

Genius 1181

Chapter 1181: Lost and Accompany to Sleep for a Month!

Qin Fang didn't deny it this time. He simply acted as if he hadn't heard a thing and continued trotting his horse... He didn't care much about what was happening around him.

It wasn't that he acknowledged his connection to the Qu Family, but rather that he felt there was no need to bother.

The people in front of him had nothing to do with him, not even as friends. Explaining would be utterly meaningless.

As for them figuring out his mother's identity, it wasn't much of a secret anyway. He believed the news would spread very soon.

"Are you really Aunt Qing's son?"

Qin Fang might not care, but some people clearly did. Xiaolajiao, astride her chestnut horse, rode straight up to him, blocking his path. Her eyes shimmered with doubt as she asked, seemingly skeptical.

Qu Qing had mysteriously disappeared for twenty years. Most of the younger generation didn't have much impression of her, especially Xiaolajiao, who had only just been born at the time...

"I have no idea what you're talking about..."

Qin Fang knew who she meant, but he still rolled his eyes, throwing her a slightly disdainful look as he replied.

"Hmph..."

Xiaolajiao, unwilling to show weakness, immediately responded with a contemptuous snort.

"Don't think that just because you're Aunt Qing's son, I'll treat you kindly. Today you must compete with me, or else... or else... or else I won't let you off the hook!"

Of course, she didn't forget the original reason why she came, immediately announcing her challenge arrogantly. Her words began full of bluster, but the tail end of her declaration sounded oddly deflated, as if her confidence was forcefully knocked down a peg.

"What is with your annoying persistence? I've already said I won't compete, so stop wasting your breath..."

Qin Fang was thoroughly irritated by Xiaolajiao's antics. His tone grew harsher, and if it weren't for the fact that she was a woman, Qin Fang might have smacked her away with one hand.

"I don't care what you say. If you don't compete with me today, don't even think about leaving..."

Realizing that acting tough wasn't effective, Xiaolajiao shifted tactics. She placed her little red horse squarely in front of Qin Fang, blatantly starting to act shameless.

Qin Fang turned his horse to move around her, but Xiaolajiao quickly adjusted her reins to reposition her red horse, blocking his path once again. It was obvious she came purely to make trouble.

As Qin Fang moved, Xiaolajiao followed...

And so, the two entangled individuals began a game of horseback maneuvering, except it was evident Xiaolajiao's skills were more refined. She frequented horse tracks regularly, while Qin Fang, though showing some proficiency, still struggled with less common moves, making his actions somewhat clumsy.

"Stop, stop, stop! I say, how can a girl act like this? I've told you I won't compete; why are you still being so persistent?"

After being pestered for a while, Qin Fang had had enough. He could only call for a reluctant pause.

"Besides, what's in it for me? Why should I compete?"

Perhaps carried away by his complaint, Qin Fang casually added another line.

"No benefit? A million isn't enough? Fine, I'll bet you ten million..."

Unexpectedly, upon hearing his words, Xiaolajiao's eyes lit up instantly. She grinned broadly. Her biggest worry was Qin Fang refusing to compete. As long as he was willing to set terms, everything became negotiable.

"Hah, do you think I haven't seen money before?"

Yet Qin Fang showed disinterest. He didn't particularly like Xiaolajiao's overbearing personality. She was not only arrogant but also had a bad temper and liked to throw money around to solve everything—not at all the demeanor of a proper lady.

Ten million might be a lot of money, but Qin Fang wasn't intrigued. Winning against a young girl to swipe her money felt distasteful to him.

"Then what will it take? As long as you make an offer, I dare to accept."

Xiaolajiao frowned, clearly irritated by Qin Fang's obstinance. But she wasn't done yet, quickly following up with a more daring proposition.

"Anything?"

Seeing Xiaolajiao boast with such confidence, Qin Fang was taken aback. Staring at her pretty face, he couldn't imagine where all her audacity stemmed from.

"Anything!"

Xiaolajiao seemed determined to compete with Qin Fang. She was willing to agree to absolutely anything.

"What if I win, and I ask you to sleep with me for one night—would you agree?"

Looking at her confident face that seemed certain of victory, Qin Fang couldn't resist teasing her with a mischievous remark.

"You..."

Hearing Qin Fang's words, Xiaolajiao froze completely. Her eyes widened with shock; she obviously hadn't expected him to say something like that.

Her reaction was almost instinctive. Despite her brash personality, Xiaolajiao was still an unmarried young lady, inexperienced in matters like these. Qin Fang's blunt suggestion naturally made her feel a wave of embarrassment.

But quickly, she caught sight of Qin Fang's odd expression. Her demeanor shifted, and her face subtly changed as realization dawned: Qin Fang had said those words purely to drive her away.

The embarrassment cleared away, replaced by burning rage, her cheeks flushed crimson with a mix of lingering shame and anger.

Her pale face now glowed blood-red, glaring at Qin Fang with gritted teeth, nearly exploding as she spat out her response.

"If you win, I'll do more than stay with you for one night; I'd stay for a whole month if you wanted!"

Xiaolajiao, clearly provoked by Qin Fang's words, had lost all sense of restraint, blurting out even more shocking declarations.

"Er..."

The few men present were all dumbfounded. Even Qin Fang himself was caught off guard.

His comment had been casual, intended as a playful jab to get Xiaolajiao to back off and save him the trouble.

Who could have guessed how fierce Xiaolajiao would be? Not only did she accept his exaggerated demand, she even upped the stakes.

It wasn't clear whether it was her anger clouding her judgment or an unwavering confidence in her skills...

The other men exchanged varied expressions. Having heard the exchange between Qin Fang and Xiaolajiao, while they disapproved of Qin Fang's teasing, they understood there wasn't malicious intent. His tone had been purely for jest...

But none of them had anticipated things to escalate this way. Xiaolajiao seemed hell-bent on having Qin Fang race against her no matter what...

Her unyielding determination was so unusual it left them baffled.

If they didn't know her fierce personality well, they would have stepped in to advise her against it. After all, these men were all suitors of Xiaolajiao themselves. None of them would be happy seeing another man win her over before they even had a chance.

Of course, none of them truly believed Qin Fang would win.

Earlier, they competed against him and lost miserably. But their defeat stemmed from the disparity between horse breeds. Qin Fang's mount, Flying General, was on a different level entirely, making their loss unsurprising. Qu Si Shao Qu Yuanrui had spent lavishly to acquire and maintain this horse.

Their horses didn't stand a chance against Flying General's dominance.

However, Xiaolajiao's prized Blood Linglong, her chestnut horse, was in the same tier as Flying General. This made things considerably different.

Flying General's training regimen wasn't intense; it spent most days in the stables. Blood Linglong, on the other hand, was frequently pushed to peak performance, sprinting vigorously during Xiaolajiao's daily rides. Its condition was arguably superior...

Taking this into account, Xiaolajiao might even have the advantage.

Leaving the horses aside, the skill of the rider also plays a pivotal role in determining outcomes. An exceptional rider enhances the speed and performance of their horse tremendously.

Xiaolajiao wasn't self-taught; she had learned from numerous expert equestrians, earnestly refining her craft.

Her skills were no less impressive than those of professional jockeys. She had even secretly substituted for a professional rider during a Jockey Club event and easily claimed the championship...

In contrast, Qin Fang lacked such experience. An inlander apparent newcomer to horseback riding, his movements earlier were watched closely by the others. Though competent, his lack of polish betrayed his status as a novice...

Against a skilled rider like Xiaolajiao, with similar horse capabilities, her loss seemed nearly impossible... This likely fueled Xiaolajiao's absolute confidence, enabling her to agree to such unbelievable terms.

"Miss Hu, you better think this through—don't start crying later if you lose..."

After the shock wore off, Qin Fang regained composure, looking at the supremely confident Xiaolajiao and teasing her once more.

"Hmph, enough with the nonsense... I've dared to place such a big wager; let's see if you have the guts to raise the stakes further."

Xiaolajiao was unfazed by his taunt, maintaining her unwavering confidence.

"Go on, let's hear it..."

Qin Fang replied indifferently.

"If you manage to beat me, I'll stay with you for a month—you can do whatever you like... But if you lose, you'll serve as my slave for ten days—no, *a whole month*. How about that?"

Indeed, one should never underestimate Xiaolajiao's confidence. She dared to propose such bold terms openly, clearly intending to take her anger out on Qin Fang.

Chapter 1182: Riding a Good Horse to Compete with You, That's Bullying You!

"Swap ten days for one month?"

Although Qin Fang had some idea of what Xiaolajiao (Little Chili) might propose, he hadn't expected the betting terms to be this outrageous.

"You really don't hold back at all, huh..."

Looking at the indignant Miss Hu, Qin Fang smirked with an awkward expression on his face.

"That's none of your business. Just say whether you dare to agree or not..."

Xiaolajiao clearly wasn't buying into his humor. Not only did she show no signs of backing down, but her behavior made it seem like she was ready to pressure him into agreeing—almost as if failing to do so would make Qin Fang look like a coward.

"You're not afraid of losing out, so how could I, a grown man, be afraid of you?"

Though Qin Fang knew perfectly well it was a goading strategy, he couldn't let a little woman underestimate him, so he responded with a cheerful grin.

The key point was, Qin Fang had discovered just how tenacious Xiaolajiao truly was. He didn't know if she was acting out for some reason today, but she seemed insistent on challenging him for satisfaction, refusing to let go of him—even when he truly wanted to shake her off.

The betting terms were clearly advantageous to Qin Fang, with Xiaolajiao being the one bound to lose out. Despite Miss Hu's bold demeanor, she was still a pure, young girl—not akin to the other spoiled rich ladies with indulgent private lives.

For a girl like her, spending just one night accompanying someone would already be a monumental loss, not to mention a full month.

Of course, once one night passed, the consequences of losing her innocence remained the same, whether it was for one night or one month—the only real difference being how long the person benefited from the arrangement.

In comparison, Qin Fang's potential loss—serving as a slave for ten days—didn't seem like much. No matter how bad Xiaolajiao's temper was, at most it would involve being beaten or scolded, but not to the extent of forcing him to entertain guests like a gigolo.

Qin Fang certainly didn't want to take advantage of this young girl; he simply wanted to use the opportunity to rid himself of this troublesome figure once and for all. As for winning or losing...

Would he really lose?

Not likely!

Xiaolajiao's equestrian skills were indeed commendable, comparable to most average competitors' levels. According to Qin Fang's scouting skill, her riding skill was at LV4—a level that could qualify her as an intermediate expert.

Qin Fang had just assessed the skill levels of the participating knights; they were mostly at LV4, with a few at LV3. Given that, Xiaolajiao's proficiency warranted her confidence.

On the other hand, Qin Fang's companions like Qu Yuancheng were all at LV1, far inferior to Xiaolajiao. Perhaps seeing Qin Fang's technique not vastly surpassing the others, combined with their similarly matched horses, led her to believe victory was within her grasp.

However...

She didn't know.

On the surface, Qin Fang's horsemanship seemed comparable to Qu Yuancheng and the others. His recent win had been solely dependent on the prowess of Flying General.

In reality, Qin Fang's riding skill had already reached the advanced level. Though still a bit short of grandmaster level, he was getting very close.

An advanced, near-grandmaster riding skill translated roughly to LV5 in specific skill rankings—one level higher than Xiaolajiao's LV4.

The gap between levels wasn't insignificant.

For character levels, a single level difference might not seem atrocious, as skilled figures could sometimes overcome adversaries of higher levels—Qin Fang was one such case.

But when it came to skill levels, unless supported by extraordinarily powerful auxiliary skills, bridging a one-level gap was nearly impossible.

If Xiaolajiao had challenged Qin Fang right when he started riding, his unfamiliarity might have given her a chance to win.

But now, after several laps, his skills had become increasingly refined, with his mastery over fundamental techniques reaching near perfection.

Xiaolajiao choosing to challenge him now was essentially walking into a trap, knowingly courting disaster.

"Alright then, let's start quickly... Hmph, I'll make sure you regret this!"

Upon hearing Qin Fang finally agree, Xiaolajiao's face lit up with joy and confidence. She muttered something under her breath while clearly brimming with determination to win the race.

While talking, Xiaolajiao turned her horse towards the official racetrack, gradually calming her emotions to focus entirely on the upcoming competition.

"Wait..."

Just as Xiaolajiao was about to begin the race, Qin Fang called out suddenly.

"What... What do you want now?"

Xiaolajiao froze in confusion, her face darkening as she snapped back in irritation. Clearly, she felt Qin Fang was pushing his luck far too much.

Not one to have a good temper to begin with, Xiaolajiao had finally been pushed to her limit by Qin Fang's repeated provocation—how else could she have proposed such absurd betting terms?

"I'm switching horses first..."

Qin Fang said matter-of-factly while waving his hand. He leaped off Flying General and strode toward Qu Yuancheng, seemingly intent on swapping horses with him.

"Switching horses?"

"Switching?"

The group, already stunned by the ridiculous bet, now turned completely dumbfounded as they watched Qin Fang voluntarily ask to switch horses.

If Qin Fang had traded a poor horse for a better one, they could've understood—it would've been a rational move to ensure fairness in the match and reduce his chance of losing.

But Qin Fang was doing the opposite—even with Flying General, a superior horse capable of competing neck and neck with Xiaolajiao's Blood Linglong, he chose to swap for the weaker Royal Princess. Was he insane?

Not only Qu Yuancheng but the four other young men in the group thought Qin Fang had lost his mind. Even Xiaolajiao seemed utterly baffled, regarding him as an utter fool.

Or maybe...

Suddenly, a thought crossed Xiaolajiao's mind. Her confused face flushed crimson as her gaze at Qin Fang turned increasingly fierce.

"You..."

Her pale, delicate finger pointed directly at Qin Fang, her eyes ablaze with fury. Her expression showed that she wished she could swallow him whole.

"Using the better horse against you would be unfair... This one will do just fine."

Qin Fang, unfazed by Xiaolajiao's reaction, calmly traded horses with Qu Yuancheng, ready to compete against Blood Linglong using the lesser Royal Princess.

"You... You... You just wait and see—I'll make you cry!"

Xiaolajiao, enraged by Qin Fang's arrogant attitude, seemed ready to burst with anger. Her eyes flared intensely, as if she might explode at any moment.

Qu Yuancheng was completely bewildered, dismounting Royal Princess and taking Flying General from Qin Fang's hand.

"Qin Fang, are you confident about this?"

Only after Qin Fang mounted the horse did Qu Yuancheng recover enough to ask hesitantly.

"I don't want to damage this good horse..."

Qin Fang smiled nonchalantly, offering a statement that sounded both reasonable and not as such, leaving Qu Yuancheng even more perplexed. In the end, he could only respond with a helpless laugh and a shake of the head.

"Ah, my cousin really is... really is... really is..."

Even after repeating "really is" three times, Qu Yuancheng failed to finish his sentence, as though he had deliberately cut off his own thoughts, eliciting a collective sigh from the gathering.

Originally, the four companions had felt uneasy about the betting arrangement between Qin Fang and Xiaolajiao. With both riding horses of similar caliber, Qin Fang's slightest advantage could secure him the win.

The prospect of Xiaolajiao losing, leading to her one-month penalty, had the men inwardly grinding their teeth in frustration—it was practically like delivering her up for slaughter.

Such a conclusion was obviously unacceptable to them, but they knew they couldn't persuade the furious Xiaolajiao otherwise, resigning themselves instead to silently wish for Qin Fang's defeat.

Despite their earlier camaraderie with Qin Fang, the truth was they were driven by their own interests.

"This Younger Brother Qin is truly considerate..."

"True enough, he's definitely someone worth befriending..."

Now, however, Qin Fang voluntarily changed horses, effectively handing his chance of victory over to Xiaolajiao.

The four young men, previously lamenting their own losses with slower horses, now felt relieved—as if their hopes had been inexplicably salvaged.

They were convinced that Xiaolajiao's equestrian skills far surpassed Qin Fang's boasts of being a so-called "expert." In fact, they believed Qin Fang wasn't confident in beating Xiaolajiao with Flying General. The horse switch seemed like a way to lose more honorably, perhaps even because he didn't want to damage Flying General.

In either case, they didn't take Qin Fang's proclaimed skill seriously at all.

Chapter 1183: So What If It's a Good Horse!

However, this is what the four thought, and even Qu Yuancheng and Xiaolajiao thought the same way... It seemed that from the start, Qin Fang was destined to have no chance of winning at all.

As Qin Fang's cousin, Qu Yuancheng wanted to dissuade Qin Fang from making such a choice...

But his words meant nothing to Qin Fang, who couldn't possibly listen to him, and he couldn't possibly persuade the notorious bad-tempered Miss Hu of Hong Kong Island...

Helplessly, he could only watch the start of this match with a wry smile.

Even though he finally mounted the Flying General that Qu Laosi cherished, he felt no joy or excitement, only deep concern in his eyes.

Miss Hu had a bad temper, but she wasn't a woman with some perverted hobby, at most she liked pranks. At least the lawsuits he fought for her were all because of this reason.

But now Xiaolajiao was so annoyed by Qin Fang that he didn't know what monstrous condition she would propose if she won in the end...

Even though Qin Fang didn't acknowledge the Qu family, he, as his cousin, couldn't ignore Qin Fang and found it hard not to worry...

At this point, Qin Fang rode the Princess of the Dynasty to the front of the track, lining up side by side with Xiaolajiao on Blood Linglong, appearing extremely relaxed without a trace of tension, as if he had already mentally prepared for failure, and thus no longer felt nervous...

"Don't be nervous, that will affect your performance..."

In contrast to Qin Fang's relaxation, Xiaolajiao appeared extremely tense, as if treating Qin Fang as a formidable opponent, her body completely tensed with not a moment's slack.

Seeing this scene, Qin Fang gave an unperturbed reminder, even persuading her, to the extent that an uninformed person might think he wasn't at all involved in this match, rather than being a competitor...

"Shut up!"

Xiaolajiao's attitude appeared quite harsh, perhaps not wanting to hear anymore, she snapped angrily, and later, feeling that wasn't enough, she glared fiercely at Qin Fang, speaking in an incredibly sinister tone, very much like a villain in a movie...

"Just wait, when you fall into my hands, I will make you wish you were dead..."

Xiaolajiao performed very well, with her tone and expression blended flawlessly, almost perfectly expressing what she intended.

Unfortunately, her opponent was not an ordinary person, but Qin Fang... which foretold that her performance was destined to be a tragedy.

"Hmm, very passionate, keep it up..."

This was Qin Fang's reaction, his expression unchanged, his tone flat, but his gaze contained a hint of admiration, which almost drove Xiaolajiao to a mental breakdown even before the race started.

"Ready..."

However, the verbal sparring stopped here, as Fourth Brother, acting as referee, saw that both were ready, and immediately called out softly.

Upon hearing this, Xiaolajiao immediately tightened her grip on the reins, her emotions quickly stabilizing, although knowing her chance of losing was slim, she approached it with the most professional mindset, soon immersing herself in it.

This earned Qin Fang's considerable admiration...

Of course, it was just admiration, as he remained as laid-back as ever, showing no signs of tension.

"Go..."

With this shout, the rather absurdly staked match officially began.

Xiaolajiao squeezed the horse's belly, and the blood-red horse called Blood Linglong let out a whinny, its body like a red phantom, carrying Xiaolajiao's curvaceous figure swiftly forward...

This Blood Linglong, indeed, as one of the top racehorses, demonstrated outstanding speed and responsiveness from the very start, exerting formidable strength and leaving its competitor in the dust.

As for Qin Fang, he wasn't idle.

Though appearing leisurely while preparing, he showed no slackness during the race, squeezing the horse's belly with his legs, and the Princess of the Dynasty beneath him promptly galloped ahead at full speed.

The level of the two horses was clear, as Qin Fang had already verified with the Flying General. The starting speed and reaction speed displayed at the start of the race have already highlighted the gap between the two horses.

In theory, this gap already makes the result foreseeable, with Qin Fang's chance of winning being infinitesimal...

Yet, Qin Fang seemed indifferent, riding relaxed, holding the reins firmly, rhythmically bouncing, occasionally squeezing the horse's belly...

Every action of Qin Fang was very rhythmic, as if the timing intervals, the frequency of actions, etc., were pre-set programs, with almost no deviation at all.

However, his movements were somewhat different from the general riding techniques of a knight, making it hard to detect anything unusual, and certainly, outsiders like Qu Yuancheng couldn't see any trickery at all.

Blood Linglong was indeed much stronger than the Princess of the Dynasty, an undeniable fact that even Qin Fang couldn't refute, so despite both horses starting simultaneously, Blood Linglong established a leading advantage from the start.

And this advantage continued to grow over time and as the race progressed, from initially one body length, gradually developing to two lengths, three lengths... even after three laps, Blood Linglong was leading, much like Qin Fang earlier, by nearly half a lap.

"Alas, Younger Brother Qin has no chance at all..."

"Yes, the difference between the two horses is too noticeable! Jiajia's riding skills are also obviously much better than Younger Brother Qin's..."

As spectators, Qu Yuancheng and the four young masters were watching the situation quite clearly, and with such disparity, if they were in the race, they would have given up a long time ago, seeing no point in continuing to run.

Qu Yuancheng's face also didn't look too good, especially with several people beside him continuously discussing the race, each time reinforcing the fact that Qin Fang was bound to lose.

"Hey, Brother Qin seems to be speeding up..."

However, as they spoke, someone suddenly murmured this.

Qu Yuancheng was slightly taken aback, immediately looking at the two horses racing ahead of them.

Xiaolajiao's Blood Linglong clearly held a significant advantage, but now Qin Fang's Princess of the Dynasty seemed to have some energy left, surprisingly beginning to accelerate, gradually closing the gap between the two horses.

At this point, the race was barely a third completed, with a long way to go before the finish line, and although the speed at which the Princess of the Dynasty was closing the gap wasn't extremely fast, it was quite notable.

With the vision of the spectators, one could estimate that within three to four laps, the Princess of the Dynasty would certainly catch up to the Blood Linglong in front.

Of course, this was provided that Blood Linglong maintained its current speed without any further increase.

The speed of both horses remained incredibly fast, akin to lightning, especially when they rushed past the spectators, the fierce gust driven by their speed showcased the power and impact completely.

This performance of speed and passion was incredibly impactful, resonating with many who enjoyed car racing for the same reason.

But compared to racing in a metal car, this jolting, wind-embracing sprint on horseback seemed even more thrilling, with even Qin Fang finding horseback riding more exhilarating than driving.

"Closer, closer..."

The two horses continued to race rapidly, their speed as fierce as ever, but the distance between them was closing, with the onlookers loudly exclaiming continuously.

They didn't know if they wanted to warn Xiaolajiao or express admiration for Qin Fang's demonstrated horsemanship...

"Wait, Jiajia's Blood Linglong seems to be slowing down!"

However, they weren't entirely oblivious to anything unusual. Previously sulky from their comments, Qu Yuancheng stayed silent, mainly because he was trying not to offend both sides, making it inconvenient to express any opinion.

Not speaking left him staring intently, and this focus eventually spotted some intrigue...

To his astonishment, it wasn't Qin Fang driving the Princess of the Dynasty to accelerate. Given Princess of the Dynasty's level, all were aware that it couldn't match Xiaolajiao's Blood Linglong. Such sustained acceleration would inevitably exceed the horse's endurance if maintained for two or three laps...

But in reality, the distance between Qin Fang's Princess of the Dynasty and Xiaolajiao's Blood Linglong was closing, with what had been close to a half-lap gap reduced to less than five meters after nearly three more laps.

After some simple reasoning, Qu Yuancheng carefully observed for a while, especially as Blood Linglong passed by them a few times, spotting the issue's crux.

"Blood Linglong slowed down..."

The other four were dumbfounded by Qu Yuancheng's judgment and began carefully observing the two horses' speed.

When the two horses rushed past them again in sequence, they immediately noticed the problem, realizing Qin Fang's Princess of the Dynasty was maintaining its original speed, while Xiaolajiao's Blood Linglong had noticeably slowed down...

This deceleration wasn't particularly apparent, difficult to notice unless closely compared, but now with the comparison, Qin Fang's Princess of the Dynasty was continually closing the distance, and Blood Linglong's advantage was almost gone.

Hence... the outcome became obvious.

Chapter 1184: Easy Victory!

"Jiajia... might lose!"

Although this was the result no one wanted to see, and it was something they hadn't anticipated at all beforehand, the reality before their eyes seemed as clear and undeniable as iron, leaving them no room for rebuttal.

Blood Linglong was still racing forward at high speed, but Princess of the Dynasty's pace seemed even faster, gradually closing the gap, and was even about to overtake.

Several people glanced at each other, every face showing different expressions, though their thoughts were likely similar—filled with surprise, shock, a touch of frustration, and concern.

Qin Fang's Princess of the Dynasty was inching ever closer. Xiaolajiao wasn't oblivious to it; in fact, she had noticed it long ago. After all, such an obvious narrowing of the gap was something even a fool would recognize.

At first, she thought Qin Fang must have been desperate to win and was forcibly driving Princess of the Dynasty to accelerate madly... a tactic not uncommon in horse racing.

However, the problem with this method is that while it can yield short-term results, it causes significant harm to the horse, potentially leading to severe injuries such as ligament or muscle tearing, which could permanently ruin the horse.

Although Princess of the Dynasty was considered a decent horse, compared to Flying General and Blood Linglong, it was clearly a tier lower.

For a horse of that level to be pushed like this, even Xiaolajiao didn't find it surprising. However, such extreme acceleration could at most be sustained for a few minutes. If it went on longer, the horse was bound to collapse.

At that time, they had only completed three or four laps. Despite the horse's speed, even at a maximal pace, it could only complete two laps in a few minutes. At best, it might barely catch up to Blood Linglong, which wouldn't impact the overall race much.

But beyond a few minutes of extreme effort, Princess of the Dynasty would essentially lose its effectiveness for the remaining stretch, practically guaranteeing the race's outcome as Xiaolajiao's easy victory.

And so, Xiaolajiao wasn't worried at all and continued controlling Blood Linglong to maintain its previous speed.

However, as Qin Fang's Princess of the Dynasty got nearer, and nearer, on the verge of catching up to Blood Linglong, the horse still showed no signs of fatigue, maintaining the same spirited energy as before, as if it had been drugged, astonishingly keeping up such incredible speed.

This left Xiaolajiao utterly astonished and wondering if Qin Fang might have injected Princess of the Dynasty with stimulants, although she knew this was impossible.

But how could any horse sustain such extreme and continuous speed?

Could Qin Fang be employing a sacrificial tactic?

Sacrificial tactics involve pushing the horse to its very limits, exhausting all its potential in a desperate burst of speed akin to the whip tactics used in ancient times.

Back in the era of horseback messenger stations, "urgent 800-mile deliveries" relied on messengers switching horses, riding non-stop through day and night until the horse collapsed from exhaustion, only to then switch to another horse.

In modern times, however, such practices are incredibly rare.

Let alone in horse racing, where even an average horse costs several million. Sacrificing a horse for a single run by literally driving it to death is something no matter how wealthy, few would dare betray such an investment.

Moreover, the Princess of the Dynasty Qin Fang was riding was far superior to ordinary racehorses, valued at no less than ten million Hong Kong dollars. Even Xiaolajiao, known for her prodigal ways as Miss Hu, wouldn't treat a horse so recklessly.

It's not a matter of affordability; it simply isn't worth it...

However, the stakes between Qin Fang and Xiaolajiao this time were absurdly high, the kind where no sane person would hesitate to do whatever they could to win.

Whether it was a month of companionship or ten days of servitude, these were outcomes neither of them could accept... neither wanted to lose this match.

"Hmph, I don't believe it..."

While Xiaolajiao was still grappling with disbelief, Qin Fang, riding Princess of the Dynasty, had already caught up. At this point, Qu Yuancheng and the others watching from afar had already noticed there was an issue. Yet Xiaolajiao didn't think the problem lay with her horse; she only assumed Qin Fang was mercilessly using the most shameless of sacrificial tactics against her.

Should she employ the same tactic?

That was clearly impossible!

For one, Xiaolajiao didn't think Qin Fang's tactic would guarantee victory. After all, Princess of the Dynasty wasn't overwhelmingly formidable.

Secondly, Blood Linglong was her prized horse, something she cherished deeply, just like how Qu Yuanrui treasured Flying General. It was so precious that even letting others ride it was out of the question, let alone submitting it to such brutal treatment.

For these reasons, despite sensing Qin Fang's immense threat, Xiaolajiao still hadn't resorted to extreme measures.

Of course, this decision spared her horse from the extraordinary strain, but it also neutralized her originally significant advantage in the race, reducing it to zero—or worse...

Clop-clop-clop-clop...

Accompanied by the rhythmic sound of majestic hoofbeats and the fierce winds stirred up in their wake, Qin Fang, riding Princess of the Dynasty, effortlessly overtook Xiaolajiao, who was riding Blood Linglong, charging ahead relentlessly.

Noticing it had overtaken Blood Linglong, Princess of the Dynasty seemed to grow even more elated, galloping at lightning speed while gleefully neighing, almost as if expressing its gratitude to the Knight on its back.

Chapter 1185: Easy Victory! 2

Blood Linglong is one of the best horses on the track here, naturally also the fastest. Facing such an outstanding horse, the Princess of the Dynasty has always been a pitiful creature who gets crushed every time.

Although it doesn't have human intelligence, being repeatedly beaten by this horse fills its heart with a sense of helpless grievance.

Today's race saw Blood Linglong directly leave the Princess of the Dynasty half a lap behind within the first three laps, thoroughly embarrassing her. Yet unexpectedly, guided by her knight master, she didn't even need a burst of speed but still managed to later surpass the previously unbeatable opponent with ease.

Feeling that Blood Linglong seemed to be trailing further and further behind her, the Princess of the Dynasty was indescribably delighted. Her strides became steadier, and her speed even increased slightly compared to before.

Maintaining her original speed was already fast enough to surpass Blood Linglong, whose pace had clearly dropped significantly. Now that she had sped up even further, the gap between the two horses was becoming increasingly pronounced.

From barely overtaking, to being ahead by one length, then two lengths, three lengths... The disparity grew sharper and sharper, just like at the start of the race, but in reverse.

Earlier, it was Blood Linglong overtaking the Princess of the Dynasty. Now, the situation had flipped, with the Princess of the Dynasty overtaking Blood Linglong and further widening the gap.

Watching the increasingly distant figure of the Princess of the Dynasty, Xiaolajiao began to grow anxious. She sensed something was off. Qin Fang, casually steering the Princess as she passed by, went off far into the distance, without even using his riding crop, just occasionally tightening the reins and giving a gentle jerk.

"Jiajia, your horse slowed down..."

As she passed the five "judges" once again, the four young masters called out in unison. A reminder was now unavoidable; if they let things drag on any longer, Xiaolajiao wouldn't have any chance of victory left.

"My horse slowed down?"

Xiaolajiao froze slightly upon hearing this. She immediately calmed herself to sense the speed and rhythm of Blood Linglong beneath her, and her expression drastically darkened.

She knew horses well, especially Blood Linglong, which she had ridden for several days. She instantly realized what the problem was.

Blood Linglong was running out of stamina...

Before the race against Qin Fang, Xiaolajiao had already pushed Blood Linglong to gallop around the track multiple times. Qin Fang was almost hit by the horse as its speed approached its limit.

This was Xiaolajiao's usual routine whenever she came to the race track, and it was also Blood Linglong's most exhilarating moment, never encountering a hitch before.

However, Xiaolajiao failed to notice one thing—after running such a high number of laps, Blood Linglong's energy consumption was enormous.

Blood Linglong wasn't a wild horse anymore. It had been domesticated for so long that its stamina simply couldn't compare to those wild horses that roamed freely and galloped as they wished.

If it were only regular running, maybe the difference wouldn't have been noticeable. But in such a speed-based competition, and with the stark contrast, its depletion became increasingly apparent.

And as the laps progressed, this issue became more and more pronounced...

This explained why Blood Linglong was able to easily surpass the Princess of the Dynasty during the first three laps—its stamina could still sustain its speed at that time.

But starting from the fourth lap, the increasingly fatigued Blood Linglong began losing its edge, while the well-rested Princess of the Dynasty started picking up pace.

This give-and-take dynamic allowed the Princess of the Dynasty to quickly close the earlier gap, overtake Blood Linglong, and now even widen the distance significantly.

This is truly a case of "the observers see things more clearly than the participants."

As someone continually seated atop Blood Linglong, Xiaolajiao couldn't use instruments like a speedometer to detect changes in speed—a horse isn't a car, after all. It could only be judged by feel.

Without direct comparison, subtle differences in speed were hard to detect.

Back when the Princess of the Dynasty was lagging far behind, Xiaolajiao naturally couldn't feel the disparity. But now, with the four young masters' reminder, she sensed something was wrong.

"Blood Linglong, you can't lose! We can't lose... Come on! You must push harder! Giddyup, giddyup~~ Giddyup giddyup~~"

At this point, Xiaolajiao was panicking. If she didn't encourage Blood Linglong to go all out, she would lose the race. Thinking about the wager she had made with Qin Fang, a chill ran down her spine.

She was still an innocent girl. Her bold and brash personality aside, no man had ever been close enough to so much as steal a kiss.

If she lost and had to spend a month sleeping alongside Qin Fang... Just the thought gave her nightmares—a complete disaster!

A desperate not-to-lose Xiaolajiao had no alternative. She frantically urged Blood Linglong to accelerate, refraining from using the whip out of her affection for the horse but relentlessly squeezing its belly to prompt it forward.

Blood Linglong seemed to sense its owner's urgency, putting more effort into its strides. Its speed did increase vaguely—it started catching up to the Princess of the Dynasty's pace...

However, it could only barely match the Princess's pace. With their speeds now equal, the most Blood Linglong could manage was maintain the existing gap without shrinking it further.

The problem was, by now, Qin Fang and the Princess were nearly half a lap ahead—just as Blood Linglong had done to them earlier. At this rate, without narrowing the disparity, victory would be impossible.

"Giddyup, giddyup, giddyup..."

Xiaolajiao noticed this too, her frustration mounting. Her shouts became incessant, urging Blood Linglong to somehow accelerate.

But with Blood Linglong's stamina heavily depleted, further pushing the horse would only exacerbate its exhaustion unless Xiaolajiao resorted to harmful tactics to force it into an all-out burst. Only then might they barely catch up...

Although even that was just a slim possibility, given the substantial disparity. With more than half of the ten-lap course completed, barely two laps were left.

Time wouldn't wait, and the difference had become glaring. Unless Blood Linglong suddenly had divine intervention, instantly increasing its speed by 100%, catching up was utterly improbable...

Minutes later, Qin Fang elegantly guided the Princess of the Dynasty across the finish line, marking not just the end of this race but also confirming its outcome.

"I lost..."

Before the race, she never once thought she could lose, never believed losing was possible. Yet, the truth was brutal—she had indeed lost, and lost miserably.

If earlier Xiaolajiao presumed that Qin Fang challenging her with a different horse was a show of contempt, now she understood his intentions and the reality of the situation.

"You knew my Blood Linglong would run out of stamina?"

Still, Xiaolajiao couldn't resist asking the question. Even a professional jockey couldn't necessarily predict this—she herself hadn't realized it.

"Sort of..."

Qin Fang shrugged. With his Scouting Skill, he could detect many things others couldn't. He had pinpointed Blood Linglong's excessive energy consumption, noting it couldn't maintain its high speed for the entirety of the contest.

This was why he remarked earlier, "Riding the best horse to compete with you would be bullying you." It wasn't an act of arrogance but an outright statement of fact.

Riding the Princess of the Dynasty had already secured such an effortless victory. If Qin Fang had chosen Flying General, after just four to five laps, there wouldn't even be a point in continuing—the Flying General would've left Blood Linglong one full lap behind by then...

Chapter 1186 | Want to Sleep Together!

Hearing Qin Fang's response, Xiaolajiao unexpectedly let out a soft sigh of relief, as if a pressing question in her heart had received a very satisfactory answer.

As someone who loves horses and is an equestrian enthusiast, Xiaolajiao considered her own riding skills to be quite high.

But in her eyes, Qin Fang's riding skill was absolutely terrible...

And yet, in the competition just now, she had lost miserably—this despite Qin Fang switching to an inferior horse. The result dealt a nearly devastating blow to her confidence.

Now that she knew Qin Fang hadn't won because of his skills but rather because of the horse's quality... it made her feel much better inside, as if only this explanation was the most reasonable one.

Of course, the outcome was already set in stone—she had, in fact, lost!

Xiaolajiao sighed in relief, while Qin Fang, leaning casually nearby, naturally noticed. He found it a bit strange and couldn't help but glance at her.

However, the moment he looked over, their gazes unexpectedly met, catching both of them slightly off guard. Neither of them had anticipated this.

Qin Fang, on the other hand, seemed unfazed, wearing a faint smile that made him appear rather amicable.

But it was a different story for Xiaolajiao. She seemed to suddenly think of something, and a flash of shyness flickered in her eyes. Her fair face turned a deep shade of crimson.

"Don't worry, I won't go back on my word... tell me, when do you want to start?"

Summoning her courage, Xiaolajiao spat out these words. Although she tried to appear as normal as possible, her flushed face betrayed what was truly on her mind at that moment.

Apparently, she misunderstood the meaning of Qin Fang's smile, assuming he was reminding her to honor the wager and fulfill her prior commitment.

Xiaolajiao really was unique. Despite the multitude of thoughts swirling in her mind as she stared at Qin Fang's seemingly amused smile, she gritted her teeth and declared her intentions.

"Err..."

Qin Fang was stunned. Clearly, he hadn't expected Xiaolajiao to say something so bold, leaving him momentarily dumbfounded.

This statement sounded as though Qin Fang was pressuring Xiaolajiao to repay a debt, while Xiaolajiao looked as pitiful as if she had no choice but to accept this fact—making Qin Fang feel utterly speechless.

"Younger Brother Qin..."

"Qin Fang..."

Before Qin Fang could respond, a few of the "temporary referees" standing nearby couldn't hold back anymore. Practically at the same time, they opened their mouths to speak to him.

Compared to Xiaolajiao's straightforward admission of defeat, the expressions on Qu Yuancheng and the Four Young Masters turned rather peculiar—or rather, quite sour.

Xiaolajiao had indeed lost, but fulfilling the wager now posed a major issue.

After all, Xiaolajiao was the fourth Miss of the Hu Family. If she were really to spend a month sharing Qin Fang's bed, the disgrace wouldn't just fall on her—it would taint the Hu Family, and even tarnish the reputation of the entire Ten Great Families...

As participants in this affair, these young masters would also get caught in the fallout and face serious consequences with no chance of emerging unscathed.

Let alone the fact that four out of the five were suitors of Xiaolajiao. Watching the goddess they pursued being "taken away" by Qin Fang, even to the extent of her agreeing to share his bed for a month, was a slap in the face that stung too fiercely.

Before the competition, they might have applauded Qin Fang for his fair play in switching horses. But now? They were united in their outrage, itching to gang up on him and tear him to pieces to vent their anger.

No one wanted to wear a green hat (an idiom for being cuckolded), especially these young masters from elite families who couldn't afford this level of embarrassment.

Qu Yuancheng was only slightly better off, mainly because he wasn't one of Xiaolajiao's suitors. But even he wasn't entirely spared from the complications.

The issue was, Qin Fang happened to be his cousin. If any romantic entanglement occurred between Qin Fang and Xiaolajiao, it would stir up a huge mess.

If Qin Fang were still single and had formally acknowledged the Qu Family, perhaps this incident could evolve into a marriage alliance, which would greatly benefit the Qu Family.

But the complication was, Qin Fang already had a fiancée, and her family was just as influential as the Hu Family. On top of that, Qin Fang and his fiancée shared genuine feelings for each other, leaving no room for sabotage.

Not to mention Qin Fang held no loyalty to the Qu Family. In fact, Qu Yuancheng could faintly sense Qin Fang's latent hostility toward them...

This made the current wager an even greater obstacle.

If Qin Fang were to stand against the Qu Family in the future, whether or not he ended up with Xiaolajiao, the situation would inevitably strain relations between the Qu Family and Hu Family—something highly disadvantageous.

So naturally, Qu Yuancheng was not pleased with allowing this wager to stand.

"I was just joking around; no need to take it seriously..."

Qin Fang, of course, was well aware of their concerns and fully understood them.

Though Xiaolajiao was undeniably a first-class beauty, the idea of her warming his bed didn't particularly excite him.

Qin Fang already had no shortage of women in his life. This time, with Tang Feifei tagging along, he definitely couldn't let matters get out of hand.

Joking about it was fine, but genuinely having Xiaolajiao follow through? Definitely not.

Not only would Tang Feifei object, Qin Fang himself wouldn't allow it.

So before these young masters even had the chance to intervene, Qin Fang had already taken the initiative to reject Xiaolajiao's show of willingness to fulfill the wager, effectively nullifying it entirely.

"Phew~~"

Hearing Qin Fang's words, the five young masters discreetly exhaled in relief. Their impression of Qin Fang instantly soared to unprecedented heights.

At this moment, Qin Fang seemed like a lucky charm in their eyes, bringing them unparalleled joy and comfort.

"No way!"

But just as they were about to fully breathe freely, Xiaolajiao suddenly exploded, roaring as she rejected Qin Fang's proposition.

"Jiajia... stop acting ridiculous!"

"Exactly, Jiajia! This isn't the time for tantrums..."

Qu Yuancheng and the others immediately turned anxious. They rushed over to talk her out of this bizarre idea, each taking a turn to coax her.

Meanwhile, Qin Fang seemed oddly relaxed. He prepared to turn his horse around and ride off to pass the time.

"I'll handle my own business! It has nothing to do with you—step aside..."

Xiaolajiao's fiery temper hadn't diminished in the least. Even when facing a group of men, she didn't hesitate to hurl sharp words at them, treating them as insignificant.

After scolding them harshly, she turned toward the retreating Qin Fang and shouted, "I lost, fair and square! I always honor my wagers. So what if I have to spend a month with you? I'm going all in... no one can stop me!"

Damn, Xiaolajiao's fierce personality was no joke. She managed to say something so audacious with such unshakable conviction—it was quite impressive.

Qin Fang had barely managed to steer his horse a few steps away when her angry shout stopped him in his tracks. Catching her words, he nearly tumbled off his horse in shock...

Luckily, Qin Fang's proficiency in riding skills was top-notch. Though startled, he pulled off an intricate maneuver, swinging his body like a swimming dragon beneath the horse's belly before swiftly returning to the saddle.

At this moment, Qin Fang couldn't help but feel the truth in a saying: "A woman's heart is as deep and unpredictable as the ocean." He simply couldn't fathom it.

Clearly, Xiaolajiao hadn't been eager to honor the wager in the first place. Out of face-saving pride, she reluctantly agreed despite undoubtedly devising ways to avoid it.

But when Qin Fang proactively relinquished such rights, her shock quickly turned to a subtle yet undeniable sense of loss.

Women were indeed puzzling creatures. Qin Fang had already dropped the matter, sparing her from such a compromising situation—a reason to celebrate, really.

Yet, when the moment came, Xiaolajiao herself objected, clinging to the wager... as if she genuinely wanted to follow through.

"Did a donkey kick her in the head?"

Qin Fang, utterly dumbfounded, couldn't help but let this thought emerge. Xiaolajiao's erratic behavior was truly beyond comprehension.

If it weren't evident that Xiaolajiao was still pure and untainted, Qin Fang might have suspected her to be some scandalously promiscuous socialite.

But the truth was, she hadn't even so much as kissed anybody before. For a girl like that to boldly announce her readiness to spend a month with him? It was beyond outrageous.

"Hmph, you jerk... what, am I not beautiful enough? Is my figure lacking? How could you possibly reject such a good deal? You must've been kicked in the head by a donkey..."

Unbeknownst to Qin Fang, while he was wondering if Xiaolajiao's head was kicked by a donkey, she was thinking the same about him—except the target of her frustration was him.

By now, in Xiaolajiao's eyes, Qin Fang was practically on par with an idiot!

Chapter 1187: Unleashing the Dog to Attack (Part 1)

"Can't be bothered with you..."

However, Qin Fang wasn't the kind of person who would lose his head over beauty. He was very clear about what decisions needed to be made at what time.

Though the allure was right in front of him, he would absolutely not agree.

Not wanting to continue entangling with Xiaolajiao, Qin Fang just responded lightly and immediately rode his horse straight toward the stables.

"You... hmpf, we'll see!"

Xiaolajiao was utterly stunned. She had practically handed herself over to Qin Fang, almost even begging him to take her, yet she still couldn't succeed.

But to ask her to repeat what she had just said, she didn't have the courage to do so anymore.

She had been furious with Qin Fang earlier, which made her blurt out words without thinking. Now that her temper had subsided, the natural shyness and restraint of a young woman crept back into her heart, making it impossible for her to say it again.

Whew~~

Seeing Qin Fang leave without agreeing, Xiaolajiao seemed to let it go and didn't force it anymore. Qu Yuancheng and the other four exchanged looks, each glancing at the others, before collectively letting out a sigh of relief.

They had narrowly avoided a major incident...

This was likely the shared thought of all five of them, who now felt much lighter.

"Jiajia, don't be mad—it's not good for your health..."

"Jiajia, let's go play something else instead..."

"Jiajia, I know a nice new restaurant near Qianshui Bay. Why don't we..."

Seeing Qin Fang walk away from Xiaolajiao, the four young men certainly didn't sit idly by. They immediately surrounded her, trying to please her with all sorts of flattering suggestions, as though they wanted her to forget everything that had happened today.

As for whether Xiaolajiao would really forget, only she would know. Judging by the occasional unusual glint in her eyes as she glanced over, it was clear there was more to it...

Qin Fang, of course, didn't have the time to keep bantering with this temperamental Xiaolajiao. He had far more important things to attend to.

For instance... he had spotted the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San.

What exactly Han Long wanted Tu San to do, Qin Fang didn't know. The only clue was that Han Long had mentioned the racetrack, seeming to imply there would be a meeting with someone.

Although Qin Fang had spent the earlier time riding a horse, he'd been keeping a close eye on the activity above the stands. The Bloody Demon was a top-tier brute—so fearsome that even Qin Fang couldn't ensure he could take him down. Naturally, he was exceptionally cautious and on guard.

It was only not long ago that Qin Fang finally noticed Tu San's whereabouts. Although he hadn't yet identified the contact Tu San was meeting, the discovery alone was enough to put Qin Fang on alert.

Although Tu San was a ruthless executioner with an overwhelming killing aura, someone at his level could restrain such an aura on their own. At the moment, Tu San appeared no different from an ordinary person, giving no indication of anything unusual.

Had it not been for Qin Fang's extremely precise scouting skill and the fact that he had preemptively marked Tu San, spotting him would've been near impossible.

With his scouting skill advancing toward the Master Level, Qin Fang had gained several useful enhancements, such as marking specific targets to track their movements and locations within a certain range.

Qin Fang had encountered Tu San the previous night. Sensing an exceptional level of danger, he immediately marked Tu San. This way, he could anticipate Tu San's movements and proximity to himself, serving as an early warning system of sorts.

Besides Tu San, Qin Fang had also marked Han Long. This made it possible to know if Han Long ever left Number 36 Villa.

If Han Long truly left, Qin Fang wouldn't need to risk entering the villa anymore, sparing himself the trouble... But with the mark in place, things were far easier. Currently, the range was around 200 meters, and within that distance, the system could alert him automatically. It was this that allowed Qin Fang to detect Tu San's arrival ahead of time.

What Tu San's purpose was, or who he was meeting, honestly didn't matter much to Qin Fang since it had nothing to do with him.

What mattered was confirming Tu San was here so he could ensure Tu San was no longer at Number 36 Villa. This meant Han Long wouldn't have an overpowered enforcer nearby anymore.

Although the mercenaries in the group were undoubtedly formidable compared to police in Hong Kong Island, they weren't significant threats to someone like Qin Fang.

In short, removing Tu San from the equation left no one else in Han Long's circle who posed a significant threat to Qin Fang.

Of course, there was still a chance Han Long might have prepared other experts against Qin Fang. But given Tu San's loner personality, it seemed unlikely for him to coexist with other masters. Thus, the odds were low.

As Qin Fang schemed his next steps, Qu Yuancheng broke away from the four young men and one woman to approach him. Spotting the sweat-soaked Qin Fang, Qu Yuancheng smiled warmly as he said:

"Qin Fang, you've been running all morning and sweating a lot. Go take a quick shower—I'll wait for you outside..."

Qu Yuancheng treated Qin Fang with considerable respect.

Partly because of Qin Fang's status, but also because of the earlier incident with Xiaolajiao.

These people all knew Xiaolajiao's notoriously stubborn nature. Once she set her mind on something, it was exceedingly difficult to change it.

While the other four were busy consoling Xiaolajiao, Qu Yuancheng naturally tried to persuade Qin Fang. If he could get Qin Fang to give up on the bet, it would be easier on everyone.

Horseback riding might seem like the horse does all the work while the rider leisurely sits, but the reality was that it was quite exhausting. After so many laps of intense riding, even someone as robust as Qin Fang was drenched in sweat.

Xiaolajiao, for her part, was even more drenched in fragrant sweat. Her hair was damp, and parts of her clothing clung to her body, accentuating her curvaceous figure.

But Qin Fang was completely immune to such distractions and didn't fall for it at all.

"Sure, I'll go take a shower!"

Qin Fang didn't decline—it was exactly what he needed. He gave a simple reply and immediately headed for the racecourse's dedicated bathhouse to freshen up.

What Qin Fang actually intended to do in the bathhouse, though, was a mystery known only to himself.

It was nearing noon, and the knights who had trained all morning would soon return to rest and wash up. But before then, the bathhouse was relatively empty.

Stripping off his clothes and turning on the shower, Qin Fang began to wash away the sweat...

Yet while his body stayed under the water, his mind had already drifted far away.

So where had his thoughts gone...

The hilltop, to Number 36 Villa.

That Caucasian Dog was locked inside a reinforced steel cage with an iron chain around its neck—exceptional precautions that made escape nearly impossible.

Qin Fang's mind honed in on the Caucasian Dog. Due to the distance, he could only issue simple commands, unable to manipulate it with precision.

"Beast Eye..."

Thankfully, the Beast Eye skill was still functional, allowing Qin Fang to observe the events there from dozens of kilometers away.

The villa appeared calm and ordinary on the surface, but all its security systems were operational. Mercenary group guards patrolled the premises vigilantly.

Attempting a daylight break-in would result in a far worse outcome than one at night...

Although Qin Fang's body remained at the racetrack, his mind, via Beast Eye, kept watch on the villa.

With Tu San absent, Han Long's side lacked formidable protection.

Though daytime defenses had transformed the villa into a fortress, Qin Fang considered it weaker compared to the previous night when Tu San had been present.

The major obstacle last night had been Tu San constantly keeping an eye on the dog, severely limiting Qin Fang's actions. Now, there was no such hindrance since Tu San wasn't there.

However, there was still a dilemma—Tu San had locked the dog in a cage and tethered it with an iron chain. If Qin Fang were there himself, it would've been easy to handle, but for the dog...

Woof woof woof~~ Awooo~~

The dog, now akin to a canine demon with human-like intelligence, couldn't open the cage but had other means at its disposal.

For example, it started howling and barking like crazy.

The Caucasian Dog's bark sounded eerily like a wolf's howl, and its relentless noise was maddening.

The villa housed plenty of mercenaries, all armed and alert to any suspicious movements outside. When the dog started its frantic barking, their first thought was an intruder had entered the villa.

"What's going on? Go check it out..."

Han Long, resting in the villa, frowned deeply at the commotion. He immediately summoned a subordinate to investigate.

The subordinate rushed off enthusiastically, carefully scanning the villa's perimeter but finding nothing—no signs of any intruder.

"Why the hell are you barking? So annoying..."

After confirming there was no danger, the subordinate angrily approached the dog's cage, shouting a few curses. Knowing the dog couldn't understand him, he merely grumbled while preparing some dog food before planning to leave...

Chapter 1188: The Rampage of the Released Dog (Part 2)

This guard was originally responsible for some miscellaneous tasks outside, such as feeding the Caucasian Dog...

Because of this, the guard was familiar with the Caucasian Dog, so when he approached the iron cage, he didn't put up any defense against the dog inside.

Bending down to open the cage, he naturally didn't notice the cold gleam in the dog's eyes or the baring of its sharp teeth...

Just as the unlucky man held the bowl containing the dog food, squatted near the iron cage, and leaned forward to feed the Caucasian Dog, he suddenly saw a flash of silver light...

In an instant, the razor-sharp claws of the dog tore through the vulnerable throat with ease, followed by its massive jaws closing in and locking onto the already slashed throat...

The unexpected sneak attack left the unfortunate mercenary in stunned silence, unable even to scream... Of course, with his throat bitten, even if he wanted to cry out, he couldn't. All he could do was widen his eyes in terror and struggle violently.

But the more he struggled, the faster his blood flowed, dripping from the dog's muzzle and fur onto the ground, pooling into a large crimson stain.

After a few moments of futile struggling, everything fell silent. This unlucky man met his tragic and unjust end in foreign soil...

The Caucasian Dog is the largest breed worldwide and ranks among the top three most aggressive fighting dogs. For such a beast, killing a person isn't at all difficult.

Especially during a sudden sneak attack aimed directly at the throat — a strike that guarantees a fatal blow...

What's more, this isn't just an ordinary Caucasian Dog; it's a dog being directly controlled by a human. The true mastermind, Qin Fang, was operating from tens of kilometers away.

"Next target, Han Long..."

Taking out this guard was merely the beginning.

The Caucasian Dog, moving like a human, dragged the lifeless body into a corner. The area was originally a blind spot for the cameras, ensuring that the guard's fatal encounter with the dog was never captured.

Once the cleanup was complete, Qin Fang directed the dog to leave the cage and head straight for the villa.

However, before proceeding, the dog did something astonishing — it actually retrieved a key from the guard's body and used it to free itself from the iron chain around its neck, granting itself complete freedom.

Though some dogs are naturally intelligent and capable of performing incredible feats after intensive training, even the smartest and most well-trained ones pale in comparison to this dog.

After all, this dog was being controlled by a human!

Killing this guard was just a prelude; Qin Fang didn't want him interfering with the next steps of his plan. Moreover, the mercenary was no good person — killing him was no loss, and Qin Fang immediately felt his Justice Points increase, showing just how deserving the man's death was.

With the guard dead, Qin Fang didn't waste further thought on him and instead sent the Caucasian Dog sneaking into the villa.

Inside the villa was Han Long, Qin Fang's true target. As for any others, they were merely collateral.

Sure enough, as the Caucasian entered the villa, it spotted Han Long lounging in the living room, seated on a sofa and reviewing documents. He seemed deeply engrossed, a testament to the booming state of his business.

However, his business wasn't legitimate. Han Long dealt in drugs, not lawful trade... The more flourishing such enterprises are, the more devastation they cause to countless lives.

The Caucasian's movements were slow but silent, steadily creeping closer to Han Long. Its piercing gaze locked onto Han Long's throat.

Moments earlier, it had severed the guard's neck; now, Qin Fang intended a repeat performance to have the dog rip Han Long's throat apart.

"Hark, come here..."

But Qin Fang had clearly underestimated Han Long's vigilance. Despite the dog's cautious approach, Han Long raised his head when the Caucasian was about three meters away, glanced at the dog, and called out in a cheerful tone.

This dog belonged to Han Long himself, who had personally raised it. Their relationship was quite amicable, and the dog was extremely obedient. As soon as Han Long summoned it, under normal circumstances, the dog would eagerly trot over to him.

Qin Fang couldn't afford for his plan to fall apart at such a critical moment. So he immediately directed the dog to obediently trot over to Han Long, fulfilling Han Long's expectation — something Qin Fang actually desired.

"Hmm, blood..."

But just as the Caucasian approached Han Long and was about to open its jaws for a sneak attack, Han Long's surprised voice reached its ears.

Han Long froze briefly, his brows furrowing as he noticed faint traces of blood still clinging to the dog's fur. Moreover, the blood appeared fresh.

This Caucasian Dog was Han Long's personal pet, a vicious creature stationed in an area outside the range of surveillance cameras — intended to deal with anyone attempting to infiltrate the villa unnoticed.

Chapter 1189: The Rampage of the Released Dog (Part 2)

This place was normally deserted, but in these extraordinary times, the Hong Kong Island police might just discover that Han Long was hiding in this villa.

However, the legal system in Hong Kong Island was highly developed. Without obtaining a signed search warrant, the police had no authority to enter his villa.

To confirm Han Long's whereabouts, the only option was to sneak in secretly. Hence, placing this dog here was a particularly wise move by Han Long.

If someone got bitten or killed by the dog, well, that was their bad luck.

According to Hong Kong Island law, while pet owners were liable for their pets injuring others, what did that have to do with Han Long? The villa wasn't even under his name, so he couldn't care less.

Moreover, to escape from prison, Han Long had ordered the deaths of more than a dozen police officers. Human life was meaningless to him. A few more deaths from dog attacks wouldn't make him feel the least bit remorseful.

"Someone, go out and check..."

For Han Long, a few deaths were insignificant.

But if the victims were police officers or undercover agents sent by the authorities, dying on his grounds could give the police an excuse to come in. That would cause him a lot of trouble.

So, he immediately sent people out to check the situation outside.

The living room barely had anyone to begin with. Most of his men were stationed upstairs to keep a lookout. Han Long, occupied with work, ensured no one disturbed him. Thus, the living room was nearly empty.

The earlier guy had already been killed by the dog, and now the other one was sent out by Han Long to investigate... leaving the living room deserted, with only Han Long and the Caucasian Dog remaining.

"Good boy. Well done... Rest here for a bit. I'll handle this and take you for a bath soon!"

The dog's body was covered in blood, which was certainly not ideal. Besides the awful stench, it could easily draw unnecessary trouble.

This dog, raised by Han Long, obeyed him without question. It promptly squatted and lay down beside him, well-behaved.

Han Long saw nothing unusual about it. He picked up the documents again, fully engrossed in his work.

He didn't even notice when the Caucasian Dog stood back up. And even if he had noticed, he wouldn't have thought much of it. At most, he might assume the dog was stretching after lying down for too long.

But this time, things were clearly different—this dog was no longer the same loyal companion that Han Long had raised...

Reacting instantly!

Qin Fang wasn't going to let such a perfect opportunity slip away. He immediately commanded the Caucasian Dog to find the best angle and target Han Long's neck.

Howl~~

The Caucasian Dog leaped, its massive jaws snapping directly onto Han Long's neck with savage force...

Crunch!!

The unfortunate guard from earlier had already confirmed just how sharp this Caucasian's teeth were. This time was no exception—the dog's fangs tore into Han Long's neck, puncturing it deeply. Blood gushed out in violent spurts...

"Urgh..."

Han Long never imagined that the trusted Caucasian Dog he had raised for years would suddenly turn on him.

A searing pain radiated from his neck. Blood streamed out like a burst dam, and he could feel his strength draining rapidly.

The rate at which life was slipping away from him was terrifying. Han Long realized he wouldn't last much longer.

"Save... save me!"

As he approached the brink of death, a familiar silhouette appeared in his blurry field of vision. A woman, donned in a sultry red silk nightgown, was descending the staircase, walking straight toward him.

At that moment, this woman became Han Long's last shred of hope.

Han Long didn't want to die. He let out a desperate, pitiful plea for help to the woman, hoping she would drive the dog away and save him.

As long as she saved him, even if it meant being sent to the hospital or turned over to the authorities—facing a life sentence behind bars—he was willing to accept it over imminent death.

"Save you? Hmph..."

But... while the idea was sweet, reality was devastatingly harsh.

The woman, who he had possessed as if she were his belonging, didn't rush to save him. Instead, she wrapped her arms around her chest, standing there calmly, watching the gruesome scene unfold. Her proud, heaving chest stood out, and beneath the thin fabric of her nightgown, the faint outline of her pert nipples was visible.

Yet, this stunning and seductive woman had a heart far colder than most. In contrast to the frailty many women display, she was steely and unyielding, staring unflinchingly as Han Long was savagely mauled to death by the dog.

Watching this scene, the woman merely snorted derisively, without lifting a finger to intervene. Instead, she remained where she was, nonchalantly observing with her arms crossed.

Witnessing this, Han Long was consumed by rage, a vengeful thought flashing in his mind. He swore that if he survived this ordeal, he would ensure this woman suffered a fate worse than death...

But did he still have that chance?

Clearly not!

The Caucasian Dog seemed to bear a personal vendetta against him, biting down on his neck with unrelenting force. Even as Han Long fumbled to pull a gun from his pocket, the dog showed no hesitation.

Han Long's frantic struggle was futile. When it came to raw power, he was no match for the dog. Especially now, with his neck clamped tightly and blood gushing freely, he could hardly muster the strength to lift his arm. It flailed weakly, like a limp rag, trembling from the strain.

His only remaining glimmer of hope lay in the gun he always carried. If he could aim it at the dog and fire, he might have a chance to save himself.

The dog, of course, had no idea what a gun was.

But Qin Fang knew all too well. The sight of the weapon made Qin Fang's heart tighten as he realized the dire stakes.

This moment represented the best chance Qin Fang had to eliminate Han Long. If he failed now, he might never get another opportunity.

Han Long would escape, vanish without a trace, and tracking him down again would be near impossible.

So, this time... he couldn't afford to fail!

"Damn it, I'll risk it!"

Although the Caucasian Dog was an impressive creature, Qin Fang had no choice but to put it on the line. Sacrificing the dog would mean little compared to achieving his mission.

Han Long raised the gun, shakily taking aim.

At such close range, once the trigger was pulled, the dog wouldn't stand a chance against the bullet—meaning Qin Fang's ambush would fail.

Qin Fang considered having the dog swat the gun with its paw... but the weapon was small, compact, and just out of reach.

Bang~~

Just then, a sound echoed. Qin Fang, embedded in the dog's mind, briefly lifted his focus and noticed something on the ground—a gun.

The gun in Han Long's hand was gone... because his hand was now pinned beneath someone's foot.

The owner of that foot was none other than the seductive woman who had stepped out moments earlier.

At the critical juncture, she intervened, stomping on Han Long's hand and kicking the gun away.

Even as the light in Han Long's eyes faded, the woman never once made a move to save him. She had clearly wanted him dead all along. In fact, when he tried his last act of self-defense, she had coldly stopped him with a well-placed kick...

This sealed Han Long's fate, leaving him utterly defenseless as the dog mauled him to death.

For a man who had once been a criminal mastermind, this was a death drenched in irony and tragedy...

Chapter 1190: Took Down Han Long!

The Caucasian Dog truly deserves its title as the third-ranked fighting dog in the world. When it's vicious, it's utterly ferocious—on par with lions and tigers.

Han Long was also considered a ruthless figure of the highest order, and his reputation in the underworld was unquestionably formidable.

Perhaps he had envisioned possible ways he might die someday—being shot, blown up, or stabbed... but no matter how much he wracked his brain, he would've never imagined dying from being mauled by his own dog.

And that dog was the beloved pet he'd raised for years...

"Boss..."

Just as Qin Fang commanded the dog to kill Han Long, a startled shout rang out from the villa entrance. Turns out, it was a subordinate who'd been on patrol earlier and just returned.

The scene before him utterly shocked the mercenary known for his murderous ways; for a moment, he couldn't process it.

Han Long, once a dominant figure in Southeast Asia, was now lying slumped over, his lifeless eyes staring blankly at the ceiling, devoid of any shine. Blood stained his neck, and the Caucasian Dog had just released its grip...

"Someone, quick! Someone come! Brother Long has been killed by a dog!"

The woman reacted quickly. A moment ago, she had been watching smugly as Han Long took his last breaths; now, she suddenly switched gears, putting on an act of pitiful desperation.

The piercing scream of the woman, mixed with sobs, immediately drew attention from many people. At the very least, it snapped the dumbfounded subordinate out of his shock, instinctively making him reach for his gun.

What exactly this woman wanted and her specific relationship with Han Long was of no concern to Qin Fang. His goal had been simply to eliminate Han Long.

With the objective accomplished, there was no need for him to linger any longer.

Whether the dog lived or died was not something Qin Fang particularly cared about. It was merely a tool he'd temporarily recruited for the job. Now that Han Long was dead, its value had significantly diminished.

Nevertheless, a strong pet like this, Qin Fang figured, was worth keeping alive if possible...

Even though the System allowed Qin Fang to control the pet, if it were killed, it would still die permanently...

Similarly, the Caucasian Dog was in the same precarious position as Little Dragon, who was lurking within Qin Fang's body—a single life, and death meant complete annihilation.

"Awooo~~"

With just a thought, Qin Fang sent a signal to the Caucasian Dog, which immediately let out a howl and darted forward with astonishing speed and power. It lunged at the mercenary reaching for his gun, bared its sharp claws and teeth, and snapped its bloody jaws straight at the mercenary's neck...

"Ah..."

But the mercenary, having climbed out from piles of corpses, was no ordinary man. Faced with such a brutal attack by the dog, he instinctively threw himself sideways to avoid the danger, foregoing the chance to grab his gun.

The Caucasian Dog's movements, however, were much faster. Its claws tore through the mercenary's clothing, leaving a long, bloody gash on his shoulder...

For these seasoned mercenaries, such injuries were not severe enough to be life-threatening—at most, it made him grunt in pain—but it spared his vital areas from damage.

Enduring the pain, the mercenary began turning his body sideways and reached for his gun, intending to kill the dog before it could make another attack. The creature was simply too dangerous.

But...

Despite landing a hit, the Caucasian Dog didn't even glance back. It darted through the doggy door on the villa and disappeared into thin air.

When the other mercenaries rushed out in response to the commotion, they searched the entire villa but couldn't find a single trace of the dog. It left barely any bloodstains and vanished in an eerily mysterious way...

Such an outcome was far too bizarre for the mercenaries. However, compared to their boss Han Long's death, this incident seemed almost trivial.

...

After the dust settled, Qin Fang finally relaxed and couldn't help but reveal a slight, pleased smirk.

Even he hadn't thought things would go so smoothly—and in such an invisible, undetectable manner...

This incident also made Qin Fang contemplate whether he should raise more similar pets in the future. They could silently kill without drawing suspicion—a perfect asset for completing his King of Assassins mission.

However, pets were not something easily acquired.

Not every wild animal could be tamed as a pet. Only those with relatively higher intelligence could obey commands; the less cognitive ones wouldn't even understand instructions, making taming outright impossible.

Still, this idea gave Qin Fang something to consider paying attention to.

Once pets exited combat, Qin Fang would have the option to make them revert to their pet status markers. This way, they could be stored within the Props Box—ready to be deployed when needed, and tucked away when not.

The only exception was Little Dragon, lurking within Qin Fang's body. Its pet marker was essentially the dragon-shaped tattoo on Qin Fang's chest. It fused with his body and didn't occupy a slot in the Props Box.

Having taken care of his primary business, Qin Fang naturally saw no reason to stay in the villa's bathroom any longer. After a quick shower, he changed clothes and stepped out.

"It's about time. Let's grab something to eat, and we can bet on some races in the afternoon..."

Qu Yuancheng, who had been waiting outside, immediately approached Qin Fang with the suggestion as he emerged.

Since they had come for horse racing in the first place, leaving before the event started wouldn't make sense. Naturally, he proposed this plan, though he also intended to strengthen their bond.

From the time Qin Fang entered the bathroom until he reappeared, it had only been about ten minutes—just the length of a normal shower. Qu Yuancheng didn't notice anything out of the ordinary, and neither did anyone else.

Han Long was dead, mauled to death by a dog...

And it had happened miles away from the racecourse. No matter how one speculated, there was no conceivable link between the incident and Qin Fang.

Moreover, there seemed to be no apparent motive for Qin Fang to harbor grudges or reasons to kill Han Long...

The racecourse naturally had restaurants, all of them quite upscale, catering especially to the wealthy heirs and horse enthusiasts.

Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng weren't fussy and opted to dine here. By the time they finished eating, the race would be starting soon.

More people were beginning to arrive at the course. Using his Scouting Skill, Qin Fang found no trace of Tu San.

Perhaps Tu San was too far off, or maybe he'd already wrapped up his plans and left. He might've even gotten wind of Han Long's death...

Regardless, for now, Qin Fang hadn't had any direct encounters with Tu San.

Tu San—a devil among monsters—was definitely on Qin Fang's hit list. Eliminating him would rid society of a scourge and net Qin Fang a hefty reward in Justice Points. However, his current strength wasn't enough, so it was a goal he had to postpone.

It was race day; those who enjoyed betting on horses and had free time were bound to show up at the racecourse—especially idle wealthy heirs.

Some arrived early, such as the infamous Four Young Masters as well as Miss Hu, known as Little Chili...

Little Chili was a horse lover and an avid rider. Naturally, her passion for betting on horse races ensured she wouldn't miss this afternoon's event.

To save time, she handled lunch at the racecourse restaurant as well.

Coincidentally, just as Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng sat to order their meals, Little Chili suddenly appeared and casually plopped down next to Qin Fang.

"Jiajia, what are you doing here?"

Upon seeing Little Chili, Qu Yuancheng immediately felt his head throb.

Not that he feared her, but navigating the dynamic between Little Chili and Qin Fang—particularly after their bet—was exhausting. He had finally managed to separate the two, only to find them reunited.

Miss Hu, formally known as Hu Jiajia, reportedly had her name bestowed by their family patriarch. While the significance of the name wasn't clear, Hu Jiajia's personality definitely didn't align with its gentle connotations.

At least her name wasn't something overly ladylike, like "Shuxian" or "Shuyi." That would've been truly shocking.

"What? This isn't your restaurant. Why can't I be here?"

Predictably, Little Chili lived up to her moniker, shooting a glare and snapping back sharply at Qu Yuancheng, leaving him speechless.

"You're Qin Fang, right?"

Fortunately, Little Chili didn't press on further; her focus shifted to Qin Fang. She turned to him with an inquisitive look and asked directly.

"Hmm..."

Faced with the fiery Little Chili, Qin Fang found himself somewhat at a loss. However, since she at least kept her demeanor somewhat civil, he couldn't completely brush her aside. He let out a slight hum as confirmation.

"So you're Aunt Qing's son?"

Her curiosity unrelenting, Little Chili continued, staring intently at Qin Fang's face while occasionally glancing at Qu Yuancheng across the table, as if searching for a clue.

"You don't look the part. Aunt Qing was Hong Kong Island's top beauty back in the day. If you're her son, how come you look..."

Before Qin Fang could respond, Little Chili decisively dismissed his lineage with her own observation. Though she didn't finish her sentence entirely, the implication was clear—and left Qin Fang speechless.