

Genius 119

Chapter 119: Showing Off and Getting Struck by Lightning! _1

In a place like Lanyuan, there was constant traffic coming in and out every day, which most people wouldn't pay much attention to. If Qin Fang hadn't noticed Brother Dong poking his head out of the car and waving to him from afar, he might not have noticed at all.

"I didn't expect Brother Dong to come in person..."

Seeing Li Dong appear, a smile spread across Qin Fang's face. With him around, things were going to be much easier to handle.

The ruffian boasted, and those gangsters beside Brother Beard all clenched their fists, some even cracking their knuckles audibly.

Of course, there was an exception, such as Mouse Qiang. This guy seemed to be genuinely scared of Qin Fang, not only did he not join his companions to assert their presence, but he also shrank back into the corner, intimidated.

"No, no, no... I'll give it, isn't that enough?"

Everyone thought that Qin Fang would outrageously demand money from Beard's men and get infuriated, but instead, he ducked his head and immediately agreed to pay. "Uncle Fang, take out ten thousand... no, take out twenty thousand! It's not easy for all the brothers to come all this way. Ten

thousand is for the management fee, and the remaining ten thousand is a treat from me to the brothers for tea..."

Uncle Fang was slightly stunned, looking at Qin Fang with an incredibly incredulous look, not understanding what he meant. However, he still nodded and went to get the money.

Ordinary shops might not have that much cash on hand, but Qin Fang knew that the Fang Feixue Noodle Shop had just taken out tens of thousands in cash for payroll. As the boss, Qin Fang had the final say on how it was used.

After Qin Fang had spoken, Brother Beard and the others were all dumbfounded, and even louder jeers burst from the crowd.

They had seen someone play the fool before, but never to this extent. It looked as though Qin Fang would even crawl through their legs if the ruffians asked him to.

Squeak~~~ Screech!

Just then, those ten cars emitted a piercing screech as they stopped by the plaza outside of Fang Feixue, a sound that would usually turn heads, but at that moment, it was drowned out by the noisy crowd.

"You know your place, kid!"

The gangster representing them as the negotiator had a smile on his face, and even shot a look of credit-seeking toward Brother Beard. Brother Beard's flesh-covered face couldn't help but reveal a slight smile, his tiny eyes squinting until they were almost invisible, clearly very pleased with the outcome.

In a short while, Uncle Fang brought out the money, two stacks of crisp new bills, freshly withdrawn from the bank just a couple of days before.

With a glance from Qin Fang, Uncle Fang handed over the money. The young gangster's eyes squeezed shut in glee and he quickly reached out to grab it!

"Hold on!"

But just as the young gangster had barely grasped the cash, Qin Fang suddenly spoke up and also reached out to seize the gangster's hand.

The ruffian was startled. The money was on the verge of being his, and the Qin Fang whom he had just praised for being sensible was now speaking up again. Most importantly, he felt as if his wrist was clamped by iron pincers; no matter how much he struggled, the grip remained unmovable.

Nonsense, it would be strange if he could move. The guy was just a Level 1 thug with a small frame and not much strength. Qin Fang, now with a strength of 10 points, found it all too easy to overpower him.

"What more do you want, kid?"

Brother Beard didn't know what had happened on this side and thought Qin Fang was trying to back out, so he couldn't just sit tight anymore. The money was practically before his eyes, and there was no way he was giving it back now.

"Actually, I don't want much, just to ask one thing. As long as you give me an answer, I'll hand over the money with both hands!" Qin Fang said casually, seemingly unconcerned.

"Speak!"

Hearing Qin Fang daring to negotiate with him angered Brother Beard a little, but since he hadn't gotten the money yet, it wasn't a good time to turn hostile. He asked with a dark face.

"It's simple. Since this is the management fee I'm paying to the Boss, does it mean you guys will truly take responsibility for the safety of my shop? What if someone else takes an interest? Would I have to pay every time someone shows up?"

Qin Fang spoke as if he didn't see Brother Beard's angered face, his tone light and smiling.

The onlookers outside who thought Qin Fang would just pay and be done with it were surprised by this turn of events. Those who were about to leave stayed, ready to see what would happen next.

At that moment, Li Dong had already arrived with his men at the door of Fang Feixue and exchanged a glance with Qin Fang. Understanding the situation from Qin Fang's words, he stood amidst the crowd without immediately making his presence known.

"Stop talking nonsense! Who doesn't know that Lanyuan is Brother Beard's territory, and who would dare to collect a management fee on Brother Beard's turf? Let go..."

Before Brother Beard could reply, the gangster whose wrist was clenched by Qin Fang started snarling in pain.

"Oh, is that so? Brother Beard!"

Qin Fang ignored him, not considering a small-time hoodlum like that worth his attention; he was angling for Beard, the bigger fish.

"Of course, if I've accepted your protection fee, naturally no one else dares to extort you. Otherwise, they'd be crossing me, Brother Beard, and I'd chop them to death!"

Beard glanced at the two stacks of bills in Uncle Fang's hand, his gaze revealing a glint of greed. He would not let this cooked duck fly away. Without realizing it, he had fallen right into Qin Fang's trap, and his speech came across very cocky.

"Since that's the case, I'll cover this payment!"

When Beard heard this, Qin Fang laughed, and at the same time, he loosened his grip, allowing the little thug to take the money away.

Beard was very pleased to have gotten the money. He excitedly stuffed it into his pockets, already eying the naive and moneyed young man Qin Fang, contemplating when he could fleece him heavily again.

Just as he was about to turn around and leave with his men, Qin Fang spoke up again.

"Brother Beard, don't rush off! I want to introduce someone else to you..."

Qin Fang pulled over a chair, sat down, and crossed his legs, speaking leisurely, "Brother Dong, this Brother Beard is quite a big deal. He just said he wants to chop you to death!"

"What bullshit Brother Dong! You're asking for death, kid..."

Upon hearing Qin Fang's words, Beard was taken aback momentarily. That guy Qin Fang had embarrassed him before; he already harbored a grudge, and since the money was already in hand, he would've loved it if Beard ordered a beating for Qin Fang right there, so the words he spit out were none too pleasant.

"Brother... Brother Dong!"

But as he awaited Beard's wrath, the gangster was suddenly taken aback, hearing his boss Beard utter a terrified call. His ferocious expression immediately froze on his face.

Next, they saw the crowd at the door parting, forced open to allow a burly young man in a plaid shirt, sporting black toad sunglasses and a gold chain as thick as a finger around his neck, to stride in.

Behind him followed a line of muscular men, all clearly very well-built, numbering at least fifty or sixty at a glance.

"Disperse now!"

Li Dong stepped in and simply uttered to the crowd, which immediately surrounded the entrance of Fang Feixue Noodle Shop, preventing onlookers from getting close.

"You're Brother Beard? I heard you want to chop me. Well, I'm here, take a swing..."

Without unnecessary words, Li Dong walked up to Qin Fang, smiled courteously, then pulled up a chair and sat next to him. He then calmly looked at Brother Beard, who had turned ashen.

Not only that, Li Dong even produced a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, offered one to Qin Fang, and even took the trouble to light it for him, his demeanor extremely respectful.

Of course, his respect for Qin Fang wasn't because Qin Fang himself was particularly important, but rather as a show of respect for the people behind him: Young Masters Tang and Ning, Miss Tang, and his own boss, Lord Hu.

It was just that both Qin Fang and Li Dong knew this, but nobody else did, especially Brother Beard.

Smack~~

Even someone as seasoned as Brother Beard on the streets, who had chopped up many before, couldn't muster the courage. He fell to his knees with a smack.

"Brother Dong, I didn't..."

Brother Beard, where had all his arrogance gone? His face was totally pale, and his body shuddered.

"It's alright, what are you afraid of? I'm not going to eat you! Four-Eyes, give him the knife... Come on, chop me... Weren't you all brave a moment ago, saying you'd chop me to death? How come you've turned into a coward so fast!"

Li Dong, still wearing a faint smile on his face, stood up and walked over, letting Four-Eyes pass a knife to Brother Beard.

But could Brother Beard make a move?

Clearly not!

If he even harbored such a thought, he'd likely be chopped to death before making a move, and in the end, Li Dong and his crew would simply claim self-defense. After all, this was his territory, and his relationship with the police was already very well established. Dealing with a gangster who had no real grounding was child's play for them.

"Sigh, I'm really disappointed!"

Li Dong flicked the cigarette from his mouth onto Beard's bushy beard to extinguish it. The burn made Brother Beard tremble all over, wanting to scream in agony, but the sharp look in Li Dong's eye made him clench his teeth and endure the pain.

"Cowhide, he's yours to deal with. Teach him some manners..."

Seeing that Brother Beard was more or less sensible, Li Dong exchanged a look with Qin Fang, then stopped tormenting him. He casually passed him off to one of his men to take care of.