

Genius 1211

Chapter 1211: Brutal Black Fist (Middle)

"But kid, don't go copying that guy, Big Qu, always looking to pick a fight with me..."

But Kong Er's tone shifted right away. He shot Qu Yuancheng a fierce glare and let out a dissatisfied grunt. If Beard were still around, he'd surely be blowing his whiskers in irritation at this moment.

"Hmph... It's your poor judgment, alright?"

Qu Yuancheng immediately retorted sarcastically, clearly unhappy that Kong Er was disparaging him in front of his cousin.

"What? My judgment is poor? I..."

As soon as Qu Yuancheng said that, Kong Er became visibly upset, his voice getting louder.

"Stop! Stop! Stop... You two, can we just hold off for a bit? Do me a favor here..."

Seeing the two of them about to argue, Qin Fang quickly stepped in to mediate. The fight hadn't even started, but these two might already take it outside.

Of course, that wasn't going to happen.

Since Qin Fang wasn't particularly close to either of them, he didn't know that this was just their dynamic—every time they met, it was filled with bickering, but afterward, they'd still go out for drinks and have fun!

"Alright, today I'll give Younger Brother Qin face. Won't bother arguing with you..."

"Hmph..."

Qin Fang's words had some weight. The two men both decided to set their argument aside for now, which left Qin Fang slightly surprised at the influence he apparently had.

"Second Brother, what's this business about the African Lion and the Nordic Giant? What has you two so riled up?"

Now that they weren't arguing, Qin Fang couldn't just sit there in silence. He pulled Kong Er down to sit with him and asked about the topic that had caused the tension between the two.

"Oh boy, this is something I need to tell you..."

Kong Er, being naturally sociable and talkative, especially when it concerned something he was deeply interested in, instantly began explaining with great enthusiasm.

For instance, today's boxing match between the two contestants—Kong Er seemed to have all their background details thoroughly researched. Since he figured Qin Fang was here for the first time, he used the time before the match commenced to share the inside scoop.

Apparently, one of today's fighters was a black boxer hailing from Africa, boasting remarkable strength. His record so far included 45 victories, nearly halfway to earning his freedom with 100 wins, making him undoubtedly a formidable contender.

The other was a white fighter from Northern Europe who was no weakling either. While his win record wasn't as impressive as that of the African Lion, his 24 battles had seen him effortlessly dispatch all his opponents to advance.

Even before the fight began, the arena had conducted some hype around it. To boost their profiles, they'd branded the two fighters as the "African Lion" and the "Nordic Giant," representing two powerful forces...

Of course, whether the African Lion devoured the Nordic Giant or the Nordic Giant tore apart the African Lion would depend solely on their individual strength and performance during the match.

Past records were merely acknowledgments of their previous victories; they were no guarantee of their present capabilities... At the Black Fist Arena, it wasn't unusual for seasoned fighters with 99 wins to lose—and die—in their final match!

Indeed, such instances weren't rare; rather, they happened with surprising frequency...

The fights were far more than just simple life-or-death combat. The arena also needed to generate profit, so like horse races, they organized a betting pool.

You could choose to bet on either fighter you favored. If your chosen fighter emerged victorious, you'd earn a tidy sum.

Of course, if your pick lost, then the money you wagered would be wasted entirely.

The fighters themselves weren't without profit incentives either. The winning fighter would receive 10% of the total bet pool as their prize. As for the loser... well, they wouldn't even have their life, let alone any money. The arena would simply dispose of their remains, no strings attached.

Don't underestimate that 10% cut of the betting pool—it often amounted to a hefty figure. Winning a fight here was enough to make someone a millionaire.

If a fighter could rack up 100 victories and leave the arena alive, their worth would easily surpass several tens of millions.

Of course, the prerequisite was avoiding any fatal injuries. Otherwise, the medical bills alone might bankrupt the lucky victor.

"They're entering the ring, they're entering the ring..."

Just as Kong Er finished his brief introduction, the fighters began their entrance, and soon enough, the seats around the arena were filled with spectators.

Many of them were local tycoons and magnates from Hong Kong Island as well as guests from Macau, neighboring islands, Thailand, Myanmar, and other locations.

Typically, no ordinary person would show up at a venue like this, as entry to these matches required more stringent procedures...

It was precisely because of the influential and super-rich audience—willing to spend lavishly—that the revenue for the fighters and the arena was guaranteed.

If the crowd consisted solely of penny-pinchers or misers reluctant to bet much, the fighters' and arena's income would dwindle, and organizing fights like this would become unviable.

After all, these two fighters were literally risking their lives, and one of them was destined to die in the end. If luck took a cruel turn, both fighters might even perish together...

Training a boxer wasn't easy—especially someone with such extraordinary prowess. Cultivating talent of this caliber wasn't something that could be achieved in a day or two.

It was much like training in martial arts; progressing from groundwork to mastery could often take 10–20 years. Ultimately, it all came to an abrupt and deadly end in a matter of minutes during these fights, wasting years of painstaking effort!

"Let's watch the match, let's watch the match..."

With the fighters stepping into the ring, whether Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er had personal grievances didn't matter anymore—they put that aside and focused entirely on the spectacle ahead.

The African Lion was an exceptionally burly black man, covered head-to-toe in rippling muscles that looked solid as a rock. His every move exuded raw power, making it clear he wasn't someone to be trifled with, radiating an intimidating aura.

His notably powerful arms seemed ready to unleash a terrifying surge of strength at any moment. The force he could deliver was undoubtedly devastating.

Qin Fang had seen some American boxing matches and observed the strength of renowned champions before, but after glancing at the African Lion, he concluded that those champions probably wouldn't last a single punch from this beast.

In contrast to the African Lion's imposing stature and brutal energy, the Nordic Giant appeared much less conspicuous—fair-skinned and seemingly delicate.

True to his "Giant" moniker, his towering height exceeded two meters, and his long, robust arms had their own advantages. Though he didn't possess the same overt strength as the African Lion, he was not someone to underestimate.

The Giant's legs were also impressively thick and lengthy, presenting other significant assets.

Underground black boxing was nothing like traditional boxing matches; here, there weren't even referees—that meant no rules whatsoever.

The sole "rule" was to kill your opponent and walk out of the ring alive... as simple as that.

How you killed your opponent depended entirely on your own skills—whether using fists, feet, teeth... anything within reach could be weaponized.

There was even talk of certain matches where weapons were permitted. Those fights were far more intense and bloody, often ending within mere seconds.

Such matches were thrilling but didn't give audiences enough time to soak in the tension, so they were rarely organized.

As the fighters entered the ring, the small doors on either side were immediately locked. Without the special keys, no one inside could leave.

From the moment these two fighters stepped into this steel cage, only one of them could walk out alive...

"The match officially begins!"

With the announcement, all the spectators took their seats, their eyes glued to the two fighters locked inside the cage as the match commenced.

"Roar~~"

The African Lion let out a thunderous roar, his dark, solid form charging forward like a ferocious bull toward the pale Giant on the opposite side.

"Aha~~"

The Giant was no pushover; he didn't dodge or retreat, boldly choosing to confront the charging Lion head-on. It was hard to tell whether this confidence stemmed from superior skill or sheer disregard for the Lion's potential threat.

"Ahhhh~~~"

As the two clashed inside the cage, the audience outside erupted into cheers, many screaming without reservation as they supported their chosen fighter.

A few women among the audience added salacious screams, as if these two fighters weren't engaged in mortal combat but instead battling them under the sheets...

Bang~~

The first collision between the two fighters happened just like that.

Black and white bodies crashed into each other with a resounding thud, both recoiling rapidly back.

Evenly matched...

Both the African Lion and the Nordic Giant staggered backward more than ten steps before regaining their footing.

Clearly, their initial contact was merely a probing move, carrying little intrinsic meaning. What mattered lay ahead.

A fighter facing an unfamiliar opponent wouldn't recklessly go all-in at the outset—that wouldn't be a wise decision.

If a knockout blow landed, that would be ideal. But if it missed, it could spell serious trouble...

It was always the case—every underground boxing fight pitted unknown opponents against each other. That's because in the Black Fist Arena, losing didn't exist as a concept... Losses equated to death, and dead men couldn't fight again!

Chapter 1212: The Cruel Black Fist (Part 2)

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Failure means only death, and a dead man can no longer compete!

The mortality rate for underground boxers is extremely high. On the surface, only one out of every two survives, which translates to a 50% survival rate...

In reality, every underground boxer needs to secure 100 victories and kill 100 opponents before they can leave the ring alive.

When each bout only gives you a 50% chance of survival, the odds of making it through 100 matches alive are slim to none.

This is why every underground boxer is highly vigilant, never daring to relax for even a moment. Even when facing an opponent who appears weak, they maintain full caution.

Especially when the opponent has an impressive record, underestimating them is absolutely out of the question...

A single victory may not mean much, but dozens of victories—that definitely speaks volumes. Both of today's fighters have dozens of victories under their belts, meaning they must possess some special techniques.

Bang, bang, bang~~~

After some initial probing, the two fighters gained a slight understanding of their opponent. Finally, the real duel began.

In an instant, the two of them unleashed their killer moves. Every strike was aimed directly at the opponent, with one sole purpose... to kill.

The African Lion exhibited immense strength. Every one of his moves was ferociously powerful, exuding an unstoppable force. His punches sliced through the air with audible whooshes.

Sometimes, when his fist landed on the steel cage, the whole venue seemed to tremble, as did the cage itself. One could only imagine how terrifying such a punch would feel on a human body.

Given this terrifying strength, you could easily surmise what kind of damage such blows would do if they connected with flesh and bone.

Thus, the Nordic Giant dodged whenever possible. If evasion was impossible, he used more durable areas of his body to absorb the blows, gritting his teeth in pain.

However, the Nordic Giant was no slouch either. While he couldn't match the African Lion in sheer strength, his reach—with longer arms and legs—gave him an advantage. Often, the African Lion had to endure a few kicks or punches before landing a hit.

The fight was a stalemate, with neither side showing a decisive edge...

"African Lion, take down that big guy!"

"Big guy, crush that Black Ghost!"

The audience was in a frenzy, passionately rooting for their favorites, shouting and roaring madly. Occasionally, they hurled water bottles and other "weapons" toward the steel cage.

Of course, these "weapons" couldn't make it through the cage. They simply hit the bars and fell to the ground.

This was a weapon-free competition, and ensuring fairness meant contestants couldn't exploit any loopholes. Allowing weapons would compromise the integrity of the match.

In matches where weapons were permitted, the cage holes would be larger. Not only could bottles be thrown in, but even blades, knives, and similar items were allowed.

In fact, to encourage betting, the organizers often prepared such weapons for the audience to throw in...

Splurt~~

As the stalemate dragged on, the African Lion, known for his brute aggression, suddenly employed a sly tactic. His punch, originally aimed forward, morphed into a claw. Observant viewers might have noticed that his fingernails were unusually long.

The tips of his claws were sharp and gleamed with a metallic sheen...

"Holy shit, that Black Ghost is playing dirty..."

This unexpected shift caught everyone off guard—it was completely unpredictable.

The claw was mere inches away from the Nordic Giant's stomach.

With the African Lion's strength behind it, a direct hit would surely see those claws pierce right into his opponent's abdomen...

For fighters of this caliber, injuries this severe would practically decide the match. A fatal blow like this was almost guaranteed to end it.

Seeing this sudden development, many supporters of the Nordic Giant erupted into curses. After all, they'd bet heavily on him—nobody wanted to watch their money slip through their fingers.

Even Kong Er couldn't sit still. He leaped up from his seat, his face tense, eyes fixed nervously on the ring...

Time seemed to slow—

Just as the Nordic Giant was about to suffer a devastating blow, he showed why he was a fighter born from the brink of death. In a flash, he swung his arm, and before the African Lion's claws could pierce his abdomen, he slammed it into them with brute force...

Ripppp~~

The collision wasn't overly powerful—it was a hasty move—but it had some effect.

The claws, which would have otherwise punctured deep into the Nordic Giant's stomach, were deflected slightly, scratching a series of deep gashes across his abdomen instead.

Blood sprayed like a fountain, staining the ring with crimson streaks...

"Way to go, Black Ghost, tear that damn giant to shreds..."

"Roarrrr!"

"Let's go, Black Ghost!"

This bloody spectacle sent the audience into an uproar. Supporters of the African Lion erupted in cheers at this sight.

In such a savage fight, nothing thrilled the crowd more than the sight of blood. From this moment on, the audience became even more fired up than the fighters themselves.

The men in the crowd roared and howled wildly, while the women let out moaning noises resembling... well, something indecent. The atmosphere in the arena became intensely charged.

"Roarr~ Well done, Black Ghost! I've got my money on you! Kill that big guy..."

Even the usually composed Qu Yuancheng shed his genteel facade, losing himself completely in the excitement. He roared just as wildly as the rest of the crowd, blending right in.

"Kong Er, did you see that? I told you your guy didn't have what it takes, now see for yourself..."

Of course, despite his excitement, Qu Yuancheng seized the opportunity to taunt Kong Er, mocking him mercilessly.

"Hmph, what are you so happy about? The guy just got lucky, that's all. The match isn't over yet, so don't get ahead of yourself..."

Kong Er's face was visibly grim, but he wasn't one to back down. He shot back instantly.

However, being sharp-eyed, he could clearly see the situation in the ring. The Nordic Giant's injury, though not fatal, was a severe blow. A loss seemed inevitable at this point...

Chapter 1213: The Cruel Black Fist (Part 3)

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The African Lion landed a solid blow, and instantly his wild aggression erupted, making his onslaught even more ferocious. His dark figure resembled a black tank, crazily charging at the big guy opposite him.

The big guy's abdomen was injured, blood flowed everywhere—it looked absolutely tragic...

Yet faced with death, he didn't dare hesitate for even a moment. He kept struggling bitterly, managing only occasional small counterattacks which failed to deal any significant harm to the African Lion.

Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er were like old rivals—especially at this moment, it seemed like they couldn't resist the urge to bicker, as though they'd feel uncomfortable otherwise.

This left Qin Fang, sitting aside as a mere spectator, looking rather helpless.

Perhaps noticing the change in Qin Fang's expression, Qu Yuancheng finally picked up on it, realizing he might have neglected his younger cousin.

"Qin Fang, who do you think will win?"

Maybe out of a sense of awkwardness, Qu Yuancheng sat down beside Qin Fang, leaning over casually with a grin to ask, as if hoping Qin Fang would agree with his assessment.

"Honestly, big brother, you might be wrong..."

But...

Qin Fang's response immediately caused Qu Yuancheng's expression to shift slightly, looking quite surprised.

"Really... Are you sure about that?"

Qu Yuancheng couldn't fully grasp the depth of his younger cousin's abilities. All he knew was that Qin Fang seemed incredibly skilled.

With miraculous medical arts, remarkable equestrian skills, and unbeatable talent with horse racing and gambling, Qin Fang's prowess had already been proven extraordinarily well.

Could Qin Fang also have some insight into boxing?

This suspicion gnawed at him, causing Qu Yuancheng to feel less certain about his own judgment, despite the fact that the African Lion was currently pummeling the Nordic Giant relentlessly.

"Eighty or ninety percent sure..."

Although Qin Fang didn't intend to strike a blow against his cousin, given the battle had progressed to this stage, his sharp eyes had already discerned the likely outcome between the two boxers.

Before the match, Qin Fang was unsure as their abilities seemed nearly evenly matched.

The brief probing exchanges didn't reveal much, but after watching their fierce clashes just moments ago, Qin Fang had arrived at a definitive conclusion.

The African Lion appeared savage and ferocious, and his strikes were brutal and decisive, yet he had one glaring flaw: his speed was far too slow, with a noticeable sluggishness accompanying each strike.

This wasn't necessarily due to the African Lion's bulky physique and slight heaviness, or perhaps it was his own neural response being slightly dull.

Such a subtle disadvantage posed no threat against weaker boxers, but against equally skilled opponents who fought intelligently, it became perilous.

From what Qin Fang could tell, the Nordic Giant was precisely that type of boxer. Though injured and clearly at a disadvantage, his strategy remained meticulous, and every move he made followed an observable pattern.

Ordinary spectators wouldn't notice any anomaly, but elite fighters could easily see that this guy was simply playing bait.

The situation on-site appeared as though the big guy was being relentlessly cornered, seemingly with no way to escape the African Lion's pursuit. Yet in reality, the distance between the two fighters was steadily shrinking.

If Qin Fang's predictions were correct, the Nordic Giant's counterattack would erupt soon, and this time, his strike would decisively determine the outcome of the match.

The African Lion was fiercely powerful, but his mind was clearly not sharp—or perhaps he was simply too absorbed in the fight to notice the Nordic Giant's subtle trickery.

"No way..."

Seeing Qin Fang's confident tone, Qu Yuancheng couldn't help but feel uneasy, although deep down he found it hard to believe. He continued watching the match with growing uncertainty.

"Younger Brother Qin, are you saying the big guy will really win?"

Kong Er leaned in, having overheard Qin Fang's words earlier. This was naturally the outcome he was rooting for, though, like Qu Yuancheng, he could find no grounds to believe in the big guy's chances.

Qu Yuancheng, on the other hand, felt deflated after hearing Qin Fang's analysis. He began to suspect that perhaps this younger cousin, whom he'd only recently met, actually possessed extraordinary insight.

"Eighty or ninety percent sure..."

Qin Fang stuck to his original answer, without elaborating further. He didn't see the need to explain since both Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er were pampered heirs—they cared only about results, not reasoning. Even if explained, they probably wouldn't understand it.

"Really? If that's true, then fantastic..."

Seeing Qin Fang's calm demeanor, Kong Er found it hard to trust but couldn't help feeling elated nonetheless—especially seeing Qu Yuancheng's dispirited expression, which brought no small amount of satisfaction.

Still, he didn't celebrate prematurely. If Qin Fang's prediction turned out to be wrong, it would be thoroughly embarrassing for him. He wasn't about to commit such a foolish error.

Thus, both Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er quieted down, focusing intently on the blood-soaked battle unfolding in the ring...

The African Lion remained ferocious, his punches heavy and vicious, raining down on the big guy who was continuously retreating. Wounds marked the big guy's body, blood staining his skin, with his abdominal injury bleeding even more profusely.

Although the African Lion wasn't the sharpest, his instincts in combat were formidable, landing punch after punch directly on vital areas or the wounded abdominal region of the Nordic Giant. Excessive bleeding was equally life-threatening.

The audience around them was electrified—fans of the African Lion cheered wildly in celebration, while supporters of the Nordic Giant roared furiously, cursing in frustration...

Meanwhile, Qin Fang and his companions presented a stark contrast to the chaotic crowd, sitting quietly and observing the fight intently, unconcerned about sticking out in the crowd.

"It's about time..."

It was only when the Nordic Giant was nearly driven to the edge of the ring, almost pressing against the steel cage, that Qin Fang quietly muttered those few words.

Short and plain, yet when Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er heard them, both straightened up slightly, their eyes glued to the ring's action, eagerly waiting for Qin Fang's judgment to be proven.

"Tear him apart, tear him apart..."

"Finish the big guy, finish the big guy..."

"Damn it, big guy, did you grow up eating crap? What's the point of being so tall..."

On the ring, the Nordic Giant and the African Lion were locked in a brutal melee. It seemed as though the Nordic Giant was at his end, about to be torn apart by the savage African Lion. The audience erupted in excitement.

Some cursed, others cheered, while more screamed their lungs out...

It was the blood-soaked mayhem that stirred the crowd's excitement, giving them a thrill so rare amidst their mundane lives!

But...

Just when everyone thought the Nordic Giant was done for, he suddenly erupted from his passive defense.

Crack-crack-crack~~

Amid the deafening shouts, faint clicking sounds could be heard as the Nordic Giant's movements suddenly snapped rhythmically into place. His hand forcefully pushed against the African Lion's body; his other fist seemed to materialize as a blurry, lightning-quick shadow aimed directly at the African Lion's exposed weak point...

The punch was astoundingly swift, and given their close quarters, the African Lion had no time to anticipate such a strike.

A long, firm arm surged forward, the powerful fist landing fiercely in the African Lion's armpit—a vulnerable spot among the body's weak points.

Even many masters of Inner Sect protective techniques like Golden Bell Shield or Iron Skin treat the armpit as their critical weak point and guard it meticulously.

The African Lion wasn't trained in Dragon Country's protective arts, but this area was nonetheless a vital weakness of his. The impact of that punch was utterly devastating.

"Ah~~~"

This sequence of events unfolded in mere moments, stunning everyone who hadn't expected such a dramatic turn.

By the time they registered what had happened, the chilling, guttural cry of pain had already pierced through the arena.

In that instant, the match scene transformed—from a deafening roar of chaos to an eerie silence—with only the African Lion's cries echoing through the space.

"What the hell just happened?"

Everyone was struck by the same thought—incredulous at how the African Lion, who seemed poised for victory, suddenly suffered a shocking reversal at the hands of the Nordic Giant.

Now the Nordic Giant moved like a changed fighter—the bleeding abdominal wound persisted, yet his capabilities appeared to have taken a complete turn from the pitiful defender he had been earlier.

Having landed a decisive first blow, the African Lion shrieked in excruciating agony, his body sagging as though all strength had drained away. However, the Nordic Giant didn't relent, following up with a ferocious uppercut aimed squarely at the African Lion's jaw...

Crack~~

The sharp sound was unusually crisp. In the arena's now unnervingly silent atmosphere, everyone heard it loud and clear.

The Nordic Giant pressed on, seizing control while the African Lion reeled in confusion. First, a dirty low kick aimed straight at the African Lion's groin landed crushingly; the latter clamped his legs together, his entire body going limp.

The Nordic Giant didn't stop—swiftly maneuvering behind his opponent, his long arm locked around the African Lion's neck, tightening fiercely before one final, brutal twist...

Chapter 1214: Want to Fight in Underground Boxing

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Although the big guy is large, he is quite agile in actual movement. At least, when he suddenly makes a move, it is almost always completed in a very short time.

His thick arm clamped around the African Lion's dark neck, then suddenly twisted...

The entire boxing arena instantly became silent, so quiet that it seemed a pin dropping to the ground could be heard, as if everyone wanted to hear the sound of the neck being twisted.

Crack~~~~

Sure enough, although the big guy's strength could not outmatch the African Lion, it was by no means weak, far stronger than most people.

At this moment, the African Lion's consciousness was blurred, making even resistance weak, and his body's defense was naturally not what it used to be. Faced with such a powerful killer move, he was utterly unable to resist.

The neck is a relatively fragile part of the body, and generally difficult to twist apart, but for these incredibly strong brutes, a twist would usually suffice.

The African Lion at this moment was just a frail, pathetic wretch, no longer possessing the violent arrogance from just a few seconds ago...

Accompanied by the crisp sound, all eyes focused on the African Lion's neck, only to find it was noticeably twisted, making viewers feel uneasy.

Perhaps it was this intense pain that slightly restored the African Lion's consciousness, making him want to struggle a bit. Unfortunately, he ultimately could only slump down weakly, completely silent, only the subtle traces of blood emerging from his eyes, ears, mouth, and nose... proving he truly was dead.

Thud~~

The Nordic Giant scored a hit, breaking the African Lion's neck, and the fight ended there. He easily discarded the fully limp corpse.

Though the result wasn't as bloody as expected, the process was exhilarating, a dramatic turnaround that brought an even stronger impact.

Especially as the big guy walked slowly towards the open iron cage door, his blood dripping down onto the ring, giving the wealthy spectators quite a thrill...

Some people rejoice while others grieve.

And so the fight concluded, with those who won their bets being jubilant, and those who lost feeling a bit down, given the soul-crushing shift from joy to despair.

"Haha... Qu Da, what do you say now, whose eye judgment was off?"

Kong Er seized the opportunity, laughing wildly as he mocked Qu Yuancheng. It's no surprise; when the African Lion was dominating, Qu Yuancheng flaunted his superiority over him.

Now that the result was decided, with the Nordic Giant securing the final victory, the bet between Kong Er and Qu Yuancheng was also resolved, with Kong Er emerging victorious.

Such a good opportunity, if Kong Er let it pass, it would surely be ungrateful considering how Qu Yuancheng had just ridiculed him, so he was naturally unrestrained towards Qu Yuancheng.

"It's all because of you..."

Qu Yuancheng wore a face of frustration. He was initially very gleeful, after all, the African Lion was indeed dominating then. But one word from Qin Fang dimmed his excitement by half, and the subsequent developments were exactly as Qin Fang predicted—things took a drastic turn, sealing the outcome.

Of course, compared to the spectators who experienced a drastic emotional shift in just over ten seconds, Qu Yuancheng handled it more comfortably.

After all, when Qin Fang shared his conclusion, the African Lion still lasted several more minutes, indicating Qin Fang's prediction was extremely accurate, providing Qu Yuancheng ample time to accept reality.

"What does it have to do with me..."

Qin Fang wore a wry smile but said no more, understanding his cousin Qu Yuancheng's frustration; being knocked down like that was indeed unpleasant.

"Bro, don't mind him, he's always like this... Come, let's go grab a drink!"

Kong Er was evidently in a better mood after giving Qu Yuancheng a hard time, his regard for Qin Fang noticeably improved.

Though the Nordic Giant, the boxer he backed, won the match, he truly didn't know who was the stronger, aside from his rivalry with Qu Yuancheng, basing his choice on the Nordic Giant's long limbs.

But Qin Fang was different. He judged who would win based on their performance. Even when everyone thought the African Lion was certain to win, Qin Fang confidently stated the African Lion would lose... His keen judgment was far beyond theirs.

With Qin Fang's sharp insight, roping him in for future fights means they could potentially enjoy some benefits alongside him and Qu Yuancheng.

Betting and winning mattered less, but winning every bout left a domineering reputation and enhanced their standing immensely.

Within their playboy circle, many enjoyed watching boxing matches; right now, they could spot at least ten acquaintances among the audience...

The Top Ten Wealthy Families of Hong Kong had businesses spanning Hong Kong and had connections with many Southeast Asian elites, often mingling during boxing events to expand their network.

"Right, let's drink; this guy won quite a bit today, let's make him treat us..."

Though unruly, Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er's camaraderie wouldn't change due to mocking each other, this was their way of interaction all along.

The fight was over, the results settled, so bickering further seemed pointless.

"Is the match over already?"

Qin Fang looked at the dispersing crowd, surprisingly.

Entering, the match, finishing, dispersing – it all took only about half an hour. It was hard to believe the underground arena had so little action.

"Nonsense, what did you think... Coming up are matches featuring handpicked fighters by visiting guests, far inferior to the previous two, not much to see,"

Kong Er explained cheerfully.

The underground arena obviously had more activities; however, training such skilled boxers was not easy. Each death was a loss, and even the Black Fist Alliance with its myriad masters couldn't withstand such drain.

Thus, proper matches were infrequent, happening once every few days with prior publicity, allowing viewers to understand the fighters and decide where to place their bets.

Outside of official matches, guest-sourced boxers would pit against each other with equal ferocity, including merciless killers, although not as skilled generally. After witnessing high-caliber fights, such skirmishes seemed less appealing.

"Then let's go for a drink first..."

Understanding the situation, Qin Fang put aside his qualms, joining Kong Er and Qu Yuancheng for a drink.

Actually, Qin Fang was intrigued by underground boxing, fighters enduring a hundred battles were formidable indeed.

Independent of anything else, their killing aura alone elevated their prowess by several levels, while some murderous characters had even more significant enhancements in strength.

For instance, Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, whom Qin Fang previously encountered, had killed at least thousands; his terrifying aura was palpable even when Qin Fang possessed a dog's body, illustrating his terrifying nature...

Qin Fang's current power plateaued, hindering major progress for the moment, but he wasn't keen on rushing into Master Level, wasting the final chance to hone his skills.

Refining killing aura was a commendable path, significantly boosting one's capabilities.

Knowing his father, Qin Tiannan, was still alive on Devil's Island, Qin Fang had to enhance his strength by all means.

Without sufficient power, barging into Devil's Island wasn't wise, with any wrong move possibly costing him his life.

Though Qin Fang had many survival skills, in a place with terrifying mortality rates like that, he couldn't be so sure of his safety.

Ways to enhance power were limited, but seeing an available path, Qin Fang was understandably enticed.

The boxing arena was thoroughly equipped, offering top-tier luxuries matching elite clubs, considering the wealthy patrons were all exceptionally affluent, money being their least concern.

"Second brother, do you know the requirements for fighters in this arena?"

Qin Fang harbored thoughts, and during drinks with Kong Er and Qu Da, he couldn't help but inquire, casually phrasing his question.

"Bro, you're interested in this? That's great... I've been pondering this recently, considering raising a few boxers myself, to make a name too!"

While Qin Fang had his motives, he didn't expect Kong Er to be delighted, slapping his shoulder as if perfectly in sync with his own thoughts.

However, his intention left Qin Fang with a wry smile...

Chapter 1215: Recommending You a Master

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Qin Fang was pondering whether he had a way to get involved in this profession, or perhaps directly join the ranks of boxers in the Black Fist Alliance.

This had no relation to his identity as an assassin and wouldn't cause any conflict either.

What's more, Qin Fang could even use metamorphosis to transform himself into another person, making it even harder for anyone to link the seemingly distinct careers of Black Fist boxer and assassin to one individual.

Back when Qin Fang became a registered assassin under the Assassin's Alliance, it happened entirely by coincidence—something he hadn't even anticipated himself.

However, becoming a Black Fist boxer was a deliberate move Qin Fang wanted to take. He just didn't yet know the exact pathways to make it happen. After all, compared to the Assassin's Alliance, the entry requirements for the Black Fist Alliance were much stricter.

"Training fighters? That's an interesting idea..."

Although Kong Er misunderstood Qin Fang's intention, Qin Fang still gave a nod of approval to his idea, even though he felt it was vaguely unrealistic.

"But it's really hard to find good fighters, and for them to grow, the process is immensely challenging. It requires ruthless training and high-stakes elimination—only under such conditions can the strongest fighters be forged!"

Even though Qin Fang had never been directly involved in the Black Fist profession, he still understood the principles behind the Black Fist Alliance—relying on an absolutely brutal elimination system to select the most elite and powerful fighters.

This was entirely different from the Assassin's Alliance's points system, although there were certain parallels. After all, true power was often forged atop a pile of death.

Not your own death, of course—rather, the death of opponents, targets...

Training fighters was akin to Qu Yuanrui's horse breeding—except substituting horses with people. Money was one aspect, but even more critical was the need for highly specialized personnel to train these fighters.

Black Fist boxers were nothing like ordinary boxers; traditional boxers aim to knock out their opponents, but Black Fist boxers aim to kill their opponents.

Don't be fooled by those seemingly intimidating boxing champions, especially the heavyweight and super heavyweight champions who command global fame.

In a Black Fist fight, even a random lightweight Black Fist boxer could easily take their life...

This is no joke—it's the stark difference between the two kinds of fighters.

Something akin to the contrast between Dragon Country's Sanda fighters and the United States' boxing champions; often, skilled Sanda fighters could knock out boxing champions almost instantly—it's the same logic!

"I've already thought about this, which is why I'm planning to hire a Black Fist expert as a coach. I don't believe I can't train my own Black Fist fighters..."

Kong Er had clearly given this matter some thought, likely inspired by conversations with friends, and he seemed to have some vague plans in mind.

"Honestly? I don't entirely agree with you!"

But Qin Fang shook his head, making it evident that he didn't approve.

"Hong Kong Island's legal system is quite robust. It's fine to train fighters, but the necessary mortality rates involved in developing Black Fist fighters would inevitably cause trouble for you. It's better not to pursue this..."

Seeing Kong Er's confused expression, Qin Fang briefly explained.

The Black Fist Alliance was a major force in the underground world, which operated on an entirely separate layer from the surface world.

The underground world was extremely hidden, embedded within human society while maintaining significant independence.

In the underground world, concepts such as justice, fairness, and rules didn't matter—only the strength of power and the size of fists prevailed.

In the underground world, death was the norm; the absence of it was abnormal. However, in the surface world, unnecessary deaths were promptly investigated by the police...

Even though the Kong Family, one of the Top Ten Wealthy Families of Hong Kong, wielded tremendous influence over Hong Kong Island, they were still constrained by the robust legal system. Even family members would face prosecution and imprisonment if they committed crimes.

For instance, a recent bribery case had caused quite a stir. A wealthy individual from one of the Top Ten Wealthy Families of Hong Kong was taken by the Anti-corruption Agency for investigation, narrowly

escaping imprisonment. Although they were released in the end, their company's stock price plummeted significantly afterward.

In this regard, Dragon Country's inland regions might be far inferior.

This was why Qin Fang's concerns weren't entirely unwarranted, serving as a useful reminder to Kong Er. Even though the Kong Family's influence in Hong Kong Island was immense, caution was still advised.

"That... really is a problem!"

Kong Er nodded thoughtfully. Although he'd merely been entertaining the idea, Qin Fang's reminder immediately clarified things for him.

"No wonder those guys don't do this in Hong Kong Island—they always go to Vietnam or Cambodia for it... Turns out it's because of this!"

Kong Er's notion had evidently been spurred by others engaging in similar activities. Now, he had reconsidered due to Qin Fang's critique.

"Second Brother, it's not entirely impossible, though... I do know a few highly skilled experts. If you want to nurture your own fighters, I wouldn't mind introducing them to you!"

Earlier, Qin Fang had repeatedly criticized Kong Er's idea, highlighting all kinds of complexities. But suddenly, his tone shifted, as he started promoting a solution.

Qin Fang indeed knew several experts. For instance, he had Iron Claw Divine Eagle Song Qingshan, Monk Wukong from the Shaolin Inner Temple, and the Tang Sect's Beauty Tang Xin...

Each of these individuals was top-tier, grandmaster-level experts, absolutely formidable!

And Qin Fang himself was by no means inferior—apart from Monk Wukong, who he couldn't confidently defeat, Qin Fang was unshaken by Tang Xin and Song Qingshan.

The recent fight between the African Lion and the Nordic Giant may have been fierce and bloody, but their actual combat capabilities were roughly on par with He Zongguan's two lackeys, about Level 5 Peak, still far from grandmaster-level!

Such fighters might rely on desperation and their trump cards to unleash powerful strength, potentially capable of battling weaker grandmaster-level experts.

But against the masters surrounding Qin Fang, they were simply fodder!

Battles wouldn't last long—many would end within a minute, with such fighters being killed effortlessly.

Of course, Qin Fang didn't truly intend to recommend these individuals to Kong Er. Even if they were willing and available, convincing them to act wasn't guaranteed. Furthermore, Qin Fang's real goal was to promote himself...

"Really?"

Kong Er's previously gloomy face instantly lit up, as if hope had been restored.

"Brother, tell me, what are these experts you know like? How do they compare to today's Nordic Giant?"

As expected, Kong Er grew excited upon hearing Qin Fang's suggestion, pulling him close and enthusiastically asking about these experts—clearly intrigued by the idea.

"Compare? The gap is quite significant..."

Qin Fang paused with a wry smile. Honestly, Kong Er's comparison was frustrating—he was using fighters not even at the grandmaster-level as a benchmark.

"Hmm, that's true. Fighters like the Nordic Giant are indeed rare. Well then, how about comparing them to the two fighters currently battling?"

To Qin Fang's distress, Kong Er then suggested another comparison that questioned the caliber of the suggested experts.

"Stop! Stop! Stop! Second Brother, you misunderstood me... The master I'd introduce, if pitted against the Nordic Giant, could likely take him down in three to five moves!"

Qin Fang hurriedly clarified, keen to end Kong Er's string of underwhelming comparisons.

"Wha... what?"

Kong Er, aware that Qin Fang could offer capable experts, still found himself shocked by the extent of their prowess.

His goal wasn't to train fighters for bloody duels, though he wouldn't object to hiring strong fighters either.

Mostly, Kong Er wanted fighters to compete with friends or rivals in wagers, akin to the matches currently happening on the boxing ring—mostly fueled by rivalries between wealthy businessmen. These boxers were either sourced or trained by their benefactors.

With Qin Fang recommending experts, Kong Er felt deeply grateful, and he didn't demand excessively high standards. Fighters on par with those currently battling onstage would suffice for his purposes... Thus, he hadn't been disappointed initially.

But Qin Fang's assertion—introducing a top-tier expert capable of dispatching the Nordic Giant in three to five moves—was a game-changer.

The Nordic Giant was already considered an elite Black Fist boxer, officially endorsed by the arena, clearly in a level above those currently competing.

However, the expert Qin Fang mentioned could eliminate the Nordic Giant in just a few moves. Such proficiency was exhilarating for Kong Er even to imagine.

Chapter 1216: Karate Master

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Hearing that such a master was available, Kong Er was completely stunned. For a moment, he even forgot what he intended to say, just standing there dumbfounded.

"Second Brother, what do you think? Say something..."

It was Qin Fang who asked indifferently, bringing Kong Er back to reality from his daydreams.

"I want him! I absolutely want him! Please, you must introduce this master to me! Money is not a problem... name your price!"

Snapped out of it by Qin Fang, Kong Er hastily voiced his eagerness, worried that if he delayed even a second, Qin Fang might give the opportunity to someone else.

For example... the guy next to him, Qu Yuancheng!

After all, Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng were cousins. If Qu Yuancheng really asked for it, Kong Er felt like he wouldn't stand a chance.

"Qin Fang, don't tell me... you're planning to become a boxer yourself?"

Kong Er didn't catch onto anything unusual, but Qu Yuancheng, standing to the side, questioned with suspicion. He seemed to have figured out what Qin Fang had in mind in one go.

"How could that be? These bloody matches... I'm fine watching them, but stepping into the ring myself? No, thanks. I don't find my life that meaningless yet."

Qin Fang, of course, wasn't going to admit it. The fewer people who knew about this, the better. Ideally, no one but himself would know.

Currently, the grievances between Qin Fang and the Qu Family had been partially resolved. A younger generation member like Qu Yuancheng even had a good relationship with Qin Fang's mother, Qin Qing. While Qin Qing didn't acknowledge her father and brothers, she did accept these nephews... Qu Yuanliang excluded.

Given this relationship, if Qu Yuancheng found out Qin Fang intended to participate in underground boxing matches, he would likely inform Qin Qing. That was the last thing Qin Fang wanted.

For this reason, Qin Fang absolutely wouldn't admit it, even if it were true.

"Still, if given the chance, I wouldn't mind giving it a try..."

Even after denying the possibility of him being the boxer, Qin Fang casually added this lighthearted remark, almost as if he were drawn to the allure of the ring.

"Eh... Younger Brother Qin, maybe you'd better not. These matches are brutal. Watching is fine, but stepping into the ring... it's best not to!"

Kong Er's attitude toward Qin Fang was now extremely polite. After all, Qin Fang could introduce him to a master. He couldn't afford to miss out on that, or he wouldn't even be able to sleep in peace.

Moreover, Kong Er genuinely didn't want anything bad to happen to Qin Fang.

"Qin Fang, don't mess around... spectating is one thing, but fighting is not on the table!"

Qu Yuancheng was naturally against it as well. Qin Fang was his cousin, and his aunt's only son. If something happened to him, how could he possibly explain it?

"It's alright, I'll treat it like a friendly match... I'll do my best not to hurt anyone!"

The more they protested, the more Qin Fang felt the need to showcase his skills a little. Otherwise, he feared others might genuinely look down on him.

His statement was incredibly bold. Rather than worrying about getting hurt, he only mentioned exercising restraint to avoid injuring others, inherently positioning himself as the victor.

"Please don't..."

Kong Er and Qu Yuancheng both had wry smiles, about to dissuade him further, when a few people walked over.

"Oh, isn't this Master Qu and Second Master Kong? Drinking here instead of watching the matches, are we?"

A young man dressed in lavish attire, with a handsome face but rather disappointing height, approached with a noticeably arrogant demeanor. Even when addressing Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er, he slightly raised his chin, as if his status and position were extraordinary.

"Yamamoto, what a surprise to see you here! Traveling all the way to Hong Kong Island just to watch matches—what a distinguished guest!"

Seeing Yamamoto, both Kong Er and Qu Yuancheng immediately had expressions akin to discovering a fly in their drink—utter disgust.

Yet, they couldn't show it too blatantly. Despite their obvious distaste, they forced polite smiles and spoke in a pretentious tone, making their disdain for the young man crystal clear.

"I came today because I heard some rich young masters on Hong Kong Island had invited skilled boxers. I specifically brought my fighters to challenge theirs... but alas, they were all terribly disappointing. They couldn't take a single hit. Very disappointing."

Yamamoto disregarded the sarcasm in Kong Er and Qu Yuancheng's words, replying with an even more disdainful tone.

At this moment, Qin Fang and the others noticed a group of young, well-dressed men not far behind Yamamoto's entourage. These were obviously local Hong Kong Island playboys, most of whom now had injured companions in tow.

Based on Yamamoto's statement, it was clear those boxers had been defeated by his fighters...

The faces of the defeated young masters were ghastly pale. Losing the matches was already humiliating, but Yamamoto boasting about it publicly exacerbated their anger. Despite their seething rage, there was nothing they could do to Yamamoto.

"Mr. Sato, let me introduce these two illustrious young masters from Hong Kong Island. This is the second young master of the Kong Family, and this is the eldest young master of the Qu Family... Both are powerful figures who can shake the entire island merely by stomping their feet!"

Clearly, Yamamoto had bad intentions. Pulling one of his subordinates forward, he sarcastically introduced Sato to Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er.

"Pleased to meet you!"

The young man called Sato, likely in his twenties and slightly older than Qin Fang, greeted them. Despite his words, his haughty demeanor mirrored Yamamoto's, making it abundantly clear he looked down on them.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Sato here is one of the finest masters from our Great Japan's Karate Kyokushin-ryu..."

Not content with merely introducing Sato, Yamamoto went on to fawn over him. His intention to provoke Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er was blatant.

While Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er's expressions turned uglier by the second, they couldn't act rashly. Yamamoto's background was no trivial matter. As the son of a major figure in the Yamaguchi Group, he oversaw Yamaguchi's operations in Hong Kong Island.

Although the Xin'an organization dominated the local underworld, the Yamaguchi Group's backing from Japan's headquarters meant Xin'an couldn't easily eradicate them.

Relying on this, Yamamoto remained a domineering figure on Hong Kong Island, showing no deference even to Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er.

"Oh? A Karate master... seems somewhat decent in skill."

Bound by their status, Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er couldn't say much, but Qin Fang wasn't so constrained. Seeing Yamamoto act so high and mighty, he immediately spoke up in disapproval.

Mimicking Yamamoto and Sato's earlier tone, Qin Fang deliberately raised his chin even higher, his disdain for them unambiguously expressed.

Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er were momentarily stunned, but they quickly grasped what was going on. Though they didn't say anything, their eyes twinkled with suppressed laughter.

From the moment this group appeared, Qin Fang had been sizing them up. He immediately noticed a couple of truly skilled fighters among them.

These two individuals stood out significantly from the rest, their techniques clearly a level or two better—masters among masters...

Listening to Yamamoto's words now, it was evident these two were also Japanese Karate fighters, with advanced skill levels to boot.

Sato, as it happened, was one of the two. His prowess placed him in the Level 5 range, far surpassing the Level 3 or Level 4 fighters fielded by the local playboys. Overpowering them was hardly a challenge.

Yet, to Qin Fang, such a "master" was merely "somewhat decent."

"Baka!"

"Baka!"

The Japanese fighters, naturally servile but quick to lash out when slighted, couldn't bear being looked down upon. Both Yamamoto and Sato's faces darkened as they shouted in unison, their hostility unmistakable.

Sato even stepped forward, signaling his readiness to take action at the slightest provocation.

Sato's reaction alarmed Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er, who feared Qin Fang might suffer. That was the last thing they wanted to see.

"Can't you even speak properly? Communicating with you is such a hassle..."

Unfazed, Qin Fang muttered almost as if talking to himself. Though his voice wasn't loud, it was loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Hahaha..."

If Qin Fang's earlier remark was just a light jab, this quip was a merciless slap across their faces. The disdain was beyond evident.

Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er suppressed their laughter, but the defeated Hong Kong Island playboys trailing behind couldn't hold back. Having waited for an opportunity to see the Japanese humiliated, they burst into raucous laughter.

"Baka... You've insulted me! I challenge you to a duel!"

Yamamoto's face grew ashen. Seeing Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er's reactions only deepened his humiliation, though he couldn't afford to explode just yet. Sato, meanwhile, turned visibly livid, his fury toward Qin Fang roaring to dangerous levels. He looked ready to pummel Qin Fang on the spot...

Chapter 1217: You're not up to it! Call your master...

...

For someone like him, a Karate expert, he had always been held in high regard since his debut. Even within Japan, he was considered a pretty formidable fighter.

Perhaps it was for this reason that his ego had already soared to the heavens, completely oblivious to the principle that there's always someone stronger out there...

Take this trip to Hong Kong Island, for instance—he was invited over by Yamamoto personally. This made him feel immensely satisfied; after all, Yamamoto had an extraordinarily prominent status in Japan. While he was a notable figure himself, he still had to curry favor with Yamamoto.

Thus, when Yamamoto suggested he participate in the boxing match, he agreed almost immediately without a second thought and took down all of the hired boxers raised by several young masters on Hong Kong Island single-handedly...

Of course, those young masters were, at best, second-rate figures on Hong Kong Island. The boxers they hired had very limited skills and were perceived by Sato as mere warm-up exercises. He didn't even take them seriously.

For instance, Qu Da and Kong Er, the two standing right in front of him, were Yamamoto's real targets to humiliate...

Sato had indeed wanted to thoroughly thrash these two prominent young men, but he knew it wasn't realistic, so he simply gave up on the idea.

However, sitting along with these two young men was Qin Fang. Initially, Sato wasn't certain about Qin Fang's identity and dared not provoke him easily. But to his surprise, Qin Fang went out of his way to challenge him directly, leaving no reason for him to hold back.

Especially when Sato turned back and sought approval from Yamamoto with his eyes. Yamamoto, engulfed in fury, didn't give the slightest objection, so Sato immediately issued a bold challenge for a duel.

When Sato proposed the duel, Yamamoto's face revealed a subtle hint of delight. He was clearly pleased with the development, whereas Qu Da and Kong Er couldn't help but furrow their brows.

Though Qin Fang had previously mentioned he had some interest in boxing, they were unsure about his real skills. And when Qin Fang brazenly mocked the arrogance of these two Japanese troublemakers, they assumed he was just engaging in trash talk and didn't give it much thought.

They had not expected these Japanese adversaries to lose their composure so easily and escalate things straight to a duel. Both of them started worrying that Qin Fang might suffer because of it and wanted to intervene to stop him.

"A duel? Hahahaha... Did I hear that right? You actually dare challenge me to a duel?"

But before they could speak, Qin Fang had already taken the lead with a response, his tone brimming with sheer arrogance. The scorn and contempt in his voice were crystal clear, leaving no room for ambiguity—it was as if he outright declared Sato to be nothing but trash!

"Baka... I want a duel with you! A duel to the death... no retreat, no surrender!"

Sato's pride took another devastating hit as Qin Fang openly humiliated him without sparing an ounce of dignity. To someone as conceited as Sato, this was utterly unbearable. Enraged, he escalated the duel to a "life-or-death" match, where the stakes were far more severe.

This was no joke anymore. Once Qin Fang accepted, the two men would step into a steel cage like the African Lion and Nordic Giant did, engaging in a deadly fight, with only one survivor walking out...

At this moment, Sato was utterly consumed by rage. He wanted nothing more than to tear Qin Fang apart just to vent his overflowing fury.

"You? You're not even qualified... Call your master here instead. Perhaps he can be useful enough to carry my shoes!"

With a faint smirk of disdain curling at the corners of his mouth, Qin Fang showed zero regard for Sato. His gaze shifted toward an older middle-aged man who seemed slightly out of place among the group.

Sato's strength was only at Level 5, which didn't even warrant a glance from Qin Fang. In a life-or-death duel, Sato likely couldn't even defeat black boxers like the African Lion or Nordic Giant, let alone harm Qin Fang. Killing him would be as effortless as crushing an ant.

What piqued Qin Fang's interest, however, was this middle-aged man standing amidst the crowd, silent and unassuming. He was the only one Qin Fang felt deserved even a shred of acknowledgment.

Qin Fang had noticed earlier through his Scouting Skill that this man happened to be one of the strongest people beside Yamamoto. Even Sato was considerably weaker than him.

Through observation, Qin Fang learned that this middle-aged man was none other than Sato's master, Kyokushin Genichi—a Karate Kyokushin-ryu expert who had already stepped into the Master Level...

That said, Kyokushin Genichi's strength was still in the Master Level Early Stage. While this was enough to qualify him as a master capable of taking disciples in Dragon Country's old Martial World, taking on Sato as a disciple wasn't particularly noteworthy.

As Qin Fang's gaze shifted, the attention of everyone around followed suit, moving from Sato to this unassuming middle-aged man, Kyokushin Genichi.

Kyokushin Genichi himself appeared slightly surprised. Standing amidst the crowd, he hadn't demonstrated any imposing presence. Even Yamamoto, who knew his identity, had not given him any special treatment. Nearly no one around was aware of who he was. Yet Qin Fang had managed to see through him with a single glance, which secretly startled him.

"Young man, don't be too arrogant..."

Since he was exposed, Kyokushin Genichi no longer found it necessary to remain hidden. Seeing how Qin Fang had toyed with his disciple, he simply had to step up; otherwise, Kyokushin-ryu's reputation would take a serious blow.

Perhaps it was due to his age, but Kyokushin Genichi carried an air of seniority when addressing Qin Fang. His tone was both lofty and stern, clearly underestimating Qin Fang.

"Me, arrogant?"

Qin Fang couldn't help but sneer, his eyes shifting between Kyokushin Genichi, Sato, and Yamamoto. His expression left no ambiguity in its meaning.

Before Qin Fang exuded arrogance, Sato and Yamamoto had already displayed excessive, overbearing pride. Despite their youth, they were utterly insufferable. With Kyokushin Genichi aligned with them, his remarks about arrogance felt hypocritical—like smacking himself in the face.

"Hahahahaha..."

Qin Fang's demeanor was spot-on, prompting the surrounding bystanders, mostly Hong Kong Islanders, to burst into laughter. Being continuously bullied by the Japanese had given them every reason to mock them without holding back.

Seeing Qin Fang seize the upper hand filled them with joy. They wasted no time striking hard at the Japanese, eager to stomp on their dignity mercilessly.

"Baka... young man, don't go too far!"

While Kyokushin Genichi possessed considerable self-restraint, Qin Fang's cutting remarks had clearly hit a nerve. His demeanor grew colder, and his tone took a sharp, menacing turn as irritation seeped into his gaze toward Qin Fang.

Chapter 1218: A Slap!

"I'm too much?"

Hearing Kyokushin Genichi's words, Qin Fang's expression became somewhat playful, and he unexpectedly struck a pose of "I'm so puzzled."

He even shook his head theatrically while looking at Qu Da, Kong Er, and the others present, as if he was genuinely eager to learn, and said, "Am I?"

"No!"

Yamamoto had brought along a small group of men, but altogether, they barely added up to about ten people.

On the other hand, the number of Hong Kong Islanders present here was substantially larger. After all, this boxing arena was set up on Hong Kong Island, where locals naturally had the upper hand.

Whether inside or outside the arena, strict measures had been imposed at the entrance, yet Hong Kong Islanders remained dominant in the crowd.

Furthermore, Yamamoto, who relied on his status, had always rampaged unchecked on Hong Kong Island, making enemies everywhere.

At this point, almost nobody was willing to speak for him. Even the wealthy elite from Japan and other places mostly chose to remain neutral, while some even echoed the sentiments of the locals.

Thus, Qin Fang's sarcastic response immediately found unanimous approval from the crowd. Everyone denied in unison, instantly causing Kyokushin Genichi's expression to take on an exceptional hue.

As a Grandmaster-level expert in Japan's karate circles, Kyokushin Genichi had considerable fame and real skills to his name.

Karate is lauded as Japan's National Arts, although much like Korea's taekwondo, it is actually derived from Dragon Country martial arts, with quite a few adept practitioners among its ranks.

However, the Japanese love to pile unwarranted praise onto themselves, proclaiming without hesitation... things like karate being the world's greatest martial way, which inevitably incites considerable disgust.

But this doesn't negate the power of karate, even though Qin Fang couldn't deny its efficacy. Just observing the various branches of Japanese karate is enough to understand.

Karate stemmed from Dragon Country martial arts, so many of its customs still adhere to the ancient traditions of the Dragon Country Martial World, such as only allowing Grandmaster-level fighters to take on disciples and Grandmaster-level experts to establish sects...

The name "karate" belongs to a major branch, although no one can pinpoint exactly when it started being called this. But the karate branches themselves are plentiful.

For instance, Kyokushin Genichi's Kyokushin Way originated because his ancestors included a Grandmaster-level karate expert, thus granting the right to establish a sect, leading to the creation of Kyokushin Way.

Most karate schools' names are based on their founders' surnames, first names, or something related.

These connections have little to do with Qin Fang, but as the heir to Kyokushin Way, Kyokushin Genichi naturally has a few deadly moves in his arsenal, which, when executed with his Master Level Early Stage cultivation, could carry considerable destructive power...

That said, Qin Fang wasn't overly concerned about Kyokushin Genichi.

The aspect of Japanese martial arts that truly kept Qin Fang on guard wasn't karate but the unpredictable and sinister ninjutsu. That was the real danger. If Qin Fang wasn't alert beforehand, encountering a powerful ninja could end terribly for him...

Perhaps because of this, Japan's true experts are almost universally in the ninjutsu circles. While karate does boast one or two exceptional fighters, they pale in comparison to their ninjutsu counterparts, whether in terms of numbers or expertise.

Put simply, karate is akin to the external sect techniques of Dragon Country martial arts, while ninjutsu is more comparable to Dragon Country's inner sect skills...

External techniques can certainly be cultivated to Master Level, and some with exceptional talent might even break into the ranks of Grandmaster-level experts. But taking it further is nearly impossible.

Thus, since Japan's karate first began evolving as a derivative art, it has never produced a truly top-tier master. Even hundreds of years of accumulation among various branches have resulted in only so many experts.

Inner sect techniques, on the other hand, are fundamentally challenging yet have infinite potential for advancement. Not to mention, ninjutsu integrates Dragon Country's Thousand Gate Qimen Dunjia Technique and Dragon Country martial arts, while heavily relying on Japan's unique, twisted psychology, cultivated through brutal and inhumane training to forge its unique methods.

Although the Japanese only grasped the surface of both martial arts and Thousand Gate techniques, their relentless researchmanship indeed embarrasses Dragon Country people, as it led to the invention of something as perverse as ninjutsu.

But among the men Yamamoto brought here today, the strongest was Kyokushin Genichi, with merely a Master Level Early Stage cultivation in karate, and no ninjutsu expertise... Naturally, Qin Fang wasn't worried.

Qin Fang didn't see Kyokushin Genichi as worth his time. Naturally, he wouldn't feel apprehension or fear, and his tone remained as domineering as ever, essentially delivering a resounding slap across Yamamoto's face.

Yamamoto's face had turned entirely green-purple at this point, looking even worse than a pig's liver.

Kyokushin Genichi didn't fare much better. The composure and ease he previously displayed had vanished entirely, replaced by a visage brimming with rage.

If not for his relatively good self-control, he might already have been howling and hurling curses wildly by now.

Even so, he couldn't keep calm anymore. With a sudden move, he parted the crowd, stepped right before Qin Fang, and stared him down with eyes burning like fire before speaking to him one word at a time.

"You've insulted me. I, Kyokushin Genichi, in the name of a warrior, challenge you to a duel..."

Although he couldn't discern Qin Fang's exact level or understand why Qin Fang exuded such confidence, developments had reached a point where, as the heir of Kyokushin Way, Kyokushin Genichi had no room to retreat. Should he back down now, he would not only shatter his own reputation but also drag Kyokushin Way's name into disrepute.

That was something he could not afford. If Kyokushin Way were rendered unable to hold its head high, how could he face the ancestors who founded the Way? He might as well commit seppuku...

Don't underestimate Kyokushin Genichi's willingness to carry out such acts. This old man sincerely sees himself as a noble warrior, and even his challenge today starkly contrasts with the demeanor of his disciple, Sato.

A noble warrior, in pursuit of honor and duty, does not fear for his life. Should his actions disgrace his mission, seppuku becomes their perfect choice.

Unmistakably, Kyokushin Genichi is an extraordinarily fervent nationalist...

What Qin Fang didn't know was that back when the Japanese invaded Dragon Country, Kyokushin Way had quite a few practitioners involved in the invasion, many of whom met their ends in Dragon Country, with a considerable number committing seppuku.

"Master, this punk doesn't require you to lift a finger. Allow your disciple to step forward and take care of him..."

Sato had been closely following the situation all along and harbored immense hatred toward Qin Fang, wishing to tear him limb from limb to satisfy his anger.

But Japanese protocols tend to be strict. Within a sect, hierarchy matters greatly. When a master speaks, disciples must refrain from interrupting, or they risk being labeled disrespectful to the sect.

Yet now, seeing his master Kyokushin Genichi being insulted by Qin Fang, to the point of initiating a challenge, Sato could no longer hold back. He instantly stepped forward, offering to fight in his master's stead.

Kyokushin Genichi didn't get angry. Instead, he gazed at his disciple in hesitation, clearly uneasy about Qin Fang's capabilities.

"You... aren't worthy!"

Qin Fang smirked disdainfully at the frenzied Sato, finding it outright amusing that the youngster still tried to butt in after being deemed unqualified.

Faced with such impudence, Qin Fang didn't feel obliged to show any courtesy. He simply retorted with a dismissive remark, once again stomping on Sato viciously.

"Baka..."

Sato, repeatedly ridiculed by Qin Fang, had already reached the boiling point. His already furious emotions exploded entirely, and he let out an enraged roar, followed by a sudden movement towards Qin Fang.

The situation had escalated to a point where Sato could no longer suppress his anger. Even with his master Yamamoto standing nearby, he was beyond control.

"Be careful..."

"Qin Fang, watch out..."

Upon seeing this development, as Sato charged at high speed with undeniable momentum, rapidly closing the distance to Qin Fang, several alarmed voices broke out.

Yet Qin Fang appeared utterly unperturbed, standing firmly as if oblivious to the unfolding danger, showing no reaction whatsoever.

Of course, this was somewhat understandable. The exchanges so far had been purely verbal sparring, with the Japanese side already disadvantaged on reasoning, humiliated essentially by their own doing.

However, few could have foreseen Sato resorting to violence in an attempt to settle the dispute, marking a sudden twist in the matter.

Qu Da and Kong Er, who were relatively close to Qin Fang, reacted quickly. Although others supported Qin Fang on principle, most weren't personally connected to him, leaving only Qu Da and Kong Er sincerely worried enough to call out warnings.

The duo now looked panicked, clearly fearing Qin Fang might fall victim to Sato's attack, given his formidable strength, having effortlessly dismantled several skilled boxers employed by wealthy Hong Kong elites...

Although they shouted their dire warnings, Sato's speed was so immense that their efforts made no difference. His massive fist, the size of a cooking pot, was already inches from Qin Fang.

Pa~~

Just as everyone braced themselves for the horrifying spectacle of Qin Fang being battered half to death by Sato's punch, a sharp, crisp sound abruptly echoed.

More accurately, it was the sound of a slap...

Chapter 1219: After Beating the Disciple, Beat the Master!

...

The crowd was already quite large, even surpassing the number of people staying to watch the matches over there. Most of the spectators seemed to be from Hong Kong Island.

Watching drama is a part of human nature—regardless of nationality or ethnicity, there are no exceptions.

Especially for those coming here to watch underground boxing; they were here for the excitement anyway.

The Black Fist Arena was originally a place where many resolved grudges—and, of course, created new ones. So, nobody found it surprising anymore.

However, typically, everyone here is someone with status. Throwing verbal jabs is all fine and well, but directly resorting to violence? That was extremely rare.

And for someone stronger than most boxers here to make a move against a rich heir—now that was an even rarer spectacle. Deals this fierce could easily get someone killed if things went wrong.

Sato's strength had just been witnessed by many moments earlier. He was undoubtedly on the level of the African Lion or the Nordic Giant, a top-tier expert among experts.

In comparison, Qin Fang, though well-built, seemed no match for someone of such caliber; clashing with him would clearly put Qin Fang at a massive disadvantage.

As Sato launched his swift and imposing strike—a move eerily similar to a devastating one from the earlier matches—

This same technique had knocked out several opponents working together against him, leaving them all with significant injuries.

Back then, Sato wasn't even going all out. However, now... Sato was clearly putting his full strength into it, as if intent on killing Qin Fang.

Just as this thought crossed everyone's mind, a crisp slapping sound rang out, piercing their ears.

"Wait a second, Sato was clearly using his fist—how did it turn into a slap?"

"Did he change moves at the last moment?"

"Something seems off, something's definitely off..."

After a brief moment of frowning, confusion, and disbelief, many began to sense that something was deeply wrong. The disparity here was just too great—if it was some kind of switch, it made no sense at all.

In terms of raw damage, a punch is undoubtedly much stronger than a slap. With Sato's fiery temper, would he really hold back at this moment?

Clearly not possible!

So how could such a change occur?

The stronger the doubt, the greater the need for answers. Consequently, even those unwilling to witness such a bloody scene turned their attention to Qin Fang and Sato...

The sight that unfolded left them all utterly dumbfounded.

Sato's fist had indeed reached right in front of Qin Fang's face... but it was just a tiny bit short.

Exactly how short?

Merely the width of a palm away.

Sato's powerful and heavy fist was stopped dead with a single hand by Qin Fang, just inches from his face.

No contact with Qin Fang?

Many blinked in surprise. The fist blocked by Qin Fang didn't leave a scratch on him; clearly, it hadn't connected.

But then, where had that crisp slap sound come from?

For answers, one only needed to look at Sato's unfortunate face. At that moment, Sato's hand was trapped by Qin Fang, unable to move or break free, while half his face was swollen as though stung repeatedly by a swarm of angry bees—swollen to the point of grotesque distortion.

Faintly visible, one could see five fingerprints on the swollen half of Sato's face. Though the face's deformation made it hard to see clearly, the marks were undeniably there.

Sato, though not tall by any means, had a build considered standard for a Japanese man. Yet, this didn't change the fact that he was indeed short.

To top it off, Sato's face was somewhat round, with a moderate amount of flesh—not particularly thick nor thin.

However, that single slap had turned half of Sato's face into a grotesquely swollen mass. One eye had swollen shut, making him resemble a bloated pig head... No, correction—half a bloated pig head; the other half still lacked a bit.

It wasn't Qin Fang who had suffered a loss—it was Sato... Sato, who had been seen by many as a top-tier expert, had unexpectedly lost in such a humiliating way!

The outcome left everyone in a mix of shock and confusion, while their interest in young Qin Fang skyrocketed.

"Let him go!"

Kyokushin Genichi's expression changed once again.

Sato's sudden attack had left him slightly displeased. After all, he had formally challenged Qin Fang to a duel; for his disciple to strike in such a manner as if orchestrating a tag-team assault was unfair and opened them up to criticism.

Still, Sato had a point—he was testing the waters for his master. Qin Fang might have seemed confident earlier, but if he couldn't even handle Sato, it would be degrading for Genichi to step in personally.

But the actual result exceeded Genichi's expectations by a mile.

He had already gauged Qin Fang's abilities, primarily based on his youth. Even someone extraordinarily talented couldn't possibly reach the Master Level so young.

Though a Japanese man, Genichi had done some light research on the Dragon Country Martial World. Among the younger generation, only geniuses could reach Master Level by thirty—and Qin Fang looked barely twenty, possibly even younger. It was naturally inconceivable for him to have reached such a level.

While Sato hadn't achieved Master Level himself, he was already at Level 5 Peak strength—a top-notch young fighter.

After all, practitioners of external martial arts progress rapidly in the early stages, especially techniques emphasizing combat tactics, like karate. Improvements came faster than in most disciplines.

There had even been cases of karate prodigies achieving black-belt skill levels before turning 20, with some reaching even higher heights.

Sato's talent wasn't outstanding, but under Genichi's tutelage, after over ten years of cultivation, he had reached this stage, making him an impressive fighter.

Although further breakthroughs seemed unlikely for Sato, relegating him to stagnation below Master Level, he was still evidently the strongest disciple under Genichi's wing—a primary reason for bringing him along.

With that mindset, Genichi was confident in Sato's abilities; under his tutelage, it was always Sato overpowering others, rarely the other way around.

However—

Today, they had undoubtedly encountered a tougher opponent—a far tougher one than expected!

Sato, while not invincible below Master Level, was still considered a formidable fighter, yet he ended up in this state against Qin Fang. This forced Genichi to reevaluate Qin Fang's capabilities.

Though he found it improbable, some suspicion crept in—could it be that Qin Fang had already reached Master Level?

Don't let the Japanese reverence for karate as their "National Art" mislead you; in reality, it wasn't all that formidable. While karate practitioners might extol its virtues, true experts within Japan's martial circles held it in much lower regard.

Only practitioners of Japan's so-called "Inner Sect" disciplines, like ninjutsu, were considered true experts. And only they understood the strength of Dragon Country's martial world and its ancient, hidden sects.

A young expert reaching Master Level? Ridiculous!

The Tang Sect, Shaolin, Kunlun... these ancient schools, with histories spanning centuries, produced Master-Level experts in their twenties with startling regularity—far beyond the imagination of someone like Genichi.

So, for Genichi not to believe Qin Fang possessed such strength stemmed from his own ignorance.

Of course, Qin Fang found none of this surprising.

After all, there were even Japanese boasting about... "Karate being the world's greatest martial art"—a claim even dismissed by their own experts as nonsense!

"He... isn't worth a second move from me!"

Facing the darkened expression of Kyokushin Genichi, Qin Fang smiled even more brightly. Like tossing out garbage, he gave a slight flick of his arm. Sato's hundred-pound frame soared like a discarded trash bag, hurtling straight towards the nearby wall.

Sato, at this moment, was like a lost soul, seemingly unconscious. He offered no resistance, and as he approached the wall, he showed no signs of defending or evading...

"You..."

Kyokushin Genichi was so enraged by Qin Fang's words that he almost spat blood.

But seeing his disciple about to smash into the wall, he couldn't just stand idly by. With a quick step, he rushed to save him.

"Your opponent is me... Leave such thankless tasks to someone else!"

Genichi's reaction speed was fast, but Qin Fang's was faster.

As Qin Fang spoke, he seemingly teleported, suddenly appearing in front of Genichi. In one swift motion, he grabbed Genichi and yanked him back.

Genichi, though fairly strong—karate placed considerable emphasis on strength in its training—was entirely outclassed by Qin Fang's monstrous power.

Despite his struggles, Genichi could do nothing as Qin Fang forcibly pulled him away...

Thud~~

Meanwhile, his disciple Sato, left unaided, collided heavily with the wall. His neck twisted awkwardly, and he slumped to the ground, lifeless.

Whether dead or alive, nobody cared. With his dignity entirely decimated, no one would respect him anymore.

Chapter 1220: Destroying You With a Single Move!

...

From the moment Sato made his move to the time he was dealt with by Qin Fang, there wasn't much time in between. This arrogant and overbearing little rascal was now reduced to lying on the ground.

As for whether he was dead or alive, no one really cared. The guy had already lost all his dignity, and no one would respect him anymore. After all, the things he did earlier were just way too outrageous.

Yamamoto originally wanted to send someone to rescue Sato. Sato had done a lot for him earlier, standing up for him in various ways. But now, reduced to a state like a dead dog, Sato had lost all face—not only his own, but even Yamamoto's reputation had taken a hit.

For someone like that, Yamamoto was never one to show mercy. He abandoned Sato outright... Whether Sato was dead or alive didn't matter to Yamamoto anymore.

Sato was defeated, and Yamamoto didn't dwell on it. His attention shifted to the duel between Kyokushin Genichi and Qin Fang... His eyes gleamed with an unusual light.

Yamamoto knew a bit about the prowess of Kyokushin Genichi; otherwise, he wouldn't have gone to the trouble of inviting him to Hong Kong Island. That Sato could be so skilled was undoubtedly due to being the disciple of Kyokushin Genichi. So, just how powerful was Kyokushin Genichi himself as the master?

Yamamoto had been looking forward to witnessing Kyokushin Genichi's abilities for a while now. Even before coming here, he had considered asking the boxing ring to provide a black-market fighter to face Kyokushin Genichi.

However, upon discovering that Sato, whom he had previously not regarded highly, turned out to be on a level comparable to the African Lion or the Nordic Giant, Yamamoto immediately discarded the idea of letting Kyokushin Genichi fight.

But now...

Sato, who was already quite formidable, couldn't last even a single move against Qin Fang and brought utter disgrace upon himself. Now, all of Yamamoto's hopes were pinned on Kyokushin Genichi.

The brief encounter earlier, where Kyokushin Genichi was stopped by Qin Fang, wasn't a proper duel between the two, so it couldn't be used to judge their actual strength.

Not only Yamamoto thought this way, but even Kyokushin Genichi himself held the same view...

Strength alone isn't everything!

Losing in terms of strength was one thing; Kyokushin Genichi believed he could make up for it with his mastery of technique. After all, Qin Fang's earlier moves showed almost no evidence of technical skill—this was precisely the opening Kyokushin Genichi could exploit.

Qu Da and Kong Er were also dumbfounded by the strength Qin Fang had demonstrated.

Although they had suspected that Qin Fang might have some abilities, they had only assumed that he'd casually learned a few basic moves here and there.

They knew plenty of people like that—dabblers and amateurs—but they had never met a true expert among such types.

This time, things were different. Even Sato, whom they considered massively skilled, turned out to be on the same tier as black-market fighters like the African Lion and the Nordic Giant.

Yet in Qin Fang's hands, Sato was taken down in a single move, dispatched with effortless ease...

That meant Qin Fang's strength...

Suddenly, Qu Da and Kong Er simultaneously thought about the powerful friend Qin Fang had mentioned earlier. Until now, they had treated Qin Fang's claims as exaggeration. Kong Er had shown some curiosity, but Qu Yuancheng hadn't believed it at all.

But Qin Fang's actions indirectly proved that his words might have been truthful...

As the saying goes, "Birds of a feather flock together."

Since Qin Fang himself possessed such extraordinary ability, it followed that his friends couldn't be too weak either. Otherwise, it would be hard for them to associate with someone like Qin Fang. That meant

the expert introduced by Qin Fang might really be as formidable as he claimed... After all, Qin Fang had already proven this with his Iron Fist.

Thinking this through, Qu Da and Kong Er's concerns for Qin Fang eased considerably.

Even though the opponent had Kyokushin Genichi on his side, who was Sato's master and clearly a formidable fighter, Qin Fang's brief exchange with Kyokushin Genichi earlier, combined with his evident confidence, showed that Qin Fang held a decisive advantage...

In fact, judging by Qin Fang's demeanor, he might as well have outright declared his ability to instantly defeat a grandmaster-level expert like Kyokushin Genichi!

"Don't stare at me like that! My preferences are perfectly normal; I'm absolutely not interested in old men like you..."

Observing Kyokushin Genichi's increasingly darkened face, Qin Fang grinned mischievously and taunted him.

"Baka..."

Kyokushin Genichi, already seething with anger, felt his rage boil further as Qin Fang repeatedly mocked him and stepped over his boundaries. It wasn't surprising that he was furious.

At this moment, perhaps Kyokushin Genichi could finally understand the humiliation his disciple Sato had endured earlier. Now he understood why Sato had recklessly lashed out—even ignoring all consequences. Indeed, Qin Fang knew exactly how to provoke people.

"Enough with the nonsense. Let's get to the point... Didn't you want to duel me? I accept!"

After teasing Kyokushin Genichi to the point of near exhaustion, Qin Fang lost interest in continuing the taunts. The fight was inevitable, so he promptly accepted Kyokushin Genichi's challenge from earlier.

"Please!"

Although frustrated beyond measure, Kyokushin Genichi was a great warrior at heart. With Qin Fang accepting his challenge, it was unthinkable for him to back down.

Kyokushin Genichi took half a step sideways and gestured with his hand toward the arena.

This wasn't the right place for a duel. With so many people gathered around, neither fighter could move freely. If someone got accidentally hurt, it would be extremely troublesome.