

Genius 1191

Chapter 1191: Gamble Once More!

When Xiaolajiao said this, looking at the curious expression on her face, it seemed she didn't mean any harm, probably just genuine confusion.

For someone like Xiaolajiao, who had a bit of a temper but seemingly little scheming nature, Qin Fang didn't have much resentment toward her...

However, Qu Yuancheng's expression darkened slightly. Perhaps Xiaolajiao herself hadn't noticed that her words carried a hint of disrespect toward the Qu Family.

Still, Qu Yuancheng noticed that Qin Fang showed no signs of anger. Whatever he was about to say was forcibly held back.

"Maybe I resemble my father more..."

Qin Fang wasn't angry; he merely replied with a calm tone.

The blood ties between him and his mother, Qin Qing, were an undeniable fact, one that no one could erase. So, it didn't matter who doubted it; he didn't care much about that.

Generally speaking, sons usually resemble their mothers more.

Qin Qing, or rather, Qu Qing back in the day, was reputed to be the number one beauty of Hong Kong Island—a goddess-like figure. Qin Fang, as her son, even if he didn't have a seven or eight-point resemblance, a two or three-point resemblance alone indicated he couldn't look bad.

But in reality, Qin Fang had a pretty plain face, the kind that didn't stand out much. No wonder Xiaolajiao was so skeptical about it.

As for the actual reason, Qin Fang himself wasn't sure; the only explanation was that he looked more like his father, whom he had never met.

In fact, he didn't need to question this because his mother had once told him he resembled his father greatly...

"Your father..."

Hearing this response, Xiaolajiao was momentarily stunned, as if she had overlooked this matter.

Back then, the affair between Qin Qing and Qin Tiannan caused quite a stir within the Qu Family, though outsiders knew very little. They had only caught wind of scant rumors.

But before the rumors could even be confirmed, news came of Qu Qing's mysterious disappearance. Her disappearance lasted twenty years, and as time went on, the matter gradually faded from memory.

Of course, some people still remembered it, such as the Qu Family, who could never forget. Perhaps there were others who still retained vivid memories of it as well.

"Qin Fang, you... Ah, never mind, forget it..."

For instance, when Qin Fang mentioned his father, Qu Yuancheng glanced at Xiaolajiao across from them. He opened his mouth to say something, but it seemed there was some unspoken taboo, and the words remained unsaid.

Though he didn't say anything, Qin Fang—who had just been called over by him and was prepared to hear something—was left bewildered by this sudden silence.

"Qu Da, if you have something to say, just spit it out. Being secretive like this is the least manly thing,"

Xiaolajiao scoffed at Qu Yuancheng's demeanor, openly mocking him.

Not only that, but Xiaolajiao also decided to drop a bombshell for Qin Fang. "It's just about the previous generation's business, right? My dad was one of Aunt Qing's suitors back then; I've known about this for a while."

Hearing this, Qin Fang's expression turned slightly peculiar, though he didn't react too strongly.

Since he was already aware of his mother's identity, he had come to terms with these kinds of revelations. Even if more impressive suitors emerged, Qin Fang deemed it manageable.

Xiaolajiao was the daughter of the Hu Family Eldest, a few years older than Qin Fang. If anything, back in the day, the Hu Family Eldest was already married, yet he still pursued Qin Fang's mother—it was truly bizarre.

Qin Fang had seen photos of the Hu Family Eldest before. Though he was now much older, one could still discern that he was undoubtedly a handsome man in his younger years.

Comparing his own average looks, Qin Fang speculated that his unseen father likely had a plain face too...

And yet, he managed to win over Qu Qing, the celebrated number one beauty of Hong Kong Island—Qin Fang couldn't help but feel awestruck by his father, seeing him as a legend, practically his idol...

Of course, Qin Fang thought of himself as not too shabby either. Even when he had nothing to his name, he could attract a beauty like Tang Feifei, and eventually, even more beauties threw themselves into his arms one after another.

Qu Yuancheng was utterly humiliated by Xiaolajiao's blunt remarks. His face was flushed with embarrassment, seemingly wishing he could dig a hole and hide in it.

Yet Xiaolajiao appeared entirely unconcerned, clearly knowing far more than she had let on.

"Jiajia and Chen Lin are waiting over there for you..."

In a bid to escape the troublesome Xiaolajiao, Qu Yuancheng pointed to the four young men staring in this direction and said.

It was clear these four were accompanying Xiaolajiao for dinner, but when she saw Qin Fang, she eagerly approached him, leaving the other men visibly frustrated.

"Let them eat; I'm staying right here..."

But Xiaolajiao wasn't interested in leaving. She waved her hand dismissively, making it clear she intended to stick close to Qin Fang.

The results were that the four young men were utterly defeated, Qu Yuancheng was awkwardly stuck, and even Qin Fang—wedged in the middle next to Xiaolajiao—was feeling a bit uneasy.

Having Xiaolajiao stay behind wasn't necessarily a good thing. She might dredge up old business and bring up the matter of their wager again.

Though Qin Fang had the upper hand in the bet, taking advantage wasn't always the easiest thing to do.

Miss Hu was essentially a ticking time bomb; anyone else could interact with her without issue, but Qin Fang couldn't. Any misstep, and he'd find himself in colossal trouble.

"Place your bets, place your bets..."

Just then, activity stirred in the restaurant—it was almost time for the horse racing event, and the pre-match hype had begun.

The restaurant had installed a massive screen, directly connected to the racecourse, broadcasting everything happening there in vivid detail...

On screen, riders were presenting their horses in the exhibition area to allow spectators to observe the pre-match condition of the riders and their horses, helping attendees finalize their bets.

Hong Kong Islanders were keen on horse racing—Qin Fang was aware of this. He'd seen such scenes repeatedly in Hong Kong films and TV series.

While Qin Fang wasn't too familiar with the intricacies of horse betting, he had a rough idea of some popular formats like "Triple Trio" and "Six Rings Lottery."

Of course, those were just two of the many betting formats available in Hong Kong horse racing, which boasted incredible variety and opportunities.

Qin Fang had just heard Qu Yuancheng casually list off numerous formats, including Knight King, Win, Place, Quinella, Double Quinella, Trio Bets, Single Trio, Four Rings, Passing, Mixed Passing, Double Trio, Triple Trio, Six Rings Lottery...

In short, Hong Kong horse betting offered an overwhelming number of options, which explained why many horse racing enthusiasts spent their time poring over racing magazines.

"Qin Fang, do you want to give it a shot?"

Everyone dining at the racecourse restaurant was naturally interested in horse racing. As the screen caught Qin Fang's attention, Xiaolajiao noticed his focused gaze and teasingly asked.

"Since I'm here, I might as well give it a try..."

Qin Fang didn't deny it, answering rather casually.

In fact, his primary reason for visiting the racecourse was related to Tu San—specifically, verifying that Tu San was no longer at Number 36 Villa.

This was crucial for him to deploy the Caucasian Dog for his planned operation.

Thankfully, everything had gone smoothly, and he had successfully taken out Han Long, eliminating all potential threats before they could escalate.

Of course, Qin Fang had gained quite a lot in return.

Removing a powerful adversary was just one benefit.

He had also completed several long-overdue assassin missions, securing a handsome number of points for himself. As for the commissions, those were negligible—he wasn't particularly concerned about them.

The real windfall came from the underground world's bounty—the immense prize of seventy million US dollars would soon belong to him...

Once Qin Fang fulfilled the mission, the Assassin's Alliance would handle the transaction, combining the bounty with the assassin task commission into Qin Fang's account.

The underground world's bounty network was a joint effort by major alliances, functioning as a public reward system. Since the money was contributed collectively by these alliances, there was no risk of non-payment.

Take Han Long, for example—his total worth far exceeded the bounty prize.

With his sudden death, the major alliances would immediately move to seize his assets, earning far more revenue than the bounty they paid out. Naturally, they wouldn't meddle with such trivial sums.

Now that Han Long was gone, all Qin Fang had to do was sit back and wait for his payout, allowing himself to relax and enjoy life.

Since he was on Hong Kong Island and at the racecourse anyway, Qin Fang thought it a perfect opportunity to partake in the beloved local pastime, horse betting.

"Then how about a wager between us?"

As soon as Qin Fang made the remark, Xiaolajiao's eyes lit up. She leaned closer to him, her petite yet perfectly proportioned figure brushing against his arm, her gaze carrying an air of flirtation as she suggested.

Qu Yuancheng, who was sitting opposite Qin Fang, immediately sensed trouble.

The atmosphere between the young man and woman was growing dangerously suggestive. While he doubted Qin Fang would pursue Xiaolajiao, he couldn't be certain Xiaolajiao wouldn't act on impulse. After all, she had just said something shocking about fulfilling their wager by staying with Qin Fang for an entire month!

Chapter 1192: If I say win, definitely win!

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Qu Yuancheng was worried sick, pitifully staring at Qin Fang, afraid that he might open his mouth and agree again. Regardless of the outcome, win or lose, the relationship between the two would worsen even further.

"With you?"

Hearing Xiaolajiao's words, Qin Fang was momentarily taken aback, looking at her with some curiosity, wondering what exactly she was trying to do.

"Forget it, you can't beat me..."

However, seeing the intense eagerness in Xiaolajiao's expression, he had no intention of giving her the chance. He shook his head immediately and said.

This wasn't Qin Fang being arrogant; rather, it stemmed from his unparalleled confidence in himself.

Horse betting, at its core, is much like gambling. Luck plays a significant role, but luck is hardly everything.

Some people, blessed with good fortune, can win more and lose less no matter what they bet on. Others, whose luck is down, will lose regardless of how they wager...

Yet there are some who may not rely on exceptional luck, but still manage to win more and lose less, because they possess another equally crucial factor—skill.

Gambling requires skill. Pure luck is not enough to sustain everything; rather, the presence of skill can compensate for deficiencies in luck and can even crush those relying on luck alone.

In reality, many who fancy themselves extremely lucky often end up losing terribly when gambling, precisely because they encounter experts who rely on technical mastery.

Even typical skill-based gamblers are quite formidable, but if you run into a Cheating Expert, no amount of luck will save you...

As for Xiaolajiao's level when it came to horse betting, Qin Fang wasn't entirely clear. She might be relying on luck, or she might know a thing or two. But up against someone like Qin Fang—an expert in the Thousand Skills—she was bound to lose miserably.

For example, with the horse betting just now, Qin Fang had already taken a brief look at all the horses and their respective jockeys, mentally mapping out a rough evaluation of each pair.

Even though this was just his initial estimate, Qin Fang already had a fairly comprehensive understanding of the state of each horse and its rider.

Various unforeseen circumstances might arise during the races, which could lead Qin Fang to make slight errors in his predictions. But these would be rare exceptions; overall, his judgments would still align closely with reality.

Across so many races, Qin Fang could predict outcomes with at least seventy to eighty percent accuracy. On the other hand, if you handed the task to Xiaolajiao, hitting a thirty to forty percent accuracy rate would already classify her as an expert.

Given the basic odds of horse betting, if Xiaolajiao managed such a high success rate, she would theoretically turn a profit without any losses. However, the reality was that, in most cases, she was losing...

And this wasn't limited to just Xiaolajiao. In fact, people like Qu Yuancheng and the four young masters were essentially the same. Winning was an occasional fluke; most of the time, they ended up losing money.

Although their bets were quite substantial, compared to their overall wealth, the losses amounted to mere pocket change. They generally didn't take it too seriously.

"You..."

Hearing what Qin Fang said, Xiaolajiao immediately looked as if she was about to explode, her whole body trembling with anger, and her delicate face turning a furious shade of red.

"Jiajia..."

Qu Yuancheng was worried that Xiaolajiao might flip the table in a fit of rage or even throw some silverware at Qin Fang. He hurriedly called out to defuse the situation.

"None of your business. Stay out of it..."

However, his outburst seemed entirely unnecessary. Just as he spoke, Xiaolajiao's expression gradually returned to normal, as if she had never been angry in the first place.

On the contrary, when she heard his words, she glared at him fiercely and rudely sneered at him. This left Qu Yuancheng with a face full of awkwardness.

But there was nothing he could do about it. Xiaolajiao was like a ticking time bomb—someone he simply couldn't afford to offend. Otherwise, he'd surely pay a painful price later. Despite his inner frustration, he had no choice but to swallow it and resignedly continue watching this strange interaction between these young men and women.

"Are you really that impressive?"

Finished with chastising Qu Yuancheng, Xiaolajiao turned her attention back to Qin Fang, questioning him skeptically.

Qin Fang was supremely confident, outright dismissing her capabilities. This was something Xiaolajiao found difficult to accept. But then, when she recalled how Qin Fang had used an inferior horse to beat her prized Blood Linglong, she began to think his claims might actually hold some truth.

Blood Linglong was a horse she had raised herself, yet she had failed to notice its flaws. Qin Fang had discerned the problem with just a glance. This proved he had exceptional skills in assessing horses.

Horse racing ultimately boils down to the on-site performance of both the horse and its jockey.

Jockeys' abilities and conditions rarely fluctuate significantly. This was evident from how Qin Fang, as a total beginner, could easily crush Qu Yuancheng and the four young masters.

Thus, horse racing mostly hinges on the condition of the horse, which seemed to be Qin Fang's forte.

Understanding this, Xiaolajiao's anger quickly dissipated. She no longer felt as enraged as before, and Qu Yuancheng's attempt at a clever interjection now seemed utterly laughable—it deserved the derision he received.

"Just so-so, I guess..."

Qin Fang didn't boast too much. After all, it was his first time betting on horses, and he hadn't fully grasped all the intricacies of the game yet.

Chapter 1193: If I say win, definitely win!_2

Xiaolajiao's eyes darted back and forth before she grinned slyly and asked, just as the betting for the first race began, "Which horse do you think will win the first race?"

"The first race, number 7 I guess!"

Qin Fang glanced at the large screen, quickly throwing out a number. After analyzing all participating horses and knights in this round, the winning odds for number 7 were significantly high.

"Waiter, first race, number 7, wager one million!"

As soon as Qin Fang finished speaking, Xiaolajiao decisively waved over the waiter and placed a hefty bet without hesitation.

The restaurant was right next to the racecourse, making it incredibly convenient to bet—one phone call was all it took.

Xiaolajiao was a well-known figure at the racecourse. In fact, the very land the course was built on belonged to the Hu Family, making her something of a quasi-owner. Her casual command to bet sent waves through the staff, who immediately made the call to place her bet without any cumbersome procedures.

Miss Hu isn't short of a mere million Hong Kong dollars, is she?

Clearly not.

What Qin Fang and company perhaps didn't know was that this entire racecourse had been gifted to Xiaolajiao on her twentieth birthday. Just because she happened to love horses...

The racecourse was hers, and the restaurant relied on the racecourse to survive; of course, there was no way they'd dare disrespect Miss Hu.

"You... definitely don't hold back when it comes to spending money!"

Hearing Xiaolajiao throw such a large amount on a single bet left Qin Fang momentarily stunned. He gazed at the triumphant Xiaolajiao sitting next to him and could only offer a helpless, wry smile.

"Hmph... You better not guess wrong, or else... I'll make you regret it!"

But Xiaolajiao wasn't gracious about it, glaring fiercely at Qin Fang before fixing her gaze on the screen, clearly eager to see the results.

A mere million Hong Kong dollars wasn't a significant amount for Xiaolajiao. However, her bet wasn't about making money; there was another purpose behind it.

For the first race, multiple horses had the potential to win, each on par in terms of strength, making it difficult to predict which one would come out on top.

The Jockey Club had arranged the event this way intentionally. If the discrepancy between the contestants were too wide, there wouldn't be any need for a race—the results would already be obvious—and the Jockey Club would suffer massive losses.

Having races like this, full of contention, encourages a more balanced spread of bets across contestants. No matter which horse wins, many gamblers' wagers will end up unsuccessful. Only this way can the profits roll in.

For the first race, Xiaolajiao had actually already decided which horse she believed would win—it wasn't Qin Fang's number 7 but rather number 11.

The strengths of horses 7 and 11 were quite evenly matched, with either having the potential to claim first place. Their ultimate results, however, depended on their current form and the skills of their knights.

Yet number 7 appeared slightly sluggish, which was precisely why Xiaolajiao doubted its chances of winning.

Still, Qin Fang's sudden confidence in number 7 piqued Xiaolajiao's curiosity. Remembering his earlier words gave her pause, compelling her to make this bet.

If number 7 won, it would prove Qin Fang's judgment correct. Having also bet on 7, Xiaolajiao would naturally win big, allowing her a reason to be delighted.

If number 7 lost, Qin Fang's judgment would be proven wrong. While Xiaolajiao would lose money, she'd still be glad for having leverage to mock and chastise him relentlessly, citing his unreliability.

Either way, Xiaolajiao would be content, making this decision a no-brainer for her.

Despite her young age, lack of sophistication, and seemingly straightforward nature, Xiaolajiao had no shortage of cunning tricks up her sleeve. Otherwise, she wouldn't have earned her reputation as Hong Kong Island's infamous "Little Chili."

"Suit yourself..."

Qin Fang wasn't particularly concerned, responding indifferently.

"Qin Fang, do you really think number 7 can win?"

Opposite him, Qu Yuancheng couldn't help but ask with some curiosity. Having gotten to know his cousin better, Qu Yuancheng felt he couldn't assess Qin Fang by conventional standards—Qin Fang always seemed to deliver astonishing surprises.

From his Inland roots, Qin Fang might seem ordinary on the surface. Yet his mastery of medical arts, even surpassing Hong Kong Island's finest doctors, had been demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Qin Fang reportedly rode a horse for the first time recently, yet his riding skills matched those of seasoned equestrians. Furthermore, his ability to appraise horses was clearly exceptional.

None of them—including the experts who managed horses—had identified Blood Linglong's problem. But Qin Fang recognized it at a glance and recommended switching to another horse, guaranteeing victory in that round effortlessly...

Now faced with an official horse race, perhaps Qin Fang's eye for detail was similarly impeccable. If he claimed number 7 could win, it probably wasn't unfounded either.

"More or less!"

Qin Fang smiled, nodding slightly.

If someone asked him about the fifth race, Qin Fang might not be as certain. In that round, two or three horses exhibited equally strong capabilities, leaving their chances of victory too close to call. But in this first race... Qin Fang held absolute confidence that number 7 would emerge victorious.

Although Xiaolajiao favored number 11, its knight appeared distracted and weighed down by personal concerns, occasionally losing focus.

During a race lasting approximately twenty minutes, maintaining perfect concentration was unlikely. Any lapse would spell disaster, which was precisely why Qin Fang dismissed number 11's chances.

Number 7, on the other hand, despite appearing sluggish, proved to be in peak condition in terms of both the horse's performance and its knight's tactical execution—a guaranteed victory!

"Alright, I'll trust you this time... Waiter, number 7, one million!"

Observing Qin Fang's relaxed yet confident demeanor, Qu Yuancheng wasn't sure what pushed him to take a leap of faith. He called the waiter over and placed a hefty wager himself.

"Qin Fang, if I win this, you can go anywhere you want today—it's all on me."

Qu Yuancheng quickly followed it up with a lighthearted comment to Qin Fang, chuckling.

"Start the race already; it's about to begin..."

Qin Fang shrugged, dismissing the offer casually.

Realistically, considering how the Qu Family people treated Qin Fang lately, even if he lost, anywhere Qin Fang wanted to go would surely be covered by Qu Yuancheng. It was only Qin Fang's reluctance holding him back.

Of course, if this bet secured a win thanks to Qin Fang's foresight, the dynamic would shift entirely.

The race began, and the twelve horses dashed down the track at full gallop. The bettors erupted with enthusiastic cheers and shouts, as did the restaurant-goers.

"Seven! Seven! Seven!"

"Seven! Seven! Seven..." (continued)

For this moment, Qin Fang witnessed firsthand the fervor Hong Kong Island's residents had for horse racing. Xiaolajiao's flushed face glowed as she screamed, her eyes shining brilliantly—it was an incredibly enticing look.

Even the seemingly refined Qu Yuancheng showed uncharacteristic excitement now, yelling at the top of his lungs with a red face and strained voice—not necessarily for the payout, but simply to revel in the thrill of victory!

"Number 7... won! It won!"

The race itself was breathtaking, as number 7 steadily overtook horse after horse. By the halfway mark of the course, number 7 was already ahead by three lengths, holding onto the lead firmly all the way to the end...

When number 7 crossed the finish line in a commanding first place, Xiaolajiao lost all composure. She emitted a piercing, ecstatic scream full of passion, as if she were soaring to the height of blissful ecstasy... Her entire being seemed utterly consumed by joy, leaving Qin Fang beside her shivering uncontrollably.

Chapter 1194 Continue to Win~~

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Compared to Xiaolajiao's excitement and exhilaration, Qu Yuancheng appeared much calmer. However, from the slight glimmer in his eyes, one could still spot a hint of delight.

Winning money didn't mean much to him—he wasn't lacking in that aspect. What mattered more was the thrill of victory.

After all, he typically lost, and frequently at that. Suddenly clinching a big win was bound to be an exhilarating feeling.

"We won, we won, we really won..."

After shouting those words, Xiaolajiao slowly started to regain her composure, though it was evident her excitement hadn't completely subsided. Even as she sat down, she couldn't help but mumble to herself.

But then, her mind turned to Qin Fang sitting beside her, the man who had firmly predicted number seven's victory even before the race had begun.

Immediately...

Xiaolajiao's flushed, exhilarated face, which had turned rosy from excitement, now blushed even more deeply. Though her personality leaned toward the fiery and bold, a trace of gentleness and grace couldn't help but surface—after all, she had grown up in a wealthy and influential family.

Qin Fang wore a playful smirk, watching this seemingly transformed Xiaolajiao with some amusement. Her sudden change in demeanor genuinely surprised him.

To be honest, Xiaolajiao acting gentle and demure gave off an air of a proper young lady from a distinguished family, so much so that Qin Fang couldn't resist the urge to commend her inwardly.

But...

This demeanor didn't last long before Xiaolajiao flipped the script.

"What are you staring at? Never seen a beauty before...?"

Her expression instantly changed, adopting a severe look as she snapped at Qin Fang with visible irritation.

Perhaps sensing something odd in Qin Fang's gaze, Xiaolajiao realized she'd somehow lost her guard against him. Weren't they supposed to be rivals? How could she let herself treat him so kindly all of a sudden?

In response, Qin Fang merely smiled faintly, showing no intention of taking offense. This reaction felt more like Xiaolajiao's usual self—her earlier behavior was the one that seemed out of place to him.

"A beauty? Where? I don't see one..."

Seeing a look of faint curiosity under Xiaolajiao's serious expression, Qin Fang, clearly prepared, countered calmly with a sharp retort.

After all, the "Four Young Masters" on the other side, along with Qu Yuancheng, were all watching this scene intently with concerned expressions. It was as if they were worried Qin Fang might truly take Xiaolajiao away from them.

"Hmph..."

With an icy snort, Xiaolajiao shot a fierce glare at Qin Fang, apparently too disdainful to dignify his comment with an explanation.

"Qin Fang, for the second race, which horse do you think will win?"

Qu Yuancheng, feeling increasingly awkward about this exchange, broke the tension with a question.

The first race had concluded, and there would be a short break before the second race began. During this time, bettors still had the opportunity to place new wagers. Casually, Qu Yuancheng directed the question at Qin Fang, partly to steer the conversation away from the growing argument and partly to test if Qin Fang's supposed knack for predictions was as remarkable as it seemed.

"Number three, I guess."

Without even looking up from his meal, Qin Fang nonchalantly tossed out a number.

Horse betting for Qin Fang was no longer a challenge. If he were to place bets, it was almost guaranteed he'd win. However, with the limited stakes on the table here, earning money through betting felt trivial compared to what he could win at the casino. Naturally, he wasn't particularly invested in the outcome.

Horse betting, much like lotteries, tended to favor only a rare few winners. The only entity that profited consistently was likely the Jockey Club itself.

With more bettors involved, the payouts could increase, but the total pool remained limited—it wasn't possible to win massive multipliers. Just look at the first race: the odds for horse number seven started at 3:1. But after Xiaolajiao and Qu Yuancheng wagered heavily, the odds immediately dropped to 1.5:1.

In truth, those who really aimed to profit in Hong Kong's horse racing scene often gambled on underground wagering, where the stakes were much larger and the odds far higher than official ones.

For the wealthy, horse betting was more a form of entertainment than a money-making endeavor. Odds and payouts held little significance to them—real interest lay with those who had little money and saw betting as a chance for overnight riches.

Much like Xiaolajiao and Qu Yuancheng, they didn't care much about the money won or lost—this was purely entertainment. If earning money were the goal, Xiaolajiao's prized steed Blood Linglong could

enter just one race and secure earnings many times greater. But such winnings wouldn't offset even a month's worth of the horse's upkeep costs.

"Alright, we'll just follow your lead... number three it is!"

Seeing Qin Fang bury himself in his food, Qu Yuancheng, though slightly doubtful, went along with the suggestion. Winning would, of course, be great, and losing merely negated their earlier win—no big deal.

Qu Yuancheng quickly placed his bet and glanced back at Xiaolajiao, clearly seeking her input. After all, her enthusiasm for horse betting far surpassed his own.

"Hmph... I refuse to believe you can get it right again! I'll pick... umm... number three!"

Xiaolajiao deliberately shot Qin Fang a defiant look, seemingly hoping to provoke him. But noticing that Qin Fang didn't even acknowledge her, her irritation flared. She had been set on opposing him, vowing to choose differently.

Yet, after scrutinizing all the participating horses of the second race, she couldn't shake the feeling—maybe it was just psychological—that number three truly looked like the winner Qin Fang claimed it to be. With no other choice, she begrudgingly placed her bet on number three as well.

Qin Fang, unsurprisingly, paid no attention, choosing instead to quietly finish his meal, uninterested in the unfolding drama around him.

The second race began quickly. The scenes on the track were as thrilling as ever, though some minor mishaps occurred. Of note, however, was that Qin Fang's champion pick—number three—was squeezed to the back of the field early on.

"Haha... number three is at the back, number three is dead last!"

Seeing the number three horse trailing everyone else, Xiaolajiao didn't seem disappointed in the slightest by her bet. Instead, she burst out laughing, eager to annoy Qin Fang, her voice loudly mocking his prediction.

Meanwhile, Qin Fang continued calmly eating, entirely unconcerned about the events on the track. Whether number three won or lost was of no consequence to him—after all, he hadn't placed a bet himself.

"You... obnoxious!"

After yelling for a while without provoking even the slightest reaction from Qin Fang, Xiaolajiao grumbled inwardly at his indifference, growing increasingly irked by his nonchalance.

"Jiajia, Jiajia..."

Qu Yuancheng, standing nearby, quietly called out to Xiaolajiao, seemingly wanting her attention.

"What?"

Xiaolajiao snapped, irritated, only to notice Qu Yuancheng subtly pointing toward the big screen. Following his finger, her gaze landed on the display, and her eyes went wide.

The seemingly sluggish number three horse, which had fallen to the back, suddenly burst forward like it had been injected with adrenaline. Within mere moments, it overtook three horses ahead and climbed to third place.

And that was just the beginning! Over the next ten or so seconds, the horse effortlessly passed two more competitors, seizing first place and widening its lead at lightning speed...

Although the remaining horses performed well, desperately trying to keep pace with the surging number three, none could catch up...

The race ended swiftly, with number three easily clinching victory exactly as Qin Fang had predicted.

That slight stumble at the start? Instead of hindering its result, it only added to its mystique and earned it even more applause and admiration.

"How is this possible?"

Though she won yet again, Xiaolajiao's frustration only deepened.

Just when she'd thought she'd found an opportunity to mock Qin Fang, her attempt backfired spectacularly. Instead, it felt like she'd been slapped in the face by her own arrogance—absolutely humiliating!

"Nothing's impossible."

Seeing her visibly aggrieved expression, Qin Fang, having just finished eating, casually chuckled and added fuel to the fire, making Xiaolajiao grind her teeth in anger.

"Anyway, I'm full. Time to stretch my legs. You guys carry on! For the next four races, keep an eye on numbers four, nine, thirteen, and two—your call."

After his meal, Qin Fang decisively made to leave. Staying any longer risked more entanglement with Xiaolajiao, whose overly competitive nature might stir up trouble if this continued.

Not to mention the visibly distressed "Four Young Masters," who seemed on the verge of mental collapse. Though Xiaolajiao and Qu Yuancheng couldn't hear their private complaints, Qin Fang picked up on snippets—enough to gauge their frustration.

"You're leaving?"

Xiaolajiao blinked in surprise, clearly unprepared for Qin Fang's abrupt departure. She had just been scheming ways to outwit him—assuming she could still turn the tables somehow.

Compared to her inner turmoil, Xiaolajiao paid little thought to Qin Fang's predictions about the next few races. She dismissed them almost immediately.

"By the way..." Qin Fang paused with a sly grin near the door. "For the fifth race, I'm less certain. You might want to try a Trifecta—thirteen, one, and five."

Before either Qu Yuancheng or Xiaolajiao could respond, Qin Fang gave a quick gesture toward the large screen and casually walked out.

Whether those parting words were meant more for Qu Yuancheng or Xiaolajiao remained ambiguous. Regardless, Qin Fang left swiftly, not looking back.

Stepping away from his interaction with Xiaolajiao was one reason for his sudden exit. But another was the discovery that the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San had appeared nearby...

Chapter 1195: Discovery of Tu San

The Bloody-handed Demon Tu San was invited by Han Long as a bodyguard. He came to the racecourse today for some mission, but Qin Fang wasn't clear on exactly what the mission was since he didn't hear those details at the time.

However, if someone like Tu San is dispatched, it's definitely not a trivial matter, it must be something very important...

Han Long is already dead, and it's been almost an hour. Tu San should have known about it by now. It takes about half an hour to get back to Number 36 Villa from the racecourse. Considering a round trip would be over an hour, this means Tu San seems to have never left here.

Qin Fang's scouting skill has a detection range limitation, so not finding Tu San earlier doesn't mean he left; it just means he went somewhere outside that range.

Now that Tu San has appeared again, it can only mean that during this time he was doing something Han Long arranged for him to do...

"Could it be related to this drug deal?"

Han Long is a fugitive in Hong Kong, a serious offender. The whole of Hong Kong is pursuing him, so obviously, he wouldn't risk coming out in the open and attracting police attention, as nothing could be accomplished that way.

Even so, he remains in Hong Kong rather than leaving, showing how much importance he attaches to this drug deal; it's his top priority this time.

Sending a master like Tu San personally over indicates that as well; Qin Fang speculated it was about this matter...

Whether it was meeting with the Sanlian Gang, or receiving goods from the Golden Triangle traffickers, only Han Long and Tu San would know, and possibly just the woman who set Han Long up. There were only the three of them present in the living room at that time.

Now that Han Long is dead, the only two who know about this matter are the extremely beautiful yet viciously cruel unidentified woman and Tu San, who is on the mission.

Qin Fang wasn't interested in the woman and didn't want to know what she was up to. He was now just interested in probing this extremely ruthless Tu San, listed on the wanted list of evildoers.

Of course, if the situation allowed, Qin Fang wouldn't mind taking out Tu San with a gunshot.

This kind of homicidal maniac, the world can do with one less, otherwise, many innocent people would suffer...

But getting close to Tu San was not easy. Qin Fang had tried last night and found Tu San's alertness was too high. He didn't even trust a dog, let alone a person.

Even if Qin Fang could disguise his identity to get close to Tu San, with Tu San's vigilance, it would be easy for him to notice Qin Fang's odd behavior.

As a martial artist, he can sense similar people, especially those strong and special martial artists like Tu San, who is even more sensitive to true qi and inner breath.

Qin Fang, although able to suppress his own aura, couldn't completely hide it, inevitably leaking a little which made getting close to Tu San difficult.

After hesitating a bit, Qin Fang thought he could still take advantage of this and pulled out his phone to call Elder Long, the Dragon Head of Xin'an.

Elder Long didn't put on any airs and personally answered Qin Fang's call, indicating his importance on this cooperation.

"Elder Long, I've got good news for you... I've completed my task!"

Qin Fang simply stated this without unnecessary words and hung up the phone without waiting for a reply or question from Elder Long.

Though Hong Kong doesn't wiretap every call as thoroughly as the United States does, out of safety, Qin Fang didn't directly say he took out Han Long, only mentioned he had accomplished what he had to do.

Han Long was a threatening figure and was wanted across the island, maybe with search keywords set in phones for voice checking, easily eavesdropped by the police.

Elder Long, being the Dragon Head of the underground forces of Xin'an, is likely a police focus as well, and whether his phone has been monitored, Qin Fang didn't know.

His scouting skill is remarkable but can't determine if the other side of a phone call is being monitored.

This is also for safety reasons; Qin Fang didn't want to be discovered by Hong Kong police, which could lead them to find him, which would be quite unfavorable for Qin Fang.

Even though Qin Fang threw this phone into the Props Box, making it impossible to search for any signal, if the Hong Kong police were to tail him, many of his actions would be restrained, which is uncomfortable.

Although the call doesn't contain much content, Qin Fang knew with Elder Long's influence in Hong Kong, he'd find a way to verify the authenticity of this matter.

Elder Long told Qin Fang about Han Long hiding in Number 36 Villa, whether there are Elder Long's eyes inside or around the villa is hard to say.

Han Long's death caused quite a commotion, and if someone was tailing or if some of Han Long's men were Elder Long's own people, the news would be easily investigated.

Once confirmed, Elder Long would naturally proceed with the next actions. Hong Kong is his territory, anything without a threat, he wouldn't mind keeping around.

As for falling out with the Sanlian Gang...

Does Elder Long fear it?

Obviously not!

Relations between the Sanlian Gang and Xin'an have never been good; small conflicts erupting now and then because the Sanlian Gang's influence stretched from the Little Island to Hong Kong Island.

Qin Fang could see that Elder Long had long desired to act against the Sanlian Gang, they just lacked a legitimate opportunity until this time.

The gang fighting against each other is not much related to Qin Fang, he just needs Elder Long to make a stir, diverting focus to the drug deal, allowing him to stay out of it.

As for the matter with Tu San...

With Elder Long's identity and position, Tu San wanting to kill him is no easy feat, let alone whether Elder Long's life has anything to do with Qin Fang, why would he care?

In essence, Qin Fang and Elder Long were just simple collaborators, or saying mutual benefit would be more precise, practically not even friends.

Han Long hiding in Number 36 Villa, Elder Long could find out, so Qin Fang had no doubt Elder Long knew Han Long invited the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, but he said nothing to Qin Fang, clearly using Qin Fang as an experiment.

Taking down Han Long was beneficial for both, if he lacked the strength, it would just be another soul under Tu San's hands, which had nothing to do with Elder Long, and instead, he avenged Qin Fang's humiliation.

Thus, in this collaboration, there are no good or bad sides, only each pursuing their respective interests, that's all.

After hanging up the phone, Qin Fang moved slowly towards the area where Tu San was seen, based on the scouting skill results.

It was the peak of the horse race, the racecourse filled with people, finding someone among thousands of people was akin to finding a needle in a haystack.

But for Qin Fang, this wasn't a problem at all, as he had already marked it.

On a stand just tens of meters from Qin Fang, hundreds of people were either sitting or standing, all focused on the horse race.

A red arrow stood there, the mark Qin Fang set, allowing him to accurately locate Tu San, who was sitting among the crowd.

His expression was calm, contrasting sharply with the excited, frustrated, cursing, roaring horse enthusiasts and gamblers around him.

Of course, only those paying special attention to him would notice.

But in the scene, everyone was watching the race, who would care about others' expressions and emotions?

At that moment, Tu San looked like an ordinary person, showing hardly any abnormalities, seemingly leaving no loopholes.

Yet, after observing for a while, Qin Fang did notice something unusual. Tu San was indeed extremely alert; even when apparently harmless ordinary people passed by, he stayed on high alert, as if any slight oddity from them would make him strike down the potential threat instantly... nipping danger in the bud!

"Such a person must lack a sense of security..."

Seeing Tu San like this, Qin Fang couldn't help but sigh internally.

Tu San was a madman, a psychopath, not inherently, but due to some extreme shock or shadows in his life that led to such changes.

What exactly those shadows were, Qin Fang didn't know and didn't want to know, but it must have been something terrible, otherwise, Tu San wouldn't have become so violent.

Faced with such a person, Qin Fang couldn't help but frown.

He scrutinized Tu San's sitting position, surrounded by people, making it hard for even a sniper to aim at him.

Tu San had carefully selected this spot, another indicator of his strong lack of security and high vigilance and defensiveness.

Without the marking feature of his scouting skill, Qin Fang wouldn't have found his trace...

As for shooting Tu San now, Qin Fang looked at the hundreds of enthusiasts around him, showing a somewhat bitter smile.

He had a gun, deliberately brought along, a heavy sniper rifle to be precise...

But the problem was, he couldn't take it out!

Chapter 1196: Witch Jiang Rou

...

If Qin Fang were hiding in some deserted corner, then taking out a sniper rifle wouldn't be a big deal, at least no one would see it, and no one would scream, call the police, or anything like that.

But out here in broad daylight, it's not just about pulling out a heavy sniper rifle, even if he took out an ordinary watermelon knife, someone would definitely call the police to catch the person immediately.

Such things are strictly prohibited from being brought into the racetrack, even knives are not allowed, let alone guns...

Even though Qin Fang brought the gun in by cheating, the environment was unsuitable, and despite his extraordinary gunmanship, he couldn't snipe Tu San, this murder demon.

"Forget it, I'll wait for another chance..."

Unable to act, Qin Fang naturally gave up decisively. There was no need to get tangled up with this since Tu San wasn't his actual target to snipe.

Although Tu San has a notorious reputation, even more famous than Han Long, the great drug lord.

But because of his brutal methods and being a lone wolf, he earned a lot of money, but his actual assets might not be that much, so his bounty on the underground world's wanted list was far less than that of Han Long, the big drug lord.

One person can be powerful, but in the end, it's just one person. If a strong mercenary group decided to eradicate him at any cost, though the losses would be severe, it wouldn't be impossible to take down Tu San.

Tu San is formidable in martial arts and has decent gunmanship, but compared to those teams wielding heavy weapons, he still appears relatively weak.

Even someone like Qin Fang, with cheats, wouldn't dare to face a mercenary group's encirclement.

The Remnant Wolf Mercenary Corps was once an example. If not for Qin Fang's tactic of using time discrepancy to recover, he barely escaped death. No matter how powerful his cheats were, he would have long been a corpse.

Later, only by leveraging the cover of night, the mountainous terrain, and exploiting the cheating skills like a bug, did he luckily annihilate half of that mercenary group.

Of course, this was also because the Remnant Wolf Mercenary Corps underestimated Qin Fang beforehand, leading to their failure and annihilation...

But if they knew they were up against a fierce figure like the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, they would absolutely not be the least bit negligent and would concentrate with full intensity, one hundred percent, two hundred percent. In such a case, Tu San most likely wouldn't have Qin Fang's luck.

"Huh, someone's coming..."

Just when Qin Fang was frustrated about being unable to act, some commotion occurred on Tu San's side, prompting Qin Fang's attention, his eyes fixated on Tu San's location.

A quick glance stunned Qin Fang because the person approaching was someone he recognized or perhaps had seen before.

Who was it?

It was the woman who helped Qin Fang back when he set the dogs on Han Long to commit the crime...

Looking at the woman in the plain long dress with a graceful figure, her face mostly obscured by sunglasses and long hair, Qin Fang could still recognize her at a glance.

"Why is she here?"

Qin Fang wasn't clear about the woman's identity or her role next to Han Long. Still, seeing how she tricked Han Long when he sought help, it wasn't hard to deduce that this woman was no benevolent character...

Han Long had died just an hour or so ago, and this woman had already arrived here, indicating she must have set out shortly after Han Long's death.

"Could it be that she already sorted out things at Number 36 Villa?"

This question naturally sprang to Qin Fang's mind.

As a great drug lord and leader of a major power, also head of those mercenaries, Han Long couldn't have died so easily.

Even if he was unexpectedly killed by dogs, there were still eyewitnesses at the scene, namely this woman.

Generally, a woman in the company of such a big figure wouldn't have much status. With such a major incident, the mercenaries wouldn't easily let her off, at least wanting her to take the blame.

Yet this woman took care of everything, even able to come over to Tu San's side, seeming quite familiar as they talked...

"There's definitely something wrong here!"

Even though Qin Fang wasn't deeply involved, he felt there was something amiss here.

Tu San remained the same as ever, his expression tight, showing no signs of joy, anger, sorrow, or happiness, but also no sign of impatience, quietly listening to the woman, without any indication.

The woman spoke for about a minute, after which Tu San stood up calmly, walked towards the exit as if intending to leave.

The woman didn't seem to mind, showing no agitation, her expression calm, and glanced towards Qin Fang as she turned.

At that moment, Qin Fang had been staring in the woman's direction, and their eyes somehow met briefly... Despite the sunglasses, Qin Fang had this instinct.

Of course, Qin Fang remained very composed, unfazed or scared by the eye contact. He seemed exceptionally calm, not averting his gaze, instead smiling and nodding at the woman, appearing quite gentlemanly...

Chapter 1197 Witch Jiang Rou_2

The woman was wearing sunglasses, so Qin Fang couldn't see the changes in her eyes. However, he figured she must have shown a slight hint of surprise.

But soon enough, her gaze swept past as though she had never seen Qin Fang before, sliding directly over to the horse racing track.

"Hmm? Did she notice me?"

Qin Fang was slightly startled. He couldn't tell whether the woman's reaction was intentional or accidental, yet in the moment their gazes met, his heart couldn't help but tremble slightly.

"This woman is definitely not ordinary..."

Even though it was just a distant and brief interaction, Qin Fang had already formed this judgment of the woman in his heart. In fact, he felt an added level of apprehension toward her.

The fleeting exchange of eye contact distracted Qin Fang for an instant, and when he tried to search for Tu San again, he couldn't find him anymore.

The horse racetrack was overcrowded. Tu San must have left the venue by now, and Qin Fang's scouting skill was no longer able to detect his marker, indicating Tu San had moved out of range.

This was not good news for Qin Fang.

After Han Long's death, Qin Fang had focused his attention on Tu San, but he didn't expect to lose him this quickly—completely vanishing without a trace.

Earlier, before this woman arrived, Qin Fang had thought Tu San might return to Number 36 Villa. After all, he was hired by Han Long as a bodyguard and would likely have obligations to fulfill.

But now, it was evident that this woman had already handled the situation at Number 36 Villa. She intentionally sought out Tu San to deliver some words. Whether Tu San would still return to the villa? That was now uncertain.

Based on Qin Fang's judgment, it was highly unlikely that Tu San would return. In fact, there was a high chance that this woman herself wouldn't go back either.

Han Long's sudden death was exceptionally mysterious.

To say Han Long's death was orchestrated seemed unrealistic, but to claim it was purely accidental felt equally unreasonable.

Anyone with even a modest intellect would recognize the danger—the woman who witnessed the entire process of Han Long's death must have realized that Number 36 Villa had already been compromised, so it was only natural for her to leave.

As for Han Long's body, she clearly had her ways of dealing with it.

Perhaps she destroyed it, or perhaps she handed it over to the police. Qin Fang could only speculate.

Thinking about this mysterious woman, Qin Fang couldn't help but turn his head to look back again. But then...

"Huh? She's gone too?"

The woman who was watching the races earlier seemed to have vanished completely, as though she had never been there in the first place.

Horse racing fans around him were still passionately watching the event, completely unaware of the woman's presence or absence.

This woman had disappeared so mysteriously that Qin Fang began to wonder if he'd seen a ghost in broad daylight.

"What are you staring at, handsome? Could it be that you're looking at me?"

At that moment, a crystal-clear voice suddenly sounded at Qin Fang's ear.

The intense shouts and cheers from the crowd seemed unable to drown out this voice, which felt like it had emerged directly from the depths of Qin Fang's mind.

Yet upon hearing the voice, instead of feeling familiarity, excitement, or joy, Qin Fang felt an icy chill run down his spine, breaking out into a sweat on his back.

Turning around, Qin Fang was greeted by a stunningly beautiful face—one that conveyed joy and anger effortlessly. The woman's sunglasses had been removed, revealing an exquisitely refined, heart-shaped face. Her jet-black hair was now tied back behind her shoulders, fully exposing her features.

"Who are you..."

The woman revealed her true appearance—an elegant beauty who could rival any goddess. Mature, enchanting, and brimming with a magnetic allure.

Her fox-like, mesmerizing eyes captivated immediately, enhanced further by her face, her figure, and the ripe aura she exuded. She possessed an allure capable of overwhelming any man in an instant.

Even Qin Fang, a man known for his extraordinary composure, couldn't help but experience an involuntary physiological reaction under her tantalizing gaze.

"Sorceress..."

If Qin Fang considered his first woman, Fan Ning, a seductress, then this woman before him was an enchantress—a venomous sorceress whose beauty chilled men to their core, as her dazzling exterior concealed a wicked heart.

The speed at which this woman appeared unsettled Qin Fang deeply.

Of course, the stands weren't far apart, and such a distance was sufficient for her to cross within a short period.

Nonetheless, their exchange of just a single glance seemed to suffice for her to approach proactively—almost as if Qin Fang had unknowingly played the role of a rich young playboy trying to flirt. From his perspective, there shouldn't have been any flaws in his demeanor.

Yet from that single glance, this woman initiated contact... To dismiss her as a fickle, promiscuous temptress who was easily enamored with men felt inaccurate to Qin Fang.

This woman was anything but simple. What startled Qin Fang further was his brief observation of her expression—the inexplicable discovery that her body remained untouched and pure, untainted by anyone!

"What's going on here?"

The conclusion seemed absurd to Qin Fang.

This wasn't his first encounter with the woman; he had seen her at Number 36 Villa the previous night, dressed in sheer pajamas as she leaned by Han Long's side.

At the time, Qin Fang had instantly identified her as Han Long's mistress.

Though Han Long was middle-aged, nearing fifty, it wasn't unusual for men of his age to have mistresses or paramours. Keeping such a stunning beauty by his side was certainly no coincidence.

But for this woman to retain her purity despite such circumstances, that was the part Qin Fang found utterly baffling.

"Could I have misjudged the situation?"

This seemed to be the only plausible explanation Qin Fang could offer himself, even though he rarely doubted the accuracy of his own assessments.

"What's wrong, handsome? Cat got your tongue?"

Lost in thought, Qin Fang appeared dazed, as though completely enthralled by the sorceress before him. His expression turned vacant, prompting the sorceress to lean closer to him, the faint fragrance of her scent immediately mesmerizing Qin Fang's senses.

"Gorgeous lady, you're stunning! May I know your name?"

This woman was far from ordinary—extraordinarily far.

To Qin Fang's shock, his trusted scouting skill had failed entirely on her, a rare anomaly. Yet this had happened with her.

Unable to rely on his skill, Qin Fang adopted a traditional approach, playing the role of a man hopelessly smitten, shamelessly flattering this fiery sorceress.

"My surname is Jiang. My given name is Rou..."

The sorceress—for reasons unknown—either failed to notice his pretense or genuinely found interest in him, smiling softly as she revealed her name.

"Jiang Rou? Lovely name..."

Qin Fang repeated the name in admiration, offering effusive compliments.

Though praising the name outwardly, Qin Fang doubted this was her real name. After all, his scouting skill failed to respond to her revelation, still returning the same result—"Unable to scout!"

"Little brother, would you do me the honor of sharing a meal and catching a movie with me?"

The sorceress proved unrelenting, taking the initiative to invite Qin Fang in a playful yet predatory manner, as though genuinely eager to seduce this fresh-faced young man...

Chapter 1198 Demon Sect

Her alluring gaze, filled with an irresistible charm, made it almost impossible for anyone to look away. Even Qin Fang nearly couldn't resist.

"Sorry, I already have plans..."

Taking a deep breath to calm himself, Qin Fang forced a faint smile onto his face and decisively declined, "Apologies, I've got things to do. Excuse me..."

To avoid accidentally falling into a trap, Qin Fang directly stood up and dashed away past Jiang Rou, bolting toward the exit in a rather pathetic manner.

"Hehehehe..."

As Qin Fang fled awkwardly, he could still faintly hear Jiang Rou's bell-like laughter behind him, as if she was thoroughly amused by his reaction.

But that laughter sounded oddly unique to Qin Fang's ears, almost imbued with some kind of magical allure. It gave him an impulsive desire to halt his steps and turn back to seek out that sorceress Jiang Rou...

Qin Fang ran desperately, completely ignoring the strange looks cast at him by the people nearby. At this moment, his sole thought was to quickly find a safe place where he could catch his breath.

Even though he had run far from the stands, Qin Fang could still feel as if there was a pair of eyes glued to his back, observing his every move. This kept him from pausing or hesitating for even a moment.

Only after running far away from the racetrack, when that eerie feeling behind him finally dissipated, did Qin Fang let out a long breath of relief. His tense body relaxed significantly, his breathing evened out, and his face gradually returned to calm.

Like performing a magic trick, he pulled a bottle of water from the Props Box and took a big gulp. Once his breathing completely settled, a gleam of peculiar brilliance flashed in his eyes.

"Magic Sect..."

The words squeezed out of his clenched teeth, and Qin Fang couldn't help but feel somewhat shocked, worried, and a little afraid in his heart.

Due to the failure of his Scouting Skill, Qin Fang couldn't discern much about the identity of this sorceress Jiang Rou. He could only vaguely sense that this woman was anything but simple—extremely not simple.

However, Jiang Rou's earlier actions, along with her seductive and bewitching aura, had simultaneously filled Qin Fang with strong impulsive urges while chilling his back to the bone.

It was in that moment that a term popped into Qin Fang's mind... Magic Sect.

In the martial world, where there's the Righteous Path, there's naturally the Heretic Dao as well. Since ancient times, they have never existed on their own but always in opposition.

Most martial arts factions belong to the Righteous Path. Perhaps their disciples don't always act righteously, but they still pride themselves on being part of the Orthodox Sects.

Opposite the Righteous Path lies the Heretic Dao, collectively referred to as the Magic Sect—a faction renowned for being exceedingly evil and ruthless.

In ancient times, the Magic Sect's influence was certainly not inferior to the major orthodox sects. However, repeated internal conflicts and clashes with their enemies, combined with disunity within the sect, eventually led to the sect's crumbling and disappearance.

In modern times, even the Orthodox Sects have gone into hiding, let alone the Magic Sect, which has left virtually no traces of its existence.

But this doesn't erase the fact that they might still exist...

For instance, the sorceress Jiang Rou that Qin Fang just encountered—he was nearly certain that she belonged to the Magic Sect or, at the very least, was deeply connected to it.

"Heavenly Demon Sound..."

Recalling Jiang Rou's soft, melodious words, Qin Fang's expression grew grim. If his hunch was correct, this was likely the Magic Sect's secret technique, the Heavenly Demon Sound—a skill that integrates Inner Breath and True Qi into one's voice. It was incredibly potent and extraordinarily hard to resist.

Heavenly Demon Sound was an esoteric soundwave technique, rumored to be an evolution of Thousand Gate's Thousand Skills. By incorporating martial arts elements, it became an exceptionally powerful secret technique.

In ancient times, only the direct disciples of the Magic Sect could cultivate Heavenly Demon Sound. While the cultivation difficulty wasn't exceptionally high, truly excelling in it was generally limited to female disciples...

It's said that when Heavenly Demon Sound is cultivated in tandem with another Magic Sect secret art—Heavenly Demon Dance—the combined power would skyrocket, becoming an unparalleled weapon of manipulation and destruction.

From the looks of it, Jiang Rou had cultivated Heavenly Demon Sound to a fairly advanced level, as even Qin Fang was on the verge of losing himself, a testament to its terrifying power.

"Could it be that Han Long is part of the Magic Sect?"

This thought suddenly struck Qin Fang. Jiang Rou was always by Han Long's side, though Qin Fang didn't know in what capacity. Still, with Jiang Rou's likely connection to the Magic Sect, her involvement with Han Long seemed even more suspicious.

"Unlikely..."

But Qin Fang swiftly dismissed this possibility.

If Han Long were indeed part of the Magic Sect, even if he hadn't personally cultivated martial arts, the sect would have undoubtedly assigned powerful fighters to protect him at all times.

While the likes of the Shaolin Temple, Tang Sect, or Kunlun were immensely deep-rooted and strong, the Magic Sect—once a fearsome force capable of challenging the combined might of all major orthodox factions—hid even more terrifying reserves within its depths.

Though perhaps not overflowing with Grandmasters, Master Level fighters within the Magic Sect would undoubtedly be countless. After all, even a single faction like the Tang Sect or Shaolin Temple boasted a significant number of such experts.

Now that the Magic Sect has fully gone underground and likely has strong connections to the underground world, it wouldn't be surprising if their shadow lurked behind some of the major criminal alliances.

But if the Magic Sect truly infiltrated someone as politically and financially powerful as Han Long, they would undoubtedly send someone to protect him—unless...

"Unless Jiang Rou herself intends to take down Han Long..."

Qin Fang's eyes widened as he realized this possibility. If true, his controlled Caucasian Dog killing Han Long was an exceedingly close call.

Had Jiang Rou not stepped on Han Long's arm at the critical moment, kicking away the gun, Han Long might have killed the dog. And without the dog, Qin Fang would have no way to manipulate a corpse to continue the attack, leaving Han Long with a real chance of survival—a scenario Qin Fang absolutely didn't want.

If Jiang Rou came to kill Han Long or seize his dominion, it would explain a lot of things easily.

"Tu San..."

This thought brought another name to mind—Tu San, the brutal thug hired by Han Long. Despite knowing Han Long was dead, Tu San continued carrying out his tasks as if nothing had changed. Even after meeting with Jiang Rou, his behavior didn't shift at all, which was highly unusual.

"This requires extreme caution..."

The more Qin Fang thought about it, the more mysterious things seemed. His gut told him his situation wasn't looking good. Strangely enough, the threat wasn't coming from the savage executioner Tu San but rather from the alluring sorceress Jiang Rou!

The Magic Sect was no trifling matter—far more terrifying than the likes of the Shaolin Temple or the Tang Sect. Not only did they harbor countless martial arts experts, but their many esoteric secret techniques were even harder to guard against, making them perhaps the most enigmatic existence beyond the Thousand Gate...

Qin Fang, an ordinary man with some skills, was in no position to challenge such an entity, at least not for the time being.

It would be great if the Magic Sect wanted to eliminate Han Long. Qin Fang wouldn't mind stepping aside, but he'd already acted first and killed Han Long. Whether or not this disrupted their plans, he couldn't say, but Jiang Rou discovering his reconnaissance so quickly proved she was anything but ordinary.

Tu San's actions were clearly tied to the drug operation. Since Jiang Rou had met with him, the Magic Sect likely had some involvement in it too.

Though Qin Fang had no interest in drugs, he had involved Elder Long in the matter. Despite Elder Long's dominance over Xin'an and even his near omnipotence in Hong Kong, taking on the Magic Sect would be a death sentence. It wouldn't take more than a single operative from the sect to destroy him.

If the Magic Sect traced things back to Qin Fang, it would spell disaster for him as well.

"Forget it, I'll deal with it one step at a time..."

Telling Elder Long to retreat was impossible—not because Qin Fang didn't want to warn him, but because Elder Long wouldn't heed such a warning.

Their partnership was mutually beneficial. Qin Fang had already gained from it, using Elder Long's intel to locate Han Long's whereabouts and ultimately kill him. Without that, Qin Fang might still be searching, only to find Han Long long gone...

Qin Fang's task was complete, but Elder Long hadn't reaped any benefits yet. Now that the moment was finally ripe, if Qin Fang threw cold water on the situation, Elder Long would undoubtedly flip out.

Understanding this, Qin Fang simply decided not to intervene further.

The Magic Sect was an immensely powerful entity, and Qin Fang was nothing more than an insignificant figure in their eyes. It was unlikely they'd waste their time on him.

As for Tu San, Qin Fang didn't want to touch him for now. His connection to the Magic Sect was enough to make things highly precarious.

Despite rumors of Tu San originally training under Zangmi esoteric Buddhism, his deeds were far more brutal than those of the Magic Sect's own warriors. There was no telling whether he'd already joined the sect.

If Qin Fang recklessly acted against him, he might bring immense trouble down on himself!

Qin Fang wasn't a fool; he wouldn't engage in something that carried more risks than rewards. Besides, there were plenty of other tasks he could focus on without poking this massive hornet's nest...

"That sorceress Jiang Rou... Tsk tsk... better not meet her again in the future!"

Chapter 1199: Document Bag

There's no denying it—Jiang Rou is a stunningly beautiful woman, the kind of seductress that could be considered dangerous. That slight, tantalizing flicker of her alluring eyes could evoke boundless temptation.

Even the faintest, simplest gesture from her might make one feel she's reached the pinnacle of beauty...

If such a temptress targeted a man, Qin Fang figured that aside from those entirely indifferent to women, no normal man could ever resist her.

Although he managed to escape, he had to admit that had Jiang Rou known his true nature and launched more than a probing gesture, he might have already been hit by her gun.

The more he pondered over this, the more unsettled Qin Fang felt.

The effects of the Heavenly Demon Sound are potent, capable of hypnotizing a person into falling prey without even realizing it—doing or saying things they wouldn't even remember afterward...

Qin Fang carries far too many secrets, most of which are unspeakable. If exposed, his fate would undoubtedly be nothing short of tragic...

For his safety and to protect his secrets, Qin Fang felt he must stay far away from this sorceress, Jiang Rou. Ideally... he'd never see her again.

After leaving the racetrack, Qin Fang temporarily cast aside all the matters involving Tu San, Han Long, Jiang Rou, and the Demon Sect, allowing himself a brief respite.

Without waiting for Qu Yuancheng, Qin Fang returned alone to the Qu family's mountaintop estate. Tang Feifei and Chen Qi hadn't returned yet—they were perhaps still enjoying themselves—so Qin Fang didn't bother them.

Within the Qu family's old mansion, there weren't many people present—aside from the elderly couple, only Qin Fang's mother, Qin Qing, and the Qu family's servants remained.

"Greetings, young master..."

As Qin Fang arrived, the Qu family's old steward, Uncle Fu, happened to walk out and greeted him respectfully.

This form of address was something Qin Fang could never fully get used to. Though he knew correcting it would be futile, he chose to remain silent and merely nodded at Uncle Fu.

"Young master, the old master has something urgent to discuss with you. He's been waiting half a day already..."

Initially, Qin Fang thought this polite exchange would end there and the two would part ways, but Uncle Fu unexpectedly mentioned this.

Upon hearing these words, Qin Fang's brows furrowed slightly, revealing some displeasure in his expression.

The "old master" Uncle Fu referred to wasn't Qu Zhenhang or Qu Zhenyu, the two brothers, but rather Elder Master Qu—a man whose actions caused irreparable tragedy for Qin Fang's family.

Though Qin Fang typically respected the elderly, he felt no goodwill toward Elder Master Qu. If not for his deliberate interference back then, Qin Fang's father wouldn't have mysteriously disappeared, leaving his pregnant mother to endure endless hardships far away...

All of this—the suffering, the loss—was caused by that old man! Even his father's mysterious disappearance likely bore traces of the old man's "poison hand"...

Currently, Qin Fang lacked concrete evidence to substantiate these suspicions. If he possessed such proof, he wouldn't hesitate to confront Elder Master Qu, irrespective of his status as Qin Fang's maternal grandfather.

A father's vendetta remains unresolved!

Though he wasn't someone who indulges in blind vengeance, circumstances like these demanded careful consideration from Qin Fang.

"If he wants to see me, he should come himself..."

Qin Fang's dislike for the old man was evident in his response—he had no intention of bowing to the whims of someone he neither belonged to nor respected, even while staying at the Qu family's estate.

"The old master is already waiting near the young master's room..."

Uncle Fu's expression remained neutral, seemingly unfazed by Qin Fang's attitude, perhaps having anticipated such a reaction. He continued to speak courteously.

"Hmm?"

Hearing this, Qin Fang's brows furrowed tighter. Clearly, the old man was insistent on meeting him, though his intentions remained unclear. Qin Fang realized he would only learn the truth by confronting him.

While Qin Fang harbored resentment toward Elder Master Qu, refusing entirely to see him might seem petty. Some things needed to be addressed, and confronting the old man was part of his purpose in coming here.

Since the old man took the initiative to approach, Qin Fang decided that avoiding him would seem distinctly childish. Thus, he continued walking toward his room.

Despite Uncle Fu's comment, the old man hadn't actually entered Qin Fang's room—a testament to his adherence to propriety. Instead, he sat in a chair near the doorway, waiting for Qin Fang's return.

The elderly figure trembled slightly, his frail health apparent. Perhaps waiting for so long had taken its toll—his pale complexion and stiffened joints starkly reflected his condition.

"Xiao Qin... You're back!"

As soon as the old man saw Qin Fang, a hint of rosy warmth appeared on his otherwise pallid complexion. His lips quivered briefly before he spoke.

Though his tone was steady, his expression gave Qin Fang an unsettling impression, as if the old man was trying to curry favor with him.

"Hmm!"

Resentment aside, Qin Fang didn't completely ignore the old man's greeting. He grunted lightly as acknowledgment.

"May I come in? I have something I need to give you..."

Despite Qin Fang's clear lack of warmth, the old man appeared utterly unaffected, even happy, with an expression full of approval. He seemed almost eager, his gaze fixed hopefully on Qin Fang.

Shifting slightly, the old man caught Qin Fang's attention. On the corner of the wicker chair sat a document envelope—a plain, unassuming object the old man seemed to be struggling to retrieve.

It was clear this envelope contained whatever he intended to give Qin Fang.

As for its contents, only opening it would reveal the truth. Despite his advanced Scouting Skill, Qin Fang couldn't divine its secrets through the envelope.

"Come in..."

After a moment's hesitation, Qin Fang nodded and gestured for the old man to enter his room. There wasn't anything particularly private inside that he'd need to keep hidden.

However, he was curious about the envelope's contents. If his instincts were correct, its mystery likely connected to his father.

The unsolved tragedy and mystery of two decades ago—all the heartbreak and suffering—might finally find answers within that envelope. Qin Fang wouldn't miss this opportunity.

The old man rose shakily, leaning heavily on his cane as he followed Qin Fang into the room. He closed the door himself, clutching the envelope tightly as though it were more important than anything else.

"Alright, what do you want to give me?"

Though Qin Fang had already guessed the envelope was his intended gift, his tone remained curt—a reflection of his deep-seated bitterness toward the Qu family.

"If it's money, keep it. While my fortune doesn't compare to the Qu family's, it's more than enough to ensure my mother lives the rest of her life in comfort..."

He still had to make it clear from the outset.

One couldn't predict the envelope's contents before opening it, and for all he knew, the old man might be offering a slice of the Qu family's assets as a gesture of reconciliation. But Qin Fang had no interest in such notions.

Though his wealth fell short of the Qu family's, it was sufficient to secure a carefree life for his mother and himself for generations.

"Sigh... Just look at it yourself!"

The old man's expression darkened somewhat, clearly stung by Qin Fang's comment. Perhaps it was a blow to his pride that he hadn't faced in decades.

Yet, ultimately, he sighed gently and said little else, handing the envelope to Qin Fang with a subdued demeanor.

"Twenty years ago, it was my mistake! I wronged your parents... For this, I lost my daughter and endured twenty years of unending pain..."

The old man's voice was tinged with sadness and seemed genuine—a lamentation for the mistakes he had made two decades prior.

Yet Qin Fang merely smirked faintly, showing not the slightest inclination to believe him. His attention remained riveted to the envelope in his hands.

Taking a deep breath, Qin Fang reached out and began opening the envelope.

Its contents were tied to the twenty-year-old tragedy that had brought grief to so many—an incident that left Qin Fang fatherless before birth and caused his mother years of hardship.

The word "father" was foreign to Qin Fang—a concept so distant he had nearly forgotten how to pronounce "dad."

As a child, other kids had dads and moms—just not him. He was the anomaly, and their mockery had often made him cry.

But he never dared ask his mother about it, fearing her sorrow. Even now, he remembered the night she cried inconsolably, heartbroken, when he first asked, "Mom, why does everyone have a dad, but I don't?"

From that day onward, Qin Fang buried the word "father" deep within himself, never speaking of it again.

But that didn't mean he forgot about the man he had never met. At this precise moment, the figure in his mind grew mysterious and towering.

"This is..."

As Qin Fang glimpsed the contents of the envelope, his expression froze, his gaze hardened with shock and disbelief. His eyes betrayed profound surprise and incredulity...

Chapter 1200 Devil's Island

Qin Fang opened the document folder and glanced at its contents, but his expression instantly underwent a dramatic change. He looked as though he'd just seen a ghost.

There wasn't much inside the folder, and it was so light that Qin Fang found it a bit odd and puzzling. However, upon seeing the contents, his doubts were immediately resolved.

Because inside the folder were... photographs.

Roughly estimating, there were about ten or so photos—not too many, but not too few either.

Judging from the photos, they all seemed to have been taken at the same location. The scenery was largely identical, with only slight variations in angles.

What truly shocked Qin Fang, though, was not the location but the people in the photos—one face in particular left him utterly at a loss for words, struck with disbelief.

There appeared to be seven or eight people in the pictures, all wearing similar clothing and hats, with only their faces exposed.

But among those seven or eight faces, Qin Fang ignored everyone else entirely, focusing his gaze solely on a single face.

"When I first got these photos, I was shocked," Elder Master Qu said emotionally. "But when I laid eyes on you, I almost thought he had returned... because you're practically his double—you look almost identical to him twenty years ago. Even in these photos, which were taken later, your resemblance to him is undeniable!"

Seeing Qin Fang's expression drastically change, Elder Master Qu spoke with deep sentiment, his old eyes welling with tears. He seemed profoundly sorrowful.

Although Qin Fang couldn't fathom why the old man would react this way, perhaps such a reaction was logical—because the man in the photo... was most likely his father, Qin Tiannan. The man who had disappeared for a full twenty years!

"Is he still alive?"

Gazing at the photograph, Qin Fang noticed that it didn't seem very old; the quality was quite clear, likely taken within the past few years.

Unable to hold back, Qin Fang asked, as this was the first and only piece of information about his father in twenty years.

"The photos were taken three years ago. At that time, he was still alive... As for now, it's hard to say. But he should still be in this world."

Elder Master Qu explained briefly. Although he wasn't entirely certain due to the passage of time, his speculation wasn't baseless.

"Where is he?"

Regarding this man, Qin Fang didn't harbor much resentment, nor did he feel any significant gratitude. His primary concern was for his mother.

Over the years, Qin Qing had essentially given up on the idea that Qin Tiannan might still be alive, focusing instead on raising her son, Qin Fang, with unwavering dedication.

Now, her son had grown into an adult, had a girlfriend, and would one day marry and have children—this had become her main focus in life.

All of this came after she abandoned the hope that her husband would ever return. If she were to learn now that the man she had waited twenty years for had not died but was, in fact, still alive, Qin Fang couldn't even begin to imagine how devastated his mother would be.

After all, he was alive, and yet he had not returned in twenty years. He never came back to find her... How could such a cruel fact not break her heart?

"Devil's Island!"

Elder Master Qu's voice was firm, yet it carried a tone of helpless resignation.

"Devil's Island?"

Qin Fang froze slightly, his expression filled with shock and surprise.

"You've heard of it?"

Elder Master Qu was taken aback by Qin Fang's reaction and couldn't help but ask, clearly surprised that Qin Fang had knowledge of this place.

It must be noted that even with his status, Elder Master Qu had only learned about the existence of Devil's Island after going through numerous channels. And even then, all he knew was that it existed—its exact location remained unknown.

It was precisely because of this that, despite his immense wealth, Elder Master Qu had been unable to locate the missing Qin Tiannan over the past twenty years.

Even the photograph had been acquired under exceptionally fortuitous circumstances. At the time, he had been so astonished that he'd hidden it away immediately, keeping it carefully guarded ever since.

While the photo proved Qin Tiannan was still alive, without knowing the whereabouts of Devil's Island, finding him was impossible. This had forced Elder Master Qu to repeatedly delay his plans to bring back his son-in-law.

It wasn't until now, with Old Madame Qu critically ill, that Qin Qing decided to visit and accompany her through the final stage of her life.

"Yes, I've heard of it..."

Qin Fang nodded. From the moment Elder Master Qu took out the photographs and mentioned the name Devil's Island, Qin Fang understood that his father Qin Tiannan's disappearance likely had nothing to do with the Qu Family.

Although the Qu Family was prominent and wealthy, their influence still couldn't reach Devil's Island—they were simply not in the same league.

Even though the Qu Family was now considered one of the Top Ten Wealthy Families of Hong Kong, worth billions of dollars and with numerous large enterprises under its name, it still wasn't qualified to involve itself with Devil's Island. Let alone twenty years ago, when the Qu Family's fortune was far less substantial than it was now.