

## Genius 1201

### Chapter 1201 Devil's Island\_2

Ordinary people naturally couldn't possibly know of Devil's Island's existence, but Qin Fang was not an ordinary person. Even in the Underground World, he held a certain standing.

The infamous name of Devil's Island was not unfamiliar to the people of the Underground World.

Although most people in the Underground World had no idea where Devil's Island was located, almost everyone operating in this realm hoped to experience training there once.

It was said that Devil's Island was the Holy Land for elite training among the masters of the Underground World.

If one wanted to become a stronger master, they had to make a trip to Devil's Island; otherwise, they would find it nearly impossible to reach the peak of their respective professions.

The few major forces of the Underground World—the Assassin's Alliance, Mercenary Alliance, Black Fist Alliance, and so on—almost all of their top experts had emerged from Devil's Island.

The reason Qin Fang had heard of Devil's Island was naturally through the Assassin's Alliance. It was said that once an assassin reached the status of a Four-Star Assassin, they could apply to the Assassin's Alliance to enter Devil's Island for training.

Don't assume that this type of training is as simple as something like a college military drill. In reality, this training was exceedingly brutal—brutal enough that if one hundred people entered to train, and even one was able to leave alive, it would already be considered extraordinary luck.

This is absolutely not an exaggeration but a confirmed fact. In some cases, not even one in a hundred would survive—it was typically far worse than that.

Legend has it that there were devils inhabiting Devil's Island, and these devils were incomprehensibly powerful, to the point of inducing fear and trembling. Every person who entered the island would be relentlessly hunted by these devils, and only truly strong individuals could barely manage to stay alive...

Yes, barely manage to stay alive!

No one dared to guarantee their survival; anyone who claimed they could survive had already become another pile of bones on Devil's Island...

It was said that the Black Fist Alliance once had an incredibly formidable king on the Black Fist Arena who was nearly unbeatable. At his peak, almost no one except the seasoned veterans could stand against him...

But what happened in the end?

This fist king's corpse was thrown onto the reef at the edge of Devil's Island on his second day after arriving. Known for tearing opponents into shreds, he himself had been torn into pieces and left as a pile of flesh. Birds along the shore devoured every fragment of meat, leaving behind a meaningless pile of white bones, which was eventually washed away by the waves...

Qin Fang didn't know how these photos surfaced, because Devil's Island was an extremely classified place. Generally, it was impossible for anyone to bring a camera onto the island.

And even if a camera had been brought along, ensuring the person could survive to use it was almost impossible. If they ended up as a corpse, whatever they carried would be pointless...

These details didn't mean much to Qin Fang. It was unimaginable for him to identify whoever had taken those photos—knowing or not knowing didn't make much of a difference.

What truly concerned Qin Fang was the role his father, Qin Tiannan, might have played on Devil's Island.

A master of the Underground World training on the island?

Or one of the devils living on Devil's Island?

Qin Fang thought about it and felt it was more likely to be the latter. After all, though the former option was mysterious, such individuals still lived in the outside world. It was improbable that they wouldn't return to look for him and his mother over the course of twenty years.

Those living on Devil's Island were clearly not actual devils but exceptionally powerful individuals, all of whom were ruthlessly efficient with their methods.

This was a unanimously acknowledged fact in the Underground World.

These so-called devils had no renowned reputation; perhaps they had never even appeared in the Underground World. However, their strength was unparalleled—far exceeding even some of the seasoned kings of the Underground World.

If Qin Fang's estimation was correct, when masters of the Underground World entered Devil's Island for training, aside from surviving the ordeal, they were likely tasked with killing these so-called devils...

Conversely, the devils on the island bore the task of killing these incoming trainees. They were merely two opposing factions, but their brutal struggle was beyond comprehension.

Both sides faced an incredibly unforgiving environment for survival...

Qin Fang knew that his father, Qin Tiannan, had trained in martial arts. This was something he was certain of—both Old Master Tang in the past and Elder Master Qu standing before him now had mentioned it.

As for the extent of Qin Tiannan's abilities, Qin Fang had no idea; perhaps even his mother, Qin Qing, wasn't very clear about it, as she wasn't skilled in martial arts herself and lacked the intuition to judge strength directly.

However, Qin Tiannan's mysterious disappearance and journey to the enigmatic Devil's Island clearly indicated that his skills were formidable. Having never appeared in the Underground World suggested the island had claimed him due to his formidable strength.

Qin Tiannan had been gone for twenty years, and these photos had surfaced three years ago when Elder Master Qu acquired them. The photos had likely been taken much earlier, meaning that Qin Tiannan had survived in that hellish environment for fifteen or sixteen years...

Devil's Island was indeed immensely powerful, but the top experts from the various alliances of the Underground World were no slouches either. In such a grueling environment of constant conflict and slaughter, Qin Tiannan's survival for over ten years indicated one of two things: either Qin Tiannan was incredibly lucky, or his strength was absolutely terrifying...

Between the two possibilities, Qin Fang leaned more towards the latter!

With such terrifying cultivation, the odds of Qin Tiannan's survival over the past three years were greater; it was highly likely he was still alive...

"He's still alive..."

As this thought crossed Qin Fang's mind, his expression turned increasingly conflicted.

Upon learning about Devil's Island and Qin Tiannan, much of the resentment he harbored toward his father dissipated, leaving behind only a deep sense of worry.

Devil's Island was shrouded in unparalleled mystery; hardly anyone knew its exact location. Even the major alliances of the Underground World maintained a notable level of secrecy regarding it.

By nature, the devils on Devil's Island couldn't possibly leave the place, nor could Qin Tiannan.

This meant that, over the past twenty years, Qin Tiannan had been entirely out of control of his fate. Perhaps he endured those years without succumbing to despair because he clung to the hope of one day leaving Devil's Island alive—to see his wife and son again...

The more Qin Fang pondered this, the more he felt that his unseen father was truly great...

"Devil's Island..."

Just thinking of the place made Qin Fang's head ache.

The island was no ordinary place; so many master-level fighters had entered only to meet their demise, leaving alive only the rare few whose strength was exceptional and luck was unparalleled.

At least these trainees had a chance to leave, but those trapped on Devil's Island—the devils—had no such chance at all...

"It seems necessary for me to make a trip to Devil's Island!"

With his father, Qin Tiannan, trapped on Devil's Island, unable to escape, there was no way Qin Fang's family could reunite. His mother, Qin Qing, was powerless and couldn't help with such matters, leaving the responsibility solely in Qin Fang's hands.

At present, Qin Fang held the status of an Assassin Alliance Three-Star Assassin, just shy of the Four-Star Assassin qualification necessary for basic entry onto the island.

Of course, for the sake of safety, Qin Fang needed to make sufficient preparations before stepping foot on Devil's Island.

Not only did he need to ensure his supplies and equipment were adequately stocked, but his strength also had to be formidable enough to ensure his survival—after all, the so-called devils on the island were no ordinary individuals.

Even the Undefeated Fist King of the Black Fist Arena could be shredded to pieces. The island certainly housed Level 8 Grandmaster and even stronger experts...

Even his father, Qin Tiannan, who had survived such slaughter for twenty years, had undoubtedly surpassed Grandmaster Level cultivation and might have reached Grandmaster-level Expert status...

From these simple photos, Qin Tiannan appeared to hold a relatively low position on the island, standing among seven or eight individuals. At minimum, these people's strength, if not equal to his, certainly wouldn't be far below his level.

Thus, on Devil's Island, the number of Grandmaster-level experts must be overwhelming enough to make Qin Fang's head spin...

## Chapter 1202: Encountering Another Swindler

Devil's Island is undoubtedly a perilous forbidden zone, where masters gather in droves, and their methods are shockingly ruthless—each person's hands are likely stained with countless lives.

Similarly, Qin Fang's father, Qin Tiannan, must also have blood on his hands...

It's a brutal place—if you don't kill your opponents, you'll only end up as a soul under their blade. To survive, even the most Good Person will inevitably become an executioner.

However, those who qualify to enter Devil's Island are already prominent figures in the Underground World. Virtually none of them could be considered good people.

Take Qin Fang as an example—if it weren't for the bit of luck he had during several assignments that brought him Points, he would never have achieved Three-Star Assassin status without taking countless lives.

Advancing to Four-Star Assassin requires even more Points. Tasks that provide abundant points like before are rare, and accumulating enough to reach Four-Star Assassin status won't be achieved overnight.



Of course, what Qin Fang needs now is time.

Earning Points to ascend the Assassin's Alliance ranks to Four-Star Assassin is one goal, but strengthening his own abilities is just as important...

Devil's Island is far from simple. Without sufficient strength, anyone venturing there is bound for death. Even with a cheat-like edge, Qin Fang could still suffer an untimely demise in such a brutal place.

Currently, Qin Fang hasn't even reached Grandmaster Level yet. While his power compares to Mid-Master Level, in a place with potentially numerous Grandmaster-level Experts, his strength is far from sufficient...

Still, a trip to Devil's Island is something Qin Fang is determined to undertake—he absolutely wouldn't give it up.

Previously, he didn't know the whereabouts of his father, Qin Tiannan, so he avoided dwelling on it, having heard little of him over the past twenty years.

But now it's different. Not only does he know his father is still alive, but he also knows where he is. No matter what, Qin Fang will bring him back.

It's not just for himself; more importantly, it's for his mother, who has waited twenty agonizing years...

Understanding this eased Qin Fang's mind slightly. Though he wished he could bring Qin Tiannan back sooner, it wasn't something impatience could achieve.

Looking at Elder Master Qu in front of him, Qin Fang didn't know how to feel.

The old man did harm to their family, and Qin Fang ought to hate him, but the disappearance of Qin Tiannan ultimately had nothing to do with Qu, and in fact, Qu helped uncover clues about his father. Qin Fang felt torn—should he hate or thank the man?

This duality left Qin Fang in a dilemma, unsure how to interact with him going forward.

"I'll take the photos, but this matter... I hope only you and I know about it!"

Holding the photographs in his hand, Qin Fang exerted slight pressure and watched them crumble into tiny fragments, scattering in the air as useless dust.

Elder Master Qu looked at Qin Fang with a face full of astonishment, clearly stunned by this display of skill. But being no ordinary person, he soon recovered, although his gaze toward Qin Fang carried a subtle shift.

"I understand..."

Yet thinking back on Qin Fang's tone, the old man's response contained a trace of resignation. He could sense the lingering animosity Qin Fang held toward the Qu Family, still upset over the events of the past.

It wasn't surprising—if Qu hadn't intervened years ago, Qin Tiannan and Qin Qing wouldn't have been separated for twenty years. If not for Qin Fang's existence, Qu knew his daughter might have gone down with Qin Tiannan...

In the end, these grievances were his doing. Whether it was Qin Fang or his daughter Qin Qing, the knots in their hearts wouldn't be unraveled with a few words or actions.

The only solution was to mend their misunderstandings and estrangement bit by bit within this month. He didn't expect complete forgiveness from them—he just hoped their hatred and animosity toward him could ease slightly. After all, he knew his time left in this world was limited.

His wife nearly departed with permanent regret, and he too didn't want to leave this world burdened with guilt and remorse...

For now, this matter was set aside temporarily.

Qin Fang and Elder Master Qu chose to keep this a secret, not mentioning it to anyone else. With Qin Fang destroying the photos, even the last piece of evidence was wiped out.

Qin Fang didn't tell his mother Qin Qing about it, either, for her own good. She had already shifted her focus away from longing for that man—not forgotten completely, but her attention had been redirected for the time being.

Nonetheless, Qin Fang knew that if he brought it up, Qin Qing would be heartbroken again...

That wasn't what Qin Fang wanted to see; he hoped his mother could lead a happy life. As for his father, Qin Tiannan, Qin Fang vowed to save him from Devil's Island with his abilities. Then their family could be reunited.

And by then, his mother Qin Qing could truly be happy again...

"Feifei, what's up? Is something wrong?"

After separating from Elder Master Qu, Qin Fang maintained the same relationship as before, keeping a noticeable distance from him.

While idling around, Tang Feifei called Qin Fang, surprising him slightly.

"Dinner? Sure... Where at?"

The call came with a purpose—Tang Feifei inviting Qin Fang to join her for dinner.

Apparently, Tang Feifei and Chen Qi attended a fashion show, which they greatly enjoyed. Feifei even had two dresses custom-tailored by a renowned Milan designer.

Coincidentally, Tang Feifei ran into a middle-school classmate who used to be her deskmate. Despite sharing a desk for only one year before circumstances led to her classmate transferring schools and later studying abroad, they had somewhat of a bond.

After the fashion show, Tang Feifei and Chen Qi happened upon this long-lost classmate and started chatting. Since Chen Qi had urgent matters, he left early, leaving Feifei and her friend to catch up over a meal, with Qin Fang called to tag along as backup.

"No problem, I'll be there shortly!"

Qin Fang readily agreed to Tang Feifei's request, confidently assuring her, and set off from the Qu Family residence toward a high-end restaurant at Victoria Harbour.

Tang Feifei's classmate, Shi Ye, turned out to be quite attractive—with looks matching seventy to eighty percent of Feifei's charm.

Her family also had impressive resources, with parents running businesses known to have a small reputation in Anxi Province of Dragon Country. Their net worth wasn't huge, perhaps several tens of millions, much of it tied up in fixed assets and bank loans. Only her family likely knew their true wealth.

Before moving to Ninghai, Tang Feifei's father-in-law-to-be worked in Anxi Province, so Feifei attended middle school there, long before meeting Qin Fang. Naturally, Qin Fang didn't know Feifei's old friend Shi Ye.

Interestingly enough, Shi Ye was in Hong Kong Island accompanying her boyfriend, someone reportedly connected to a wealthy family on the island.

Details weren't clear to Qin Fang, nor did he pry much, as it didn't concern him directly.

The agreed dinner location was a French restaurant at Victoria Harbour, notably upscale with elegant decor featuring flowing water and tranquil music—a refined atmosphere.

Following Tang Feifei's directions, Qin Fang soon found Feifei and her group already seated.

"You're finally here, Qin Fang! We've been waiting..."

Coming from the mountain-top Qu residence and navigating Hong Kong's crowded streets caused a slight delay. Unsurprisingly, Feifei, hungry and frustrated, greeted Qin Fang with a playful complaint.

"This is my boyfriend, Qin Fang... Qin Fang, this is my former desk mate Shi Ye, and this is her boyfriend, Mr. Rodick Luo!"

Feifei wasn't one to be unreasonable. After her cute protest, she promptly introduced Qin Fang to the other two at the table.

Of course, she didn't forget to explain who they were to him...

However, as Qin Fang's gaze followed Feifei's gesture and landed on someone, that person's expression turned strangely odd. To be precise... their face shifted between pale and flushed, their smile appearing even more painful than tears!

"Miss Shi, nice to meet you..."

Qin Fang maintained a calm smile, politely greeting Shi Ye first before turning to her "boyfriend."

"Mr. Luo, I didn't expect us to meet again so soon..."

Looking at the well-dressed young man before him, Qin Fang's tone was calm, but there was an undeniable playfulness in his gaze.

Indeed, Qin Fang wasn't encountering Mr. Rodick Luo for the first time—they'd crossed paths before and had some interaction.

Even Qin Fang himself hadn't expected it—barely two days apart, amidst six million people in bustling Hong Kong Island, he'd bump into this fraudster Rodick Luo again. Such luck—was it too good or too bad?

Chapter 1203: Thinking of Slipping Away? No Way!

Of course, running into this conman again was quite unexpected for both parties.

For Qin Fang, it should be considered his incredibly good luck.

But for this conman, it could only be described as terribly bad fortune...

"Mr. Qin, a pleasure, a pleasure..."

Roddick was clearly not an ordinary person. He quickly composed himself and surprisingly greeted Qin Fang with a handshake, acting politely as if there wasn't the slightest awkwardness.

"Dick, you two know each other?"

It was actually Shi Ye who asked curiously, while Tang Feifei was also slightly surprised.

"We've crossed paths before..."

Roddick said nonchalantly, his tone breezy and composed. If he had a long beard and white eyebrows, he might even exude an ethereal celestial aura.



Shi Ye, on the other hand, gazed at Roddick with starry eyes filled with fascination, entirely captivated by him...

Qin Fang could only chuckle lightly and scratch his nose. He chose not to say much—exposing Roddick as a conman likely wouldn't win Shi Ye's gratitude anyway.

"Ah, it's none of my business, so I'll just stay out of it..."

Though Qin Fang felt the urge to help, he knew this woman probably wouldn't appreciate it, so there was no need to involve himself. All he did was sigh internally.

However, Tang Feifei knew Qin Fang too well. She secretly reached under the table to pinch him a few times, her expression slightly puzzled. But in front of others, she refrained from asking directly.

Qin Fang gently patted Tang Feifei's hand to indicate she needn't worry—it was nothing serious...

After a brief introduction, the four of them sat down. Since Tang Feifei was the host of this gathering, Qin Fang naturally took on the role of host as well, courteously inviting Shi Ye and Roddick to order.

Perhaps due to the years that had passed since their last meeting, Tang Feifei and Shi Ye chatted happily, bursting into radiant laughter from time to time. Although their voices weren't loud, the joy and excitement were evident.

Shi Ye didn't strike Qin Fang as boastful. She seemed modest and meek, a genuinely pleasant woman—someone who would likely make a devoted wife and mother after marriage.

But the man beside her...

The thought of Roddick's identity made Qin Fang shake his head helplessly, unsure of what to say about him.

It seemed the very thing he dreaded was happening. Just as Qin Fang debated whether to intervene for this woman hopelessly ensnared in a love scam, Shi Ye suddenly pulled a crimson gilded invitation out of her purse. She scribbled a few words on it before eagerly handing it to Tang Feifei.

"Feifei, after all these years, I thought I'd never see you again. I'm so happy we were able to reunite this time... Oh, and here's my engagement invitation with Dick. You and Qin Fang must attend, alright?"

Even Qin Fang felt his head throb at this. He glanced at the conman across the table with a perplexed expression.

Frankly, Roddick didn't look any better. His previously composed expression began to falter and flicker.

Deep down, Roddick was miserable. Out of the six million people on Hong Kong Island, including countless foreigners, the odds of encountering Qin Fang again in such a vast place felt absurdly terrible.

A few days ago, he had painstakingly built rapport with the Xing Family Couple, hoping to win over Xing Jingjing—a top-tier beauty in the police force.

But then Qin Fang had appeared out of nowhere, stealing his thunder entirely and giving him grief before leaving.

A gang of thugs had chased Roddick for two full streets until some patrolling police officers finally rescued him...

Although he emerged unscathed, Roddick suspected that Qin Fang had figured out his true identity; otherwise, why would he have targeted him so deliberately?

This wasn't a surprising turn of events—Roddick had conned plenty of people, some of whom remained oblivious to him. But he had made enough enemies for some to recognize him.

Still, Roddick was skilled at covering his tracks and wasn't overly concerned. Besides, Qin Fang was merely a fleeting passerby in his life. He hadn't expected to run into him a second time.

Yet here they were—it was unbearably frustrating.

Shi Ye was someone he had been angling for a long time, though frequent travel abroad had limited his opportunities for action.

This time, Roddick had specifically come to Hong Kong Island to see her. He had gone all out to build trust, even taking her to see the fashion exhibition on Hong Kong Island, convincing her to agree to an engagement. He had the invitations prepared.

But who'd have thought Shi Ye would end up reconnecting with an old classmate like Tang Feifei? Almost instantly, Tang Feifei sparked a newfound desire in Roddick, prompting him to scheme anew.

Upon hearing that Tang Feifei already had a boyfriend, he'd restrained himself from overtly displaying interest. Privately, he strategized ways to undermine her boyfriend during their encounter.

The fantasy was grand, but the reality was grim: Tang Feifei's boyfriend turned out to be Qin Fang—the very person who had shattered his previous plans with the cop Xing Jingjing.

He felt completely defeated. Years ago, Qin Fang had struck a blow against his attempt to con Xing Jingjing; now, Tang Feifei's boyfriend was also Qin Fang.

Roddick was starting to wonder if Qin Fang was secretly a fellow con artist who preyed on women for profit... despite their stark differences in appearance.

He briefly considered exposing Qin Fang, but as a conman himself, sabotaging another was unthinkable—such actions often led to mutual destruction without any winners.

Thus, he grudgingly held back...

Unfortunately, his restraint came to bite him as Shi Ye announced their engagement and placed an invitation in Qin Fang and Tang Feifei's hands. Could his misery become more profound?

By doing so, she utterly dashed any chance Roddick had of pursuing Tang Feifei.

"Wow, you're getting engaged! Congratulations, congratulations..."

Tang Feifei, holding the invitation, smiled warmly with admiration, casting the occasional glance at Qin Fang. Her gaze carried a subtle, playful undertone.

Although her relationship with Qin Fang was relatively established—they were theoretically already engaged—they hadn't had a formal ceremony.

Women often cared about these matters. Seeing her friend reach this stage naturally sparked some envy and longing.

Qin Fang didn't seem bothered. He chuckled lightly and, with a quick gleam in his eye, warmly said, "Miss Shi, rest assured—Feifei and I will certainly be there."

"Mr. Luo, Miss Shi is an extraordinary woman. You absolutely mustn't let her down, or I'll be very displeased. And to protect myself, I'll ensure you don't get away with it!"

After addressing Shi Ye briefly, Qin Fang turned to Roddick with unexpectedly lengthy remarks. Despite sounding like an impartial outsider, the undertones were evidently threatening to Roddick.

At first, Roddick seemed ready to retort, his lips curling slightly in discontent. But when he spotted the sharp, fleeting intensity in Qin Fang's eyes, the words dried up in his throat.

"Of course, of course!"

He half-heartedly grinned and made unconvincing assurances.

"Excuse me, I need to visit the restroom..."

Seemingly uneasy, he tactfully excused himself and headed toward the restroom.

"Feifei, Miss Shi, enjoy your meal—I'll step out for a moment too..."

As soon as Roddick left, Qin Fang immediately followed suit, making an excuse before heading toward the same restroom.

He couldn't let Roddick go—he had sensed the conman's intentions moments earlier: the guy was planning to execute a "pee escape" and disappear altogether.

Qin Fang had pushed the situation to this point; there was no way he'd let the guy run off now.

Besides, Qin Fang suspected Roddick harbored secrets. Although he wasn't particularly nosy, he couldn't just stand by while a hapless woman fell prey to this charlatan.

Shi Ye was already fantasizing about her impending engagement ceremony, but Roddick was preparing to bolt entirely—not just leave the restaurant but abandon Shi Ye altogether, vanishing without a trace!

As for handling the conman, Qin Fang had no concrete plans yet.

While Roddick was despicable, he didn't deserve death, so Qin Fang wouldn't resort to extreme measures. But he refused to let the scammer get away with his deceit and leave behind a heartbroken woman.

Thus...

"Sorry, unlucky Mr. Roddick—time for you to take one for justice!"

Qin Fang felt compelled to intervene, teaching this conniving man a lesson. Perhaps it was time for Roddick to settle down, marry, and turn over a new leaf.

He claimed he wanted to engage Shi Ye, didn't he?

In that case, Qin Fang decided they should turn the charade into the real deal—why settle for engagement when marriage sounded better?

"Mr. Luo, where are you headed? The restroom seems to be the other way..."

Just as Roddick was about to slip out the side door, he felt a hand clamp down on his shoulder, followed by a voice he found deeply irksome sounding in his ear.

Chapter 1204: Follow Me From Now On!

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"Oh, is that so? Then I must've come to the wrong place..."

Roddick turned around with a sour expression, staring at Qin Fang's smirk, a face that seemed designed to invite a punch.

He may have sounded relaxed, but inwardly, he wanted nothing more than to kill Qin Fang. If he had a gun right now, he'd unload every bullet into Qin Fang until his body was riddled with holes—that's the only way he'd truly feel satisfied.

"Just so happens I need to use the bathroom too. Let's go together..."



Qin Fang acted as though he hadn't perceived Roddick's intense hatred, casually grinning as he suggested it.

"Together, together..."

Roddick was utterly helpless. Qin Fang had already seen him; there was no getting away now. Although the suggestion sounded oddly unsettling, he had no choice but to begrudgingly follow Qin Fang.

From the moment Qin Fang appeared, Roddick had been planning to find an excuse to leave—he really didn't want too much interaction with him. A prolonged exchange might expose what he was hiding.

If he managed to slip away successfully, all he'd need was another excuse. With his hold over Shi Ye, a few sweet words would suffice to keep her obedient.

That was his usual tactic—a method terribly effective. To this day, there were still women he'd tricked who remained utterly convinced by him.

For instance, not long ago, he happened to run across a woman he had deceived in the past. A few casual lines from him were all it took for her to dutifully leave, return home, and eagerly await Roddick's return. Before leaving, she even handed over all her money to him...

Roddick had managed to thrive as a liar without getting caught or exposed, thanks to his careful selection of targets, skillful techniques, and his smooth talk—everything working together in his favor.

A glance at Shi Ye's expression would tell you all you needed to know...

But unfortunately, his plan had been temporarily derailed by Qin Fang's appearance. His attempt at using the "bathroom escape tactic" had failed, leaving him no choice but to try something else.

But...

Would Qin Fang give him that chance?

Clearly, no.

If Qin Fang had wanted him to leave, he wouldn't have bothered dragging him back here.

The Western restaurant was bustling with customers, but the bathroom was luxuriously designed and offered excellent privacy—most of them individual stalls.

As he took in the décor, Roddick's eyes lit up slightly. Perhaps his "bathroom escape tactic" wasn't entirely out of play. Just as he prepared to slip into one stall to deal with his "physiological needs," a powerful arm reached over, grabbed his shoulder, and pulled him entirely into a neighboring stall instead.

"Q-Qin... Mr. Qin... What are you... What are you trying to do?"

Roddick, baffled by the sudden turn of events, noticed the adjoining stall already had someone inside—none other than Qin Fang, who had come along with him. Qin Fang wore an amused smile, his eyes scanning Roddick up and down.

Roddick was used to women scrutinizing him like this—young or old, pretty or less so—it had never bothered him before.

But this time, being sized up by another man had his skin crawling. Goosebumps spread all over his body, and he involuntarily clenched his fists tightly, his muscles stiffening.

Even his usual glib tongue was failing him, causing him to stammer for the first time in his life. Qin Fang's unsettling gaze was making his entire body tense up uncontrollably.

"I'm not... No! I'm not into men!"

Roddick clenched his teeth and forced out the words, trying to steady himself against the panic Qin Fang's look had triggered.

"Neither am I!"

Qin Fang chuckled, still maintaining that same demeanor, unfazed by Roddick's protests. It was clear he was messing with him.

While it was true there were people in this world with unconventional preferences, Qin Fang certainly didn't belong to that group. He considered himself perfectly normal, both in orientation and in lifestyle.

In fact, his track record with women was more impressive than most men's—his conquests spoke for themselves.

"Phew~~"

Hearing this, Roddick locked eyes with Qin Fang and scrutinized him carefully. Only after a long pause did he finally let out a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Qin, what exactly is the meaning of this?"

Before long, however, Roddick's composure wavered again. He still couldn't understand Qin Fang's motives, so he asked, his tone sharpening, attempting to assert his dissatisfaction through words.

"Nothing much. Just wanted to have a good chat with Mr. Luo..."

Qin Fang smiled nonchalantly and said, "There are women outside, and some things I can't say publicly—but in here? No one's going to disturb us."

"A chat? What do we have to chat about? Mr. Qin, you've already ruined one of my relationships. What, are you planning to ruin another?"

Though Roddick found all of this increasingly bizarre, his mental fortitude as a seasoned liar helped him regain his calm. He spoke with conviction, boldly bringing up what had happened last time to subtly warn Qin Fang.

Chapter 1205: Follow Me From Now On!\_2

Back then, Qin Fang appeared as Xing Jingjing's boyfriend. Now, he's showing up as Tang Feifei's boyfriend. Sure, in modern relationships, people break up quickly, but not this fast, right? Especially considering both Tang Feifei and Xing Jingjing are top-tier beauties. What kind of man would let them go so easily?

Even someone like Roddick, who's just a con artist, wouldn't give up so casually.

"Mr. Luo, the words you're saying mean absolutely nothing to me! Others may not know your real identity, but I've known for quite some time. You're not some financial tycoon straight off Wall Street, nor are you the rich second-generation heir of a Hong Kong Island aristocratic family. You're nothing more than a con artist who loves deceiving women..."

Qin Fang knew Roddick wouldn't admit defeat so easily, so he saw no reason to hold back and unleashed his trump card. He bluntly revealed Roddick's true identity and exposed all the lies he had fabricated without hesitation.

"Y-You're lying!"

Roddick's face instantly changed upon hearing those words, his tone extremely agitated as he spoke.

"There's no point in trying to defend or conceal yourself, because if I choose to investigate you, there's nowhere for you to hide..."

But Qin Fang had anticipated this, so he wasn't surprised at all. Instead, he spoke casually and indifferently, "You know about Elder Long of Xin'an, right? He and I are pretty good friends. Do you believe that all it takes is one phone call for someone to dig up every detail about you?"

As he spoke, Qin Fang took out his phone, pulled up Elder Long's number, and held it in front of Roddick with an amused expression, as though he might dial it at any moment.

"And Officer Xing, the policewoman—you know her as well. The information I've got here, I'll hand it over to her. With the relationship I have with her, I think it's only a matter of time before you end up behind bars..."

"Oh, and one more thing I should mention. You might not fully understand my background, but that's fine. All you need to know is this: I've got some money, connections, and I can summon a massive team of lawyers at any time. Just based on what you've done, I think it's enough to keep you locked up for life..."

"Speaking of prison—that reminds me of Elder Long again. You've probably heard of his influence over Hong Kong Island. Even inside the prison, he's got his people... finishing you off would be no problem! Of course, I'm not that cruel. At most, I'd just make you... a literal 'glass'."

Qin Fang spoke with an air of calmness, as if these were trivial matters, yet every sentence struck fear into the heart of the flustered Roddick. His distorted face turned a mix of pale and green hues.

"Don't try to scare me—I'm not buying it..."

When Qin Fang finished his speech, Roddick was already descending into hysteria. His voice grew deep and furious as he roared, but he couldn't hide the turmoil in his heart.

"Is that so? Looks like you don't believe me..."

A con artist like Roddick wasn't easy prey. If he were, he wouldn't have made it this far in his deceitful career.

But Qin Fang had a trick up his sleeve. Without hesitation, he dialed Elder Long's number. Some people just don't believe until they see the coffin; Qin Fang was determined to teach him a lesson.

"Elder Long, I'm so sorry to bother you again..."

The phone call connected quickly, with Elder Long answering personally. His bright and hearty voice came through the line. "Xiao Qin! What brings you this time? Another piece of good news?"

Hearing the delight in Elder Long's voice, Qin Fang immediately understood that Elder Long had verified Han Long's death and confirmed Qin Fang's earlier claims. It was now clear that Elder Long would soon take further action.

Since Qin Fang was calling again, Elder Long assumed there must be more good news—perhaps regarding that batch of drugs, or something else.

"Well, it's not a big deal. I just need Elder Long's help investigating someone!"

Qin Fang chuckled lightly as he spoke. Then, glancing mischievously at Roddick, he continued his cheerful conversation with Elder Long.

"Oh? No problem. Tell me who you need investigated. As long as they're on Hong Kong Island, I'll make sure every detail is uncovered!"

Elder Long's confidence was undeniable. In Hong Kong, he had every right to boast. Even the police wouldn't dare make such claims, but Elder Long could.

As the saying goes, snakes have their paths, and rats have their tunnels. With tens of thousands of underlings at his disposal, Elder Long could locate even Han Long's hidden whereabouts, so investigating a con artist would be a breeze.

"Don't..."



Hearing Elder Long's words, Roddick's face went pale. He grabbed at Qin Fang's clothes and, trembling, pleaded with terror painted across his face.

Although Roddick wasn't certain whether the person on the other side of the line was really Elder Long, his keen eye for deception told him it likely was the infamous kingpin of Hong Kong Island. How could he not be terrified?

"I want you to look into that man's companion—the woman beside him. I've noticed she's quite unusual, and her involvement might shift the dynamics of his situation..."

As he watched Roddick's increasingly pale face, Qin Fang's smile remained calm. He dropped this casual remark to Elder Long before hanging up the call.

His objective was accomplished. He had planned to make the call anyway, but he'd taken the opportunity to teach Roddick a lesson while he was at it.

Jiang Rou's background in the Demon Sect, her role beside Han Long—it was clear she wasn't there to protect him. There had to be deeper secrets at play. Qin Fang wasn't particularly eager to uncover them, but he couldn't afford to let his guard down.

He couldn't investigate this matter himself and didn't want to get further involved with Jiang Rou, but Elder Long had his own resources. For the sake of this operation, Elder Long would certainly take action. Using him for such a task wasn't out of the question.

"W-What do you want from me?"

This time, Roddick had no choice but to behave. He didn't dare act tough anymore, because Qin Fang could request Elder Long's help at any moment. As long as Roddick remained on Hong Kong Island, he would continually be in danger.

As a con artist, Roddick occupied the gray areas of society. Elder Long was a true underworld boss. In the past, con artists like Roddick would have had to pay their respects to someone like Elder Long before starting their scams.

But times had changed, and with fewer rules and conventions in place, plus Roddick's tendency to act cautiously and avoid enmity, he never saw the need to do so.

Still, if Elder Long decided to go after him, Roddick would be done for.

"It's actually quite simple. From now on... you work for me!"

Looking at the elegant and charming man in front of him, it was hard to believe he was a con artist. But that didn't matter. Now that Qin Fang knew the truth, he couldn't pretend otherwise.

Killing Roddick wouldn't be the right thing to do. Letting him continue deceiving people wasn't acceptable either. The simplest solution was to keep him close—for all Qin Fang knew, Roddick might prove useful at times.

"Work for you?"

Roddick was momentarily stunned, clearly surprised. He hadn't expected Qin Fang to go through all this trouble just to demand something so straightforward.

"Alright, no problem..."

The man was quick to agree, nodding decisively.

Of course, whatever hidden thoughts he might have had was another matter entirely.

"But before that, you'll need to marry Miss Shi..."

Naturally, Qin Fang wouldn't trust Roddick on his word alone. Without missing a beat, he added this condition—one that made Roddick's face turn completely green.

"Th-That..."

Roddick's expression was ghastly. His entire relationship with Shi Ye had been fabricated, not even reaching a legitimate engagement. He was only after the substantial dowry she carried. He had no intention of maintaining a long-term connection with Shi Ye!

"Is it really so difficult? Well, forget it then..."

Qin Fang looked at Roddick, his playful smile unwavering, his tone care-free.

"N-No... Not at all difficult! Not difficult at all..."

Catching Qin Fang's expression, Roddick felt a chill down his spine. He forced a strained smile and reluctantly agreed. After all, in this situation, he had no other choice.

Chapter 1206: Subduing the Swindler Underling

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A forced smile crept across Roddick's face, but it looked so painfully strained... honestly, even if his father had died, his expression probably wouldn't look as grim as it did now.

What Qin Fang was demanding was no longer about pushing someone to their limits—it was practically akin to asking for Roddick's life.

This guy had deceived countless women, many of whom weren't just average but strikingly beautiful, some even comparable to Tang Feifei. Yet, he always followed the same routine: sweet-talk, cheat, then vanish... never once had he stayed for anyone.

And this time was no different. The so-called engagement was nothing but a charade, merely a ploy to con that gullible Stone Ye. Just as his plan was about to succeed, Qin Fang inserted himself into the picture.

Not only did he disrupt his scheme, but he also hit him with a brutal blow...

But the problem was, did he have a choice?

At the sight of Qin Fang's chilling smile—one that sent shivers down the spine—Roddick felt as if he were submerged in an ice cellar, almost frozen stiff...

Cheating women? That Roddick didn't mind. That was his specialty, his bread and butter. No hardship there, only ease.

But to marry a woman he had not one shred of affection for? He'd rather be dead—it would be a quicker death!

Of course, that prerequisite required Roddick to actually have the guts to accept death.

And it was glaringly obvious—this guy was a hedonist through and through, living the high life in comfort. Just roll over and accept death? No way in hell he'd agree to that.

Unwilling to die, he had no choice but to powerlessly nod his head and reluctantly agree to the arrangement before him.

"Good, good... I'm quite satisfied with your answer! Don't let me down now..."

Seeing Roddick obediently give his response, Qin Fang seemed to believe him on the spot and even patted his shoulder with a smile.

"Y-Yes, of course, definitely!"

Roddick bowed his head, wearing an expression of utter submission as if he had been completely subdued by Qin Fang. But beneath his lowered head, his eyes gleamed with a strange light.

"Think I'll submit to you so easily? Not a chance."

As a masterful conman, Roddick's targets might always have been women, but that didn't mean he couldn't deceive men. The art of deception transcends age and gender... and right now, Qin Fang happened to be his mark.

However, Roddick himself hadn't noticed that when Qin Fang patted his shoulder earlier, a subtle sting radiated from the spot...

The sensation was so fleeting that he either didn't register it at all or simply brushed it aside. Add to that his preoccupied state of mind, and it was no surprise he failed to notice.

Of course, he also missed the faint smirk lurking beneath Qin Fang's calm tone as he spoke earlier.

"Alright, enough time-wasting. We should head back; otherwise, suspicions might arise."

Checking the time, Qin Fang realized they had been away for a while. If they stayed any longer, it would be hard for the women waiting for them not to suspect something.

With that, he casually pushed the door of the small stall open and walked out. Roddick quickly followed, though thankfully the restroom was mostly empty. Otherwise, someone might've suspected the two men were engaging in something unusual.

When they reached the sink, Qin Fang suddenly paused mid-step as if a thought had struck him. Turning to Roddick behind him, his action made Roddick jump in fright.

"Oh, I almost forgot. I meddled with you earlier, you see. Let's call it... a slow-acting poison. Don't bother thinking about running to the hospital for stomach pumping; that won't work at all. So, my advice is: be a good boy, follow my lead, and every month, I'll provide you with the antidote. That's the only way you'll stay alive."

As he said this, Qin Fang's tone was frighteningly casual, as if all of this was just a lighthearted conversation, devoid of the malice that came with poisoning someone.

"Y-You poisoned me?!"

Roddick's face morphed instantly, and he reflexively began patting his body—especially recalling events earlier. In a panic, he yanked his shirt collar open and spotted a purplish-red bump on his shoulder...

The bump had seemingly appeared out of nowhere. Thinking back to Qin Fang's words, there was no question—it was his doing.

"Poison you? Haha, you've clearly overthought this... Consider it an insurance policy, if you will."

Qin Fang chuckled mildly and said nonchalantly, "Of course, if you don't believe me, feel free to turn your back and leave right now. But just know this: when a month passes and something feels wrong with your body, even if you crawl back to beg me, I won't show you an ounce of mercy."

"The choice is yours. Do as you see fit."

With that, Qin Fang casually waved his hand, a relaxed grin on his face. But Roddick's expression had gone entirely green.

He couldn't deny it—his plan was to temporarily appease Qin Fang and wait for an opening to escape.

Qin Fang might have been tight with Elder Long, but if Roddick bolted now, he had full confidence in his ability to slip away unscathed.



As a skilled conman, he had numerous aliases to fall back on. Leaving Roddick behind was no big deal—he had plenty of backup identities he could assume at any time.

Once he was off Hong Kong Island and far from Elder Long's reach, he'd be free again, free to enjoy his life of luxury. But he underestimated Qin Fang's vigilance toward him. Knowing he was a conman, how could Qin Fang possibly trust anything he said so easily?

Qin Fang never believed him for a second and certainly wouldn't let himself be duped. His earlier act had merely been to help Roddick let down his guard a little.

It made it easier for Qin Fang to act and also allowed the poison to circulate more freely in a relaxed system.

And now, this warning served to prevent Roddick from panicking and attempting escape, which could very well cost him his life.

Qin Fang wasn't bluffing. Though the poison wasn't extremely toxic, prolonged exposure without the antidote could severely damage one's body—maybe even fatally.

"Take care of yourself."

With these parting words, Qin Fang turned, washed his hands, and left the restroom, heading back to the dining area where Tang Feifei and Stone Ye were waiting. Sure enough, the two women appeared to have grown restless.

"Qin Fang, why'd it take you so long?"

Tang Feifei asked, curious and suspicious, as Qin Fang approached the table.

"Dick..."

Before Qin Fang could answer, Stone Ye looked past him and called out.

Ultimately, Roddick hadn't dared to flee. Forced to bow to the circumstances, he returned with a stiff smile that didn't quite mask his inner turmoil.

"Oh, it's nothing. I had a little chat with Mr. Luo in the restroom. We hit it off so well that we lost track of time... isn't that right, Mr. Luo?"

Qin Fang grinned, composed as he turned to Roddick, pulling him in as an unwitting accomplice.

"Y-Yes, exactly... I lost track of time. My apologies."

Roddick exhaled sharply. With no options left and his life quite literally in Qin Fang's hands, he had no choice but to play along.

"That explains it. As long as you're getting along, I'm relieved!"

Tang Feifei remained skeptical, but Stone Ye seemed oblivious, smiling warmly and keeping her shining eyes on Roddick, thoroughly delighted.

"By the way, Miss Shi, during our chat, Mr. Luo mentioned something interesting. Turns out, he feels the engagement is a bit unnecessary. He'd much rather skip ahead and marry you sooner."

Tang Feifei's eyes widened in shock. She glanced between Qin Fang and Roddick, sensing that something was amiss.

"Stone Ye, will you marry me?"

Roddick really was laying it all on the line. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a diamond ring and got down on one knee, proposing to Stone Ye right then and there!

"I... I... I will! Mwah~~"

Roddick's honeyed words were too powerful. Stone Ye, a perfectly good girl, had fallen head over heels for him, completely entranced.

The original engagement had already made her brim with happiness—she had been telling everyone she knew, basking in the blessing of their well-wishes, proud to share her joy.

And now...

Her Prince Charming wanted to bypass the engagement altogether, jumping straight into marriage. It was the stuff of her dreams. How could she refuse? Ecstatic, she grabbed the ring and immediately slid it onto her ring finger!

The quality of the ring, the size of the diamond—none of that mattered. Even if the diamond were mere glass, she'd still say yes without hesitation.

Women are creatures of emotion, and in moments like this, they can disregard everything—status, wealth, power... all can be cast aside in the face of love.

"Wow, Yezi! Congratulations!"

Chapter 1207: Fun Places

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Tang Feifei also smiled as she congratulated Shi Ye, while subtly signaling Qin Fang with her eyes, as if to say, "Don't you owe me an explanation or something?"

Shi Ye and Roddick weren't too familiar with Qin Fang, so naturally they didn't know him well. Tang Feifei, on the other hand, knew Qin Fang far too well.

Qin Fang's behavior tonight was vastly different from usual—peculiar, even. It was impossible for her not to notice.

Especially since tonight seemed to be shrouded in deep mystery, making her feel even more unsettled and suspicious.

"We'll talk about it tonight when we get home."

Qin Fang, while congratulating the two newcomers, tossed Tang Feifei a meaningful glance.

Tang Feifei caught the hint and said no more, waiting for Qin Fang to give her a satisfactory explanation later.

Roddick stayed on, and with some pressure from Qin Fang, played along with the plan. While Shi Ye, unaware of the truth, was exhilarated and overjoyed, the others all had different thoughts.

Fortunately, nothing unusual occurred afterward. They finished the meal cheerfully, exchanged contact information, and parted ways.

"Qin Fang, now can you tell me what this is all about?"

Since Tang Feifei returned to the Qu Family with Qin Fang, she couldn't hold back any longer once they were on their way and asked eagerly.

Although Shi Ye was her classmate from years ago, their reunion this time had gone rather well, and she didn't want her to encounter any trouble.

"If I told you that your classmate's fiancé is a con artist, what would you think?"

At this point, Qin Fang no longer saw a need to hide the truth.

"A con artist?"

Tang Feifei froze. She'd already sensed something was off in Qin Fang's earlier reactions but never imagined it would be directed at Roddick.

She thought about Roddick again. Handsome, seemingly from a good family, and deeply attentive to Shi Ye—Shi Ye's glowing happiness made that much clear.

From every angle, there was no sign that Roddick would turn out to be a con artist. Even Tang Feifei found it utterly unbelievable.

"Yeah, a con artist! And not just any con artist—someone who scams women by exploiting their feelings to swindle money—a major fraud,"

Qin Fang nodded affirmatively, confirming the fact.

"When we first met, didn't I mention that I'd run into him once before? That was when I caught him in the act of deceiving another woman."

If not for the policewoman beauty asking Qin Fang for help, he wouldn't have encountered Roddick and subsequently uncovered Roddick's deceitful nature.

Without that occurrence, today's events might not have escalated to this point. Qin Fang might have even unmasked Roddick outright.

"If he's a con artist, why didn't you..."

Tang Feifei knew Qin Fang well enough to be certain he wouldn't joke about something like this. If he said Roddick was a con artist, then he definitely was.

But if he knew this, why didn't he expose Roddick's identity and instead facilitated his engagement to Shi Ye? Wouldn't that harm her classmate and close friend?

"You saw Miss Shi's expression earlier. If I had told her her fiancé was a con artist exploiting her love, how do you think she'd react? Worst-case scenario, she might unravel completely... If I had done that, I wouldn't be helping her—I'd be seriously harming her!"

Qin Fang explained with a bitter smile.

"Then why go to such lengths..."

Tang Feifei conceded that Qin Fang's reasoning made sense. Reflecting on the moment, it did seem to align with Qin Fang's assessment, though this didn't explain why he chose to advance the engagement. She still wasn't happy about it.

"Don't worry, I've rigged that guy Roddick a bit. From now on, he'll have to toe the line, dutifully and honestly treating your classmate well."

"Plus, from here on out, that guy will be working for me. With me keeping tabs on him, what do you have to worry about?"

Qin Fang chuckled and offered a succinct explanation for his actions, without going into specifics. Tang Feifei wasn't overly curious about the details either—such a simple explanation was enough for her.

"You're right... With you watching over him, I can rest easy!"



Tang Feifei thought about it and found his reasoning convincing. She trusted Qin Fang's ability to manage things appropriately—if he said he'd monitor Roddick, then he would. As for his rigging tactics, she didn't seem to care.

Roddick likely had no idea his fate was sealed due to Qin Fang's seemingly casual remarks. Unless he was ready to risk his life, escaping Qin Fang's grasp was out of the question.

Of course, Qin Fang's decision to win him over wasn't solely to appease Tang Feifei. He had his reasons and plans.

However, those were matters for another time. For now, Qin Fang intended to let the couple enjoy their honeymoon period before moving forward.

What originally began as an engagement ceremony had transformed into a wedding celebration. The original preparations consequently required some adjustments, and Roddick and Shi Ye's marital timeline shifted slightly.

Rather than delaying the wedding, they moved it up.

Roddick's smooth-talking skills quickly won Shi Ye over, and what was meant to be a grand, large-scale wedding turned into a travel-based honeymoon. After a simple feast with Qin Fang, Tang Feifei, and a few close friends, the newlyweds flew to Europe for their honeymoon.

Roddick had no other options. Qin Fang had warned him—he'd been poisoned, and the toxin would activate once a month. He couldn't afford to procrastinate; the honeymoon's timing coincided with the first activation, leaving him little choice.

But this wasn't a matter Qin Fang cared much about, nor was it something he'd dwell on. Tang Feifei had no idea about the slow-acting toxin, and as such, had no clue her close friend's husband could potentially drop dead at any time—or that her friend might suddenly find herself a newlywed widow.

In the days that followed, Qin Fang's life was relatively peaceful.

Han Long was taken care of, and the death threat vanished. Although Jiang Rou, the mysterious woman, still made Qin Fang somewhat uneasy, she hadn't reappeared, allowing him to relax.

The mystery of his father Qin Tiannan's disappearance had been solved, and Qin Fang's hostility towards the Qu Family had eased significantly. To be specific, except for Elder Master Qu and the Qu Zhenhang brothers, Qin Fang no longer held antipathy towards other members of the family.

For instance, Qin Fang had grown quite close to Qu Yuancheng, Qu Yuanrui, and the Qu Family's only daughter, the Third Child, Qu Yuanqiu, over the past few days.

One day, Qu Yuancheng came looking for Qin Fang, pulling him aside mysteriously as if he had something to share that couldn't be discussed publicly.

"Big Brother, what are you up to now?"

Qin Fang furrowed his brows in curiosity, unable to grasp what Qu Yuancheng was getting at.

With their relationship having improved over the past few days, Qin Fang had gradually warmed to the idea of the Qu Family acknowledging him as a cousin, even adjusting how he addressed Qu Yuancheng slightly.

"I'm taking you to an interesting place!"

Qu Yuancheng spoke with an air of mystery, refusing to divulge more.

"An interesting place? What kind of interesting place?"

Qin Fang blinked, staring at Qu Yuancheng skeptically. This overly cryptic demeanor and reluctance to elaborate seemed suspicious.

"Don't ask too much. Just know it's a fun place—you absolutely won't regret going."

Glancing at the women on the other side, Qu Yuancheng lowered his voice cautiously, as if trying to keep them oblivious.

"Big Brother, this isn't one of those drinking parties, is it? I'm not interested in that."

The more cryptic Qu Yuancheng acted, the more Qin Fang doubted him. His mind quickly filled in the blanks with a less-than-pleasant picture, making him wave off the idea dismissively.

"Nonsense! What drinking parties? Do I look like that kind of person?"

Qu Yuancheng rebuked Qin Fang's assumptions, exasperated by his wild imaginings.

In this, Qin Fang had to agree. Among the third generation of the Qu Family members, aside from Second Brother Qu Yuanliang, the others were generally well-behaved.

Qu Yuancheng was a renowned lawyer and the Qu Corporation's chief legal officer, with a spotless record. His pastimes as a wealthy heir were minor indulgences—nothing significant.

Fourth Brother Qu Yuanrui, on the other hand, was the Qu sibling most involved with the family enterprise. Busy managing the business, his hobbies were limited to horse-riding during downtime; beyond that, there was little else.

The Third Child, Qu Yuanqiu, was the family's only daughter, already married and managing her marital home. Occasional yoga and beauty care were her primary pursuits.

The only genuine "playboy" among them was Second Brother Qu Yuanliang, who reveled in every indulgence imaginable. Still, he was currently hospital-bound and wouldn't be crossing Qin Fang's path while he recuperated.

However, none of this aligned with Qu Yuancheng's sly demeanor that day, leaving Qin Fang bewildered.

"Alright, alright—don't get impatient. I'll cut to the chase. Have you ever heard of underground boxing?"

Seeing Qin Fang's unyielding skepticism, Qu Yuancheng gave up his veneer of secrecy and shed a hint about the surprise destination.

"Underground boxing?"

Upon hearing those words, Qin Fang's eyes widened with surprise.

As an operative in the underground world and a Three-Star Assassin within the Assassin's Alliance, Qin Fang was naturally well aware of underground boxing. The Black Fist Alliance was just as influential as the Assassin's Alliance, boasting experts no less formidable than the latter.

What genuinely startled Qin Fang wasn't the concept of underground boxing itself, but the fact that even a non-underground world civilian like Qu Yuancheng knew about it, which caught him off guard.

Chapter 1208: Underground Boxing

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"Your interesting place?"

Though surprised, Qin Fang quickly came to his senses.

Combining it with what Qu Yuancheng had said earlier, a thought immediately flashed in his mind.

"I know a place where there are underground boxing matches. Let me take you there to have a look..."

Seeing Qin Fang's surprise, yet his seeming familiarity, Qu Yuancheng found it a bit odd. However, for his mysterious younger cousin, he was already used to strange things by now. He chuckled and said this with a grin.

"I heard the Black Fist Arena is extremely secretive and highly restrictive. Can you even get in?"

Qin Fang sounded slightly skeptical, raising a question as if he didn't fully believe it.

The factions in the underground world were all incredibly secretive and immensely powerful. They seldom had direct interactions with ordinary people—one reason being to avoid exposing their identities too easily, and the other was to prevent attracting unnecessary retaliation.

The underground world existed as an entity separate from the surface-level society. Many within it were ruthless criminals, some even anarchists or anti-government agitators. These individuals were highly unwelcome by any government, though they often thrived in the shadows of the underground realm.

The Black Fist Alliance was one of the major powers of the underground world, with many Black Fist Arenas under its domain. However, very few individuals ever got direct access to them.

Take Qin Fang in Ninghai, for instance. Despite Li Rui's claim to being the Ninghai underground overlord, even he couldn't organize a Black Fist match. One factor was the lack of appropriate connections, and the other was his lack of qualification.

Every Black Fist Arena fell under the jurisdiction of the Black Fist Alliance. Only with the Alliance's authorization was an arena considered official.

Otherwise, illegally setting up an arena was a grave crime. The Black Fist Alliance would likely dispatch elite fighters to eliminate the perpetrators. Wiping out entire families as a warning wasn't unheard of.

Qin Fang had long heard of the Black Fist Arenas but had only known them by name, never having seen one. Who would've thought there was one here on Hong Kong Island? It certainly surprised him.

On second thought, it made sense. As Asia's financial capital and one of the world's top three financial hubs, Hong Kong Island connected Dragon Country, Japan, and Southeast Asian nations. Setting up a Black Fist Arena here was indeed a wise decision.

"Nonsense! If I couldn't get in, would I even bring it up?"

Qu Yuancheng rolled his eyes in dissatisfaction. "I have a friend working inside who introduced me. Today's a good time to take you there and let you experience it."

Qu Yuancheng didn't explain who this so-called friend was, and Qin Fang didn't ask. Matters involving underground world personnel were best left unspoken by the average person. Knowing too much was not necessarily a good thing.

It was the same reason why, despite being an assassin, Qin Fang had managed to keep that identity secret from everyone except Su Xiaoxiao, a fellow assassin.

Anyone who had learned of Qin Fang's secret had become a lifeless corpse under his blade. There was no one left to expose his identity.

Such concealment was both a protective measure and a facade for an assassin's identity!

The Black Fist Arena operated under similar logic, safeguarding its personnel comprehensively. Prying too much into unseen matters might inadvertently break taboos or uncover things better left unknown.

"Alright, I've been meaning to check it out. I'll trouble you, then!"

Qin Fang thought it through. Naturally, he wouldn't let such a golden opportunity slip by.

The Black Fist Alliance was a part of the underground world. Though separate from the Assassin's Alliance, there were overlaps—individuals with positions in both alliances existed.



For instance, a brutally skilled champion of the Black Fist Alliance had once been a powerful Four-Star Assassin...

Similarly, some renowned fighters from the Black Fist Arena had chosen to fade into the shadows, becoming silent but deadly assassins...

Qin Fang was now a part of the underground world. Moreover, he had a critical mission ahead of him: to infiltrate Devil's Island and rescue his father, who'd been trapped there for twenty years.

Before that, Qin Fang's main task was to improve his own strength.

At the same time, he needed to learn more about his future competitors.

On Devil's Island, enemies weren't limited to the demonic threats present there. Even the other trainees who ventured onto the island were adversaries.

Each entrant's supplies were limited. To ensure survival, killing fellow trainees and seizing their resources would become an essential, unavoidable practice.

Anyone dismissing the importance of food and water or underestimating the trainees around them wouldn't survive long on the island.

Because Qin Fang's rise in rank had been so rapid, he had very little contact with the underground world. Aside from knowing a few prominent experts by name, he lacked detailed information on many other major factions' elites.

The underground world boasted a myriad of top-tier talents. Qin Fang may now be at Level 5 with cultivation comparable to Mid-Master Level, making him a standout even among disciples of ancient sects like the Tang Sect, Shaolin, and Kunlun.

But within the underground world, such young, exceptional experts weren't exactly scarce.

Whether it was prodigy assassins from the Assassin's Alliance, frenzied combatants who clawed their way out of the Black Fist Arenas, or mercenaries hardened by blood-soaked battlefields, all these elites carved their paths to greatness with their lives on the line.

Chapter 1209: Underground Boxing\_2

These people have all grown up with hands stained by countless lives.

Compared to them, Qin Fang is like a flower nurtured in a greenhouse.

Though their raw strength may pale in comparison to Qin Fang's, the explosive combat power they unleash is another story altogether.

In this era of rapid advancements in firearms, even with Qin Fang's impressive cultivation, he's far from bulletproof.

As such, facing these masters, he doesn't necessarily hold much of an advantage!

It's precisely for this reason that Qin Fang has long contemplated sparring with the underground world's experts—not only to build experience but also to hone his skills to pure perfection.

While his skills come with proficiency, which feels like having it all, techniques still require continuous refinement to unlock their maximum destructive potential.

It's just like playing an online game—some people only know how to instinctively use preset skills one after another in a mechanical and repetitive way...

Others, however, study these seemingly simple skills, combining and splitting them, or chaining them together to form continuous techniques. This unleashes the strongest destructive force, producing vastly different results.

The difference between novices and experts becomes apparent in this distinction...

Qin Fang doesn't lack skills right now; what he's missing is the polish of technique and the mastery of skill combinations and usage. That's why he had to visit the Black Fist Arena this time.

Whether he participates in the fights is another matter, but at the very least, he needs to observe the scene.

Qin Fang nodded slightly, and Qu Yuancheng immediately drove toward Wan Chai. It's said that the Black Fist Arena is located in this area.

This is an abandoned factory, the main entrance long sealed shut. To enter, one must use a side door nearby.

The Black Fist Arena is highly concealed. After passing through multiple layers of security checks, Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng finally arrived at the official arena. As for its exact location, Qin Fang quickly learned that it is situated dozens of meters underground.

The Black Fist Arena's location is hidden, and its security measures are extraordinarily tight. Even the advanced security system of Han Long's Number 36 Villa couldn't compare—it's just trash in comparison.

The arena's overhead structure is reinforced with an exceptionally durable alloy, capable of withstanding bomb blasts without destruction, ensuring absolute safety.

Only specific clients have the privilege of entering, so there's little concern about disruptions from outsiders.

Moreover, no one dares disturb this place—doing so is akin to courting death.

Though Elder Long has unparalleled influence on Hong Kong Island, he dares not provoke this site. Despite being vaguely aware of its secrets, he doesn't dare interfere.

It's said that one of Elder Long's underlings, who controlled a territory nearby, discovered "business dealings" here and went to collect protection money.

Shortly after demanding payment, the arena sent a box to Elder Long.

When Elder Long, puzzled, opened the box, he was greeted by a corpse, dismembered into over a hundred pieces and sewn back together with needle and thread...

When Elder Long brought someone to examine the tragic figure's body, he was horrified to discover that, apart from the head, all of the bones had been extracted...

The box contained merely a bloody, fleshy shell, without a single bone left inside!

From that moment on, this location became a forbidden zone for all Hong Kong Island thugs. Not only do they dare not cause trouble here, but even approaching the area requires immense courage.

Elder Long turned a blind eye to this, never daring to inquire further about the site.

Of course, these are just tales Qu Yuancheng has heard—whether or not they're true, even he couldn't confirm.

Qin Fang initially wanted to call Elder Long to ask about this. But upon second thought, he dismissed the idea; doing so would essentially slap Elder Long in the face. Although their cooperation has been smooth, Qin Fang knows better than to blatantly insult him.

After clearing the layered security checks, Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng finally entered the inner arena.

"Master Qu, long time no see..."

Qu Yuancheng led Qin Fang inside, and almost immediately, someone approached them. This person's appearance was unremarkable, but the aura he exuded was anything but ordinary.

"A seasoned expert..."

Qin Fang's eyes narrowed slightly, sensing the man's strength. Qu Yuancheng might not detect it, but Qin Fang was acutely aware that this man's cultivation was at least on par with his own—likely at a Mid-Master Level.

"Zongguan He, I've just been busy lately. Now that I've got some free time, I've come to support you..."

Qu Yuancheng greeted the man courteously, exchanging a few polite words that suggested they were acquainted. From Qu Yuancheng's tone, it seemed this man was one of the arena's administrators.

"Perhaps this Zongguan He is the friend my eldest brother mentioned!"

Watching the cheerful interaction between Zongguan He and Qu Yuancheng, Qin Fang silently speculated in his mind.

"And this is?"

After a brief exchange, Zongguan He naturally shifted his focus to Qin Fang.

As one of the Black Fist Arena's administrators, Zongguan He must vet the identity of every guest entering to prevent individuals with ulterior motives, such as police or agents, from infiltrating.

"I was just about to introduce him—this is my cousin, Qin Fang..."

Qu Yuancheng recognized the arena's strict protocols. Even during his first visit, he had been subjected to the same scrutiny. He promptly introduced Qin Fang's identity to Zongguan He.

"Cousin? Ah, so you must be the child of the Third Young Miss Qu from back then... My apologies for not recognizing you sooner!"

Zongguan He was no ordinary person. Hearing Qu Yuancheng's simple introduction, he immediately grasped Qin Fang's identity with remarkable clarity.

"A pleasure to meet you..."

Qin Fang remained cordial, shaking hands with Zongguan He as a formality.

In the Assassin's Alliance system, numerous profiles and data points are stored; Qin Fang wouldn't be surprised if the Black Fist Alliance had a similar database.

Especially for someone like Zongguan He, who was in the same age range as Qin Fang's mother, Qin Qing, in his forties. Perhaps he had witnessed Qin Qing's rise to fame on Hong Kong Island years ago and naturally knew of such matters.

Considering Qin Qing's recent reentry into the Qu Family, word had already spread over the past few days. If not for the Qu Family's efforts to suppress the news, the tabloids would have gone wild with coverage.

Even so, a few gossip papers couldn't resist sprinkling in brief mentions. Qin Qing hadn't left the Qu Family estate, so there were certainly no photos. Just simple written blurbs in the press.

Entering the Black Fist Arena requires strict identity verification—a non-negotiable procedure. Qin Fang wouldn't dare offend Zongguan He, as his future visits to this place during his stay on Hong Kong Island might become frequent.

"I didn't expect Mr. Qin to possess such cultivation at such a young age... Truly a hero among youth!"



Zongguan He's handshake with Qin Fang was formal, but even this brief gesture altered his expression slightly, his eyes gleaming with surprise.

To his astonishment, the son of the Qu Family's Third Young Miss not only held considerable identity and background but also wielded an impressive level of strength.

Though still slightly weaker than veterans like Zongguan He, Qin Fang's abilities clearly outclassed many of his peers among young experts.

"A promising talent! If he can carve out a place in my arena, he definitely has the capacity to challenge the throne..."

Chapter 1210: Brutal Black Fist (Part 1)

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When He Zongguan shook hands with Qin Fang, he already started having some subtle thoughts, and the look in his eyes toward Qin Fang became playful.

Although Qin Fang couldn't guess what was in his mind, he noticed that He Zongguan's gaze seemed a bit off, making him feel a layer of goosebumps involuntarily rise on his skin.

Qin Fang wasn't particularly repulsed by people with certain special preferences, but it was clear he personally had no such inclinations.

When he first met He Zongguan, nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Who would have expected such behavior now? Naturally, this made Qin Fang feel a bit uneasy.

"Mr. He, your high praise is too much for me to accept..."

Wearing a polite smile, Qin Fang laughed it off as he withdrew his hand, seemingly only feeling more at ease this way.

"Uh... haha, Master Qu, Mr. Qin, please, come inside. I won't be accompanying you!"

Noticing the peculiar look Qin Fang gave him, He Zongguan's expression turned slightly unnatural. However, he didn't dwell on it, laughing as he invited the two of them to proceed inside.

Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng naturally didn't want to delay He Zongguan since he had other matters to attend to. They were here to watch the match, not to linger and chat unnecessarily, so they didn't stick around either.

After briefly bidding goodbye to He Zongguan, Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng immediately headed inside.

He Zongguan, on the other hand, remained standing at the same spot, watching the two disappear behind the arena entrance. His eyes flickered with an unusual glow, his thoughts unknown.

"What's your take on him?"

Finally, He Zongguan slightly tilted his head, addressing a question to his followers behind him.

"A promising talent..."

One of the two followers, a slightly thinner man, replied simply, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"A formidable strength!"

The other, a sturdier man, gave a concise assessment.

"Indeed, quite a promising talent... If I'm not mistaken, his strength should surpass both of you."

Nodding slightly to acknowledge their responses, He Zongguan spoke in a peculiar tone as he gazed toward the direction where Qin Fang had disappeared.

"Hmm?"

The strong and thin men both stiffened slightly, showing a hint of surprise in their eyes as if caught off guard by his remark.

They exchanged glances silently.

Although they could tell Qin Fang was capable, that came from years of experience teetering on the brink of death in underground deathmatches, giving them a natural sense for powerful martial artists.

They couldn't see through Qin Fang's strength directly but relied on instincts sharpened by countless battles.

Still, they found it hard to believe. Qin Fang lacked the intense killing aura they had, and his much younger age made it hard to accept such a claim of extraordinary skill.

"Not convinced?"

He Zongguan appeared unsurprised. Those who worked for him weren't weaklings; he had handpicked these two from numerous candidates. Anyone less competent wouldn't even make it this far with him.

Perhaps precisely because of their abilities, these two had grown somewhat arrogant, dismissing the refined and scholarly-looking Qin Fang.

"If there's a chance, perhaps you could spar with him..."

He Zongguan's peculiar gaze lingered in that direction as he spoke, pondering on something only he knew.

...

"The Black Fist Alliance is really no joke..."

Recalling the people he had just encountered, Qin Fang couldn't help but sigh.

The two followers by He Zongguan's side had long caught Qin Fang's attention, but he judged their strength to be insignificant. Both were Level 5, comparable to Qin Fang.

However, Qin Fang's actual prowess had long exceeded his level constraints. When he was Level 3, he could easily crush weak Level 5 experts.

By Level 4, he could dominate top-tier Level 5 experts.

Now that he was Level 5, he was practically unmatched among his peers and could easily toy with weaker Grandmaster-level experts.

Those two followers, survivors of countless deathmatches, had strength comparable to Level 5 Peak fighters. If they risked everything, their abilities might even match Song Qingshan's power before reaching Grandmaster level.

Yet even so, Qin Fang didn't take them seriously. If he had to deal with them, he could easily take them both out single-handedly. Such was the vast gap in strength...

He dismissed those two outright but paid closer attention to He Zongguan himself. Despite He Zongguan being in his thirties or forties, his cultivation was solid enough that Qin Fang wasn't sure he could necessarily win against him...

He Zongguan was at least at Mid-Master Level or even later stages, with formidable real-world combat strength backed by substantial forces beneath him.

However, He Zongguan was merely one of the managers of this boxing ring, akin to a local sub-leader in a gang — only at the entry level within the broader power structure.

...

Inside the arena.

Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng found good seats and sat down.

In this boxing ring, there were no distinctions like ordinary seats or VIP booths. Everyone sat in bleachers surrounding the arena.

The ring appeared to be a standard boxing ring, except the perimeter wasn't roped off like usual. Instead, a cage of steel wires encased the area.

Enclosed by heavy-duty steel bars, the cage had two small doors for entry and exit, with no other way in or out.

It was in this brutal steel cage that fighters battled. No referees, no escape routes — the only way out was to kill your opponent!

This was the harsh nature of underground deathmatches!

There was no room for failure!

Because failure meant death!

To survive, you had to eliminate your opponent!

Mercy and compassion? They were nonexistent here. Only madness and slaughter defined this arena's rhythm. Otherwise, being killed was the only outcome!

"Master Qu, I didn't expect to see you here today. So, tell me, who are you rooting for? The African Lion or the Nordic Giant?"

Before Qu Yuancheng could even explain the scene to Qin Fang, someone eagerly approached with an excited grin directed toward Qu Yuancheng.

The man looked to be in his thirties, dressed in luxurious attire that clearly suggested significant wealth.

Moreover, his tone was casual when speaking to Qu Yuancheng, lacking servility, suggesting his status wasn't ordinary.

"The African Lion... He's my bet."

Qu Yuancheng immediately made his preference clear, indicating confidence in the African Lion.

"Oh? Then it seems we're on opposite sides this time. I'm putting my money on the Nordic Giant. Care to place a bet?"

The man chuckled, eyes lighting up, and half-teased with his suggestion.



"Bet? Sure, why not? Think I'm scared of you?"

Qu Yuancheng responded decisively, matching the man's tone.

"Alright, let's bet on this round."

The man didn't back down, readily agreeing.

Clap!

The two sealed their wager with a brief handshake, solidifying the bet.

As for the stakes, they didn't specify. Perhaps they'd bet so often that words weren't necessary!

"Master Qu, and this is?"

After settling their bet, the man finally noticed Qin Fang and curiously inquired, seeing he had arrived alongside Qu Yuancheng.

"My cousin, Qin Fang... Qin Fang, this here is the Kong Family's second young master. Call him Brother Kong Er or just Kong Er!"

Possibly still irritated by their disagreement over the bet, Qu Yuancheng introduced them somewhat brusquely.

"Brother Kong Er..."

Qin Fang politely addressed him, despite the age gap large enough to make "uncle" a more fitting term. Calling him "Brother" felt like Qin Fang playing the senior.

Yet Qin Fang recognized him instantly. The Kong Family ranked among Hong Kong Island's Top Ten Wealthy Families. Kong Er's name was familiar to Qin Fang, mainly because of his wife — a former actress Qin Fang had once adored as a child.

Back then, young Qin Fang had bitterly cursed this man for stealing his goddess from the screen. Who'd have thought they'd meet in person one day?

Of course, such childish resentment had long since faded...

"You're Master Qu's cousin and call me Second Brother, so I won't hold back. From now on, you're my Brother Qin too..."

Kong Er didn't probe deeper into Qin Fang's background. Among Hong Kong's elite families, word of the Qu Family's Third Young Miss's return had spread quickly. Hearing Qu Yuancheng's introduction, Kong Er easily deduced Qin Fang's standing.