Since Monk Wukong dared to come alone to protect Qin Fang, his strength must be much stronger than that of Shen Wuben. With Li Rui assisting Shen Wuben, it was not possible that they were unaware of Monk Wukong's presence. Now, with Qin Fang not in Ninghai, it was quite usual for them to lay low for the time being.

As for attacking Qin Fang's subordinates, Shen Wuben was probably not that foolish...

"Feifei, how have you been lately?"

After finishing his call with Chen Da and learning about the situation in Ninghai, Qin Fang quickly called Tang Feifei. It had been over ten days since he left, and there was no signal in the mountains. He wanted to chat with Tang Feifei and catch up on phone conversations, naturally making up for lost time...

Whether it was Tang Feifei, then Xiao Muxue, Chu Yunxuan, and Su Xiaoxiao... Qin Fang called each of his women to report the current situation.

After a series of calls that lasted several hours, Qin Fang finally lay down in the back seat with satisfaction, smiling contentedly...

Traveling from Yanggui Province to Jiangnan Province was almost like traversing half of Dragon Country, thousands of kilometers in distance. Even if they stayed on the highways, it was not a matter of just a few hours. Even if they drove at higher speeds, it would take about ten to twenty hours to reach their destination.

However, driving for a long time was clearly not advisable, and Qin Fang and his team didn't plan to keep driving non-stop, as stopping for meals and rest was essential.

Having exited the mountains, even if the people from Tang Sect were incredibly powerful, they couldn't possibly catch up with them, and they were not even clear about the identities of Qin Fang and his team. It was impossible to find them, so Qin Fang was naturally not in a hurry, and the journey became much more relaxed.

From Yanggui Province to Jiangnan Province, they needed to cross several provinces, and some places had quite nice scenery. Qin Fang was even planning to stop and play along the way.

Tang Xin, Zhuoma, and Yingzi, the three girls who came out of the mountain, were like Grandma Liu entering the Grand View Garden, curious about everything they saw along the way.

The first time they got on a car, it scared them quite a bit. If it wasn't for Wen Yan repeatedly reassuring them that the machine didn't eat people, they would have barely managed to sit still, and probably would have even thought about fleeing back to the mountains.

But soon the car started moving, the speed even faster than that of a swift horse, and the wide roads swiftly flashed beneath them, the surrounding scenery rapidly changing. In their immense surprise and delight, they gradually accepted this new reality.

Along the way, the three girls politely asked Wen Yan about anything new and interesting they encountered, and Wen Yan patiently explained everything, making the trip quite enjoyable...

The three girls eagerly absorbed all this new knowledge, not missing even a single detail, as they wanted to integrate into life outside the mountains as quickly as possible...
In their eyes, this was like a fairy tale life they had never even dreamed of!

Chapter 1076: Road Bully

"Mr. Qin, I'm afraid we can't make it through tonight..."

Master Wang, the driver, looked helplessly at the heavy snow outside. Vehicles ahead had already clogged up into a long procession, and if they continued to cram in, let alone moving forward, they were likely to be stuck on the highway for the whole night.

"Then let's find a place to stay for the night..."

Qin Fang was equally helpless. The weather was still very good when he left Yanggui Province in the southern part, but Jiangnan Province was a bit north, and now it was winter, and they just happened to catch a heavy snowfall.

As soon as the heavy snow came, the highway was immediately closed. Even if they wanted to clear the road, they would have to wait until the snowfall lessened.

But the situation at hand didn't seem like it was going to lighten up at all, with thick snowflakes still flying all over the sky, probably lasting through the night.

Although Qin Fang was eager to return to Ninghai to get cozy with a few soft and cute girls, there was nothing he could do with the unaccommodating weather.

"I know there's a backroad we can take, which passes through a few villages and then we can get to the city..."

Master Wang was a bit more familiar with the local geography than Qin Fang. He immediately drove off the highway, ready to head for the closest city.

Getting stuck on the highway overnight was definitely not the right choice. The sooner they got to the city and found accommodation, the better... Wen Yan naturally also followed Qin Fang's car and left the highway.

The snow drifted, as if the whole world was draped in a layer of white gauze, looking very beautiful and touching... Zhuoma, Yingzi, and Tang Xin, who lived in the mountains, seldom had the chance to see snowflakes, let alone such a vast expanse of white, and they were instantly captivated by the scenery.

Even Wen Yan was no exception. Girls are generally more emotional and couldn't help but want to stop and enjoy such beautiful scenes.

However, they were in the middle of nowhere with continuous snowfall, and if the car stopped running, they would have big trouble. So, they kept driving, following Qin Fang toward the city.

Pfft~~

The more anxious they were, the more likely accidents were... Just as the car neared a village, the tire suddenly burst with such a sound.

"Damn it..."

Master Wang cursed and hurriedly went to check. Luckily, he had a spare tire prepared. It was getting dark, so it was better to change it quickly to make it to the city in time.

Qin Fang hurried out of the car to help too. Two people working together could get it done a lot faster...

"A nail?"

While Master Wang was changing the tire, Qin Fang noticed a deeply embedded nail in the burst tire, the culprit of this mishap.

Nevertheless, Qin Fang didn't think much of it, just helplessly frowned and blamed his bad luck, without making a big deal out of it.

Soon, Qin Fang and Master Wang had changed the tire together, got back in the car, and continued onward. As dusk approached, there was still some distance to the city, and if it got any later, they feared they might not make it.

With night falling and the snow blocking the roads, if the cars couldn't drive, the only options would be to sleep in the wilderness or to find the nearest village to stay the night.

Pfft~~

But it seemed that Qin Fang and his party really didn't have good luck. The newly changed tire burst again, just a few dozen meters out, with a muffled sound...

"Motherfucker, who's behind this?"

Master Wang was furious as well and harshly cursed before jumping out of the car to check, only to find another long nail had pierced the tire...

A puncture could be chalked up to an accident, but two consecutive punctures within just a few meters—no one would believe there wasn't some mischief involved!

"Mr. Qin, I'm so sorry, the spare tire also burst..."

Master Wang's face showed a mix of frustration and embarrassment.

He was certain there was foul play with consecutive tire bursts, and since the route was his suggestion, the situation put him in an awkward position.

"If it's burst, it's burst. Let's not go any further tonight. There's a village over there; let's go find a place to stay for the night..." Qin Fang saw all this, knowing it wasn't Master Wang's fault, it was clearly sabotage.

Qin Fang had good eyesight. Although there was a two to three hundred meter distance from the village ahead, he could still see that there was a tire repair shop right at the entrance of the village.

This backroad from the highway to the nearby city was a shortcut. It would only take about twenty to thirty minutes to drive through here.

If they took the main road, they would need to detour a significant distance, possibly doubling the time. With the current heavy snow blocking the road, it was estimated to be very congested on that side, so this small road might be more reliable.

Though the backroad is a shortcut, not many people know about it, so there's not much traffic usually, with just a few cars passing by occasionally.

This village is relatively remote compared to the city, and it could even be considered a distant small village relative to the surrounding area.

Chapter 1077: Road Tyrant_2

Remoteness basically means poverty, yet it's quite strange that such a poor little village would have a repair and tire-patching shop right at the entrance.

Combining their current predicament with this situation, Qin Fang began to speculate about what might be going on, although he didn't have anything solid to say—a thief must be caught red-handed, after all, and he couldn't just make baseless accusations.

"There seems to be a repair shop up ahead. Let's go there and ask..."

The spare tire had also burst, and Wen Yan's car didn't have a spare. At this point, they had no choice but to get out of the car and walk toward the small village ahead.

Although Wen Yan and the others still had a car to drive, Qin Fang used his Scouting Skill to survey the road, and goodness, there were at least a hundred of these long nails set up on the road from their car to the repair shop ahead—even if they had plenty of spare tires, that wouldn't be enough to cope with these nails...

There's no doubt about what purpose these nails served—it was clear to anyone with eyes...

But with the road now closed off by heavy snow, the nails were covered by the white snow, and it would be very difficult to spot them if one weren't paying close attention.

Qin Fang stopped Wen Yan and the others from driving any further, asking them to park the car on the side of the road, and they all walked together toward the small village ahead.

Given the current situation, there was no hope of reaching the city before it got completely dark. They might as well temporarily abandon this idea.

The group of seven walked about two to three hundred meters in the snowy field and arrived at the repair shop, where they could vaguely see the bright lights inside and quite a few people gathered, playing cards and betting money...

As if noticing Qin Fang and his group, a middle-aged, boss-like Fatty immediately came out from inside...

"Boss, our tires need changing. How much do you charge for patching up a tire here?"

Master Wang immediately went up to talk to the boss, while Qin Fang and the others waited on the road a few meters away, faintly overhearing their conversation.

"Two thousand..."

The shop owner glanced at Qin Fang's car in the distance, not even lifting his eyelids, and said indifferently.

"What? Are you robbing us..."

Master Wang immediately yelled in shock. Just patching a tire and he's asking for two thousand—that's no different from robbery. It was just too ruthless.

"Take it or leave it..."

The Fatty boss turned his head away, seemingly indifferent, even ready to turn back and continue gambling, as if he didn't care about the business deal at all.

"We'll fix it..."

Master Wang was embarrassed by the Fatty boss, and before he could consult with Qin Fang, he saw Qin Fang directly pull out a stack of money.

"Here's ten thousand, patch up the two burst tires for us... and give the other parts of the car a check as well. We'll settle the exact amount after that—refunding any excess or making up any shortfall..."

Qin Fang weighed the stack of money in his hand with a few slaps and then pointed towards the car in the distance.

"Done! What a straightforward man... Guys, we've got work to do!"

The Fatty boss quickly took the money, simply played with it a bit, apparently too lazy to count it carefully, and stuffed it into his pocket.

For a person like him, once the money was in his hands, the amount was already clear with just a light weigh and a flick of his fingers.

"Are you in a hurry to get to the city? Patching the tire might take some time, and it's getting dark. I'm afraid you won't be able to leave tonight. Do you need me to find a place for you to stay?"

This Fatty boss seemed to have a good business sense, especially seeing Qin Fang spending generously, and considering that those accompanying him were young and pretty women, there was a flicker of an odd light in his eyes as he spoke very warmly.

"I was just about to ask about that. Do you have any good recommendations?"

Qin Fang seemed not to notice such gazes, as if it played right into his hands, he immediately inquired.

Indeed, they could no longer make it into the city before nightfall, so spending the night here was a must. Rather than going from house to house asking, it was better to have Fatty make the arrangements.

"Just stay at my place, my house is big, with plenty of rooms. Even if you each want a room, there are enough to accommodate..."

The Fatty boss immediately seized the opportunity to drum up business for himself, pointing to the large courtyard behind the repair shop, which was also brightly lit. It appeared that there were indeed quite a few rooms, one connected to another.

"That would be best... How much should we pay for the rooms? Name your price..."

Qin Fang nodded, seemingly unconcerned as he spoke, acting every bit the profligate son who didn't care about money.

"Well... The room facilities are top-notch, so the price is a bit high, One Thousand Yuan per room. Mr. Boss, how many do you want?"

The smile on Fatty boss's face almost bloomed into a flower as his small eyes rotated shrewdly, his gaze occasionally moving across Qin Fang and his companions before he carefully stated his offer.

It has to be said, the Fatty boss was truly ruthless in overcharging; Qin Fang and his companions hadn't even seen the rooms yet, and the price was already set at One Thousand Yuan per room, an amount comparable to a suite in a fancy hotel in the big city, while this was just a small house built in the countryside.

"We have seven people here, so let's get one room per person then..."

Upon hearing this, Qin Fang frowned, seemingly a bit displeased, but still, he took out a stack of money and threw it over, "The extra money consider it as meal costs, hurry up and prepare us something to eat..."

"Right away... I'll have it prepared immediately!"

The Fatty boss happily accepted the money, promptly leading Qin Fang and his group to check the rooms, and then arranged for someone to cook for them.

The rooms were a bit small, but what Fatty said was true - the facilities were quite nice; at least the rooms had air conditioning and hot water available, making it almost comparable to a hotel.

"Mr. Qin, about that boss..."

Master Wang had been wanting to say something, but Qin Fang had not given him the opportunity until the Fatty boss left, and then Master Wang couldn't wait to speak up.

There was clearly something suspicious about this affair; he was hired by Qin, and it also concerned him. He didn't want Mr. Qin to be displeased with him after all, the pay for this job was quite high.

"It's alright, Master Wang. Let's just stay here tonight... We'll talk about the other stuff later!"

Qin Fang dismissed the concern nonchalantly, acting like the wasteful son who really didn't care about money, completely unperturbed by the twenty thousand Yuan he had just thrown away.

While Master Wang felt the pain of the expense, he knew it wasn't his place to interject. Moreover, complaining might displease Qin, potentially costing him this temporary high-paying job.

The seven of them, each with a room, settled down quickly. Meanwhile, the Fatty boss had promptly arranged for someone to repair their tires and check their vehicle.

Of course, the dinner for Qin Fang and his companions was quickly delivered; it consisted of simple home-style dishes, the kind that even if priced outrageously in a fancy hotel, wouldn't fetch more than a few hundred Yuan. The Fatty boss, however, had no intention of returning any part of the extra Three Thousand Yuan to Qin Fang...

However, Qin Fang didn't seem to care at all. The group was tired and hungry, and they immediately gathered together to eat.

"Qin Fang, what sort of shady plan are you hatching this time? Tell me secretly..."

During the meal, Wen Yan quietly asked Qin Fang about it.

Among those present, her relationship with Qin was the closest, and she understood him best. Just from the way Qin was acting, she knew he must be up to something shady.

Wen Yan didn't find it appropriate to ask earlier with Fatty around, but now that it was just their own group, she felt free to ask without such worries.

Chapter 1078: Playing Mahjong

"You'll know when the time comes..."

However, Qin Fang did not directly reveal the answer to Wen Yan, but instead, he smiled mysteriously, as if there really was some significant secret involved.

Yet, such a response only made the others even more curious, each of them pondering what exactly Qin Fang was hiding up his sleeve.

But since Qin Fang wasn't willing to spill the beans, they didn't press him further, instead settling down quietly to wait for the show to begin.

The group had a simple meal and then went back to their rooms to rest. It was snowing heavily outside and the temperature wasn't very high. The few girls who had just come out of the mountains were not well acclimatized and felt slightly better staying in their rooms.

Wen Yan, having nothing else to do, followed Qin Fang out for a walk to take in the nighttime snowscape and by the way, headed to the car repair shop.

During this short while, Qin Fang's two tires had already been repaired. As for the vehicle inspection, it was nothing more than a perfunctory glance.

The Fatty boss had a rather dark heart and employed some underhanded tricks, focusing more on duping drivers passing by than actually making money from the shop.

The bunch gathered to gamble could only handle simple tasks like tire repairs; to expect them to fix cars would be utterly ridiculous.

Of course, gathering so many people here served the purpose of swindling more effectively; otherwise, given Fatty's corpulent figure, any slightly aggressive driver could have sorted him out on the spot, but with the crowd's overwhelming numbers and being locals, anyone daring to cause trouble would be swarmed, leaving ordinary folks unable to withstand it.

With the heavy snow outside and night falling, nearby vehicles hesitated to travel down the snow-covered country roads, leaving Fatty's place idle, where a bunch of people was gathered gambling away.

Amidst the snowfall, everyone was shouting and smoking, some even holding bottles of liquor, their spirits evidently high...

Those winning money were cheerful with faces glowing, while those losing were red-faced and scratching their heads in agitation, spinning around anxiously.

Qin Fang at this time had arrived with Wen Yan, already aware of the situation, and despite the unpleasant smell inside the room, Wen Yan still followed Qin Fang in.

"Yo, boss, you need something?"

The Fatty boss's eyes were quite sharp; as soon as Qin Fang entered, he had noticed and scurried over to inquire.

"Nothing much, just felt like taking a walk... What are you playing?"

Qin Fang smiled casually, but the moment he saw the people gambling, a glint appeared in his eyes, and he seemed eager to give it a try.

"Well, with the snow outside, there's no business, so we all gathered to play some cards, just passing the time..."

Fatty's discerning eyes caught Qin Fang's interest without a word said; with a quick roll of his eyes, he seemed to be getting an idea.

"Just playing some poker, mahjong, that kind of thing... If you're interested, boss, I can find you some fellow players, how about it?"

Gambling enthusiasts worldwide all share the same itch when they see others playing; their hands inevitably long for the game, even in the presence of complete strangers.

These kinds of scenarios are generally risky—without familiar faces, it's hard to guarantee fair play; if the company is in cahoots or cheating, one could end up losing badly.

"Just so happens I'm free, I'll play a few rounds... Let's keep it to a small game of mahjong!"

Qin Fang nodded, almost impatiently, evidently very keen.

"Alright, no problem, I'll find you some players... Little Four, Er Niu, The Fifth, come over here, join this boss for a little game of mahjong!"

Fatty's expression didn't change, but a flicker of surprise passed through his eyes. Nevertheless, he quickly agreed and called over three people to join Qin Fang at the mahjong table.

Four people at the table, Qin Fang and the other three seemed well-practiced at mahjong. Yet Qin Fang was unfazed, sitting calmly while Wen Yan also sat down beside Qin Fang with a smile. The game then began...

Though Qin Fang was not a local, after the Fatty boss briefly explained the local mahjong rules, Qin Fang nodded in agreement. They were similar to those in Ninghai—allowing chows and pungs... The point counts were almost like the national standard, and while Qin Fang wasn't entirely clear on them, he roughly understood those would be high-scoring hands.

There were some differences, though...

"Boss, just to remind you, if you keep winning, the points double with each consecutive round... You better be careful!"

Fatty warmly offered a reminder, to which Qin Fang merely smiled indifferently.

These rules were indeed different from other places. The points for a winning dealer were already higher than for non-dealers, and with consecutive wins doubling the points, the stakes could quickly become enormous.

Especially given Qin Fang's situation, with the other three players being Fatty's men, them ganging up on him alone was greatly disadvantageous, not to mention the likelihood of them cheating against him.

"No problem, let's start..."

Qin Fang smiled and the four of them commenced the game.

A hundred bucks a fan, which is considered quite high stakes even locally for Fatty and his folks, factoring in that Qin Fang seems to carry himself with quite a substantial fortune.

After all, if you get stuck with the wrong tiles in Mahjong, easily racking up a few hundred fans is nothing unusual, which would equate to tens of thousands of dollars. And if you add in the doubling effect of consecutive wins as banker, the stakes become considerably high.

Qin Fang looks like a profligate spender who isn't short on cash, casually throwing wads of money around; naturally, Fatty isn't worried about Qin Fang running out of money. Letting such a prey slip through would be a real pity.

As for them worrying about losing themselves...

When Fatty thinks of this, he can't help but chuckle. Local Mahjong, local rules, three old card buddies who work in perfect synchrony, combined with his own scheming on the side - if they still lose with such a setup, they might as well knock themselves out with a block of tofu...

The more he thinks this way, the less worried Fatty gets. If you want to make more money, then the scale and level of the game needs to be elevated.

Rolling the dice, the person to the right of Qin Fang starts as the banker, meaning Qin Fang would have to wait until the other three had each taken a turn being banker before it could be his turn - a rather disadvantageous start for Qin Fang.

The Mahjong game begins.

Qin Fang's starting hand is terrible, the kind that makes 2, 5, and 8 tiles unreliable allies. Compiling a winning hand from such tiles is exceedingly tough. Fatty, the boss, watching from behind, feels his brows and eyes brimming with delight.

As long as Qin Fang's hand is poor, the other three players will have ample time to build their hands, especially the current banker.

If they want to win big, then the idea is that the first three bankers win a hefty sum before Qin Fang even gets to bank...

When it comes to Qin Fang's turn as the banker, the three other players can just exchange tiles among themselves. A simple win, 'Pihu', could entirely disrupt Qin Fang's chance to bank consecutively. No one is worried about Qin Fang winning.

The card game starts, from the banker, one tile after another is played, and it soon reaches Qin Fang.

"South Wind..."

Qin Fang discards a tile nonchalantly.

"Pong!"

The banker is about to draw a tile, but the player to his right immediately calls out, freezing his hand mid-motion. But that's all right, after all, it's quite reasonable for the next player to call for a pong.

"Three of characters..."

Around the table, and it's Qin Fang's turn again. Another casual discard.

"Pong!"

The banker's face lights up, wanting to claim the tile, but the player across him calls for a pong again... The look exchanged makes his face sour, but he doesn't say anything, and the game continues.

"Eight of bamboos..."

Qin Fang draws and discards another tile...

"Pong!"

The banker's run of bad luck continues, someone else claims a pong again.

Qin Fang has discarded three tiles, and the banker hasn't even drawn once, let alone formed any sets. Barely different from his starting hand and still far from ready, you can imagine how ugly his expression is.

"Five of dots..."

The game goes on, and once again, it's Qin Fang's turn. He casually throws out another useless joker.

The banker takes a look, not his preference, so he naturally doesn't need it.

But the expression on the face of the player on his right is somewhat depressed. Glancing at his own hand, then at the banker's face, and finally casting a glance at Fatty standing behind Qin Fang.

"Hu! Pong Hu... totaling eight fans."

Fatty the boss looks a bit depressed too. He has been watching Qin Fang's hand from start to finish, and not a single tile was discarded in error, yet the banker can't get the tiles he needs. Instead, Qin Fang's across and adjacent players are getting what they need.

Now that the across player decides to claim a win, he naturally cannot object. The game has only just begun; there's no real need to keep the banker winning consecutively. After all, since the three players are in cahoots, whoever wins still counts as a win - it's just missing the extra money from consecutive banking...

Qin Fang costs himself a game, losing eight fans, which isn't much. Wen Yan takes out Qin Fang's personal bag, pulls out a stack of cash, and casually hands eight bills to the across player.

Seeing these red banknotes with Mao's face on them instantly invigorates the group. All three players exchange glances, signaling that they need to be more in sync next time and to avoid such slip-ups...

Right now, to them, Qin Fang is like an immensely fat sheep, already laid out on the chopping block, waiting for the three of them to join in the butchering.

Although they're earning dirty money, opportunities to fleece someone like Qin Fang don't come along often. Especially with money so easily and pleasantly earned, it instantly lifts their spirits, dampened by the lack of income due to the heavy snow...

Chapter 1079: Playing Mahjong Makes You Desperate!

Qin Fang paid the money readily, so the game naturally continued. The three card sharks perked up slightly and immediately got ready to slaughter the Fat Sheep.

As for Qin Fang, there wasn't a hint of frustration on his face. It seemed as if the money he just lost was trivial, not a big deal at all.

To this, no one else thought there was anything amiss. Looking at how extravagant Qin Fang was, casually handling stacks of bills, a few notes here and there obviously didn't bother him.

The game went on, and this time it was Qin Fang's opposite neighbor's turn to start as the dealer.

Qin Fang still got a pretty ugly hand this round, even uglier than the last one. Without drawing three or four certain tiles, Qin Fang didn't even have a set to depend on, let alone dreaming of making a meld or a pong.

Seeing such lousy cards, Fatty's chubby face blossomed into a radiant smile again.

"Chow..."

Since Qin Fang's hand was bad, he played more casually, tossing out a tile, and his next player immediately rejoiced, quickly chowing what he needed.

"Chow..."

Soon it was Qin Fang's turn to discard again. Another tile tossed, and the next player eagerly chowed again, the joy on his face increasing. His initial hand was quite bad too, completely reliant on drawing specific tiles. But whatever Qin Fang discarded, it was exactly what he needed. How could he not be thrilled?

"Chow..."

Happiness continued. Qin Fang discarded another tile his next player needed. He happily chowed it, and immediately was set to win – his speed was incredibly fast!

"Self-draw... Win! Mixed Triple Chow... 16-fold winner, pay up, pay up!"

This time, it seemed as if Lady Luck hovered over Qin Fang's next player. As the round progressed, though Qin Fang didn't discard any winning tiles, the next player smoothly drew a tile, slammed it on the table with a snap, chuckling merrily.

Qin Fang was his usual self, unchanged. Wen Yan paid up promptly, and the other two players reluctantly handed over money too. After all, they were all in the same boat – it didn't really matter who paid whom.

This time, it was tough for Qin Fang's opposite neighbor. His tiles were actually quite good. He had just readied his hand, but then the player before him went and self-drew. What could he say?

His hand wasn't small at all; counting his points, at most he could reach seven or eight folds. Even if he self-drew, it wouldn't be as big as the other's.

But the problem was, with that win, he lost the chance to remain the dealer, naturally losing the chance to double up!

"Lucky it's one of us who won, no worries..."

However, none of them noticed anything peculiar and still used such reasoning to console themselves.

The game continued, and this time it was Qin Fang's turn to deal.

This round, Qin Fang's hand was pretty decent, seeming quite promising. A chow or a pong would set him ready to win, clearly on the brink of a Half Flush, even Fatty, covertly reminded the others not to discard certain tiles.

It wasn't just the three card sharks who could cheat; Fatty, overseeing the game, could also cheat, and since only Qin Fang and Wen Yan were there, nobody paid attention to Fatty's sneaky moves.

"Pong!"

Qin Fang casually discarded a tile that would complete his Half Flush. Anyone who got that would have a significant hand, but his opposite neighbor immediately ponged it and then discarded another tile, which was quickly chowed by the dealer. Clearly, they were feeding the dealer to make sure he could continue as the dealer instead of rotating to Qin Fang—a scenario they didn't want to see.

"Chow..."

When it was Qin Fang's turn again to discard, the next player unluckily chowed without any dispute.

The opposite neighbor continued feeding cards, the dealer kept chowing, and Qin Fang continued discarding his uncontroversial tiles. He himself had no chance to chow or pong; everything seemed to be in ordinary condition.

"Haha... Self-draw! Little Pihu... 5-fold winner!"

This round, Qin Fang's next player triumphed again, fortunately self-drawing a win, albeit just a minor Pihu.

The dealer was miserable; his previous player had been zealously feeding him, but luck seemed off as he couldn't draw a useful tile.

Another self-draw, and he was completely helpless. What could he do when he couldn't draw the right tiles himself?

The three money-losers promptly paid up, and finally, it was Qin Fang's turn to deal. Everything looked so normal; there wasn't a hint of cheating.

Yes, indeed, there was cheating!

Of course, it wasn't Fatty and his group; their antics were merely collusion, far from actual cheating – not on the same level at all.

The real cheater was naturally Qin Fang. From shuffling and stacking the tiles to rolling the dice, everything was under his control.

Who needed which tile, who would get what, Qin Fang knew it all too well.

Despite his hand appearing lousy, he could let anyone win he wanted. If not discarding winning tiles, then letting them self-draw. Regardless of discarding or self-drawing, Qin Fang just lost his own stake, and others losing was merely in-fighting, which didn't concern him at all.

"Finally, it's my turn to deal. Watch me dominate..."

This round had already progressed three-quarters of the way, with Qin Fang being the last one. Finally, it was his turn to self-draw, and that was when Qin Fang truly began to show his power.

"Self-drawn minor win, five points per player!"

In the first round, Qin Fang was too embarrassed to win too harshly and only won by self-drawing a minor hand. The other three players' expressions remained unchanged, and Fatty boss didn't notice anything unusual. Qin Fang's tiles were indeed flowing smoothly.

"Complete flush self-drawn, ten points per player... consecutive dealer for two rounds, double the points, twenty points per player."

In the second round, Qin Fang continued as the dealer, and his hand improved significantly. The other three players looked a bit pained, and even Fatty frowned slightly, yet he didn't pay it too much mind.

"Ascending step triple self-drawn, 16 points per player... consecutive dealer for three rounds, double the points, 48 points per player."

In the third round, still serving as the dealer, Qin Fang again drew his own win, increasing the point count further and doubling the stakes once more, making all three opponents' faces extremely grim. Fatty's expression also turned quite unsightly, vaguely sensing that something might be amiss...

"Azure Dragon self-drawn, 25 points per player... consecutive dealer for four rounds, doubling continues, one hundred points per player."

In the fourth round, still Qin Fang as the dealer and self-drawing, the stakes grew even higher and harsher, causing the faces of the three idle players and Fatty to nearly burst into tears.

Especially Fatty, who couldn't help but touch the banknotes that hadn't yet warmed in his pocket, realizing not only does he need to give it all back, it looks like he'll have to pay quite a lot more to Qin Fang.

"Pure one suit with ascending step quadruple self-drawn, fifty points per player... consecutive dealer for five rounds, doubling continues, two hundred fifty points per player."

Qin Fang's consecutive dealership continued; the tiles and the points only grew larger, and his winnings increased more and more—with just this round, each of the three opponents had to pay out twenty-five thousand to compensate Qin Fang.

But it was Fatty who paid out their money. Although it wasn't their own money being lost, continuing to lose like this would be unbearable for anyone, and Fatty's plump face was crumpled like a small chrysanthemum flower.

"Um... Boss, maybe we should..."

By now, he also felt that something was seriously wrong. This seemingly prodigal rich heir didn't seem to be the easy mark he had imagined.

"Stop, stop, stop... Let's talk after I finish this hand!"

But Qin Fang didn't give him a chance; while shuffling the tiles, he cut off Fatty's words, forcefully stifling his brewing emotions.

Fatty intended to say something again, but seeing that Qin Fang paid him no heed and the others quickly started dealing tiles, his attention was once more drawn to Qin Fang's tiles.

Qin Fang's initial hand wasn't great, just slightly more honor tiles, especially having a pair each of red, green, and white dragons, directly forming a Big Three Dragons hand.

Just with these tiles, Fatty felt that trouble was coming; if Qin Fang won this round, it would be even larger than fifty points from the last round.

Fatty immediately signaled the other three not to discard tiles that would complete the Big Three Dragons, forcing Qin Fang to keep the necessary tiles in hand.

However, not discarding doesn't mean Qin Fang couldn't draw himself, and soon a red dragon came up. Fatty's chubby face instantly filled with worry—the situation was progressively getting out of control.

Soon, Qin Fang also drew a white dragon, officially forming the Big Three Dragons, and he also possessed more honor tiles, although lacking in the other three suits.

What further drove Fatty to despair was when Qin Fang drew a green dragon; without needing others' help, Qin Fang self-completed the Big Three Dragons, and his tile path became even more terrifying, swiftly turning another wind tile into a triple... Qin Fang was ready to win, waiting for a single south wind.

"Big Three Dragons, All Honors, Four Concealed Pungs..."

Fatty quickly calculated in his mind the points of this round for Qin Fang, the sum of these three alone having already exceeded two hundred points.

If Qin Fang wins this hand, it would be six consecutive rounds as the dealer, multiplied by six times, meaning Fatty would lose at least one hundred twenty thousand...

If Qin Fang self-draws, then multiplied by three times, that directly equates to over three hundred sixty thousand...

Fatty increasingly felt that something was very wrong. Although Qin Fang hadn't yet won, the current situation looked quite ominous.

"We can't let him continue like this..."

Fatty immediately decided, and then made a signal to his subordinates who had been captivated by Qin Fang's consecutive dealership, preparing them to take action.

"Kong!"

At this moment, Qin Fang declared a concealed Kong, signaling his formal counterattack, the previous just being a appetizer—this round was the main course.

"Another Kong!"

Having just drawn one tile, now four tiles, Qin Fang declared another Kong.

"I Kong again!"

He drew another tile for a Kong.

"I continue to Kong..."

Four consecutive tiles, Kong declared four times...

"That adds four more Kongs..."

Fatty instantly felt as if the sky had fallen, adding another eighty-eight points—Qin Fang's round now exceeded three hundred points.

"Self-drawn! Won on a Kong..."

But what truly drove him to despair was the following sentence by Qin Fang...

Chapter 1080: No One Dares to Default on Debts to Me

"Self-drawn! Winning off a Kong..."

Hearing Qin Fang utter these words, the expression on the chubby owner's face almost turned completely into the color of liver, his brain almost instantaneously filled with blood, and his forehead turned red from the strain.

The chubby owner had seen his fair share of mahjong experts. There was a quite impressive one in a village not far from here, who was said to have been the Gambling King of Southeast Asia, having mixed in circles in Macau and Las Vegas.

Unfortunately, he later offended some bigwigs of the casinos and had his limbs chopped off, turned into a human stick and thrown out.

The disheartened Gambling King, though he survived, returned to his hometown and started living a tranquil, leisurely life.

Although he was physically disabled, he wasn't short on money and could live comfortably for the rest of his life. He occasionally played mahjong with Fatty and the others for pure amusement, and would even share a bit of simple Thousand Skills tricks with Fatty and his friends...

However, it was clear Fatty and his friends had no talent for it. They didn't grasp the techniques and ended up playing a distorted version of the game, resorting to colluding to cheat.

Dealing with ordinary people was definitely not a problem, but when faced with experts, their defeat would be as tragic as tragic could be... Like the opponent right now, who had driven Fatty to despair.

And yet, Qin Fang seemed to have no realization of the situation; even Wen Yan had begun to sense something was off from the gazes around them, and subconsciously leaned closer to Qin Fang.

Meanwhile, Qin Fang himself was busy calculating what could probably be the last hand's score.

"Big Three Dragons, Four Kongs, All Honors, Four Concealed Pungs, Seat Wind Pung, Prevalent Wind Pung, Winning off a Kong... Oh, and four small flowers, making a total of 320 points."

This hand was almost the highest scoring hand possible. If it weren't for the other three colluding to cheat, Qin Fang could have played slowly, eventually ending with scooping the moon from the bottom of the sea, self-drawn revitalizing flower, and collecting the last four flowers, thus assembling the ultimate score of 342 points.

"Holding the bank for the sixth round, times six, that's 1920 points per person... Pay up!"

Qin Fang said this calmly, even with a brilliant smile on his face.

This round alone nearly hit two thousand points, which equals about one hundred ninety thousand for each person, adding up to a total of five hundred seventy thousand for the three. Including the previous rounds which weren't fully paid yet, Fatty and his friends calculated that just within a few rounds, the three of them lost more than seven hundred thousand...

Losing over seven hundred thousand in just six rounds, averaging a loss of a hundred thousand per round; this terrifying number stunned everyone present, and all eyes fixed on Qin Fang were filled with amazement, envy, and fear.

Regarding Qin Fang's earlier small loss of a few thousand, it was simply not worth mentioning at all, barely even rounding error, merely a trivial amount one might give away to a beggar.

"You... you..."

Fatty's face turned completely purple, a mix of shock, fear, and anger. If he couldn't see by now that Qin Fang was just toying with them, he might as well smash his head on some tofu.

"What about me, hurry up and pay..."

Qin Fang's expression remained calm, his smile becoming intense, but his tone was indeed firm, "Looking at your auto repair shop, it seems quite profitable. Just from my business here you've made

twenty thousand, multiplied by ten customers a day that is two hundred thousand, six million a month, over seventy million a year. Now this mere seven hundred thousand is just peanuts. Don't tell me you're thinking of defaulting on the debt..."

This calculative method by Qin Fang was certainly infuriating. If he really could make money like that, he would have long since moved out of this place and started living in luxury homes, dating beautiful women, and driving fancy cars...

Perhaps there's truth to the saying, "A scoundrel meets his match." Fatty, who usually cheated countless people, finally met his match in Qin Fang. Although he cheated as usual, obviously it was Qin Fang who had dug a hole for him to jump into.

"What's it got to do with me? I didn't lose it, you should ask them for the money..."

However, Fatty clearly wasn't going to pay this sum, plainly intending to default on the debt, and his reason was quite justified.

"Oh, is that so? Fine..."

Qin Fang's expression remained unchanged, but his smile became more playful as he turned to the three people opposite him, "Gentlemen, did you hear that? He says this debt has nothing to do with him, so please, proceed with your payments... and don't tell me you also want to default!"

Although Qin Fang's appearance seemed very calm, almost harmless, just a regular young man, to the three opponents it didn't feel that way at all. It was as if they were not facing a person, but rather a ferocious beast from primordial times.

They felt very clearly that if they dared to utter a word of refusal, this ferocious beast would completely devour them in one bite.

The fear was indeed too intense; even for these men who were usually fearless, in that moment, all three felt an urge to wet their pants.

Wrong, it's not that they thought about it, but... they already peed themselves!

Suddenly, an extremely foul stench of fishiness filled the smoky room. Many people stared at these three individuals, dumbfounded, as they peed their pants because they lost money, inevitably showing contempt in their gaze.

You should know that these three people are the best among them all in terms of skills, usually acting all high and mighty, completely disregarding others, causing much resentment among people.

Usually, it's a situation where they encounter each other frequently, even if there are complaints, they keep them to themselves and don't voice them out, but now it's different. With so many people watching, it's truly a huge embarrassment.

For these three people, whether it's embarrassing or not doesn't matter anymore. The immense pressure Qin Fang brought upon them made them unable to control themselves fully.

They genuinely wanted to escape, but just with one simple look from Qin Fang, their plans were instantly thwarted, as if any slight movement from them would lead Qin Fang, this ferocious beast, to devour them all.

"Boss..."

It was clear that reasoning with Qin Fang was futile; they couldn't escape, nor did they have the courage to deny their debts, so they had to turn to their actual boss, speaking almost simultaneously as they looked at Fatty Boss, their tones filled with considerable dissatisfaction and threat.

"Shut up!"

Seeing his men suddenly turn against him and demand debts, Fatty's face instantly turned ugly. He snorted angrily and glared at the three men while cursing.

"Kid, I don't care where you come from or who you are... Today, I, Fatty, admit defeat. This money is all yours, take it all back. As for that house over there, continue living in it; I won't charge you a penny. Let's pretend nothing happened, alright?"

Fatty evidently realized the true nature of the seemingly ordinary young man before him, as he was undaunted by the pressure of many, and a single glance from him made his men pee their pants, clearly someone he couldn't handle.

As for the conflict between them, Fatty was fully aware; the spike on the road was placed by his men, and it was also the cause of Qin Fang's vehicle's tire burst.

Then, he heavily extorted Qin Fang for money. It would be strange if Qin Fang was pleased; thus the current scene unfolded.

As quite a scoundrel himself, if he couldn't win against Qin Fang in gambling, he might as well return the money and pretend the incident never happened, each going their own way without further interference.

"But if you don't know how to appreciate my offer, don't blame me for being impolite..."

Of course, it would be best if Qin Fang could accept this peaceful solution, but if he chose to escalate the situation, Fatty's men weren't pushovers, either.

With Fatty's words, those around him also started to gather towards Qin Fang, some of them already picking up weapons, seemingly ready to take action.

"What? Soft approach didn't work and you want to try the hard way?"

Looking at more than a dozen people in the room, Qin Fang remained completely unbothered. Defending against normal individuals who were only Level 1, if he were afraid of them, it would truly be shameful.

Even Wen Yan did not take these people seriously. Although she was just an ordinary girl, after all, she was part of Ninghai University Martial Arts Association and had learned some self-defense techniques along with Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue.

What's more important was that Qin Fang was right beside her and protecting her wouldn't be difficult for him considering his skills. These people were just ordinary people, much weaker compared to little Zhuoma.

Thud~~

Facing these more than ten people, Qin Fang remained expressionless, merely stomping his foot lightly.

However, it felt completely different for Fatty and his men; it was as though the ground was shaking. Immediately, each of them felt as if they were kicked hard in the chest, their bodies involuntarily retreating backwards explosively.

"Ouch..."

Almost instantly, along with Fatty, over ten individuals who were present, none could still stand; all lay down clutching their chests and wailing in agony.

"No one dares to wile on my debts..."

Qin Fang's expression remained calm, but his tone was incredibly domineering, instilling fear and intimidation among the many people present.

However, Wen Yan, witnessing Qin Fang's dominating demeanor, her eyes sparkled with immense admiration and affection, wishing she could just throw herself into Qin Fang's arms and bask in his overpowering authority.