

Genius 1171

Chapter 1171: Taming Pets

The Caucasian Dog is ranked among the top ten most ferocious dogs in the world. If properly trained, it's even bold enough to take on lions and tigers in a fight.

The one in front of Qin Fang now was clearly such a dog. It attacked without a sound the moment it spotted him sneaking in.

Of course, this was Qin Fang we're talking about — a true expert. If it had been an ordinary person, they'd probably have had their throat ripped out by this beast already...

That said, an ordinary person wouldn't even make it past the heavily guarded security measures to get into this compound in the first place. Nonetheless, the dog's strength was unquestionably evident.

Considering such a ferocious dog could be tamed to battle humans without hesitation, it'd be a shame to kill it outright. Qin Fang's face lit up with a sly grin as he immediately selected "Tame" for the Caucasian Dog.

"Pet Taming in progress..."

A simple interface appeared, displaying a Skill Progress Bar that smoothly ticked from start to finish without any interruptions.

It seemed that since the Caucasian Dog was already unconscious, the taming process became significantly easier, as the progress bar steadily filled to completion...

"Ding! Congratulations, your Pet Taming was successful!"

No surprises here. The taming process went exceptionally smoothly. The Progress Bar reached the end, and Qin Fang immediately heard a pleasant voice echoing in his mind, like music to his ears.

At the same time, some basic details about the taming skill appeared in Qin Fang's mind and were promptly absorbed and mastered by him.

With a single thought, Qin Fang looked at the unconscious Caucasian Dog lying nearby. It was now his pet. A moment later, the dog vanished in a puff of green smoke, replaced by an item resembling a dog's head that appeared in Qin Fang's Props Box.

This item, marked with a dog's head, served as a shortcut for the pet. It could be stored in the Props Box and summoned when needed.

Qin Fang already knew his Props Box couldn't store live creatures. If he tried, the creature would instantly die even if it managed to go in...

Clearly, the dog was still alive, which meant it couldn't ordinarily be stored in the Props Box. The only exception was to tame it as his pet, transforming it into an item or a symbol like the current dog-head marker.

Moreover, the dog wouldn't die from being stored in the Props Box, where everything was in stasis. Even after releasing the dog, it would feel as if less than a second had passed in there...

If it were a human subjected to this, they'd likely suffer some sort of psychological breakdown. But pets didn't face such issues since there was a mental connection with their owner, allowing them to quickly comprehend and adapt to the situation.

Or rather, it might not even be comprehension. The pet was simply under the absolute control of its owner...

"Stand up, sit down, stand up, sit down, roll over..."

Once Qin Fang released the dog from the Props Box, it immediately flipped itself upright and became lively and energetic as if it had never been injured.

Previously, the dog's gaze toward Qin Fang was full of ferocity and hostility. But now, its expression was soft and endearing. It even ran up to Qin Fang and gently nudged his leg with its head, exuding a heartwarming level of cuteness and affection...

Taming this dog obviously wasn't without purpose for Qin Fang. He quickly summoned it back into action.

Though the Caucasian Dog had been unconscious before taming, it now seemed miraculously unscathed, regaining its previous health and robustness.

No—perhaps it had become even stronger...

"Caucasian Dog (Owner: Qin Fang), LV4, Elite Pet, possesses a robust physique, quick reflexes, sharp teeth, and claws..."

That was the reconnaissance result after Qin Fang successfully tamed the Caucasian Dog. Mostly, the dog remained the same, but with some new attributes.

For example, it was now bound to Qin Fang as its sole owner, and its level was designated as "Elite."

Qin Fang wasn't entirely sure what "Elite" meant. Despite owning two pets now, Little Dragon was a growth-dependent pet whose level increased as its strength gradually developed, starting from Level 0.

This dog, however, was directly tamed as a Level 4 pet, maintaining that level for now without any significant changes — except maybe its fur looked sleeker, and its aura had grown noticeably more fierce, making it seem like an entirely different dog altogether.

Of course, Qin Fang wasn't in the mood to dwell on such details. He had his own reasons for taming this Caucasian Dog and quickly issued a command. Qin Fang himself then slipped into the shadows of the compound, melting into the darkness as if he had never been there at all.

"Go."

Upon receiving Qin Fang's orders, the Caucasian Dog immediately set off from its den. Perhaps it was meant to guard the courtyard by its owner, so it wasn't leashed and could move freely without hindrance...

Now, the dog slowly made its way toward the villa's entrance. Its large size allowed it to stretch its neck just enough to peer through the windows and catch glimpses of the villa's interior...

As for Qin Fang, he certainly wasn't idling...

"Beast Eye!"

Hidden in the shadows, Qin Fang completely concealed himself, avoiding the surveillance cameras' line of sight. Then he activated the special skill granted by his taming ability.

Beast Eye, as the name implied, allowed the user to "borrow" the vision of a beast. By doing this, they could see everything through the beast's eyes, granting them an inconspicuous and safe way of monitoring their surroundings.

However, if the pet were to die, Qin Fang would naturally lose this vision link. Fortunately, this would not harm him in any way. It was a highly secure method of reconnaissance.

At this moment, Qin Fang was employing this very skill, using the Caucasian Dog's eyes to observe the villa's interior. Not only was it safe, but it also ensured he wouldn't alert others prematurely.

Even if the cameras spotted the dog, no one would think twice about it. Meanwhile, Qin Fang could pinpoint the hidden cameras' locations, facilitating the next stage of his operation...

The Caucasian Dog, now carrying out its mission, began patrolling around the villa. Although it could enter the villa to gather intel, it chose not to for now.

Its survey wasn't fruitless, however. The dog managed to identify several scouts lurking nearby.

Near the living room area, through the glass windows, the dog's eyes revealed two bodyguards stationed inside. Clearly, they were there to ensure no one got too close.

If Qin Fang had walked over, even with his excellent Stealth Skill, the short distance made detection almost inevitable.

However, having the dog roam freely and even poke its head near the windows didn't seem suspicious to the bodyguards. They were long accustomed to the dog's presence.

The two guards remained vigilant but could never have guessed someone was piggybacking on the dog's vision, monitoring the villa's interior activities through its eyes.

By now, the moon was high in the sky, and it was rather late at night. Yet Han Long had not retired for the evening. He was busy on the phone, reviewing ledgers and documents and paying no attention to the dog by the window.

Seated beside Han Long was a stunningly dressed woman. Judging by her youthful appearance, she was likely no older than twenty-three or twenty-four—nearly the same age as Tang Feifei or Xiao Muxue. Her beauty rivaled theirs, too, making her a rare gem...

"Damn, what a filthy old pervert..."

Even though such situations were common in modern times, Qin Fang couldn't help but mutter a curse under his breath as he watched.

Han Long was a man in his forties. His demeanor was both imposing and refined. Without knowing his background as a brutal drug lord, Qin Fang might have mistaken him for a successful entrepreneur.

Han Long's mature presence, intelligence, and weathered gaze gave him an air of depth and sophistication...

Yet in reality, he was one of the most terrifying and ruthless criminals in all of Southeast Asia. Countless lives had ended, directly or indirectly, at his hands...

Almost all the drugs circulating through Southeast Asia passed through his network. Even the militant factions in the Golden Triangle treated him with respect, fearing his ability to unite others and crush their power at will. As a result, they obediently sold their products to him.

Of course, Han Long offered fair prices. Otherwise, so many individuals and groups wouldn't have chosen to deal with him...

In comparison, the young woman seemed almost childlike. She could easily have been Han Long's daughter, perhaps even too young for that role.

Judging by the setup, however, it seemed highly likely she was his mistress or concubine...

Such arrangements were all too common these days, especially among wealthy and influential figures. Take Han Long, for example—aside from his drug-lord identity, he was the quintessential image of a successful, wealthy, mature man. It was no surprise he'd attract young women to be his lovers...

Chapter 1172: The Bloody Demon

To put it bluntly, money is at the root of it all.

These days, there are countless instances of "old men chasing young women." To say these young girls follow older men purely for love, Qin Fang naturally didn't believe it.

At least from what he had seen, no young girl was willing to stay with a beggar who couldn't even afford food. The older men they ended up with always seemed to be wealthy and successful.

Was Han Long someone who lacked money?

Clearly not. Just one look at this multi-billion Hong Kong dollar mansion showed he was doing exceptionally well.

Not to mention his identity as a drug lord, making money hand over fist daily. The full extent of his wealth was unclear, but maintaining ten or even eight mistresses would certainly pose no issue for him.

The law obviously wouldn't allow polygamy, but in practice, his mistresses outside—well, they could probably form a whole soccer team.

Take this young woman Qin Fang was watching, for example. Her beauty was absolutely remarkable, comparable to Tang Feifei's level. With her traces of mixed-race features, she exuded an astonishing charm that even caught Qin Fang's attention for a fleeting moment.

Fortunately, Qin Fang had encountered plenty of beautiful women, so while he felt a pity for this woman, he didn't dwell too much on it. Instead, his focus shifted back to observing Han Long, who was sitting and working busily.

At first, Qin Fang worried Han Long might scatter to multiple safe locations, a "cunning rabbit with three burrows" sort of thing—meaning he wouldn't necessarily remain here for long. But judging by what he saw now, that didn't seem the case. Han Long appeared poised to stay here for some days.

He was likely sticking around specifically for this deal with the Xiao Dao Zhu Lian Gang. After all, drug trafficking was Han Long's primary source of income, and naturally, he would treat it with utmost importance.

Drugs, however, were harmful—ruining lives. Recklessly taking such substances could lead people to lose everything. Families broken, lives lost—cases like these were all too common.

Thus, those who sell drugs are the worst kind of scum—beyond reprehensible, as far as Qin Fang was concerned.

Although Qin Fang had the heart to eradicate these operations, he understood full well it was impossible. It wasn't something that could be dealt with overnight.

Even if Qin Fang killed Han Long, the biggest drug lord in the region, others would emerge to take his place. Over in the Golden Triangle, the drug trade would simply swap suppliers—it wouldn't really hurt their overall interests. Drug trafficking would carry on the same way, unaffected.

For that reason, while Qin Fang despised drugs, he also found himself utterly helpless. Unless the root cause of the problem was eliminated, it would remain inconceivable to stamp it out entirely.

And in the Golden Triangle, even if opium poppy cultivation and drug refinement ceased, industrial methods for manufacturing drugs had advanced with scientific progress, and eradicating them would remain an uphill battle.

"Hmm?"

Just as Qin Fang was contemplating how he could stealthily navigate closer and take Han Long down with a single shot, he suddenly felt a sharp and sinister gaze focused on him.

Caught off guard by this eerie sensation, Qin Fang initially considered retreating his attention from the Caucasian Dog he was controlling. But after hesitating for a moment, he decided against it and continued casually manipulating the dog, keeping it crouched by the window without moving—he ensured there was nothing overtly suspicious about its behavior.

Simultaneously, using the dog's perspective, he started searching for the source of that gaze.

The hostile and menacing feeling from that gaze stirred a faint sense of threat within Qin Fang—suggesting someone near Han Long might be hiding, someone truly fearsome, even alarming for Qin Fang himself.

Indeed, that person existed!

He had already appeared, steadily approaching the location of the Caucasian Dog under Qin Fang's control.

It was a man in his thirties, his appearance nothing remarkable. Yet his movements, his steps—each stride seemed meticulously calculated, the margin for error nearly imperceptible.

While this man's outward appearance seemed unremarkable, the aura emanating from him was enough to send shivers down Qin Fang's spine—a potent and terrifying presence.

It wasn't that this man possessed power exceeding Qin Fang's, but rather the unnerving quality of his aura—a murderous intent seemingly forged through surviving life-and-death encounters, a true "killer's aura."

Murderous intent is something everyone carries, especially during moments of fury. But compared to this man, ordinary bursts of rage-induced murderous aura hardly amounted to anything. Every movement this man made—no matter how ordinary—radiated chilling, unparalleled killing intent.

"Could this person be the reincarnation of a killing god?"

Even Qin Fang, overwhelmed by this overpowering aura, found it hard to believe how someone could radiate such extreme danger. This man was simply too formidable.

The modern world was largely characterized by peace; although localized conflicts still occurred, they remained minor skirmishes with little chance of escalating into large-scale wars.

Minor skirmishes meant fewer casualties...

With fewer deaths, refining a murderous aura like this was nearly impossible—one that might only arise from killing hundreds or thousands of people. It was no wonder Qin Fang couldn't stay calm.

If this man had indeed killed so many, his accumulated Sin Points must be terrifyingly high.

For instance, High Priest Darren, who was responsible for countless deaths—both directly and indirectly—had only managed to accrue a little over three thousand Sin Points.

But this man before Qin Fang... if his aura was truly condensed through slaughter, then he was unquestionably a killing god in human form—the worst of the worst, a butcher among butchers.

"Sigh, too bad I can't get closer. Otherwise, I could figure out his details..."

Qin Fang sighed to himself regretfully. Although his Beast Eye allowed him to observe activity inside the mansion, its reconnaissance capabilities only worked when Qin Fang himself used them. Unable to utilize Scouting Skill in his current state, Qin Fang might only uncover the man's identity if this dangerous figure made his way to the window—somewhere visible to him.

Yet, this possibility seemed unlikely.

Judging by this highly dangerous man's presence, Qin Fang knew full well he wasn't dealing with an ordinary opponent—his strength unquestionably belonged to elites Qin Fang himself might struggle against.

At that moment, the individual approached the window, staring fixedly at the Caucasian Dog crouched there. His gaze contained a flickering yet inscrutable intensity—who knew what thoughts swirled within his mind.

Relying on his control over the Caucasian Dog, Qin Fang ensured the dog remained unmoving. He even made it flash its teeth and emit a low, growling rumble—an apparent standoff with the formidable adversary before it.

However, while Qin Fang maintained control of the dog, the animal's inner fear was unmistakable—its terror clearly transmitted back to Qin Fang. The dog instinctively recognized the man before it as someone not to be trifled with, someone truly dangerous.

"Tu San, come here..."

As Qin Fang debated whether to activate his Beast Eye and relinquish control over the Caucasian Dog to mask his presence further, Han Long suddenly spoke up.

Tu San—clearly the name of this dangerous individual. Upon hearing Han Long's call, Tu San frowned slightly, casting another deliberate glance at the Caucasian Dog before turning his attention back to Han Long.

"Woof!"

In response, the dog let out a frightened whimper, tucking its tail and spinning around to dart back to its kennel at a swift pace.

Witnessing this, Tu San's expression slightly relaxed, though his face remained stoic, devoid of particular emotion, as if the matter had been no more than trivial.

"That name... it sounds familiar."

Although it had been Qin Fang's choice to release the Beast Eye and allow the dog to react naturally, the name Tu San stirred fragments of vague recollection within Qin Fang's thoughts.

This man was undoubtedly a powerhouse—a striking figure whose murderous aura spoke volumes of his strength. And if Qin Fang had heard his name before, then it was likely tied to someone prominent in the Underground World.

"An elite of the Underground World..."

Bringing this realization to mind, Qin Fang began sifting through his memories—a mental archive of notable figures from the Underground World he had encountered or heard of before.

The list was sincerely limited. Qin Fang's exposure to this shadowy domain was relatively recent, with only a modest number of names to recall, making his search somewhat straightforward.

Before long...

"It's him! The Bloody Demon Tu San..."

Qin Fang pinpointed the identity of the individual who exuded such a dangerous aura—it was none other than the Underground World's infamous butcher.

Known as the Bloody Demon Tu San, his moniker alone was testament to his extreme brutality. It wasn't a nickname he gave himself but one bestowed upon him by peers in the Underground World.

The name stemmed from his cultivation technique called the Blood Hand Print, which turned his palms crimson like fresh blood during execution. But more than that—it was the sheer savagery he exhibited that earned him his title.

The Underground World was chaotic enough on its own. Beyond the notorious bounty board listing high-value targets' monetary worth, there existed another ranking—the List of Fierce Gods.

The List of Fierce Gods was reserved for only the most vicious, bloodthirsty figures within the Underground World. Each figure's rank reflected their degree of cruelty.

For instance, Qin Fang had previously eliminated Explosive Bear Locke, a sadistic thrill-killer notorious for tearing victims apart alive—his exploits even earned him a spot on the list, albeit far down, ranking no better than seventy-eighth.

Yet the Bloody Demon Tu San, the man now before Qin Fang, ranked among the top ten evildoers. Though only ninth on the list, his reputation was monumental.

Chapter 1173: The Dog "Traitor

The Bloody-handed Demon Tu San is one of the top ten villains in the Underground World, an absolutely terrifying and vicious figure.

Compared to someone as terrifying as him, someone like Explosive Bear Locke, who enjoys tearing people apart alive, isn't even qualified to carry his shoes...

The rankings on this list are absolutely authoritative, and almost no one dares to question its fairness.

If any of the vicious criminals on the list are dissatisfied with their ranking, they can simply eliminate those ranked ahead of them. Especially if someone kills a brutal figure like the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, who's in the top ten, it would be like ascending to the heavens overnight.

Such occurrences aren't rare. Nearly every year, someone tries to challenge these figures. However, what they face are not benevolent or kind-hearted individuals but bloodthirsty executioners. Generally, once they approach the target, they never leave alive...

A brutal figure like Explosive Bear Locke was someone Qin Fang had dealt with long ago. He even resorted to Locke's favorite violent methods and killed him outright...

But compared to the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, Locke was nothing but trash, a figure that could likely be slain by the wave of Tu San's hand.

When Qin Fang killed Explosive Bear Locke back then, it wasn't without effort. Although his strength has increased significantly now, if Locke were still alive, Qin Fang could kill him in one move. However, when facing the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, Qin Fang doesn't have much confidence...

"I didn't expect Han Long to be able to hire someone like this as a bodyguard..."

Having guessed the identity of this Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, whom Qin Fang dreads so much, he couldn't help but mutter to himself helplessly.

Originally, Qin Fang thought that Han Long was merely protected by a Mercenary Group. Qin Fang had already killed six of their members and naturally didn't worry much about the group.

But unexpectedly, apart from the Mercenary Group, Han Long also had such a terrifying expert by his side. This made assassinating Han Long a much harder task.

Tu San is considered a lone operative in the Underground World. Several major alliances have investigated him but achieved no substantial results. He's never been seen collaborating with others and always operates solo.

No one has seen him with friends even once, but enemies—those are countless, with many wishing for his death millions of times over.

Yet, he's continued to live well, while his enemies, attempting to deal with him, were all thoroughly wiped out. Some unlucky ones were even slaughtered along with their entire families.

This is no exaggeration; such events have indeed happened repeatedly. If not, Tu San wouldn't have earned such a fearsome reputation.

Of course, Qin Fang already experienced Tu San's terrifying killing intent firsthand. That aura could only come from someone who has killed countless people—a truly horrifying presence.

Tu San is incredibly powerful, and his background is equally mysterious. Some claim he's a disgraced disciple of the Esoteric Sect of the Buddhist Order. Others say he's a hidden disciple of the Demon Sect...

Knowing too much about him isn't wise, as you may quickly end up as a wandering ghost under Tu San's Blood Hand Print.

Because of Tu San's might, his unmatched ruthlessness, his habit of leaving no witnesses, and his solitary nature with no friends, he's in high demand for lone assignments.

Many clients prefer hiring lone operatives like Tu San...

These individuals are extremely thorough in their work and maintain absolute silence, with no significant backing behind them. These factors, among others, make their business easier to manage—even though their fees are notoriously high.

But those daring enough to hire experts like Tu San certainly wouldn't care about such expenses. Otherwise, it would be far more convenient just to contract the Assassin's Alliance, wouldn't it?

Qin Fang speculated that Han Long had hired Tu San out of fear for the substantial danger this time. Given Han Long's wealth, affording such a person wasn't an issue. With Tu San by his side, Han Long's safety was certainly more secure.

At least...

For now, Qin Fang didn't dare come close to this villa lightly.

Earlier, Qin Fang had already experienced the remarkable abilities of this Bloody-handed Demon. Using Beast Eye to hide within the body of a dog, Tu San could still detect him and kept his gaze fixed on the dog.

A normal person wouldn't come to such a conclusion, but Tu San did. Moreover, he appeared to place complete trust in his judgment, without the slightest doubt.

Perhaps this was Tu San's brilliance. Either way, based on his earlier performance, Qin Fang was completely in awe of Tu San. This guy was undoubtedly a top-tier expert.

"This is truly a tough problem..."

With the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San as Han Long's protector, Qin Fang knew it was impossible to assassinate Han Long tonight. The only chance he had was to dash to the window as quickly as possible, aim his gun at Han Long's head, pull the trigger, and with a bang, instantly blow Han Long's brains out...

That would be the smoothest kill. Unfortunately, Qin Fang knew the chances of this plan succeeding were zero.

Leaving aside the two Mercenary Group experts guarding the window, the second Qin Fang moved closer, he would be immediately discovered by them.

Not to mention that such a disturbance could never escape Tu San's senses. He would protect Han Long instantly, removing any possibility for Qin Fang to carry out the assassination.

Chapter 1174: The Dog "Traitor" _2

Moreover, aside from his formidable martial arts skills, the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San is said to possess exceptional gunmanship, almost on par with his martial prowess...

Qin Fang might rely on his precise shooting to hunt down Han Long, but Tu San could just as easily kill Qin Fang with a single shot...

Han Long's life is a prize Qin Fang is determined to claim, but he certainly doesn't want to lose his own in the process—it would simply be too much of a waste.

"Let's give it another shot..."

After some thought, Qin Fang decided that he couldn't let this opportunity slip through his fingers.

Even though he already knew Han Long was holed up in this villa, the man was excessively cautious, and with Tu San protecting him, his safety was more or less guaranteed. However, whether he would remain in this location was far less certain.

After all, if someone like Elder Long could uncover his hideout, there's no guarantee others—like the police—hadn't found leads and were closing in on him. It's entirely possible.

Which means Han Long could relocate at any moment...

With Tu San safeguarding him, Qin Fang doubted the police could apprehend Han Long again. If they managed to, it would utterly ruin the reputation of the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San...

It was precisely the possibility of Han Long moving that made Qin Fang hesitant to delay. Tracking the target again would waste time and worsen his odds of success.

So, Qin Fang gave the Caucasian Dog another command.

This time, instead of having the dog hang around the window, he ordered it to crawl through the dog flap in the villa door and enter the room directly.

Only after the dog completed the task did Qin Fang switch to Beast Eye mode, ready to observe the movements inside at close range...

"Hmph~"

Tu San's vigilance was indeed extraordinary. While the Caucasian Dog was fearsome, it was nothing in his eyes. Just a sharp glare from him was enough to make the already brutish dog huddle in fear, its body trembling—a testament to the sheer terror Tu San exuded.

Initially, when the Caucasian Dog entered the room, it seemed to simply glance around without any significant reaction...

But the moment Qin Fang activated Beast Eye and channeled his consciousness into the dog, Tu San seemed to sense something immediately and let out a cold grunt.

Even though Qin Fang was merely inhabiting the dog's body, he could still feel the chilling killing intent radiating from Tu San. It was so potent that even the dog's fur stood entirely on end, each hair bristling as if it had suffered a tremendous fright...

To avoid drawing Tu San's attention, Qin Fang quickly loosened his control over the dog, letting it scurry away like a mouse chased by a cat, tail tucked, until it hid behind the sofa where Han Long was sitting...

"Tu San, come on, why bother with a dog?"

Han Long, seated comfortably, had witnessed the scene. He had noticed Tu San's apparent hostility toward the dog before, and now more than ever, though he wasn't sure what was off. Unable to suppress himself, he spoke up.

"Hmm!"

Tu San, taciturn as ever, responded to Han Long's doubt with nothing more than a brief grunt, offering no explanation.

"Sir, that's just how he is. Don't bother worrying about him..."

The stunningly attractive woman sitting next to Han Long spoke gently, her tone intimately close—enough to suggest a marital relationship, though the two were separated by at least several decades in age.

"Never mind, let's drop it..."

Han Long seemed disinclined to dwell on the matter. As he stated, it was pointless to argue over a dog.

"Tu San, you must handle this matter properly. There can be absolutely no mistakes..."

With the conversation over, Han Long turned to Tu San with grave seriousness, issuing an explicit directive.

Clearly, during the moments when Qin Fang hadn't overheard earlier, Han Long had tasked Tu San with a mission of considerable importance.

"Hmm!"

Even then, faced with Han Long's solemn instructions, Tu San merely responded with a brief acknowledgement, leaving Han Long visibly exasperated.

"You're something else..."

Han Long couldn't help but sigh while looking at Tu San's indifferent behavior. He seemed frustrated but resigned.

Over the past few days of working with Tu San, Han Long had come to understand the man's nature—always reticent, but exceptionally attentive in his work. Even Han Long himself couldn't find fault in his meticulous approach.

Given that, Han Long naturally had no further complaints. He had issued his orders, and now he trusted Tu San to see them through.

Yet what Han Long probably never imagined was that while they were speaking, the Caucasian Dog behind them had absorbed every word.

At this moment, it was indeed a dog, but it also served as an underground operative—a pawn in Qin Fang's espionage mission, infiltrating the enemy ranks.

In the days of wartime resistance, this dog would've been deemed a bona fide "Dog Traitor," though here, the label functioned as high praise rather than insult...

Beast Eye enabled Qin Fang to fully project his consciousness into the creature in control. Not only could they share vision, but hearing as well...

That said, it stopped at those sensory inputs; tactile senses, for instance, could not be transmitted...

This allowed Qin Fang to see and hear the conversation between Han Long and Tu San. He could even command the Caucasian Dog right now to bite Han Long's throat and kill him... but it wouldn't be Qin Fang's sense of touch at work!

Having the dog bite Han Long's throat could indeed be a clever solution, but would Qin Fang dare attempt it?

Clearly not!

And it wasn't feasible either...

Tu San's eyes had been fixed on the dog the entire time. Any abnormality, no matter how minuscule, would prompt Tu San to act immediately, killing the dog in an instant...

Qin Fang wasn't particularly attached to this pet, given how easily he'd captured it, but such a highly effective "spy" and "scout" was not something to squander.

In fact, Tu San's hyper-vigilance only spurred Qin Fang to consider a flawless assassination plan...

With Han Long sending Tu San out on an important mission, Tu San would inevitably leave the villa. Though the exact timing remained unpredictable, Qin Fang assumed it wouldn't be long, as Han Long's upcoming deal with the Zhu Lian Gang was imminent. Once Tu San completed the task, Han Long would undoubtedly depart from Hong Kong Island.

Han Long was currently a fugitive being hunted citywide. Staying on the island endangered him significantly, as the authorities could locate him at any moment. Leaving would be the safest option, a fact he was acutely aware of.

With Tu San present, Qin Fang couldn't act, nor would he take a chance without complete assurance.

For an assassin, a mission's success rate bears utmost importance, especially against a bodyguard of Tu San's caliber. Even a 10% margin of uncertainty could escalate from mission failure to personal peril...

However, with Tu San off handling business, leaving Han Long behind in the villa, Qin Fang saw an opportunity to execute his task...

Daytime might not be the most convenient time for Qin Fang to make his move.

But that certainly didn't mean he was out of options—such as making use of the dog now under his command, which obeyed his every order.

If Qin Fang seized the moment by directing the Caucasian Dog to suddenly launch an attack and rip out Han Long's throat... it would be the pinnacle of a perfect assassination plan.

Eliminating the drug lord Han Long while avoiding Tu San's lethal reprisals, even leaving behind an incriminating scapegoat without loopholes—it was a flawless strategy.

Qin Fang almost wanted to cheer for himself over the brilliance of his plan...

But his euphoria was short-lived, as Tu San promptly ordered someone to lock the dog in a steel cage, ensuring it had no further opportunities to roam free...

Chapter 1175: Cousin's Invitation

This night, it was destined that Qin Fang couldn't complete his task. Before Tu San discovered him, Qin Fang had already left Number 36 Villa quietly and returned to the Qu Family manor.

Everything seemed as if nothing had happened, and no one noticed anything unusual. However, Qin Fang had already obtained some of the information he needed.

The Caucasian Dog had been locked in a cage by Tu San's men, seemingly as a precaution. Although Qin Fang found it surprising, he didn't take it to heart.

This dog had already provided him with a lot of useful information. Even if Tu San decided to dispose of it directly, it wouldn't matter to Qin Fang. For him, there was no real loss.

Besides, locking the dog up didn't really have much significance either, because Qin Fang could remove it from the cage at any time. Don't forget... this dog is Qin Fang's pet!

However, Qin Fang didn't want to alert the enemy prematurely. The dog's unusual behavior had already drawn Tu San's attention. If the dog suddenly disappeared, with Tu San's vigilance, he would undoubtedly order Han Long to immediately relocate his hiding spot.

This was obviously not the result Qin Fang wanted, so he left the dog at Number 36 Villa to act as his insider...

The night passed peacefully, without any unusual occurrences.

Qin Qing, Qin Fang's mother, spent the whole evening chatting with the elderly lady, and only then did the two go to sleep. Tang Feifei also talked with Qin Fang until midnight before going to bed. Qin Fang slipped out of the Qu Family manor and later snuck back in, completely unnoticed by anyone.

With his goal achieved, Qin Fang had a sound sleep until dawn. If Tang Feifei hadn't come to wake him up, he probably would have slept even longer.

As usual, Qin Fang got up and went out for his morning exercise.

The Qu Family manor was located on a hilltop. Walking just a bit further brought him to the edge of the mountain, where the vast expanse of Hong Kong Island came into full view. He could clearly see clusters of towering skyscrapers as well as the shimmering waters of Victoria Harbour...

The rising light mist of the morning added a faint charm to the scene, prompting Qin Fang to marvel at how truly adept the rich were at enjoying life.

Although Hong Kong Island was a fully modern international metropolis, its environmental conservation was evidently much better than the inland areas. The air on the mountain was extraordinarily fresh, and as Qin Fang exercised and practiced his moves, he could faintly feel traces of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi in the air...

The very pure Spiritual Qi, which had little contamination, felt even cleaner than the air of some renowned inland mountains and rivers.

Confronted with this, Qin Fang was filled with a sense of helpless admiration but had little else to say.

"Cousin, out for morning exercise, I see..."

As Qin Fang finished an entire set of fist techniques, stretching his muscles and gaining some exercise, he heard a man's voice. The tone was gentle, a typical mid-range male voice, full of magnetism.

"Mr. Qu, just call me by my name. I'm definitely not your cousin..."

Qin Fang turned to look at the man, his voice calm as he spoke.

The man was dressed in sportswear, his forehead sporting a thin layer of sweat, clearly having just finished his own morning exercise.

Qin Fang knew this man—he was Qu Zhenhang's eldest son and Qu Yuanliang's older brother, Qu Yuancheng. In terms of familial relations, he was technically Qin Fang's cousin. But Qin Fang refused to acknowledge it.

"You're Aunt's son. Naturally, that makes you my cousin... Regardless of the grudges between the previous generation, the younger generation like us shouldn't get involved. Don't you think so?"

Qu Yuancheng didn't directly refute Qin Fang and instead said this casually.

His tone was very accommodating, his manner calm and methodical. His words left Qin Fang somewhat speechless.

Qin Fang wanted to argue back but ultimately couldn't find the words to say.

Just as Qu Yuancheng said, no matter how deep the grudges of the previous generation, Qin Fang's mother, Qin Qing, was indeed Qu Yuancheng's aunt. That familial relationship couldn't be denied.

If Qu Yuanliang was a notorious playboy on Hong Kong Island, his elder brother Qu Yuancheng was known on the island as a young and brilliant talent.

The pity was that Qu Yuancheng didn't go into business. Instead, he became a lawyer—one of Hong Kong Island's star barristers at a young age, with an exceptional success rate in court cases, rivaling even established veterans.

Though the two brothers were related by blood, their personalities were completely different, leaving Qin Fang feeling that they were on opposite ends of the spectrum.

Qu Yuancheng was brighter, more open-minded, and modest, while Qu Yuanliang was arrogant, domineering, and petty... These two sides seemed to represent the two extremes often seen in wealthy families.

"I already know about Second Brother's matters. That kid really doesn't play fair. Don't take it to heart... That's just how he is. It's best to not sink to his level! Besides, he's still lying in a hospital bed now..."

Seeing Qin Fang make no retort, Qu Yuancheng's face revealed a faint smile as he tried to strike up a rapport. Naturally, he didn't miss calling out Qu Yuanliang's faults.

The incident involving Qu Yuanliang was now widely known among the Qu Family. While Qin Fang wasn't sure how people spoke about it privately, outwardly, everyone agreed that Qu Yuanliang had acted inappropriately...

Even Qu Yuanliang's elder brother, Qu Yuancheng, was openly critical of him. Whether due to sibling discord or professional barrister tactics, Qu Yuancheng's position clearly tilted toward Qin Fang, leaving Qin Fang unable to maintain a grim expression.

"If you've come to plead for Qu Yuanliang, save your breath..."

Though he couldn't pull off a cold front, Qin Fang wasn't about to be overly friendly either. Staring at Qu Yuancheng's handsome face, his tone was flat as he spoke.

"Uh..."

Qu Yuancheng, clearly taken aback by Qin Fang's statement, paused momentarily, then shook his head helplessly.

"I'm not here to plead... Second Brother has already woken up!"

Qin Fang had misinterpreted Qu Yuancheng's intentions, prompting a brief explanation.

Apparently, Qu Yuanliang, who had been unconscious, woke up last night. His injuries weren't very serious, and now that he was awake, he was essentially out of danger. Naturally, Qu Yuancheng no longer needed to worry.

Upon hearing this, Qin Fang felt neither sorrow nor joy—it had nothing to do with him. Qu Yuanliang's scheming against him had already been avenged, and Qin Fang had no inclination to target a hospitalized man.

Unconsciousness was simply the consequence of Qu Yuanliang's own actions. Awakening now could only be attributed to his good fortune... It had nothing to do with Qin Fang.

"Here's the thing, I know this is your and your wife's first time in Hong Kong Island, and I thought I'd show you around. Coincidentally, there's a fashion show happening here. How about letting my wife take your wife out to explore? As for you, since I'm free, we could go out together... Hmm, what do you think about visiting the horse racing track?"

Qu Yuancheng explained his reason for coming to see Qin Fang. It was clear he intended to build rapport, whether due to family ties or other motives. Qin Fang couldn't tell.

"Sure, I'm okay with that..."

Although Qin Fang tried to avoid getting too entangled with the Qu Family, he eventually thought it through and agreed. He'd heard about the fashion show, which apparently had some connection to Milan, Italy—something Tang Feifei had wanted to see but had never had the chance to attend. Now that the opportunity was in front of her, Qin Fang couldn't bear to let it slip away.

Such fashion shows weren't accessible to just anyone. Without connections or influence, even money wouldn't grant entry.

If he used the Tang Family's connections, it would undoubtedly be a simple matter. But that felt like overkill, especially when there was an easy solution right in front of him.

Besides, Qin Fang also planned to check out the horse racing track himself...

Riding horses was a minor interest. The more significant reason was that Qin Fang had discovered through information gathered with the dog that Han Long might be orchestrating something at the track.

Qin Fang had initially planned to visit the site today, but with Qu Yuancheng offering an invite, he wouldn't pass up the opportunity.

"Alright, then it's settled. I'll head back to take a shower, change clothes, and meet you in no more than half an hour..."

Upon hearing Qin Fang agree, Qu Yuancheng was both surprised and delighted. He quickly set a time with Qin Fang before hurrying back home.

Qu Yuancheng lived with his father, Qu Zhenhang, in another villa within the estate. Though it was part of the same property, there was still some distance between them.

Qin Fang didn't idle either. Since his morning exercise was done, he headed back to freshen up, change clothes, and let Tang Feifei know about the plan.

Upon hearing the news, Tang Feifei was naturally thrilled. She immediately rewarded Qin Fang with a big kiss and then cheerfully began picking outfits.

This was just how women were, especially young women passionate about fashion. Tang Feifei was no exception.

Of course, Qin Fang also made sure to inform his mother, Qin Qing, about the plan.

Qin Qing didn't object. Though she disliked the older and middle generations of the Qu Family, she didn't have a strong aversion to the younger generation's members.

That is, except for Qu Yuanliang...

Chapter 1176: Racecourse

It didn't take long before Qin Fang and Tang Feifei met up with Qu Yuancheng and his wife Chen Qi. Then they each drove off from the Qu Family estate, heading toward their respective destinations.

Understandably, Tang Feifei went along with her cousin-in-law Chen Qi. Their planned activities for the day were quite packed, certainly much more elaborate than Qin Fang's plans, and it seemed they wouldn't be back before seven or eight in the evening.

Chen Qi was the daughter of the Chen Family, one of the Top Ten Wealthy Families of Hong Kong. This was a family on par with the Qu Family in terms of status. Their marriage alliance was naturally a strategy of uniting powerful forces, a common practice among Hong Kong's elite families.

Besides that, Qin Fang had a rough idea that the Qu Family had additional marriage ties with two of the other Top Ten Wealthy Families, effectively linking four major families through marriage connections.

It was quite normal for the Ten Great Families to marry among themselves, but these relationships were essentially driven by profit. During times of mutual cooperation and shared gains, everything seemed

fine, but when it came to life-and-death crises for any family, such marriage bonds often proved unreliable.

However, this had little to do with Qin Fang. He didn't bother with such matters—he was a Qin by surname, and he had nothing to do with the Qu Family.

The Qu Family might be wealthy beyond imagination, but Qin Fang didn't care for a single penny of theirs. Even if the Qu Family were to go completely bankrupt, Qin Fang still wouldn't lend a dime to help them out.

Tang Feifei and her group set off, while Qin Fang accompanied Qu Yuancheng to the racetrack in Hong Kong Island.

Horse racing is one of the most popular activities for Hong Kong locals—essentially a form of gambling that many Hong Kong residents adore.

Horse race betting is Hong Kong's only legal form of gambling, and it's also the largest in scale, far-reaching in influence, and the most widespread. It has become an indispensable part of daily life for Hong Kong residents.

Every race day, wealthy tycoons, government officials, white-collar workers, grassroots citizens, and even travelers from far and wide flock to the racetrack—not only to soak in the intense atmosphere but also to try their luck.

In essence, horse betting is no different from the lottery in the Inland—they are both forms of gambling, differing only in their presentation.

Of course, compared to the meager lottery prizes, the payout rates for horse racing are relatively decent. A classic "80/20 Rule" aptly applies to horse racing.

The victors always account for just 20% of the participants, while the remaining 80% gain nothing despite investing everything.

The lottery operates similarly, or perhaps even worse—rigged results are practically an open secret.

Hong Kongers love horse betting—this is an irrefutable truth. It's said that one in three Hong Kong residents is a racing fan, tallying up to at least two million racing fans across Hong Kong. This overwhelmingly demonstrates how much locals cherish and enjoy this activity.

It was Qin Fang's first trip to Hong Kong. Previously, he had only seen horse racing in movies and on TV. This was his first time experiencing it in person.

Naturally, any tourist visiting Hong Kong can easily participate in horse betting; the procedures aren't overly complicated, allowing everyone to enjoy the experience freely.

There was even a case of a visitor who casually placed a bet, merely wanting to experience the racetrack atmosphere without expecting to win anything. The next day, while preparing to leave Hong Kong, they discovered they had hit the jackpot—winning tens of millions!

Of course, this was just a rare occurrence, one of the lucky 20%.

However, such stories have become widely discussed anecdotes among tourists. Thus, many visitors to Hong Kong who have the time and opportunity try their hand at betting.

"It's race day today, so horseback riding is out of the question... How about we place a few bets? Wins go to you, losses to me..."

Qin Fang initially thought the trip to the racetrack was for horseback riding. When he realized it coincided with race day, he understood that there would be competitions throughout the day, and the racetrack would be packed with racegoers, making riding impossible.

"Fine, let's have a few rounds... but we'll bet separately!"

Since horseback riding was off the table, horse betting sounded just as interesting.

However, Qin Fang felt a little frustrated. He had expected to easily locate Tu San, which would help him figure out what Han Long wanted him to accomplish here.

But if horse betting was the activity, trying to find Tu San among tens of thousands of spectators at the racetrack was clearly impossible... His plan was effectively scrapped.

As for Qu Yuancheng's suggestion, Qin Fang naturally didn't agree. His net worth might not rival the massive Qu Family's, but he wasn't lacking money.

Given that he didn't feel particularly close to the Qu Family people, he saw no reason to let Qu Yuancheng cover his costs. He was clear about maintaining such boundaries.

Qu Yuancheng didn't mind and refrained from saying more. He simply continued driving toward the racetrack.

They were headed to the Happy Valley Racecourse. Aside from this, Hong Kong also boasts the Sha Tin Racecourse. These are the two "Holy Lands" for racing fans in Hong Kong, where all races are held.

Because it was race day, the atmosphere at the racetrack was extraordinarily lively. Although the main races weren't scheduled until the afternoon, many fans arrived early to observe the proceedings.

On the track, each horse set to race would come out for a bit of training. The riders would familiarize themselves with the temperaments and habits of their respective horses to ensure peak performance during the competitions.

The rider's skill is a crucial factor. A skillful rider can bring out 200% of a horse's potential, while an unskilled rider might only harness 30-40%... The outcome gap resulting from this difference speaks for itself.

While the racing horses are all of high pedigree, the condition of the horses is paramount. Only in their best form can they deliver top-notch performance.

If a horse is clearly unwell, no matter how skilled the rider is, there's no chance of clinching first place.

This explains why so many fans arrive early to watch with such keen interest.

Although Qin Fang and his group arrived fairly early, upon glancing around, he was surprised to see that hundreds of people had beaten them to it.

On the field, some riders were already walking their horses, acclimating them to the environment instead of jumping straight into riding. It seemed like warming the horses up to the grounds was part of the routine.

After a while, some riders mounted their horses, beginning a slow trot around the track. Though they didn't pick up speed, the athletic elegance of the horses in motion was still striking.

"Interested in horseback riding?"

Noticing Qin Fang's apparent intrigue, Qu Yuancheng casually inquired.

"A bit," Qin Fang answered honestly, nodding.

Claiming disinterest would've been a lie—horseback riding is a classic pursuit that many men enjoy and aspire to try.

From a young age, boys often play imaginary games of riding horses and waging wars, even if they've never seen a real horse, let alone ridden one.

Qin Fang was no exception...

Despite his current considerable wealth, which allowed him access to nearly anything, horseback riding had somehow escaped his experiences.

Granted, some of the things he had played with, others—even the wealthiest—couldn't dream of experiencing in their lifetimes. For example... riding a dragon!

Qin Fang had tried his hand as a dragon knight—a once-in-a-lifetime, globally unique feat. Apart from him, no one else had ever achieved it.

Granted, it had only happened once, and the Little Dragon hadn't made another appearance since...

"So... want to give it a try?"

Seeing Qin Fang's genuine interest, Qu Yuancheng's eyes flickered with excitement, and he asked with a grin.

"Huh? Is that allowed?"

Qin Fang was puzzled and asked curiously.

The horses on the track were all contenders in the races. Other than their assigned riders and a few specialized staff, everyone else was strictly prohibited from approaching them to ensure fairness in the competition.

Compared to the lottery's rigged outcomes, the fairness of horse betting was relatively high...

"You'll find out once we get there..."

Qu Yuancheng simply smiled mysteriously without elaborating and immediately led Qin Fang down to the stables.

However, instead of heading toward the race horses acclimating to the track, he made his way to a rear section of the racetrack...

"Actually, among the Top Ten Wealthy Families of Hong Kong, quite a few individuals are passionate about horse betting. Some even purchase exceptional purebred horses to rear and train themselves. Our family's Fourth Brother happens to enjoy this hobby. He owns a horse stabled here, occasionally entering it into races, though it's mostly boarded here,"

Noticing Qin Fang's curiosity, Qu Yuancheng briefly explained.

Not all wealthy individuals are the same—there are varying levels of affluence, and the scale of their hobbies reflects their tier.

For instance, when domestic tycoons focused on luxury cars, overseas moguls had already moved on to private planes and yachts...

By the time domestic magnates turned to private planes, their overseas counterparts grew bored of them—some even tiring of yachts—and ventured into space exploration...

Of course, this might be a slight exaggeration.

But one undeniable truth remains—overseas elites often operate on a scale far beyond that of local upstarts.

Take the Qu Family, for instance—though they are merely a century-old powerhouse, their pursuits notably outshine those of domestic tycoons.

Luxury cars hold little allure for them. Even limited editions fail to catch their eye.

Fourth Brother, namely Qu Zhenyu's second son, Qu Yuanrui, who is only four or five years older than Qin Fang, has a fascination with horse betting and training. He spent tens of millions acquiring several purebred Arabian horses.

One of these horses happens to be stabled here at Happy Valley Racecourse, conveniently at their disposal now...

Chapter 1177 Riding a Horse

The relationship between Qin Fang and the Qu Family was now well known to everyone in the Qu Family.

Overall, the Qu Family people had a more welcoming attitude toward Qin Fang and his mother, though due to the events of the past, it was actually Qin Fang and his mother who held considerable resentment toward the Qu Family.

But those were old grievances of the previous generation. The younger generation didn't know much about these matters, but the little bits of information inherited from their parents clearly indicated that their elders had indeed wronged this aunt who had been away from home for twenty years and never came back.

Among the younger generation, apart from Qu Yuancheng, who was in his thirties and could still vaguely remember a bit of what happened back then and had some impression of their aunt, once hailed as the Hong Kong Goddess, the younger ones like Qu Yuanliang and Qu Yuanrui had all but forgotten everything...

However, now that Aunt was back, and seeing this former Hong Kong Goddess turned into a skinny and ordinary middle-aged woman, the hardships she had endured during those twenty years were self-evident.

Because of this, they also showed great care and affection toward Qin Fang, their younger cousin...

The Qu Family's only true playboy was Qu Yuanliang. Unfortunately, it was he who first crossed paths with Qin Fang; not only did he miss the chance to bond, but he also caused quite a big problem, making it difficult for the other brothers to lift their heads.

On top of that, Qin Fang single-handedly brought the old lady, who had been issued a death notice, back from the Gates of Hell, earning the Qu Family's utmost gratitude toward him.

Perhaps because of this, they became much closer to Qin Fang, while their dissatisfaction with Qu Yuanliang's behavior grew even stronger.

Qu Yuanrui was particularly protective of his horses, especially the prized steed "Flying General," which he treasured above all...

Normally, aside from Qu Yuanrui himself, neither Qu Yuancheng nor Qu Yuanliang were allowed to so much as touch it casually.

Yet just now, after Qu Yuancheng contacted him by phone and mentioned that their younger cousin Qin Fang wanted to ride a horse, not only did Qu Yuanrui show no reluctance, but he even proactively offered for Qin Fang to try riding "Flying General."

"Looks like you really carry some weight. That Flying General of Fourth Brother's is something nobody but him is allowed to ride. The moment he heard you wanted to ride, he immediately offered it up. I'm so jealous I can hardly stand it..."

Speaking of this, Qu Yuancheng couldn't help but jokingly complain to Qin Fang, his words dripping with feigned jealousy, as if he were genuinely envious.

"I could let you ride it instead. I'll just pick another one..."

Qin Fang responded nonchalantly.

At this moment, they were standing in front of a stable that was exclusively Qu Yuanrui's. The horses inside, including "Flying General," were all his personal property and could be taken out for riding.

Although Qin Fang didn't know much about selecting horses, he had a Scouting Skill, that heaven-defying tool, and used it on the four horses in front of him.

As expected, as the veteran horsemasters had claimed, among the four, the best was naturally "Flying General." Whether in terms of bloodline, bodily condition, or explosive force of its legs, it was top-notch, an absolute gem.

The other three, while not quite as good, were still far from average. Considering how much Qu Yuanrui had spent on them, they definitely weren't anything less than excellent.

In fact, Qin Fang even felt that these three horses were in no way inferior to the racehorses undergoing acclimatization training at the track...

"These three horses have all participated in races and are top-tier competitors..."

Qu Yuancheng's words confirmed Qin Fang's assessment.

Raising horses like these was no simple matter. The cost was extravagant, arguably more than owning a fleet of luxury cars, and possibly on par with the upkeep of a private jet.

The Qu Family had money, and Qu Yuanrui himself was wealthy, but even then, money wasn't meant to be spent so recklessly.

To reduce expenses, Qu Yuanrui would periodically enter these three horses into races. If they won, the substantial prize money would be enough to cover the horses' maintenance for a while.

Of course, they didn't win every time since the other racehorses were also strong competitors...

On the other hand, if "Flying General" were to race, the chances of winning would be significantly higher. However, Qu Yuanrui clearly wouldn't do that.

Horse racing on Hong Kong Island was relatively low-tier. There was another, more exclusive class of racing reserved for the wealthiest elites, where even the basic stakes for a single wager on a horse started at a billion Hong Kong dollars—never mind the external bets.

It was for such events that "Flying General" truly had its purpose. As long as it won even one race, it could bring in at least ten billion Hong Kong dollars for Qu Yuanrui, so there was no need to waste its potential on lesser competitions.

If "Flying General" suffered an accident in such a low-level race, the loss would be unimaginable. Qu Yuanrui, understandably, wasn't willing to take that risk.

None of this had much to do with Qin Fang. After all, he was simply riding for fun, to indulge a childhood dream.

Qu Yuancheng, for his part, didn't mount Flying General. That horse had been designated by Qu Yuanrui specifically for Qin Fang. While he was a bit envious, he wasn't petty enough to fight over it.

Instead, he chose another horse, "Royal Princess," a former champion on the track, an excellent choice in its own right.

"Do you know how to ride? Need someone to teach you?"

With each leading their chosen horse, Qu Yuancheng grinned as he asked the question.

Horses nowadays weren't used for war like they were in ancient times. Though many people might see them often, few had actual riding experience.

Especially a high-spirited racehorse like Flying General—it wasn't something the average person could handle without proper experience. He worried about Qin Fang being inexperienced and running the risk of an accident on his first try.

"No need, I can manage..."

But Qin Fang smiled and gracefully declined his offer, leaping lightly onto Flying General's back with a seemingly effortless motion, sitting there steadily.

Qin Fang's nimble movement startled Qu Yuancheng. After all, Qin Fang had directly mounted the horse without even using the stirrups.

It was breathtaking. To think this unfamiliar younger cousin had such skill piqued Qu Yuancheng's curiosity.

No matter, though—they were here to ride, not just look impressive. Qu Yuancheng himself, quite adept by now, stepped into the stirrup, grabbed the reins, and mounted "Royal Princess" with ease.

"Hyah~~"

"Hyah~~"

With reins shaken and riding crops in hand, the two began guiding their horses at a slow pace along the track.

Although Qin Fang seemed fairly confident, in reality, this was his first time ever riding. Thanks to his Advanced Riding Skill, however, the moment he settled onto the horse's back, an indescribable familiarity took over, as if he had been mastering horseback riding all his life.

Flying General was a fiery stallion. Though tamed, it normally wouldn't allow unfamiliar riders on its back.

Thus, the track staff had assigned a knight to lead the horse for Qin Fang, allowing Flying General to gradually get accustomed to him before releasing the reins.

Surprisingly, the moment Qin Fang sat down, Flying General instinctively showed a hint of restlessness, but with a slight tug of the reins and a squeeze from Qin Fang's legs, the horse immediately calmed down, obediently as could be. Even the knight leading the horse was astounded.

"Have you ridden before?"

Qu Yuancheng couldn't mask his astonishment.

From the moment Qin Fang first approached a horse, his lack of experience had been obvious, prompting staff guidance. But now, mounted and in control, Qin Fang seemed to have undergone a complete transformation, appearing like a seasoned rider with skills that easily outmatched Qu Yuancheng's own.

Despite not being a riding master, Qu Yuancheng had enough experience to be more than a novice. Yet compared to Qin Fang, he suddenly felt like a beginner.

"Nope, it's my first time..."

Qin Fang grinned honestly as he replied.

Indeed, this was his first time on horseback; he had never even seen a real horse before.

"Who are you fooling? If this is your first time riding, then this must be my first time seeing a horse..."

Clearly skeptical, Qu Yuancheng shot him a disbelieving look.

"No need for the knight anymore; this kid seems capable of handling it..."

Seeing Qin Fang so at ease with Flying General, Qu Yuancheng brushed away any concerns, sent the knight off, and joined Qin Fang in leisurely guiding their horses forward.

Their pace wasn't hurried; they were just getting a feel for the horses. Rapid acceleration could risk unsettling the animals, potentially leading to a dangerous kick or even a fall.

It was said that every year, riders got injured by unruly horses, with some incidents even resulting in fatal trampling... Thus, this initial adaptive trotting phase was essential.

For privileged young masters like Qu Yuancheng, whose lives were invaluable, thrill-seeking always came second to personal safety.

Qin Fang's Advanced Riding Skill had long reached its peak. After a brief adjustment period, his familiarity deepened, and his control over the horse grew increasingly adept.

Soon, he began steadily increasing Flying General's pace, transitioning into a light trot around the track...

But just as he entered the track, a sudden gust of fierce wind swept past him, triggering a strong sense of danger. Reacting quickly, he tugged the reins and guided Flying General into a swift dodge to the side.

Almost simultaneously, a black stallion, ridden by another knight, dashed fiercely along the path Qin Fang had just been on, narrowly missing a collision...

Chapter 1178: Rouge Horse

If Qin Fang hadn't sensed the danger ahead of time, he really would've been hit.

Watching the galloping horse gradually disappear into the distance, Qin Fang's face looked quite unsightly... It was so close to hitting someone, yet the horse didn't even stop, continuing to charge forward as if it didn't care at all.

"Are you okay?"

At this moment, Qu Yuancheng approached, his face equally shocked as he looked at Qin Fang, seemingly worried that Qin Fang might have been hit by that horse just now.

"I'm fine..."

Qin Fang took a deep breath before speaking calmly.

Thankfully, it was a false alarm. He had sensed the looming danger in time and taken swift action, narrowly avoiding an accident.

As for the galloping horse and its rider fading into the distance, Qin Fang was clearly displeased, but since they were long gone, there wasn't much he could say.

"As long as you're okay, that's what matters..."

After carefully assessing Qin Fang and confirming there were no visible injuries, Qu Yuancheng felt reassured, his tense expression easing considerably.

"I was really worried you would've gotten the short end of the stick..."

He couldn't help but voice his lingering unease, clearly shaken by the thrilling scene he had witnessed. Though, due to the distance, his view had been unclear; he had only vaguely seen Qin Fang's horse brushing past that galloping one.

"Do you know who that was just now?"

Qin Fang, slightly stunned, asked curiously, sensing some implication in Qu Yuancheng's tone.

Originally, Qin Fang thought the horse and its rider were going through pre-race practice, making such speed understandable. During actual races, things would get even more intense.

However, based on Qu Yuancheng's remarks, reality seemed to be something else entirely.

"That was the Hu Family's Fourth Miss, Hong Kong's famous 'Little Chili'... riding her Yan Zhi Horse..."

Qu Yuancheng hesitated briefly before letting out a wry smile.

As a bona fide Hong Konger, a descendant of one of the Top Ten Wealthy Families of Hong Kong, and a renowned lawyer, there's no way Qu Yuancheng wouldn't recognize the rider who nearly ran Qin Fang over.

For Qin Fang, a newcomer, not knowing wasn't surprising, but Qu Yuancheng was far from unfamiliar with the Hu Family's Fourth Miss—in fact, one could say he knew her all too well.

Why?

If someone hired you to handle three or four lawsuits a month, you'd undoubtedly become quite familiar with them too.

Such was the case with the Hu Family's Fourth Miss. Representing her in court three or four times a month was a given for Qu Yuancheng. How could he possibly find her a stranger after all that?

"A woman? From the Hu Family..."

Hearing this, Qin Fang paused briefly, slightly caught off guard. Though this was his first time visiting Hong Kong, his purpose for coming was unique, so he had a cursory understanding of the Top Ten Wealthy Families of Hong Kong.

These were colossal family empires, each with vast business interests. Their cumulative family assets were measured in billions.

The Hu Family was one of these ten and ranked among the top three in strength, vastly overshadowing the Qu Family.

Admittedly, before his trip to Hong Kong, Qin Fang hadn't delved into the intricacies of these elite families. However, he had always known about the top three powerhouses, which included the Hu Family.

The Hu Family, known as Hong Kong's "Landlords," controlled an empire of real estate, all thanks to the now-deceased patriarch of the family who had laid such a formidable foundation years ago.

The second generation of the Hu Family were quite capable, successfully inheriting and expanding the family business to even greater heights.

When it came to the third generation—well, things had grown a little stormy.

"Wealth doesn't last beyond three generations"—this old saying in Dragon Country wasn't absolute, but it did point to certain underlying truths.

Indeed, as the third generation took the lead in the Hu Family, signs of decline were evident. The young heirs of these wealthy clans, born with silver spoons in their mouths, led indulgent and hedonistic lives.

Of course, this wasn't unique to the Hu Family; it was a shared trait among the Top Ten Wealthy Families.

Naturally, as someone new to Hong Kong, Qin Fang hadn't heard tales of the infamous Hu Family Fourth Miss. But he was quite familiar with her two elder brothers' names.

The two elder brothers were hailed as the most dashing of playboys—one romantically tied to a star athlete, the other entangled with well-known actresses from the entertainment world... their scandals were endless. Even someone like Qin Fang, indifferent to sports and entertainment, had heard their names a few times.

Still, the elder Hu brothers' activities had little to do with their younger sister, Hu Family's Fourth Miss. After all, the misbehavior of rich young men and women carried subtle differences.

However, this first encounter left Qin Fang with an awfully poor impression of the Fourth Miss.

It's said that most wealthy heiresses are raised to be gentle, graceful, and elegant so as not to tarnish their family's reputation when marrying into another powerful family.

If someone's private life were truly a scandalous mess, they might still find suitors due to pragmatic alliances, but it would undoubtedly tarnish the family's image.

Regarding the Hu Family Fourth Miss's private life, Qin Fang couldn't make any judgments since he hadn't interacted with her. Yet judging by her behavior moments ago, her domineering personality was beyond doubt.

"The girl is stunning... Umm, she's comparable to your sister-in-law in looks. But that temper of hers..."

Noticing Qin Fang's confusion, Qu Yuancheng offered a brief explanation. However, as he touched on her temper, he couldn't stop himself from shaking his head with a wry smile.

Being her lawyer three or four times a month, it wasn't hard to imagine the kind of trouble she constantly stirred up. If the Hu Family hadn't actively suppressed news, her infamy would've easily surpassed that of her two brothers.

Clop, clop, clop~~~

As Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng continued their conversation, they noticed two or three more riders approaching on horses. They weren't galloping at top speeds, but their mounts were undoubtedly top-tier. Although not as fine as Qin Fang's Flying General, they were at least comparable to Qu Yuancheng's Royal Princess.

Since they came at a slower pace, Qin Fang could clearly make out their appearances. They were all young men aged between their twenties and thirties, unfamiliar faces.

Nevertheless, their gear was exceptional. Saddles, riding equipment, even the whips in their hands—all were of the highest quality, exuding an air of extravagance.

Clearly, these individuals' identities and backgrounds were anything but simple.

"Big Qu? What kind of wind blew you here today, bringing such a busy man out and about?"

The group of riders slowed as they approached Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng, stopping to exchange words with the latter.

This was how wealthy heirs addressed each other casually. As the eldest of the third generation in the Qu Family, Qu Yuancheng was called "Big Qu." His younger brother, Qu Yuanliang, was commonly called "Qu Er," while Qu Yuanrui, the fourth brother, was often begrudgingly referred to as "Qu Si," despite his protests over the unfortunate homophonic pun with "go die."

"I'm just sneaking in a break from work, accompanying... a friend for some fun!"

Qu Yuancheng let out a bitter chuckle.

While all of them were heirs to immense fortunes, some chose a life of leisure. These playboys before him spent their days indulging in pleasures rather than meddling with family businesses.

Qu Yuancheng, however, focused on his career as a lawyer, litigating frequently, which left him far busier than these idle heirs.

"A friend?"

Hearing this, the group's attention turned to Qin Fang.

Though Qin Fang's appearance revealed nothing extraordinary, their gazes soon fell upon his horse, where astonishment flickered in their eyes.

The Flying General that Qin Fang rode was well-known at the stables. Other than the Hu Family's Blood Linglong, no horse surpassed it.

Even these men rode slightly inferior horses not because they were stingy but simply because they lacked enthusiasm for equestrian pursuits.

Though not passionate about riding, they certainly understood good horses.

Flying General was unmistakable. Qu Yuanrui, its owner, cherished it excessively, letting no one else ride it—yet here Qin Fang was, astride it effortlessly. Even Qu Yuancheng rode a lesser Royal Princess. The sight was simply too shocking.

"Big Qu, care to introduce us?"

Among the group, one of the playboys grinned, his tone jovial yet probing.

"Qin Fang, here from the Mainland. A pleasure to meet you..."

Qu Yuancheng looked at Qin Fang briefly, seemingly seeking his input before speaking.

But without hesitation, Qin Fang introduced himself to the group with a brief greeting. Though concise, it left the group frowning—the introduction was vague to the point of being meaningless.

The vaguer Qin Fang was, the more curious these heirs became. Their gazes toward Qin Fang grew increasingly intrigued.

Little did they know that Qin Fang had deliberately simplified his introduction, seeking to prevent Qu Yuancheng from mentioning any deeper connection to the Qu Family—a bond that Qin Fang himself hadn't yet fully endorsed...

Chapter 1179: Compare with you? Not interested...

"Qu Da, how about we race two laps and see who's best?"

Though they were curious about Qin Fang's identity, seeing that Qin Fang himself seemed reluctant to say much and that Qu Yuancheng had no intention of revealing details, the others naturally refrained from asking further.

Since they were already on horseback, someone immediately made the suggestion.

"Younger Brother Qin, care to join us for some fun?"

Of course, they also casually invited Qin Fang to participate...

"Qin Fang, what do you think?"

Qu Yuancheng didn't mind either way. Occasionally, when he came horseback riding, he might run into young masters from other families. Gathering together for a casual race wasn't anything new.

However, since he was here as a host today and Qin Fang was the main guest, naturally he had to check with Qin Fang first. Leaving Qin Fang behind and joining the race himself wouldn't be appropriate.

"I'm fine with it... Count me in!"

Qin Fang had no objections either. Though these guys seemed like spoiled heirs, they were products of powerful families. Their underlying Strength might not be as unimpressive as it seemed. Forming connections with them could prove useful for his plan to humiliate the Qu Family.

"Alright, let's stick to the usual rules..."

Seeing that both Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng agreed, the four others chuckled and casually responded. Without delay, they lined up their horses alongside Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng. Judging by their practiced appearance, it was clear this wasn't their first time racing.

"The usual rules?"

Qin Fang, being a newcomer, didn't understand what these rules were, so he turned to Qu Yuancheng for clarification.

"Ten laps total. Whoever finishes first wins, and each loser pays ten thousand."

Hong Kong Island loved betting on horse racing, and these wealthy young masters were no exception. Not only did they place bets at races organized by the Jockey Club, but they also made private wagers with one another.

It was similar to inland drag racing culture. However, on Hong Kong Island, these young masters had largely abandoned drag racing, finding horse racing to be a more distinguished activity.

"Sure, no problem..."

To those present, a loss of ten thousand Hong Kong dollars was trivial, just pocket change. They were purely racing for fun.

For perspective, the monthly cost of caring for and feeding one of their horses far exceeded ten thousand Hong Kong dollars.

Especially Qin Fang's steed, Flying General—its monthly expenses easily exceeded a million Hong Kong dollars, a sum sufficient to purchase a limited-edition luxury car.

Hong Kong Island differed from inland areas, with less oppressive tariffs. A million Hong Kong dollars was enough to directly buy a top-tier car from the manufacturer.

"Go!"

Once all six people and horses were ready, a stableman acted as the temporary referee. Following his countdown, the six horses, guided by their riders, instantly surged forward at full speed.

A galloping steed is when its true value shines brightest.

Though these horses had been domesticated as pets, distinct from their wild counterparts, their innate love for running remained unchanged.

Needless to say, Flying General—hailed as one of the best racehorses at the Jockey Club—more than lived up to its reputation. It was noticeably superior to the other horses.

Though Qin Fang didn't deploy his masterful riding techniques, simply guiding Flying General with an ordinary approach, the horse's raw speed instantly left the other five far behind.

The five trailing horses tried their best to catch up, but the gap only widened. And then, with a slight squeeze from Qin Fang's legs, Flying General shot forward like an arrow loosed from a bow.

"Damn, that's just bullying..."

"Unfair to the extreme..."

"Can you even call this fun anymore..."

Faintly, Qin Fang could still hear the distant cries of despair coming from the wealthy heirs trailing behind. While they had anticipated Flying General being faster, its overwhelming dominance left them thoroughly disheartened...

Flying General had been stabled at the Jockey Club for a good amount of time, but even Qu Laosi—Qu Yuanrui—had only ridden it on rare occasions and rarely let it run full tilt, fearing any unnecessary injury.

Typically, when these heirs raced one another, they selected horses of similar caliber so the outcome hinged on riding skill and luck.

A blowout race like this—leaving them hopelessly behind—was truly unprecedented...

The racetrack was extensive, although the path was very flat. The turf quality was excellent, ensuring the horses' hooves wouldn't be injured while running.

Flying General had clearly been stifled for too long. It was pampered daily, and even when taken out for a trot, its owners were overly cautious, never letting it freely gallop.

That is, until today. Qin Fang, entirely different from its usual cautious masters, didn't curtail its speed. It was as though he encouraged Flying General to sprint as it pleased, perfectly matching its pent-up desires.

And so, when the dam burst, the result was explosive.

Behind him, the five heirs—including Qu Yuancheng—suffered utter humiliation. By the fourth lap alone, Qin Fang and Flying General had left them trailing over a hundred meters behind...

In typical races, two or three horse-lengths lead was already considered significant.

But with such a massive margin, even a fool could see the disparity between the competitors. There was hardly any need to complete all ten laps—the result was already clear.

By the time Qin Fang finished the fourth lap, he saw Qu Yuancheng and the others had stopped their horses. They were idling around, chatting casually.

"Younger Brother Qin, we're done. We admit defeat... This Flying General is just too overpowering. Absolutely unbeatable!"

As Qin Fang slowed Flying General and approached them, one of the heirs bitterly confessed. This sort of race, where they couldn't even hope to keep up, was hardly worth continuing.

Losing money wasn't an issue; it was the blow to their confidence that hurt the most. They had never been so thoroughly crushed before.

"Well, thanks for the fun, everyone..."

Though Qin Fang hadn't gotten his fill of racing, Flying General certainly hadn't either. The horse was visibly displeased with the abrupt halt, stomping its hooves and snorting audibly. Unfortunately, Qin Fang ignored it, squeezing its sides again, prompting Flying General to reluctantly calm down.

It was merely a small detail, but to the heirs present—many of whom had some knowledge of horsemanship—it was noteworthy. Even seasoned riders struggle to tame a spirited and temperamental horse like Flying General.

Yet, Qin Fang managed the feat with a simple squeeze of its sides, a testament to his remarkable riding skills...

These men noticed, and so did others watching from the stables.

Clip-clop, clip-clop~~

Amidst the rhythm of approaching hoofbeats, a robust chestnut horse strode toward Qin Fang and his group. Its gait might not have been fast, but it carried a deliberate, rhythmic grace.

"What a fine horse..."

Qin Fang couldn't help but praise it upon seeing the chestnut horse. Its quality matched that of Flying General—a top-tier steed!

A great horse paired with a competent rider was a true match made in heaven.

His gaze slowly shifted from the horse to its rider—a young, strikingly beautiful girl who sat firmly atop it, her brows exuding a palpable arrogance.

"Miss Hu..."

Without any introductions, Qin Fang immediately recognized her—it was none other than Little Chili, Miss Hu, who had almost run into him earlier.

"Race me!"

The fiery Miss Hu lived up to her reputation. Casting the briefest of glances at Qin Fang—likely not even registering his appearance—she tilted her chin up and uttered the challenge with a disdainful snort.

"You?"

Qin Fang looked at the haughty girl, the curiosity in his gaze replaced with indifference. Then, without hesitation, he coldly responded, "Not interested."

With that, he stirred his horse forward, creating distance between himself and Miss Hu, as though her proximity was distasteful.

"Huh..."

His blunt rejection left everyone present in a daze, including Qu Yuancheng, the other heirs, and, most of all, Miss Hu—Little Chili. Her face turned an alarming shade of purple, her eyes blazing with fury.

But Qin Fang remained indifferent, completely ignoring her reaction.

Honestly, it wasn't an act of showing off—he truly wasn't interested.

Racing casually with the other heirs simply passed the time. He enjoyed the thrill of horseback riding and welcomed opportunities to cultivate friendships.

As for Miss Hu, he couldn't care less about her temperament. It wasn't just her near-collision with him earlier—her lack of an apology left an even worse impression. If anything, Qin Fang thought himself generous for not publicly calling her out, purely out of courtesy because she was a woman...

Competing with her? Not a chance.

For someone born into a wealthy family but lacking any manners, Qin Fang preferred to keep a respectful distance...

Otherwise, who knows what trouble might come, like earlier when her horse nearly ran him down. Had he not reacted swiftly, he'd likely be "roadkill" by now...

Chapter 1180: Just Not Giving Face!

"You..."

Seeing Qin Fang acting so indifferent, Miss Hu's face was as red as if she'd been injected with adrenaline, fiery red, seemingly ready to burst with blood at any moment — a truly terrifying sight!

Her slender fingers pointed straight at Qin Fang, as if she wished she could stab him into a pulp then and there to feel some measure of relief.

Who was Miss Hu, after all? She was the renowned "Little Chili" of Hong Kong Island, the queen bee among the ladies of the Ten Great Families. Rumor had it she even founded a Ladies' Club, gathering daughters of all the wealthy families and tycoons, as well as businesswomen, into her circle. Even Qu Yuancheng's wife, Chen Qi, was a member of the club.

Perhaps that explains why every time this fiery Miss Hu stirred up trouble, Qu Yuancheng, the golden lawyer, was always summoned to clean up the mess.

One reason was familiarity — it was convenient for her to call on him. The other was that Qu Yuancheng couldn't resist his wife's pleas and had no choice but to comply.

Thanks to the formidable influence of the Ladies' Club, these women constituted a considerable force. As the club's founder and queen bee, Miss Hu naturally held high status on Hong Kong Island.

Among the third generation of wealthy families, there were few bold enough not to give her the respect she demanded. Take Qu Yuancheng and the others, for instance — who dared not be polite when faced with her? Nobody wanted to see her lose her temper!

Not to mention, the consequences they feared, like being banned from their own bedrooms or incessant harassment from their sisters-in-law. Such predicaments were enough to make these men agonize over how to handle her.

Unfortunately, this time Miss Hu, who ruled Hong Kong Island with an iron will, had met her match.

Qin Fang couldn't have cared less about her. Although she was undeniably beautiful, her obnoxious personality made her the most unruly heiress he'd ever encountered.

People often said that Qu Yuanliang was one of the most arrogant playboys around, but compared to her, he wasn't even on the same level.

"Will you compete with me or not? Compete in a match with me! Win or lose, I'll give you a million!"

Miss Hu's face was blue with fury as she glared at Qin Fang, who was leisurely riding Flying General. Her heart burned with frustration.

She couldn't understand why Qin Fang would refuse her request. On Hong Kong Island, there weren't many young men who could say no to her demands.

If there were any exceptions, they tended to be gay!

No straight man could resist the requests of a beauty like her. Even among Qu Yuancheng's companions, all four of them were her suitors!

It was obvious Qin Fang wasn't one to be swayed by her usual tricks. Since her charm failed, Miss Hu immediately switched strategies and employed the gold-yuan tactic.

This method was the standard approach for wealthy heirs — if someone didn't yield to your hubris, crush them with money until they have no choice but to surrender.

Though Miss Hu was a woman, she was well-versed in this strategy. Casually, she offered a sum of one million, as if money was nothing to her.

Indeed, for the Hu Family, one million wasn't enough to cost them a blink. Their daily payroll for the staff exceeded this amount.

"I'll give you a million. Just get as far away as you can from here!"

When Qin Fang heard this "Little Chili's" outrageous statement, his mood turned sour. Already unimpressed by her from the start, he immediately shot back with a vicious remark of his own, even nastier than hers.

"You... bastard!"

The "Little Chili" was utterly dumbfounded.

It was probably the first time in her life someone spoke to her with such venom. Her entire demeanor froze in shock.

Who was she? Miss Hu of the Hu Family, richer than nations, with assets in the billions. One million Hong Kong dollars was mere pocket change; her monthly allowance far exceeded that amount.

But Qin Fang's reproach was too cruel. To toss out one million as though it was enough to make her leave? Unforgivable!

"Am I that cheap?"

Inwardly, Miss Hu gritted her teeth in fury, deeply humiliated and infuriated by such malicious words.

After a brief pause, her beautiful eyes misted over, her glinting tears pooling at the corners as she gazed at Qin Fang's smug face. Trembling lips struggled to spit out a curse she spent hesitant moments composing.

Clearly, her insult lacked impact, as Qin Fang simply shrugged nonchalantly, as if he hadn't heard her. He casually continued riding his horse.

Such reaction only stoked Miss Hu's rage further. Yet, her fury found no outlet to ignite; Qin Fang was like a fireproof surface impervious to her flames, leaving her fuming to no avail.

"Impressive! Truly impressive..."

"Unbelievable!"

"What a brilliant man, this Younger Brother Qin..."

The ongoing war between Qin Fang and "Little Chili" had become a spectacle for the five onlookers who silently observed the drama unfolding. They oscillated between exasperation and admiration, repeatedly giving Qin Fang thumbs up and praise.

Each of the five was a suitor of Miss Hu. But despite years of pursuit, they hadn't made any progress — forget about a kiss or even a hint of intimacy.

The real problem was Miss Hu's dominant and overbearing demeanor, far surpassing any of them. Her strength permanently rendered them weak and ineffective.

Witnessing Qin Fang's reaction gave them fresh perspective. They marveled at his approach, wondering if his resistance tactics could, by some miracle, work on the fiery Miss Hu.

Qu Yuancheng, however, had a different mindset entirely. He was caught in the middle, unable to offend Qin Fang on one side or Miss Hu on the other.

This left him only the option of silence. Remaining neutral kept him out of harm's way — for now, at least.

Alas, his hope was fleeting. Though his strategy was sound, reality had other plans.

"Qu Yuancheng, I am commanding you right now. Make this guy compete with me!"

Unable to outwit Qin Fang verbally, feeling humiliated by his cutting words and wasting money without any effect, Miss Hu turned her fury toward Qu Yuancheng.

Unlike Qin Fang, Qu Yuancheng wasn't someone she found difficult to handle. His wife, Chen Qi, shared a close bond with Miss Hu.

In truth, Chen Qi was Miss Hu's cousin, making their connection deeply personal.

Their relationship wasn't just familial; they were trusted confidants who shared every intimate secret, explaining why Qu Yuancheng was frequently tasked with cleaning up Miss Hu's disasters.

Though Miss Hu couldn't overcome Qin Fang, Qu Yuancheng seemed an easier target. While a high-profile lawyer outside, in Miss Hu's presence he resembled a subdued servant.

Unfortunately, her miscalculation was evident. Despite Miss Hu's command, Qu Yuancheng's expression darkened, and he declined to align himself with her.

"Well... Jiajia, Qin Fang is my cousin. Let's just let it go."

Qu Yuancheng hadn't anticipated things escalating this far. What started as trivial friction had spiraled into larger chaos.

The real complication was the peculiar relationship between Qin Fang and the Qu Family. Qin Fang wasn't directly part of the family, making it absurd for them to issue him orders.

Not that Qin Fang would obey even if Qu Yuancheng commanded him. Instead, any such attempt would instantly sour their fragile rapport.

Qu Yuancheng had spent significant effort mending ties with Qin Fang and wouldn't risk destroying their progress and trust. Any disruption might completely close off Qin Fang's goodwill toward the Qu Family, an outcome Qu Yuancheng couldn't afford.

"Huh?"

Miss Hu was taken aback.

Was this the first time Qu Yuancheng so blatantly rejected one of her requests? He'd typically entertain even her most ludicrous demands.

Take the last court case—she had rashly demanded Qu Yuancheng sue the plaintiff for emotional distress because they had uttered one emotional, threatening phrase during testimony.

While the case ultimately ended with nothing resolved, Qu Yuancheng had reluctantly agreed to her wish.

But this time, he outright refused and even aligned himself with Qin Fang!

"He's your cousin?"

Miss Hu found herself murmuring in surprise, clearly intrigued by the unexpected revelation.

The Qu family had deep connections through marriage — specifically, Qu Zhenhang's wife was from the Tian Family, another of Hong Kong Island's wealthy elite. If Qin Fang was connected to Tian, Miss Hu felt certain she would know.

Yet, examining everyone's reactions, this didn't seem the case. That left only one possibility—Qin Fang must be the son of Qu Yuanliang's sister, Qu Qing, who had mysteriously disappeared two decades ago.

"Could it be that she's returned?"

Those present couldn't hide their astonishment, their stunned gazes fixed on Qin Fang as they searched his features for any clues.