

## Genius 1161

Chapter 1161: Because... I Want to Kill Him!

Elder Long is the top boss in the Hong Kong Island underworld, having occupied that position for over a decade. With thousands of subordinates under his command, it's no surprise he's developed such an overwhelming aura over the years.

As for Elder Long's personal strength, Qin Fang used his Scouting Skill to assess it and found that it was only slightly stronger than that of an average person.

Just Level 3...

With such a level of strength, Qin Fang clearly didn't consider it anything significant. To put it bluntly, "I could slap a whole crowd of people like him with one hand..."

Even though his strength wasn't impressive, it didn't mean a person like him wasn't formidable.

On the contrary, anyone who dared underestimate this man would undoubtedly meet a tragic end—perhaps one day they'd end up riddled with bullets, reduced to a sieve's worth.

Hong Kong Island and the inland are not the same. In Hong Kong Island, many gangs are armed, especially the biggest one—the Xin'an. If they were to mobilize, their firepower would rival that of a military force.

Keep in mind, although these gangs have many ways of making money, the most profitable ventures boil down to two—drugs and arms. Xin'an earns large sums annually from both of these businesses...

As the head of Xin'an, Elder Long undeniably commands substantial firepower support. At least, Qin Fang noticed among the dozen or so bodyguards accompanying Elder Long, eight of them were armed.

"That's right, I'm Qin Fang..."

Though thoughts raced through his mind, Qin Fang maintained a courteous tone as he acknowledged his identity.

Facing a big shot like Elder Long, Qin Fang neither humbled himself nor displayed arrogance. Instead, he spoke to Elder Long as an equal.

This demeanor caused a flicker of surprise in Elder Long's gaze.

As Qin Fang assessed Elder Long, Elder Long was naturally sizing up Qin Fang as well. But apart from noticing Qin Fang's composed and confident bearing, he seemed unable to uncover any noticeable anomalies.

It was precisely because Qin Fang was too calm that Elder Long's suspicions deepened.

Elder Long was somewhat aware of Elder Song's background. He hailed from a very mysterious and powerful sect—a sect whose strength far exceeded Elder Long's imagination.

Simply put, if that sect wanted to wipe out his Xin'an, they might not even need an hour...

To kill him, the man known as Hong Kong Island's underground kingpin, could be completed in mere minutes. No matter how many bodyguards surrounded him, they wouldn't even warrant notice from the sect.

Moreover, Wang Hu had just informed Elder Long that Elder Song's background was not only vast but his personal strength was incredibly terrifying—at least at the Grandmaster Level...

Elder Long had already held considerable apprehension toward Elder Song, and after learning these new details, his unease grew, drastically diminishing his intention to kill Qin Fang.

Although Brother San Shui was his godson and the sole heir of his former closest brother, in comparison to his own status, position, and power, it all seemed utterly insignificant.

For Elder Long to have reached his current position wasn't easy, and to stay in that seat for over a decade was even harder. Having grown accustomed to power and the life of a big boss, the thought of losing it all was something he simply couldn't tolerate.

"Impressive courage..."

As Elder Long gazed at Qin Fang, the young man before him with such an unruffled demeanor, he couldn't help but feel a pang of "I've grown old." Once upon a time, he too had been like this—young, full of fiery determination, fearless in the face of anyone or anything, willing even to risk his life.

But now, he no longer had that kind of resolve.

He had attachments, concerns...

To put it flatteringly, it was maturity and stability. To put it bluntly, his courage had dwindled!

Elder Long couldn't turn back time, but looking at Qin Fang, someone so reminiscent of his younger self, he couldn't help but feel a certain admiration. His hostility toward Qin Fang visibly subsided.

"Elder Long, I've come over this time, firstly to offer an apology..."

Qin Fang gestured subtly toward Brother San Shui's hospital room. "To be honest, my actions were too heavy-handed this time—I truly didn't expect it would result in this..."

"Hmph~~"

Qin Fang shouldn't have brought this up. The moment he did, the hint of goodwill Elder Long had just developed instantly vanished. His face hardened, and a cold snort emanated from his nostrils, clearly expressing his great dissatisfaction with Qin Fang's remarks.

"Hold on! Since this matter started because of me, naturally I won't stand idly by—I assure you of this..."

Qin Fang

"Assure me? My godson's now brain-damaged, and you want me to trust you?"

Elder Long's already unfriendly expression grew visibly angrier, and he shouted irritably.

That shout made his bodyguards tense up immediately. Some even instinctively reached toward their waists, seemingly ready to pull their guns and aim at Qin Fang as soon as Elder Long gave the command.

"His condition—I can cure it..."

Qin Fang, however, remained calm, as though entirely oblivious to the bodyguards' movements. With a composed tone, he stated plainly.

"Hmm?"

Hearing this, Elder Long couldn't help but be momentarily startled, clearly perplexed by Qin Fang's statement. "You can cure him?"

Regarding Qin Fang's background, Elder Long had instructed Wang Hu to investigate briefly beforehand. Although the details weren't comprehensive, Qin Fang's activities since arriving in Ninghai had provided enough for a general picture.

Chapter 1162: Because... I Want to Kill Him! - Part 2

Of course, things like encountering Han Long's prison break attempt and Qin Fang sweeping away six mercenaries with a gun are obviously impossible to investigate.

Otherwise, Elder Long wouldn't have dared to meet Qin Fang so brazenly.

As for his bodyguards, while they seemed quite capable—a number of them being retired soldiers—they still paled in comparison to mercenaries who skirt the edge of life and death every day.

Not to mention that the mercenaries Han Long had enlisted were all famous within the mercenary world. Han Long would never allow this prison break mission to fail.

If his escape plan fails, he'll face formal sentencing and be sent to that demonic prison to serve his time—and breaking out again wouldn't be so simple.

The fact that Qin Fang single-handedly eliminated six of Han Long's mercenaries during an attempted break nearly caused the entire operation to collapse. Qin Fang's skill speaks for itself.

These bodyguards don't even measure up to those mercenaries—let alone standing a chance against Qin Fang.

This explains why the bodyguards were preparing to draw their guns, yet Qin Fang acted as if he hadn't noticed at all, not even giving them the slightest attention.

Because Qin Fang could easily take out these bodyguards before they raised their guns—and could even massacre everyone around Elder Long in mere seconds.

Still, doing so held no significance and would go against the purpose of his visit. Naturally, he wouldn't resort to such measures...

"Yes, I can cure him..."

Qin Fang declared decisively, the confidence in his eyes compelling belief—even Elder Long was momentarily stunned by such assuredness.

"I assume Elder Long has already investigated my background. I came to Hong Kong Island this time to heal someone because... I am a doctor!"

Qin Fang's identity was complicated, holding multiple roles due to his vast array of skills, and being a doctor was one of them—a fitting role to take advantage of now.

Not long ago, Qin Fang was detained by the police for illegal medical practice. Many witnesses saw him in Saint Mary's Hospital at the time. Though the incident was later proven to be a misunderstanding, Qin Fang's medical expertise was undeniable and easily verifiable.

Even though Elder Long wasn't entirely privy to this, Wang Hu was, and he quickly leaned in beside Elder Long to relay the information.

At that moment, Elder Long's expression visibly changed; his gaze toward Qin Fang softened significantly.

Brother San Shui had been driven mad, which damaged Elder Long's authority—a blow unlikely to shake his stronghold but did spark inevitable murmurs among the ranks.

Initially, Elder Long intended to use Qin Fang as a display of dominance, but Elder Song's emergence forced him to restrain himself. Not only did he dare not act rashly, but he also couldn't afford to antagonize Qin Fang too severely.

Even though he felt deeply aggrieved, Elder Long could only grit his teeth and endure—at worst, he'd face a few unpleasant whispers here and there.

Unexpectedly, with this sudden turn of events, if Qin Fang could truly cure Brother San Shui, it would make resolving the situation significantly easier.

Once Brother San Shui returned to his typical activities, the rumors would dissipate naturally, and the matter could be addressed in the most amicable manner possible.

Elder Long wouldn't need to confront Qin Fang or offend Elder Song, nor would he need to fear challenges to his authority—all in all, an excellent resolution.

As for Brother San Shui's resentment? He could bear it alone. At most, Elder Long would reward him with a little extra territory, thus wrapping things up rather smoothly.

After all, aside from Elder Long's status, Brother San Shui had always held the lowest position amongst the figures in the hierarchy—he wouldn't dare defy Elder Long's wishes.

Settling matters with Brother San Shui would simplify the entire affair.

Of course, it all hinged on whether Qin Fang could cure Brother San Shui's madness and restore him to his former self—albeit with a somewhat bruised spirit.

"What's your true motive? Speak!"

But there's no such thing as a free lunch, and Elder Long—who had spent decades navigating the Martial World—understood this better than anyone. He easily saw through the fact that Qin Fang had additional motives at play.

Healing Brother San Shui made negotiations possible but had to respect Elder Long's boundaries. Otherwise, he'd rather let Brother San Shui remain a fool for life than compromise his own interests.

"This ties into my second purpose for seeking you, Elder Long..."

Upon hearing Elder Long's question, Qin Fang's face broke into a faint smile. Things were always smoother when conversing with a smart person—not so much when dealing with a dimwit like Brother San Shui, which was nothing short of exhausting.

"I'd like to propose a small collaboration with you, Elder Long..."

Elder Long, seasoned by decades in the Martial World, immediately caught onto Qin Fang's intentions. However, Qin Fang, rather than attempting to cover up his motives, casually smiled and spoke outright.

"Collaborate?"

Elder Long was slightly taken aback, clearly unsure of Qin Fang's meaning, though he sensed an underlying complexity.

"Indeed, collaborate..."

Qin Fang nodded, confirming his stance with certainty.

"Elder Long is the leader of Xin'an, and Xin'an is the largest underground syndicate on Hong Kong Island. I wonder—what are Xin'an's primary sources of income?"

Rather than directly elaborating on the nature of the collaboration, Qin Fang posed this question, leaving Elder Long momentarily perplexed.

Elder Long instinctively grew cautious. After all, Xin'an was entrenched in the underworld, albeit with Elder Long having already legitimized much of his operations. However, their foundations clearly remained illicit.

Especially regarding their most lucrative ventures—which were undeniably in illegal domains...

Given Qin Fang's unfamiliarity, Elder Long was naturally reluctant to engage in an overly candid dialogue.

"Elder Long, even if you don't say it, I can guess—it's nothing more than drugs and arms trafficking, isn't it?"

Qin Fang chuckled, fully understanding Elder Long's cautiousness. It was to be expected—only a fool would spill truths during a first meeting, so he proactively laid things out.

Elder Long neither confirmed nor denied this...

"Elder Long also knows that I've come from inland, and I have no interest in the arms trade. As for the other... that's precisely what I want to collaborate on with you."

Qin Fang's expression remained unchanged as he spoke calmly, almost indifferently.

"Hmm?"

As expected, Elder Long's demeanor shifted. Even for a seasoned underworld overlord like him, eliciting full transparency was no easy feat.

"You may be disappointed then. Elder Long engages in entirely legitimate business ventures—I steer clear of illegal dealings. You'd best seek someone else..."

Clearly, Elder Long wasn't comfortable with Qin Fang's background. Though Qin Fang had Elder Song's backing, Elder Long wasn't about to jeopardize himself over it.

"Elder Long, I heard that just a few days ago, Southeast Asia's biggest drug lord Han Long escaped prison on Hong Kong Island... Allegedly, he's still here due to dealings with the Zhu Lian Gang regarding a transaction connected to the Little Island. And my collaboration proposal concerns this very deal..."

Qin Fang seemed unperturbed by Elder Long's stance, stating his case calmly and steadily.

"A betrayal from within?"

Upon hearing these words, Elder Long couldn't help but change his tone, his voice betraying unmasked astonishment.

"No, no, no... How could it be considered a betrayal?"

Qin Fang chuckled casually, waving his hand dismissively and maintaining his usual composure as he spoke.

"Because Han Long is about to die. Naturally, this transaction will fall through—but someone still needs to take over the goods..."

"Han Long is going to die?"

Elder Long's confusion deepened. He cared less about the goods and more about Han Long's impending demise—this revelation couldn't be ignored.

Who was Han Long?

As Southeast Asia's leading drug lord, Han Long's stature and influence far exceeded Elder Long's own; the notion of his death seemed implausible.

"Indeed, because... I intend to kill him!"

Chapter 1163: Do it or not?

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Just as Elder Long was puzzled by what Qin Fang meant with his words, he suddenly heard a sentence from Qin Fang that carried an almost chilling undertone. Instantly, an unusual gleam flashed in Elder Long's eyes.

Evidently, given Elder Long's status and position, even he was deeply shocked by the statement. So much so, he momentarily struggled to find the right words to respond.

This kind of reaction was extremely rare. For Elder Long to have reached his current position, he had waded through storms and waves of all kinds. What had he not faced before?

But even so, upon hearing those words, he couldn't help but lose his composure for a brief moment... it was exceedingly unexpected, to the point where his gaze toward Qin Fang changed as well.

To be honest, Elder Long's initial reaction upon hearing the statement was an urge to laugh—a cold and mocking laugh at that...

Who was Han Long?

As the leader of Hong Kong Island's largest underground gang, how could Elder Long not be familiar with him? He had even met with Han Long several times in the past for friendly dealings and transactions.

If Han Long were so easy to kill, he wouldn't have been Han Long. That seven-million-US-dollar bounty on his head in the underground world would have been claimed long ago by someone.

But in reality, Han Long was still alive and well, living a completely carefree life. Even a year ago, when he was apprehended by the police, he managed to swagger his way out of prison before his sentencing.

This incident became the biggest news on Hong Kong Island recently. Han Long's name repeatedly appeared in newspapers and on television, and he was currently the subject of a full-scale manhunt across the island as a dangerous criminal...

Yet Han Long remained as free and uninhibited as ever. He hadn't even fled Hong Kong Island after his prison break; instead, he chose to stay. Whether it was purely for business reasons or for some other motive, even Elder Long, a veteran player in local affairs, couldn't guess.

Under normal circumstances, Elder Long's relationship with Han Long could be considered amicable and neutral. Neither party crossed boundaries, and conflicts were few and far between.

Of course, if Han Long were to die, then until someone successfully filled Han Long's position, Elder Long undoubtedly wouldn't hesitate to act when opportunities presented themselves...

For instance, regarding this particular transaction, he might not be so polite about it if Han Long were out of the picture.

The Zhu Lian Gang on Little Island was also a very powerful organization. Their position on Little Island was akin to Xin'an on Hong Kong Island. However, Little Island's size far exceeded that of Hong Kong Island, and it had a higher concentration of various gangs, so Zhu Lian Gang's control over Little Island wasn't as absolute as Xin'an's reign in Hong Kong Island...

Still, the intermingling of black-market money and politics was a distinctive feature of Little Island. A significant number of government officials there had ties to the underworld since gangs held relatively more influence on Little Island.

In this way, when the two are compared, Xin'an and Zhu Lian Gang's strengths were actually quite comparable...

Moreover, Hong Kong Island and Little Island weren't too far apart geographically, and the two sides had cultivated certain connections across the years. For instance, gangsters fleeing Hong Kong Island often sought refuge on Little Island...

However, for this very reason, their respective forces had increasingly begun to seep into each other's territories. Though not outright overstepping boundaries, there was certainly a hint of such intentions.

Therefore, the relationship between these two organizations wasn't as friendly as it might appear on the surface...

As for Han Long's dealings with the Zhu Lian Gang, Elder Long claiming he hadn't heard a whisper of it would be outright nonsense. He simply didn't want to offend either party and thus chose to turn a blind eye, pretending to know nothing.

It wasn't that he feared breaking ties with Zhu Lian Gang. Their relationship wasn't very harmonious to begin with, and minor skirmishes occasionally flared up. What truly made Elder Long wary was none other than Han Long—this man whom Qin Fang had pronounced dead.

But if Han Long truly were dead...

With this restraint on Elder Long removed, the safety of the current transaction could no longer be guaranteed...

But still... was that even possible?

"Young man, there are some things you can say casually, but others you can't speak recklessly... I'm an old man; my ears don't work very well, and my memory's not great either. What did you just say? I don't think I heard it..."

The cooperation Qin Fang proposed was indeed highly tempting. However, expecting Elder Long to believe it based solely on a handful of words was clearly impossible.

One must remain guarded in such matters, especially in the Martial World, where caution was a survival skill. Moreover, Qin Fang and Elder Long weren't well-acquainted—this was their first meeting, after all.

In fact, just minutes ago, they had been trying to kill each other. Swapping enmity for collaboration this quickly would only seem plausible to someone with a broken head...

Yet Elder Long's response was intriguing. He feigned ignorance, pretending not to have heard what Qin Fang had just said.

Perhaps this was due to Elder Song's influence looming behind Qin Fang. Elder Long didn't wish to offend him unnecessarily either...

Of course, if Qin Fang truly managed to eliminate Han Long, Elder Long didn't explicitly refuse to cooperate, leaving room for negotiation.

"Elder Long truly lives up to his name..."

Qin Fang smiled faintly. He didn't expect to convince this bigshot with a few words. With a calm smile, he simply raised his thumb in a show of praise.

"That man's death is inevitable, and I have no interest in his goods. The reason I want to collaborate with Elder Long is simple: I just need Elder Long to do me a small favor. All I need is precise information on his movements. As for everything else, that's my business to handle!"

This was Qin Fang's true intent. This was Hong Kong Island—Elder Long's turf—where his hundreds of subordinates dominated the underground world. His intelligence network was unrivaled.

The police might not find Han Long, but if Elder Long wanted to, he could. His informants virtually covered every corner of the island...

While assassin platforms could track Han Long's whereabouts, the timeliness of their information wasn't always reliable. What Qin Fang needed was real-time intel, something Elder Long could undoubtedly provide much more effectively.

Such intel would greatly facilitate Qin Fang's assassination plans.

"And what else?"

Hearing this, Elder Long's brow furrowed slightly as he asked.

From the perspective of mutual benefit, Elder Long stood to gain much more, while Qin Fang appeared to have nothing to gain. Naturally, Elder Long suspected there might be additional demands.

"That's all, nothing more..."

Qin Fang shook his head, dismissing Elder Long's speculation.

"That simple?"

Despite already being surprised by Qin Fang, Elder Long couldn't believe his ears this time. The conditions for cooperation were unexpectedly basic... this was truly perplexing.

He stared intently at Qin Fang's face, studying him meticulously, trying to uncover any subtle flaws or ulterior motives. But Qin Fang stood there composed, allowing Elder Long to scrutinize him as much as he pleased, showing not the slightest hint of deception. Indeed, his conditions were as straightforward as they seemed.

With Han Long dead, Elder Long would naturally pocket the proceeds of the current transaction—a batch of drugs. Though the goods were highly valuable, Qin Fang clearly had no interest in dabbling in such despicable activities.

If it weren't beyond his power to intervene, he might even have considered destroying all the drugs to prevent further harm to others... but his focus remained solely on Han Long. The drugs were none of his concern.

Elder Long fell silent. He observed Qin Fang for a long while but failed to discern any ulterior motives. It seemed Qin Fang truly had no further demands.

While this astonished Elder Long, it also led him to a realization: Qin Fang harbored a grudge—a deep-seated, personal vendetta against Han Long!

A feud of this magnitude was the only plausible explanation for Qin Fang's unwavering resolve to see Han Long dead...

In Elder Long's perception, Qin Fang was a young man with formidable connections. Even someone of Elder Long's stature treated him with respect—not out of fear, but because there was no need to antagonize him.

As for Han Long, the preeminent drug lord of Southeast Asia, his notoriety was unmatched across the region, eclipsing even Elder Long's own reputation...

The imbalance extended beyond reputation. In terms of resources, Elder Long fell short compared to Han Long. It was rumored that Han Long commanded a mercenary group and possessed access to state-of-the-art weapons. The sheer firepower of this group was unimaginable.

While Elder Long also had his own guard squad, they were no match for Han Long's mercenaries. The two forces weren't even operating on the same level.

To put it bluntly, Han Long was akin to an aristocrat commanding a professional army, while Elder Long was more like a mountain bandit. Though Elder Long had greater numbers, his men were disorganized and could never stand toe-to-toe with mercenaries. In an actual confrontation, Elder Long's forces would likely scatter at the first sign of trouble.

This stark disparity explained why Elder Long maintained a deliberately neutral stance toward Han Long. He neither courted him nor opposed him, thus ensuring peace between them.

Now, Qin Fang—a young man with a solid background—was targeting Han Long. While this had little to do with Elder Long directly, the allure of the contraband in this transaction was undeniable.

However, it seemed foolish to risk offending Han Long over a meager batch of merchandise, especially without fully understanding Qin Fang's underlying intentions!

In the end, Elder Long shook his head, refraining from giving Qin Fang a definitive answer.

"I'll think about it..."

After a long deliberation, Elder Long still couldn't make a decisive commitment. Waving a hand to signal the conversation's end, he shifted the topic of discussion. With a glance toward Brother San Shui, he said, "But regardless of whether we go forward with this collaboration, you'll need to heal him first..."

#### Chapter 1164 Treating Madness

Qin Fang wasn't surprised by Elder Long's answer; he had anticipated it all along, so the smile on his face hadn't changed a bit.

However, Qin Fang wasn't in a hurry. He still had time to keep chipping away...

This shipment was rumored to be quite substantial; otherwise, Han Long would never have risked staying behind to oversee personally under such dangerous circumstances.

Even Han Long himself took it so seriously—if Elder Long claimed he wasn't tempted at all, that'd be pure nonsense!

Whether Qin Fang killed Han Long was naturally of little concern to Elder Long; it had nothing to do with him. After all, there were plenty of people who wanted Han Long dead...

But this particular shipment was so tempting that even someone like Elder Long couldn't resist, though Han Long's presence made it impossible for Elder Long to act recklessly even while operating on his own turf.

However, if Qin Fang could truly take out Han Long... Elder Long wouldn't mind lending a hand.

But how to carry out the plan required careful deliberation. If Qin Fang failed to kill Han Long and Han Long retaliated later, Elder Long wouldn't fear him but would still find it troublesome.

What's more, they were currently at Qing Mountain Hospital. Though the area was surrounded by Elder Long's own trusted men, there was no guaranteeing walls didn't have ears. If word got to Han Long, it'd cause major issues for Elder Long.

Thus, Elder Long didn't express much, instead deflecting with evasive remarks and pointing at the severely distressed Brother San Shui.

Brother San Shui was Elder Long's adopted son. If he ended up insane like this, Elder Long's reputation would inevitably take a hit. It wouldn't threaten his standing entirely, but whispers and gossip could lead to complications.

On Hong Kong Island, although Xin'an dominated, there were plenty of other small and large gangs, some of which had significant power.

Not to mention, the Zhu Lian Gang from Little Island and the Yamaguchi Group from Japan both had divisions in Hong Kong. These gangs weren't weaker than Xin'an; they just hadn't made overt moves due to being on foreign ground.

But these two gangs were far from virtuous—behind-the-scenes scheming never stopped. Elder Long was aware that some minor, inconspicuous gangs were actually under these two groups' secret support...

A couple of small gangs wouldn't worry Elder Long, but when combined, they formed a notably formidable force. With the backing of these two major gangs causing trouble for Xin'an, it became a real headache.

Elder Long could suppress them, but that would be treating the symptoms, not the root cause. To stabilize the current situation and securely hold his position, much more needed to be done.

Brother San Shui, as Elder Long's adopted son, was one of his closest men. Everyone said Brother San Shui had no real capabilities and only relied on Elder Long's favor to achieve his status as a gang boss.

But few knew Brother San Shui was actually Elder Long's vanguard; whenever it came to dealing with those scheming small gangs, none put in more effort than Brother San Shui.

So, with Brother San Shui suddenly driven mad this time, Elder Long wasn't just worried about his adopted son's wellbeing—he lamented losing his trusted enforcer.

Of course, now that there was a chance to save him, Elder Long wasn't going to let it slip away.

"Naturally..."

Since Elder Long wasn't eager to discuss the details, Qin Fang wouldn't press the matter. Seeing Elder Long shift the topic to Brother San Shui, Qin Fang casually responded.

Brother San Shui's condition was something Qin Fang could treat—a bargaining chip he had in his dealings with Elder Long, though Qin Fang himself didn't care much about it.

"Please..."

Since Qin Fang had spoken, Elder Long didn't fuss and immediately gestured to show respect towards Qin Fang.

Although Qin Fang couldn't entirely grasp Elder Long's thoughts, Brother San Shui was still Elder Long's adopted son. Feeling guilty about the situation was only normal.

Seeking revenge for his adopted son was clearly out of the question. Qin Fang's background was still unclear, but with Elder Song's formidable presence looming in the background, Elder Long wasn't in a position to do anything to Qin Fang.

Given these circumstances, Elder Long had no choice but to settle for second best—let Qin Fang help cure Brother San Shui's madness, enabling him to recover. That'd still be a decent outcome.

Soon enough, the broken-down Brother San Shui was brought out. His gaze was now utterly blank, and the sight of so many familiar faces felt oddly foreign to him.

He couldn't recognize his adoptive father Elder Long, nor Qin Fang, his enemy... As for Wang Hu and the others, he couldn't recognize a single one.

With his vacant expression, his intelligence seemed to have regressed to the level of a young child. His condition wasn't just bad—it was profoundly severe.

"Take him outside..."

Seeing Brother San Shui reduced to a state akin to a mentally disabled child, Qin Fang felt quite peculiar—he hadn't expected it to worsen to such an extent.

Looking around at the environment, although it wasn't related to the treatment, Qin Fang decided after some thought to move Brother San Shui outside instead. Naturally, Elder Long complied; at this point, Qin Fang was the doctor—the only person who could cure Brother San Shui. His instructions were followed without question.

The staff at Qing Mountain Hospital found Elder Long's actions puzzling but dared not voice their doubts. Given Elder Long's status, no one dared to offend him.

Brother San Shui's madness stemmed from severe psychological trauma compounded by the physical agony of Qin Fang's "Ten Thousand Insects Devouring the Heart." The combination caused his spirit to utterly collapse, resulting in his current state.

For Qin Fang, this wasn't too difficult to treat. First, he used his Silver Needle to pierce several critical points in Brother San Shui's brain, sealing off his spiritual consciousness entirely.

By doing so, Qin Fang ensured that no matter what he did to Brother San Shui—even if he got more ruthless—it wouldn't cause additional psychological damage...

Next, Qin Fang sealed Brother San Shui's heart meridian, protecting his life from any further risks.

With these safeguards in place, the treatment officially began.

Brother San Shui's issue stemmed from the dual blows to his spirit and body, which shattered his mind completely and left him as he was now...

Essentially, the trauma had been so devastating that his self-preservation instincts sealed away his consciousness. As long as this consciousness could be unlocked and released, everything would return to normal.

At Qing Mountain Hospital, the typical approach was a gradual guiding method—using the patient's past memories or familiar objects to coax out the dormant consciousness slowly.

This process could take an incredibly long time and had to be handled delicately, as further shocks could ruin the effort and worsen the situation.

Yet Qin Fang's approach was comparatively straightforward and far more brutal!

It was undeniably brutal!

Even Elder Long couldn't help but frown.

Qin Fang's simple method involved using "Ten Thousand Insects Devouring the Heart" on Brother San Shui again!

The move was one of Yama's Eighteen Needles—a highly potent and insidious technique. Though it was one of the weaker needles within the method, it was more than enough to deal with someone as ordinary as Brother San Shui...

"Ah~~"

When the needle went in, Brother San Shui, who had been eerily quiet before, suddenly erupted in a blood-curdling scream. The sound was so harrowing it seemed to shake the very foundation of Qing Mountain Hospital.

Had this been nighttime, one could easily mistake it for the wails of ghosts!

The commotion roused the doctors at Qing Mountain Hospital. Hong Kong Island was highly sensitive about human rights, and what Qin Fang was doing could easily be classified as patient abuse, which the hospital could report to the authorities.

But noticing Elder Long sitting there without objecting to Qin Fang, the hospital staff naturally refrained from meddling to avoid courting trouble.

Qin Fang's needlework was precise and swift, leaving onlookers dazzled. Even Elder Long began to trust in Qin Fang's medical arts.

Acupuncture, an ancient Dragon Country technique, was long respected—even by the increasingly modernized residents of Hong Kong Island.

Though Qin Fang was young, his mastery of acupuncture was clear even to an outsider like Elder Long, far surpassing what might be expected of a rookie.

The only thing that bothered Elder Long was the sheer horror of Brother San Shui's screams, which sounded heart-wrenchingly pitiful as he writhed right next to him.

Brother San Shui seemed to be enduring unimaginable pain; his entire body curled into a shrimp-like posture, veins bulging vividly, and sweat dripping off him in large beads.

He continued to emit soul-piercing cries—so loud they grew hoarse after a while, as if his voice might break entirely.

"Xiao Qin..."

The torment lasted approximately three minutes, after which Elder Long began to furrow his brows tightly, clearly reaching his limit. Brother San Shui was, after all, his adopted son whom he had dearly cared for.

"F... Father?"

Just as Elder Long could barely endure anymore, the perpetually screaming Brother San Shui suddenly uttered these words.

Though slurred and indistinct, Elder Long shot to his feet, staring incredulously at his foster son, whose gaze was progressively sharpening.

"He's recovered... Honestly recovered..."

Qin Fang's treatment, while brash and excessive, undeniably achieved outstanding results—leaving even the doctors in awe of its effectiveness.

Chapter 1165: Address Obtained

I have to admit, this is simply a miracle.

Not only did Elder Long find it absolutely incredible, but even the doctors at Qing Mountain Hospital were all shocked speechless.

Mental illness is notoriously difficult to treat. Even mild cases require considerable time before the patient can return to normal.

But Brother San Shui's condition was diagnosed as severe from the moment he was admitted. Recovery, if any, would typically take two to three years—at best a sliver of improvement.

Yet with Qin Fang's intervention, he actually managed to cure such a serious mental illness outright.

As professional specialists in mental health, the doctors observed Brother San Shui's gaze, demeanor, and physiological responses—all of which were virtually indistinguishable from those of a normal, healthy person.

In other words... Brother San Shui had really been cured by Qin Fang.

And the treatment itself took no more than three to five minutes altogether...

"Hiss!! Three minutes to cure..."

When faced with this reality, the expressions of those psychiatrists and experts from Qing Mountain Hospital grew increasingly peculiar, their gazes toward Qin Fang taking on an entirely different meaning.

Outside, countless telephone poles frequently get plastered with dubious little advertisements that resemble random stickers—among them, claims like "veteran Chinese doctors specializing in treating various obscure illnesses."

Such ads often use exaggerated language like "effective in three minutes" or "complete recovery in five minutes," boasting miracles that defy belief.

On Hong Kong Island, Qin Fang wasn't sure whether similar ads existed, but he figured most of them were scams—to fleece people of their money, basically.

If these doctors had ever seen such ads, they'd certainly scoff; if curing mental illness were truly so straightforward, their profession wouldn't even need to exist.

Mental illness has always been among the most intricate and challenging ailments, requiring complex treatment and long-term commitment.

But Qin Fang's methods completely shattered the preconceived notions these doctors had held for years. It wasn't so much an enlightening revelation as it was a smack in the face, leaving them dazed and bewildered.

However, neither Qin Fang nor Elder Long paid them much notice, and while the doctors were brimming with questions, none dared approach.

Why? Take a look at the postures of Elder Long's bodyguards. Each had a hand resting on their waist—clearly armed. Only someone with a death wish would willingly step into the range of their guns.

"Godfather! He... He..."

Just then, Brother San Shui returned to his senses. After a brief moment of confusion, he quickly spotted Qin Fang standing before him. Instinctively, he felt a deep fear.

Realizing his almighty protector Elder Long was right beside him, Brother San Shui didn't hesitate; he immediately darted behind Elder Long to hide...

Sure enough, having been thrashed by Qin Fang earlier, the kid now bore a psychological shadow. Although Qin Fang had cured his mental illness, the trauma etched into his mind was beyond Qin Fang's ability to erase.

To be exact, Qin Fang intentionally left a psychological scar on Brother San Shui. That way, the guy wouldn't trouble him again—especially since Qin Fang still had some time to spend on Hong Kong Island.

Smack~~

Seeing his godson's disgraceful behavior, Elder Long couldn't help but slap Brother San Shui upside the head, reprimanding him in frustration.

"What are you afraid of? Do you think he's some monster that'll eat you alive?"

Though Elder Long knew what Qin Fang had done to torment Brother San Shui, and was aware of Qin Fang's impressive Medical Arts, without experiencing the agony of "a thousand insects devouring the heart" himself, even Elder Long couldn't grasp the extent of Brother San Shui's fear toward Qin Fang.

"Godfather! I..."

Brother San Shui's tone was pitifully aggrieved. He opened his mouth as if to say something but, casting a glance at Qin Fang's faintly smiling face across from him, forcibly swallowed the words back down.

"Hmph! Don't call me godfather! I don't have such a useless godson..."

Elder Long was clearly feeling disappointed and frustrated. Brother San Shui was his godson, someone he'd deliberately promoted to a higher position. Yet, after clashing with Qin Fang a few times, the guy had been driven to a mental breakdown, reduced to acting like a fool or lunatic.

The thought alone sent fury surging through Elder Long's chest.

Brother San Shui hung his head, not daring to speak nor even look at Qin Fang's face for fear it might further unsettle him.

"Elder Long, I've fulfilled my end of the deal. About that matter of mine... I hope you'll give it serious consideration!"

Now that Brother San Shui had been cured, Qin Fang saw no point in staying around, so he promptly signaled his intention to leave.

"Hmm..."

Elder Long didn't stop Qin Fang from departing. In truth, ever since Qin Fang had gotten involved with Elder Song, Elder Long hadn't planned to make things too difficult for him anyway.

This particular meeting made Elder Long all the more intrigued by Qin Fang—a mysterious young man capable of standing tall and conversing confidently with someone like Elder Long, who oversaw a gang of tens of thousands. Qin Fang had even arrogantly declared his intention to eliminate Han Long, the number-one drug lord in Southeast Asia...

Whether he was just boasting or truly had the capability didn't matter; either way, Elder Long didn't want to antagonize Qin Fang.

After all, there was no deep hatred between them. The incident with Brother San Shui losing his mind had initially been a sticking point, but now that he was cured, there was no need to mention it anymore.

Chapter 1166: Got the Address\_2

As for Brother San Shui losing face and feeling humiliated, Elder Long didn't really care too much. After all, who can stay invincible forever? Occasionally losing face might actually be a good thing.

Back in the day, even Han Xin could endure the humiliation of crawling between someone's legs, which pushed him to rise above and achieve greatness. So, Brother San Shui might not necessarily fail to mature and grow from this incident. Perhaps, one day, he could even take Elder Long's place!

This was Elder Long's perspective. Although he wasn't really serious when he entertained this thought, little did he know that Brother San Shui truly did grow mature because of this incident. Eventually, he unified Hong Kong Island's underground forces, not only inheriting Elder Long's position but even surpassing him to seize a much larger empire.

Of course, although Brother San Shui became stronger and climbed higher, deep down, there was always one person he deeply feared and dreaded—someone by the name of Qin Fang.

But that is a story for another time, so let's not get into it now.

The meeting with Elder Long this time couldn't be considered much of a success, but being able to leave unscathed was already a decent result.

After all, the matter at hand wasn't insignificant. It wasn't earth-shaking, but it was definitely not trivial either. If Elder Long had been a brainless brute, Qin Fang might really have been forced to act.

That would have gone against the original intent of Qin Fang's visit.

Luckily, things unfolded just as Qin Fang had predicted. Elder Long, being able to hold onto his position, was by no means a simple character. Although he wasn't particularly pleased with Qin Fang, he didn't resort to any extreme actions.

This matter was resolved relatively smoothly. As for that lingering grudge in Elder Long's heart, it would just have to stay there for now. However, once Qin Fang dealt with Han Long, Elder Long likely wouldn't hold onto it anymore.

Regarding the collaboration, Elder Long didn't give a clear response, but Qin Fang wasn't in any rush; he had time to wait.

After all, the Assassin's Alliance was continuously updating its intelligence network. Elder Long's side was just another avenue. Qin Fang wasn't the type to fixate on only one approach. He knew perfectly well how to choose the best path forward.

Driving away from Qing Mountain Hospital and heading back to the roast goose restaurant, Qin Fang wasn't sure if Elder Song would still be there waiting. In any case, there was no harm in checking it out.

Halfway through the drive, Qin Fang's phone buzzed. It seemed to be a text message.

"Peak Number 36 Villa!"

Looking at the content of the message, which seemed random and out of nowhere, a wide smile spread across Qin Fang's face.

The sender was an unfamiliar number. It was likely that after sending this message, the number was immediately rendered unusable, the kind you couldn't trace even if you tried...

However, Qin Fang could guess who had sent it. It must have been Elder Long, the Dragon Head of Xin'an—or at least someone he had tasked with sending it.

Although Elder Long had verbally claimed he wanted nothing to do with this matter, saying he wouldn't get involved, the allure of this shipment was clearly too great for him to resist. He couldn't help but make a move...

It was just that he couldn't conveniently contact Qin Fang directly, so he opted for this anonymous collaboration method—simple, convenient, and discreet...

If Qin Fang could eliminate Han Long, that would be the ideal outcome, as it would clear the way for Elder Long to act without hesitation.

But if Qin Fang failed, even if Han Long attempted to trace the matter, the trail would only lead back to Qin Fang. As for implicating Elder Long... there'd be no connection at all.

The message only contained an address. If Elder Long wasn't playing games with Qin Fang, this should be the location of Han Long's hideout on Hong Kong Island.

The Peak is a luxury residential area. Almost every wealthy individual in Hong Kong Island takes pride in owning a mansion there, as it's likely to be adjacent to the residences of the Ten Great Families.

Of course, even among luxury mansions, there is a clear difference between the estates of the Ten Great Families and those owned by ordinary wealthy individuals...

The size of the mansions, security measures, location, and even the interior decor vary greatly based on one's wealth and resources, naturally leading to significant differences in quality.

The mansions owned by the Ten Great Families are typically enormous, with top-tier locations and excellent feng shui.

Wealthier individuals with slightly less stature can only opt for villas in less prime locations. Even so, such mansions are still far beyond the reach of ordinary people.

The Number 36 Villa isn't in a particularly exceptional location, but it's still outrageously expensive, costing at least two billion at minimum to purchase.

Han Long, as Southeast Asia's largest drug lord, operates the most lucrative drug trade, so money was never an issue for him.

Although he had numerous expenses, such as maintaining relationships with the Golden Triangle's warlords and supporting his own mercenary group, purchasing such a mansion wasn't particularly taxing for him. The expenditure was nothing significant from his perspective.

Han Long's bounty on the black market was seventy million US dollars, which, when converted to Hong Kong dollars, amounted to over five hundred million. If Han Long's net worth fell short of this bounty, no one would even believe it.

Interestingly, the black market bounty system also considers estimated net worth and assets when determining a target's value. From a cursory check, Qin Fang found that Han Long's net worth was estimated at no less than five billion.

Of course, this was in Hong Kong dollars, not US dollars...

With such wealth, purchasing this villa was no challenge.

Compared to other industrial tycoons, the edge of Han Long's drug empire lay in his abundant cash flow, as he didn't face inventory stockpiling issues.

Drugs, despite their harmful nature, had a strange pull on those foolish enough to seek them out. Demand always outstripped supply, as Han Long kept careful control, ensuring the market never became oversaturated. Naturally, his revenue remained consistently high.

Yet, as an illegal business owner, Han Long couldn't have his name directly tied to this villa. Coupled with the fact that the luxury residential area was practically a forbidden zone—even Hong Kong Island police seldom entered—the villa provided him with a safe and leisurely hideout.

Had Hong Kong's legal framework mirrored that of Europe and America, where wealth could secure top lawyers, law enforcement would likely think twice before engaging with such affluent individuals.

Perhaps this very reason contributed to the fact that despite exhaustive police searches across the island for Han Long, he remained carefree and well-hidden within his villa.

Regardless of whether the address was real or fake, Qin Fang felt it necessary to investigate. Without confirmation of Han Long's whereabouts, assassinating him was impossible.

Failing the mission was a loss Qin Fang could endure, but Han Long's vindictive personality was something Qin Fang couldn't overlook.

"It seems the Qu Family is near the Number 36 Villa..."

Before long, Qin Fang recalled this detail. The villa's location wasn't far from the estate of the Qu Family, one of the Ten Great Families of Hong Kong Island.

Before coming to Hong Kong Island with his mother, Qin Fang had already arranged for Shen Liang and others to scout the area. The Qu Family's estate, along with its surrounding terrain, had been thoroughly investigated.

All this intelligence had been compiled and handed over to Qin Fang for any eventuality. Having reviewed it recently, Qin Fang still retained some details in his memory, which is why this connection sprung to mind.

"Seems like even the heavens are on my side..."

The more Qin Fang confirmed this, the more his face broke into a satisfied grin.

The trip to the Qu Family estate was something Qin Fang was reluctant about but couldn't avoid. For the sake of his mother Qin Qing and his estranged father Qin Tiannan, he had to go.

And since the Qu Family's residence was so close to the Number 36 Villa, Qin Fang could conveniently check out the villa on his way to confirm whether Han Long was indeed hiding there, as the message from Elder Long had suggested...

Chapter 1167: Sorry, We're Not Acquainted!

Assassinating Han Long was something Qin Fang had planned for a while. Although it wasn't extremely urgent, there was absolutely no room for any neglect.

This man had managed to hold his position securely for years, with a bounty so high it made others envious, yet he was still living well. Saying he had no skills was an impossibility.

The difficulty of accomplishing this task was certainly significant, but Qin Fang still had great confidence in pulling it off...

For now, though, Qin Fang would temporarily set this matter aside and take care of it when he visited the Qu Family.

The reason being—Old Madame Qu had woken up!

After three or four days of rest, Old Madame Qu, who had been dragged back from The Gates of Hell, had finally regained consciousness. Her body had grown much stronger, and she now had a much healthier complexion.

This was entirely thanks to Qin Fang's efforts, a contribution that could not be erased!

This was also why the Qu Family, although aware of the slight indirect connection between Qu Yuanliang's car accident and Qin Fang, did not make any trouble for him.

The awakening of Old Madame Qu brought immense joy to the Qu Family, including Qin Fang's mother, Qin Qing, who embraced the old woman tightly. The mother and daughter were lost in tears...

Twenty years—a span of time that was not short. Her youngest daughter had left home, cutting off all contact. The old woman had missed her deeply in her heart, and much of her illness was likely caused by longing for her daughter. Even at the brink of death, her only wish was to see her youngest daughter one last time...

She had believed all hope was lost. When her consciousness became entirely blurred, her youngest daughter had yet to appear before her, and she had almost given up all desire to live...

But just as she was about to abandon hope, she seemed to hear a voice in her mind calling out to her, saying, "Your daughter has returned, your daughter has returned." This gave her a renewed sense of hope and increased her will to survive, enabling Qin Fang to pull her back...

Overall, though, without Qin Fang's miraculous medical arts, no matter how strong her will to live was, she would have still crossed through The Gates of Hell, never to return.

Inside the VIP ward at Saint Mary's Hospital.

The room was already packed with people, and even the corridor outside was congested. Only when doctors and nurses passed by would a narrow path be cleared for them.

Elder Master Qu had been staying at the hospital for several days, always accompanying his wife as her condition improved but remained unconscious. The brothers Qu Zhenhang and Qu Zhenyu, along with their respective wives, sons, daughters, and other family members, had all gathered. The only person absent was Qu Yuanliang, who had yet to wake up from his car accident.

Nevertheless, since Qu Yuanliang was also hospitalized at Saint Mary's, he could be considered present in terms of proximity.

The entire Qu Family had shown up, though there were a few individuals whose presence stood out—naturally, it was Qin Fang's family.

Qin Fang's mother, Qin Qing, while technically part of the Qu Family, personally no longer acknowledged that connection. The only family member she recognized was the old woman lying in bed.

As for the men of the Qu Family, she refused to acknowledge any of them, from her biological father, Elder Master Qu, to her two brothers—and even more so the younger generations of nephews and nieces.

The root of this estrangement lay in the overwhelming heartbreak caused by these individuals.

The Qu men were also rather helpless regarding this. Back then, their reactions had indeed been extreme, and their hostility toward Qin Tiannan had been the strongest.

If Qin Tiannan's disappearance had any connection to the Qu Family, it would undoubtedly have been orchestrated by these men. Qin Qing's inability to forgive them was, therefore, unsurprising.

Qin Fang was naturally present as well, standing silently beside Tang Feifei. He hadn't joined the cluster of Qu Family members, let alone engaged in conversation with them.

"Qin Fang, come here..."

Suddenly, Qin Qing beckoned to Qin Fang, indicating that Old Madame Qu wanted to see her grandson. Regardless of their circumstances, Old Madame Qu was Qin Qing's only acknowledged relative, and Qin Fang didn't want to disappoint her, so he led Tang Feifei by the hand and walked over.

The Qu Family members instinctively parted to make way for Qin Fang and Tang Feifei, their gazes filled with various emotions directed at Qin Fang.

There were expressions of astonishment, confusion, bafflement, and curiosity...

Especially among the younger Qu generation, their expressions were notably peculiar upon seeing Qin Fang.

"Mom, this is my son, Qin Fang. And this is his wife, Feifei... Qin Fang, Feifei, quickly, address your grandmother!"

As her son approached, Qin Qing introduced Qin Fang to Old Madame Qu while urging him to greet her.

"Grandmother..."

"Grandmother..."

Since his mother had spoken, Qin Fang couldn't defy her decision. He and Tang Feifei called out in unison.

"Ah~~ Good, good, good..."

Old Madame Qu was visibly delighted, her gaze brimming with excitement. She stared at her tall, handsome grandson Qin Fang and at the equally exquisite and fine-looking Tang Feifei beside him. Her heart was filled with joy...

Old Madame Qu had plenty of grandsons and granddaughters, but she only had one grandson from her daughter's side—Qin Fang. Moreover, it was her first time meeting him in twenty years. How could she not adore him?

This was without even factoring in Qin Fang's life-saving efforts in pulling her back from The Gates of Hell. Including that, her fondness for him was boundless.

She was also aware that her own grandson, Qu Yuanliang, had wronged Qin Fang. When she learned that Qu Yuanliang was hospitalized due to a car accident, she didn't hesitate to scold him with, "Serves him right."

After all, no one knows their family better than themselves.

Though Old Madame Qu's health had long been poor, like Elder Master Qu, she understood many things in her heart, and her clarity was remarkable.

She was well aware of Qu Yuanliang's patterns of behavior. The conflict with his cousin Qin Fang might have been triggered by coincidence, but if not for his narrow-mindedness and inability to tolerate grievances, the situation would never have escalated to its current state.

This was why she leaned more toward supporting Qin Fang...

Perhaps this was also rooted in guilt for how her daughter had been wronged all those years ago. After all, two decades of hardship were not difficult to imagine.

The once-famous "Hong Kong Goddess" Qu Qing was now a somewhat frail-looking middle-aged woman. While she still retained traces of charm, the aura of sorrow she carried was impossible to disguise.

"Qing'er, come home..."

Looking at her daughter, her grandson, and his future wife, the old woman contemplated briefly before speaking with heartfelt emotion. "Back then, we wronged both you and Xiao Qin. Your father and I have always regretted it..."

Had the Qu Family not fiercely opposed it back then, perhaps none of the subsequent events would have occurred. There would have been no twenty-year estrangement, and her daughter wouldn't have endured those years of hardship. She had long regretted this and hoped for her daughter's return.

"Mom, please stop... Qin Fang and I will stay at the Qu Family home to celebrate the New Year with you. As for everything else, I don't want to hear about it anymore!"

Qin Qing regarded her mother with a face full of guilt, responding with such words.

Her sentiment was clear: she would spend the New Year with her mother, but this did not mean she forgave anyone else or wished to pursue the family's sordid history.

Since her mother had already made up her mind, Qin Fang could say nothing further. This was, after all, part of their plan for some time. He wasn't caught off guard by this, so he simply remained silent.

"Ah... as long as that's the case!"

Old Madame Qu's expression lightened slightly upon hearing that, though the disappointment in her eyes was still evident. She understood that her daughter hadn't yet let go of old resentments.

With Qin Qing's words setting the tone, the subsequent arrangements were straightforward. The Qu Family promptly began planning Old Madame Qu's discharge from the hospital...

Old Madame Qu's condition was now basically recovered. Though her life expectancy might not be long, she no longer needed to stay in the hospital. In fact, she could even get out of bed and take a few simple steps.

The Qu Family's estate on the hill was spacious, with an excellent environment and fresh air—a place far more suitable for elderly convalescence.

Furthermore, the Qu Family had private doctors and servants to take care of her. Apart from lacking the advanced equipment of the hospital, everything else was more than adequate.

Since Old Madame Qu had recovered and had no ailments troubling her anymore, the hospital, while marveling at her condition, also had no objections to her discharge...

After all, her miraculous recovery was credited to Qin Fang, the young genius doctor. Many physicians had witnessed his extraordinary skills. Now knowing Qin Fang was her grandson and would stay for the New Year, the hospital staff felt no concern. With someone more skilled than their best medical team around, what could go wrong?

In fact, earlier, when Qin Fang had been present, the hospital's deputy director had approached him and inquired whether he would be willing to serve as a visiting specialist at Saint Mary's Hospital. The arrangement wouldn't require him to work often—just treat a few patients occasionally—with substantial compensation...

Of course, Qin Fang outright declined this proposal.

For one thing, he didn't care about the money. For another, he lacked the time...

Not to mention that most of Saint Mary's patients were either wealthy elites or privileged playboys like Qu Yuanliang. Qin Fang had no intention of helping them recover; he was already kind enough not to "teach them a lesson." Treating their illnesses? Forget about it...

The Qu Family was well aware of Qin Fang's medical prowess, just as the hospital was.

"Xiao Qin..."

Sure enough, before long, Qu Zhenhang took the initiative to approach Qin Fang, seemingly intent on building rapport with his talented nephew.

"Mr. Qu, we don't seem to be very familiar with each other, do we? Hearing you call me that sends shivers down my spine. Just use my name—it feels more natural,"

But before Qu Zhenhang could speak, Qin Fang cut him off abruptly, his tone playful but sharp, causing Qu Zhenhang's face to freeze awkwardly...

Others might not understand what Qu Zhenhang was up to, but Qin Fang saw through it immediately. His son, Qu Yuanliang, was still in a coma. Although not in life-threatening condition, there was no telling when he might wake up. Qu Zhenhang was surely trying to convince Qin Fang to help treat him...

#### Chapter 1168: Moving into the Qu Family

Qu Zhenhang's face turned quite unpleasant, looking extremely awkward—something exceedingly rare for him over the years, yet this situation had occurred multiple times in just the past few days.

And every time it happened, the person facing him was always the same.

"Hiss~~"

However, after Qin Fang toyed with him momentarily, Qu Zhenhang took a deep breath and managed to stabilize his emotions slightly before finally speaking up.

"Qin Fang, I want to ask for a favor..."

Qu Yuanliang's car accident hadn't caused severe injuries. After all, his speed at the time wasn't very fast, and the collision wasn't particularly heavy. Even the hospital indicated the condition wasn't serious.

But inexplicably, Qu Yuanliang seemed as though he was gravely injured—stuck in a coma, unable to wake up, which had his entire family worried sick...

The hospital's expert team had already provided their diagnosis: his brain had sustained trauma, causing the coma.

As for...

When will he wake up?

No idea!

How can he be brought back to consciousness?

Still no idea!

In short, even the expert team couldn't come up with an effective treatment plan for Qu Yuanliang's condition. After all, the human brain is the most complicated and mysterious organ, with many aspects beyond even doctors' full comprehension.

Previously, everyone was worried about the elderly matriarch's safety. Now that she had recovered and been discharged from the hospital, Qu Zhenhang could finally rest his mind somewhat. Yet Qu Yuanliang still showed no signs of improvement... How could he, as a father, not be anxious?

Qin Fang had been able to save the matriarch, who had already been issued a critical condition notice. Compared to her, Qu Yuanliang's injuries were much lighter and thus presumably even easier for Qin Fang to handle.

"Mr. Qu, I just said earlier that I don't seem to be particularly familiar with you... Sorry, I refuse to help you!"

Qu Zhenhang humbled himself in asking for Qin Fang's help. But Qin Fang harbored deep grievances against the Qu Family and was not as soft-hearted as his mother. Instead, he was resolute—refusing outright without any courtesy.

"Ah..."

Upon hearing the initial part of the statement, Qu Zhenhang had been ready to speak more pleasantries. However, Qin Fang's abrupt change in tone and direct refusal caught him off guard, blocking all the words he had prepared from escaping his throat.

Qu Zhenhang naturally understood the animosity between Qin Fang and the Qu Family—and he himself was one of its contributors.

Years ago, all three father and sons strongly opposed the union of Qin Qing and Qin Tiannan, reshaping their efforts to crush Qin Tiannan. Although Qin Tiannan's disappearance wasn't directly his doing, they still felt fortunate and believed that this would make their sister give up on the relationship.

Unexpectedly, they succeeded in preventing Qin Tiannan and Qin Qing's union only to drive Qin Qing away for twenty years—enduring countless difficulties to raise Qin Tiannan's child to adulthood.

Now that Qin Qing had returned, bringing along her son, this should have been cause for celebration in the Qu Family. But reality unfolded quite differently. Qin Fang—Qin Tiannan's son—harbored significant hostility toward the Qu Family.

Moreover, Qu Yuanliang had not only offended Qin Fang but attempted to use underhanded tactics against him...

Qin Tiannan's disappearance years ago had become an unresolved mystery—a case that could have simply faded with time. But Qu Yuanliang's contemptible actions forced Qin Fang to reexamine the events of that year.

Qu Zhenhang speculated that Qin Fang now firmly believed that his father's mysterious disappearance was connected to the Qu Family's father and two sons.

Naturally, asking Qin Fang to save Qu Yuanliang was impossible, hence the blunt and impolite refusal.

"Big Brother, don't get worked up..."

After seeing his elder brother flounder before Qin Fang, Qu Zhenyu understood the situation well. He helplessly attempted to calm him down and guide him away from the scene.

The truth of that year's incident remained unclear, even to them, though both brothers could reasonably ascertain they weren't the culprits. Based on their understanding of their father, it was unlikely he had been responsible either.

But convincing Qin Qing and her son of these facts would require more than a few words. Qu Yuanliang's condition might be worrying, but it wasn't life-threatening. Even without Qin Fang's intervention, recovery wasn't impossible—there was no need to rush.

Qu Zhenhang was ushered away by Qu Zhenyu, leaving Qin Fang's ears at peace. He then accompanied Tang Feifei to be with his mother, Qin Qing.

The Qu Family was large and intimidating, but Qin Fang made sure his mother wouldn't be wronged—especially given her gentler disposition. Qin Fang remained close by to protect her, ensuring she wouldn't suffer any grievances.

Although Qin Fang and the Qu Family were bitterly at odds, the family still maintained an outwardly warm welcome toward Qin Qing's return.

Now that the matriarch had been discharged, she had returned to the Qu Family residence for recovery. Qin Qing had promised to spend the New Year with her, so naturally, they had moved in together.

Qin Fang also benefited from this, moving out of his hotel and into the Qu Family estate. After all, the Qu Family was wealthy with ample space—their presence hardly made a difference.

"Greetings, Third Miss."

"Greetings, Young Master Qin."

"Greetings, Young Madam Qin."

It was undeniable that the Qu Family, as one of Hong Kong Island's Top Ten Wealthy Families, lived up to their reputation. As soon as they entered, the servants on both sides enthusiastically greeted them, their tones filled with utmost respect.

However, these greetings made Qin Fang and Tang Feifei feel very uncomfortable, while Qin Qing remained composed.

Having grown up in the Qu Family, Qin Qing had been accustomed to such salutations for eighteen years until she left. Hearing them again now felt somewhat familiar—many of the household staff were old acquaintances.

For Qin Fang and Tang Feifei, it was entirely different. Both were products of modern society, unfamiliar with this "landlord-class" treatment.

Qin Fang had grown up in poverty among farming families. Meals were often scarce during his childhood. Even after becoming wealthier, he handled everything himself and wasn't used to such treatment.

Tang Feifei, on the other hand, came from a revolutionary background. Her family had fought against landlords and tyrants in the past. Due to her upbringing, she found the situation even harder to adapt to.

"Qin Fang, I..."

Tang Feifei couldn't help but confide in Qin Fang about her discomfort.

"I'm not much better than you..."

Understanding her feelings, Qin Fang responded with a wry smile.

These were Qu Family servants, not his. Besides, given his contentious relationship with the Qu Family, he wasn't sure how much weight his words carried...

"Just treat it like acting in a play; don't take it too seriously!"

Beyond offering such simple reassurance, Qin Fang didn't know what else to say.

Fortunately, Tang Feifei valued Qin Fang's opinion and reluctantly agreed. With most of her time spent accompanying Qin Fang or Qin Qing, she didn't need to interact with the Qu Family much. She decided to treat the servants as domestic helpers and nothing more.

Thus, Qin Fang's family settled into the expansive Qu Family estate, which was more accurately described as a manor—comprising multiple buildings. For example, the Qu brothers each had separate villas.

The patriarch and matriarch preferred lively surroundings—perhaps influenced by their daughter's departure years ago—and enjoyed having everyone living together.

However, as the grandchildren grew up and began marrying, the increasing family size made living all together inconvenient, prompting separate dwellings.

For holidays and special occasions, the family still gathered together. Today was one such day.

The occasion celebrated the matriarch's recovery and discharge from the hospital, as well as the return of Third Young Miss Qu—though Qin Qing herself hadn't acknowledged this sentiment.

While the Qu brothers lived in separate residences, the family's ancestral home housed the patriarch and matriarch. Longtime servants, who had decades-long relationships with the family, stayed by their side—more as companions than mere employees.

For obvious reasons, Qin Fang's family was staying at the main residence with the matriarch, but Qin Qing remained frosty toward the patriarch—hardly showing him any politeness and refusing to speak to him.

The events of the past had left her most resentful of the patriarch, whom she suspected of being the primary figure behind Qin Tiannan's misfortune. Her cold demeanor toward him was unsurprising.

These matters weren't directly related to Qin Fang himself—his focus was on accompanying his mother, ensuring her safety and fairness while guarding against any bullying from the Qu Family.

Of course, if he could uncover the truth behind his father's disappearance, Qin Fang wouldn't let the opportunity slip—even though twenty years had passed and much of the evidence had likely been buried by history.

Besides that, Qin Fang had his own agenda.

For instance...

He was figuring out how to eliminate Han Long, the major drug lord who might be plotting revenge on his family!

On his way here, Qin Fang had scoped out the location of Number 36 Villa. It was situated in a relatively isolated area, bordering a more desolate region.

Whether Han Long had chosen this location intentionally or for other reasons, Qin Fang had already noted it down. The villa indeed appeared inhabited.

#### Chapter 1169: A Night Visit to the Tiger's Den

Number 36 Villa is not very far from the Qu Family's estate. From the upper floors of the Qu Family's building, Qin Fang can vaguely see the villa.

The information provided by Elder Long should be reliable, but there's no guarantee—it's not impossible for it to be inaccurate.

Han Long's identity is unusual; he's extremely cunning and ruthless. Despite years of being targeted with bounties on his head, he's still alive and well. There's undeniably something exceptional about him.

Thus, the claim that Han Long is hiding in Number 36 Villa might not be entirely trustworthy—perhaps it's merely a diversionary tactic employed by Han Long.

But whether this information is true or false can only be determined after Qin Fang has thoroughly investigated Number 36 Villa. Speculation at this point accomplishes nothing.

Qin Fang is staying at the Qu Family estate, while Shen Liang and the others are stationed outside and haven't come inside. They are Qin Fang's planted pieces, to be activated only if absolutely necessary, which he currently has no intention of using.

However, the Qu Family members are clearly unreliable. Qin Fang doesn't trust them with any tasks, nor does he intend to let them know what he's planning.

As a result, Qin Fang has remained cautious, vigilant against everyone, not out of concern for his safety but simply to keep his secrets from being exposed.

The day passed quickly. The Qu Family held a grand family celebration for the matriarch's recovery and for Qin Qing's return. Due to apparent estrangement between the two parties, the event was attended solely by members of the Qu Family.

Naturally, Qin Fang was also present. However, he felt disconnected from this family. Although several of his cousins tried to show friendliness towards him, none of their efforts yielded much.

When the event concluded, Qin Qing stayed the night with the matriarch to keep her company; the mother and daughter had much to talk about. Qin Fang had no power to change this.

Qin Fang and Tang Feifei returned to their respective rooms afterward. Though their relationship was exceptionally close, the boundary between them had yet to be crossed, so they did not sleep in the same room.

This, of course, made Qin Fang's subsequent actions much easier—something he was grateful for.

When the moon reached its apex, a nebulous shadow quickly and stealthily left the villa. The Qu Family estate, naturally equipped with tight security measures, posed little challenge to Qin Fang.

Thanks to his advanced stealth skill, he hadn't yet reached the level of complete invisibility, but evading surveillance cameras proved to be an easy feat.

Of course, against advanced technology like thermal imaging systems, Qin Fang's stealth skill wouldn't be very effective. Fortunately, the Qu Family estate didn't possess such equipment, allowing Qin Fang to effortlessly leave undetected and make his way toward the nearby Number 36 Villa.

Even though it was already late at night, when most were deep in slumber, Number 36 Villa remained brightly lit, as though hosting a lively party.

"Such a formidable security system..."

Arriving at Number 36 Villa, Qin Fang didn't immediately infiltrate. Instead, he circled the vast villa's perimeter walls before muttering in frustration.

"Military-grade all-weather, multi-angle surveillance system... thermal imaging sensors... electromagnetic pulse high-voltage grids..."

With his scouting skill, Qin Fang identified each piece of equipment he encountered, and his expression grew increasingly grim.

In terms of luxury, Number 36 Villa couldn't compare to the Qu Family estate—there was no overlap, no competition.

From its location, land area, and even feng shui design, the Qu Family estate was impeccable. By contrast, Number 36 Villa seemed quite desolate.

But in terms of security measures, the Qu Family estate paled in comparison. Qin Fang had been able to slip out of the Qu Family estate unnoticed, without triggering even the slightest response.

Here, at Number 36 Villa, Qin Fang lacked the certainty that he wouldn't be discovered.

The equipment he identified thus far turned Number 36 Villa into something akin to a military no-go zone, where unauthorized entry would almost certainly lead to detection.

And this was merely the visible. Who knew what other preemptive measures lay concealed within, still undiscovered by Qin Fang...

Paradoxically, the tighter the security, the more Qin Fang suspected Han Long might truly be hiding here. With these defenses in place, a handful of gunmen stationed around could fend off threats. Even if Hong Kong Island's Flying Tigers sent in a full team, they'd likely struggle to breach this villa quickly.

If Han Long were indeed within Number 36 Villa, the place would be no less dangerous than a wolf's den or a tiger's lair—a forbidden zone rife with danger. Han Long controls a mercenary group that's well-equipped, highly skilled, and deadly, rivaling the strength of a small special forces squad...

The resources Han Long poured into creating his mercenary group even surpass the equipment and capabilities of Hong Kong Island's Flying Tigers. If combat broke out, Han Long's side would likely prevail. Coupled with the villa's security measures, any confrontation would buy him enough time to escape unscathed...

However, Qin Fang isn't like those police officers. Acting alone, he wouldn't stir up unnecessary trouble. Even if Han Long discovered him, he'd likely dismiss it as a petty burglar sneaking into the villa.

#### Chapter 1170: A Nighttime Exploration of the Tiger's Den 2

"What the hell are you afraid of..."

The security system of the villa was indeed impressive and posed a significant threat to Qin Fang, but there was no way Qin Fang would back down. After cursing under his breath, he changed his face and prepared to stealthily infiltrate the villa.

Qin Fang had no intention of using his real appearance—Han Long would instantly recognize it. Their last encounter was during Qin Fang's jailbreak, where Han Long saw Qin Fang alongside the police. This would likely lead Han Long to assume Qin Fang was one of them, and if Han Long saw his original face here, it would definitely alert him, ruining Qin Fang's plans.

With this new face, an exceedingly ordinary one with no resemblance to his real appearance, even if Han Long discovered him, he wouldn't suspect Qin Fang was trying to deal with him.

The villa's walls were equipped with an extremely advanced electromagnetic induction high-voltage electric grid. This thing was incredibly sensitive—to the point that, to exaggerate, even a fly hitting it would immediately be reduced to ashes by the pulse current discharged.

But for Qin Fang, this wasn't too difficult. As long as he surpassed the height of the sensors, he wouldn't be detected. In fact, he might enter the villa without triggering any reaction from the sensors.

For this operation, Qin Fang had carefully prepared everything he needed, and all the required tools were already packed neatly in his Props Box, hidden without a trace.

Perhaps the villa's owner was overly confident in their security system, but after surveying the area, Qin Fang didn't notice any signs of guards patrolling.

This made things much easier. Qin Fang directly pulled out a ladder from the Props Box, set it against the wall, and swiftly climbed to the top. He purposely avoided touching the electromagnetic induction high-voltage electric grid—it was just too deadly, and not even Qin Fang could guarantee he'd escape unharmed.

He estimated the sensor height and smiled faintly—it was even lower than he'd anticipated, roughly about 1.5 meters tall.

For a normal person, this wall would be an insurmountable barrier. But for someone of Qin Fang's skill level, this was hardly a challenge.

After briefly noting any activity in the courtyard and confirming the lack of patrols, Qin Fang suddenly exerted force with his legs, propelling himself into the air. With an agile flip like a sparrow maneuvering, he effortlessly cleared the range of the electric grid and landed inside the villa's courtyard.

Of course, as he left the ladder, Qin Fang made sure to pack it away—he didn't want to leave behind any obvious evidence.

Even though everything was done in a shadowy corner with hardly any visibility, Qin Fang still felt it prudent to be cautious.

While airborne, Qin Fang rapidly descended towards the ground from a height of five to six meters. For someone of his Quasi Grandmaster Level, landing smoothly posed no challenges at all.

However, the moment his feet touched the ground and before he could stabilize his stance, Qin Fang instantly felt an unusual disturbance in the surrounding air.

"Oh, crap!"

Feeling an overwhelming hostility, sweat stood on end down Qin Fang's back. His sharp eyes quickly spotted a shadow rushing towards him with extreme speed.

Reacting swiftly, Qin Fang simultaneously cursed to himself while unleashing immense Strength, aiming a palm strike directly at the shadow's head with absolutely powerful precision.

This strike carried an overwhelming force, the kind that could severely injure or even kill anyone hit by it, given Qin Fang's Mid-Master Level strength.

Of course, the shadow wasn't human—it was covered in thick fur, and Qin Fang's touch indicated it was some kind of ferocious animal.

\*Thud!\*

As expected, the shadow recoiled from Qin Fang's brutal palm strike and fell heavily to the ground, making a dull noise upon impact.

"Woof..."

Faintly, Qin Fang seemed to hear a soft whimper. But after that, there was silence—most likely, his strike had knocked it unconscious.

Only then did Qin Fang take a closer look at the shadow he had incapacitated—and saw clearly that it was a dog, a Caucasian Dog renowned for its aggression and formidable strength.

Though Qin Fang wasn't a dog owner, he wasn't completely clueless about them—many of his acquaintances were avid dog lovers.

From them, Qin Fang had at least learned some basic knowledge about dogs.

The Caucasian Dog was one of the world's top ten fighting breeds, ranking among the most fearsome, even more formidable than Dragon Country's Tibetan Mastiff.

The Tibetan Mastiff was already an extremely powerful breed, capable of taking on tigers, leopards, and lions. This gave Qin Fang a clear sense of just how terrifying this Caucasian Dog truly was.

If not for Qin Fang's quick reflexes and ruthless decisiveness, there was a real chance he might have been killed—its sharp teeth and claws gave off a chilling threat even to someone as skilled as Qin Fang.

It wasn't that he feared the dog itself; rather, it was his growing realization of how intricate the villa's protective measures were. Now he understood why this particular blind spot in the camera surveillance existed.

The installation issues of the cameras were one thing, but the presence of a ferocious Caucasian Dog meant that no one needed to look out for intruders. Once the dog attacked, its strikes would aim straight for vital points, and dealing with it unprepared could very well result in death.

The dog was undoubtedly fierce. Despite sustaining such a brutal strike, it hadn't been killed outright, showing unimaginable resilience.

With this realization, Qin Fang couldn't help but use his Scouting Skill on the dog to gather some details.

"Adult Caucasian Dog, LV4, violent fighting breed, highly dangerous creature, no strangers allowed!"

The results from his Scouting Skill came back with limited information, but as expected, the dog was exceptional. Its level was equivalent to LV4 human strength, and the notes emphasized its extreme aggression.

However, what truly grabbed Qin Fang's attention was the small text tucked away in the corner of the info—"Tameable."

Qin Fang wasn't new to having pets. The Little Dragon dwelling inside him was already his bonded companion, sharing its life and death with him.

This was because the Little Dragon came from the Pet Egg Qin Fang had acquired after slaying the Golden Crested Snake—a typical way to obtain pets. Since then, he hadn't found another Pet Egg.

His failure to find more eggs was partially due to not encountering beast-type monsters and partially because Pet Eggs were extremely rare.

Another method to obtain pets was through Beast Taming.

Qin Fang had already acquired the Beast Taming Skill long ago, a non-upgradable Special Skill that came automatically when he got the Little Dragon. However, he'd never had the opportunity to use it.

There was a time in the mountains when Qin Fang had considered taming the Leopard, but he ultimately decided against it. While using the Leopard in the mountains was fine, taking it out into civilization was another matter—show it off one moment, and the police would come knocking the next. Reluctantly, Qin Fang gave up, thinking the Leopard was better suited for wild environments.

But that experience taught Qin Fang that beast-type monsters sometimes appeared with the "Tameable" tag. Those three words marked a creature fit for taming.

The Caucasian Dog before him was one such example.

This realization made Qin Fang's face light up with a mischievous grin as his gaze fell on the unconscious but formidable Caucasian Dog beneath him...