

Genius 1221

Chapter 1221: To Vanquish You, One Move is Enough!_2

In contrast, the other side of the arena was much quieter. At the very least, the two men here could act freely, without being constrained by anyone's presence.

Qin Fang naturally didn't care. Surrounded by the crowd, the two made their way to this side of the arena. There were already boxers competing here, but when faced with a showdown of this magnitude, the two boxers in the middle of the fight seemed no different from children squabbling, losing all appeal.

In such a situation, the patrons of the two fighters felt too embarrassed to continue and called their boxers back to avoid further humiliation...

The arena was cleared effortlessly, leaving an open space for Qin Fang and Kyokushin Genichi to face off.

"A duel to the death?"

Before entering the arena, Qin Fang suddenly thought of something and immediately asked with a playful smile.

The distinction between a regular duel and a duel to the death was quite significant. For someone who wasn't a Black Fist boxer, such duels had fewer restrictions, and both options were open for mutual agreement.

Just like how Sato earlier dealt with those rich brats' boxers from Hong Kong Island—he only injured them instead of going for the kill!

Now, it was the same. In a regular duel, Qin Fang and Kyokushin Genichi only needed to determine a victor. At most, one of them might be grievously injured and unable to continue fighting.

But if it was a duel to the death, it would be like a Black Fist match—two fighters enter the arena, and only one comes out alive...

"A duel to the dea—"

As a proud warrior, Kyokushin Genichi felt insulted by Qin Fang and believed it necessary to cleanse his humiliation with Qin Fang's blood. Without hesitation, he opted for a duel to the death, seeing it as the only way to unleash his full potential and eliminate Qin Fang with the most brutal ferocity.

Only such a method would allow him to exact his revenge with unrestrained madness.

"Hold on..."

However, before Kyokushin Genichi could finish speaking, Yamamoto suddenly interrupted him, pulling him aside and whispering in a low voice.

Qin Fang stood with his arms crossed over his chest, his expression calm and indifferent, as if he didn't care about Kyokushin Genichi's choice at all. Whether it was a regular duel or a duel to the death, he would accept it gladly.

This demeanor made it evident to everyone how confident Qin Fang was, and he seemed every bit the poised master.

In contrast, the short-statured and arrogant Sato, as well as the blindly protective and discerning Kyokushin Genichi, didn't inspire much confidence at all.

Kyokushin Genichi and Yamamoto continued their whispered conversation, with Yamamoto doing most of the talking while Kyokushin Genichi listened. Judging by the slight furrow in Kyokushin Genichi's brow, he seemed rather hesitant.

In the end, however, Kyokushin Genichi nodded reluctantly, ultimately persuaded by Yamamoto.

"A regular duel it is... I will spar with Mr. Qin as friends, stopping at first blood."

Kyokushin Genichi clearly looked anguished, but there seemed to be some underlying concerns that forced him to agree to Yamamoto's suggestion and settle for a regular duel.

"Tsk..."

Many had been eagerly anticipating an intense life-or-death clash, only for the narrative to take an unexpected turn toward a regular duel. How could they not feel disappointed?

As a result, a collective sound of disdain rose from the crowd, with some individuals even raising their middle fingers...

"I don't really mind—stopping at first blood is fine with me!"

Qin Fang shrugged, completely unconcerned. In truth, he personally preferred a duel to the death. After all, Kyokushin Genichi happened to be a right-wing nationalist from Japan, and as someone from Ninghai, Qin Fang harbored nothing but hatred for such "little devils." When it came to dealing with right-wing extremists like Kyokushin Genichi, Qin Fang would kill any he encountered without hesitation!

At this juncture, the distinct characteristics of Dragon Country and Japan became even more apparent, sparking a flurry of discussions among the onlookers. Despite the match being downgraded to a regular duel, it still promised plenty of excitement.

"How about I serve as the referee for this fight?"

During the buzz of chatter, a clear and crisp voice rang out from the rear of the crowd. The masses parted instinctively, revealing a group of people walking toward the stage.

The leader was unmistakably the manager and overseer of the arena, flanked naturally by his two subordinates.

The speaker, of course, was He Zongguan, the only person qualified to make such an offer. He seemed to have been drawn here out of interest by the commotion.

"Having He Zongguan as the referee would be my absolute pleasure!"

Who served as the referee didn't matter much to Qin Fang. He had no intention of giving Kyokushin Genichi any chance to win, and the result would have been the same with or without a referee.

Besides, having a referee might actually complicate things. A referee biased toward Qin Fang might make it seem like his victory depended on favoritism. However, if the referee sided with Kyokushin Genichi, Qin Fang loathed the idea of a partial whistle, and it wouldn't be beneath him to deal with the referee, too!

Nevertheless, having He Zongguan personally officiate was ideal.

As the boss of the arena, He Zongguan was highly unlikely to show favoritism, nor did he have any reason to. Though Yamamoto's Yamaguchi Group wielded significant influence, it paled in comparison to the Black Fist Alliance and the underground world's major powers.

No matter how flashy the Yamaguchi Group appeared, erasing it would be a trivial task for those dominant forces in the underground world.

He Zongguan's willingness to referee was probably more out of respect for the exceptional skills of Qin Fang and Kyokushin Genichi; he wouldn't have appeared otherwise.

With such a referee in place, everything became simpler. A quick command from He Zongguan, and the arena was swiftly prepared while the two fighters finalized their preparations.

"Let the match begin~~"

Since this was a regular duel, He Zongguan entered the steel cage himself, ready to separate the combatants if necessary. He did not want anyone dying on this stage.

"I will show you the true power of Kyokushin Way..."

Kyokushin Genichi focused all his energy and spirit, exuding the aura of a wild beast, fierce and terrifying even from up close.

His sinister eyes locked onto Qin Fang, radiating ferocity as he spoke in a deliberate, menacing tone.

"To deal with you... one move is enough!"

With his arms crossed confidently, Qin Fang adopted a casual posture, looking at Kyokushin Genichi with a detached, superior gaze, and spoke in a tone dripping with disdain.

To emphasize his contempt, Qin Fang deliberately extended a single finger and wagged it gently...

Compared to Kyokushin Genichi's vicious pre-battle declaration, Qin Fang's provocation appeared even more domineering and arrogant.

The contrast immediately overshadowed Kyokushin Genichi, turning the expressions of Yamamoto and his companions sour.

"Big Bro, place ten million on me to win!"

What shocked the Japanese camp even more was that Qin Fang, instead of attacking immediately, shouted toward Qu Yuancheng, who stood near the steel cage.

Where there was a fight, there was a betting pool. And for a match like this between Qin Fang and Kyokushin Genichi, the enthusiasm to wager had surged from the beginning.

Yamamoto and his group naturally placed their bets on Kyokushin Genichi, wagering heavily on his victory. Meanwhile, Qu Da and Kong Er bet on Qin Fang.

The rest also placed bets on either Kyokushin Genichi or Qin Fang, creating a fairly balanced wagering scene...

Yet Qin Fang's bold gamble instantly raised the stakes for the match, adding a new layer of intrigue... especially since Kyokushin Genichi launched an attack the moment Qin Fang finished speaking!

Chapter 1222: Really Used Just One Move!

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Kyokushin Genichi truly lives up to the title of a karate master-level expert, having grasped the essence of karate at an exceptionally profound level.

Of course, karate at best could only be considered a sliver of martial arts. No matter how deeply it's mastered, it is destined never to achieve extraordinary heights.

However, Qin Fang's current strength has not yet reached the pinnacle of invincibility, so even when facing a formidable master-level expert, he still needs to exercise extreme caution and prudence.

Should he encounter a grandmaster-level fighter, Qin Fang would have no choice but to turn and flee...

Clearly, Kyokushin Genichi has not reached a level that would force Qin Fang to flee, not even qualifying as an opponent of equal standing in Qin Fang's eyes...

And yet, Kyokushin Genichi's sudden attack was incredibly fierce, with a speed that was astonishing, as his massive fist, carrying a whistling gale, was already hurtling toward Qin Fang's head...

And what about Qin Fang?

At this moment, he was still casually discussing bets with Qu Yuancheng down below the stage, as though his mind wasn't on the arena at all.

"Watch out..."

Having received Qin Fang's instruction, Qu Yuancheng had immediately placed a ten-million-dollar bet on Qin Fang to win. Just as he finished setting the wager, he caught sight of Kyokushin Genichi's ferocious punch and couldn't help but cry out in alarm.

Yet Qin Fang seemed oblivious to his warning, appearing entirely unaware of Kyokushin Genichi's onslaught. He continued looking toward Qu Yuancheng, as though needing confirmation that the bet had been placed before he could feel at ease.

"Die already..."

As a seasoned karate expert, Kyokushin Genichi generally possessed excellent self-control. But after being repeatedly provoked by Qin Fang today, his anger was boiling over. Without realizing it, his attack had gained even more force...

Glaring at Qin Fang's head, which was now within inches of his fist, Kyokushin Genichi's rage surged. Not only did he not hold back, but he put even more strength into his strike, as if intent on blasting Qin Fang's head apart with a single punch.

Woosh woosh woosh~~

The howling winds from his punch swirled violently, even causing Kyokushin Genichi's hair to flutter slightly. Pairing this scene with the gleam of ferocity in his eyes, his savage demeanor at this moment was unmistakable.

Looking at this scene, aside from Qin Fang himself, pretty much everyone else had realized what was happening. Many people's faces changed dramatically, even the arena supervisor He Zongguan furrowed his brows, seemingly debating whether to intervene. After all, this was supposed to be an ordinary duel with the agreement to stop at the point of contact...

That said, ordinary duels didn't completely rule out fatalities. When there was an overwhelming gap in strength between the fighters, the stronger side could swiftly crush their opponent.

However, He Zongguan ultimately chose not to act.

He had been observing Qin Fang's earlier performance. If Qin Fang didn't have some hidden trump card, it was impossible that he would act so arrogantly.

Moreover, He Zongguan could tell that Qin Fang's deliberate arrogance was a ploy to provoke the Japanese into fighting him, which indicated that Qin Fang must have absolute confidence in his abilities to act this way.

In addition, Kyokushin Genichi's attack was extremely aggressive and incredibly fast. To ensure the match proceeds smoothly, He Zongguan, stationed near the edge of the arena, was too far away to intervene effectively even if he wanted to.

Weighing everything, He Zongguan decided to remain idle for now, choosing to see how things unfold.

His impression of Qin Fang was quite positive. While Kyokushin Genichi was formidable, he was only at the early stage of the master level, far from being overwhelmingly powerful. He believed Qin Fang should be able to handle it.

Perhaps... Qin Fang could even defeat Kyokushin Genichi!

With just one move...

Though He Zongguan found this possibility slim. Even as a veteran master-level expert himself, he wouldn't dare claim he could defeat Kyokushin Genichi in one move. How could this young Qin Fang pull off such a feat?

At this moment, the iron cage arena was sealed tight, leaving only Qin Fang, Kyokushin Genichi, and He Zongguan inside. Two of them were combatants, and the third was the referee. No one else had the opportunity to intervene, even if they wanted to.

With He Zongguan deciding not to act, Qin Fang's only chance of survival lay in saving himself. Otherwise, no one could help him.

But...

Did Qin Fang even have a chance to save himself?

Kyokushin Genichi's fist was millimeters from Qin Fang's head, yet Qin Fang's gaze remained fixed on the crowd below. He still hadn't turned back—how could he possibly rescue himself?

"Haha~~ Let's see how you'll die!"

Offstage, Yamamoto was elated and thrilled. Clenching his fist, he couldn't contain his excitement as he watched this scene unfold.

Qin Fang's unplanned intervention had completely foiled Yamamoto's meticulously crafted plans, leaving him humiliated by Qin Fang. A typically domineering and arrogant Yamamoto couldn't tolerate such disgrace.

Now that Kyokushin Genichi was about to eliminate the insolent Qin Fang, Yamamoto was overjoyed.

If he weren't barred from entering the cage, he would have jumped in after Qin Fang's defeat to add his punches and kicks to the humiliation.

As for that pitiable Sato, he was still lying unconscious on the ground, unable even to cheer for his master. Truly pitiful!

Meanwhile, many audience members rooting for Qin Fang were on edge, especially Qu Da and Kong Er, whose hearts seemed to leap into their throats.

Bzzzz~~

Kyokushin Genichi's expression grew increasingly ferocious. The murderous gleam in his eyes grew more intense, and his lips curled into a sinister grin, as though he believed his mission was accomplished.

The target, Qin Fang, had not moved an inch—not even a single reaction. Kyokushin Genichi's fist was now mere centimeters from Qin Fang's head.

In fact, Kyokushin Genichi felt he could almost hear the sound of Qin Fang's head bursting apart, as the wind from his punch finally connected...

In Kyokushin Genichi's mind, he seemed to hear the noise of his fist shattering Qin Fang's head. Yet, his fist passed through Qin Fang's head...

Through the head?

Kyokushin Genichi was stunned. The sudden thought rendered him momentarily dumbfounded; it made no sense and defied reason.

But...

Looking around and feeling his body, everything seemed startlingly real.

Not only had his fist passed through Qin Fang's head, but even his entire body had gone right through Qin Fang's form...

What was going on?

Kyokushin Genichi was utterly baffled. The scene was so bizarre that he couldn't make sense of it in the brief moment available.

But in front of him, the Qin Fang he seemed to have punched through dissolved into nothingness, as though no one had ever been standing there.

Where had Qin Fang gone?

The scene had shifted too abruptly for Kyokushin Genichi's thoughts to keep up, leaving him in stunned confusion.

Hiss~~

Suddenly, Kyokushin Genichi felt an icy chill on his back. Years of battle instinct told him an exceptionally dangerous foe had locked onto him, closing in to an almost unavoidable range...

Not only was the threat close—it was overwhelmingly dire. Vaguely, Kyokushin Genichi could feel a powerful fist hurtling toward his spine at lightning speed.

Instinctively, he wanted to evade. That was the natural reaction of any martial artist. As a master-level fighter, Kyokushin Genichi's reflexes were lightning-fast, immediately altering his movements.

But...

The fist behind him seemed to have predicted Kyokushin Genichi's movements perfectly, needing no adjustment. It simply unleashed a thunderous punch toward Kyokushin Genichi's path.

Bam~~~

Kyokushin Genichi had done his best. While he sensed the danger, his reaction time lagged behind his thoughts, which themselves lagged behind his opponent's attack speed!

A titanic force crashed into Kyokushin Genichi's spine—specifically, the vertebrae forming the backbone known as the "dragon bone." The impact unleashed a deep, resounding crack.

Then~~~

Kyokushin Genichi's body shot forward like a cannonball fired from a cannon, hurtling toward the ceiling of the iron cage at incredible speed.

Boom~~

Unsurprisingly, at such speed, Kyokushin Genichi had no time to brace himself before slamming violently into the iron cage above. The loud crash shook the entire arena, reverberating throughout the fighting ground.

Then...

The previously unstoppable karate master Kyokushin Genichi crumpled to the ground, raising a thin cloud of dust, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

Crack, crack, crack~~

A series of sharp pains radiated from Kyokushin Genichi's back, leaving his body limp and powerless.

But that wasn't even the worst of it!

What filled Kyokushin Genichi with utter despair was the continuous creaking sound from his fractured vertebrae, breaking piece by piece, leaving his body entirely unresponsive...

"I told you—defeating you only takes one move!"

Chapter 1223: Invitation of the Black Fist

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Qin Fang quietly walked up to Kyokushin Genichi, staring down at the previously arrogant karate master who had carried himself with an imposing air. Now, he lay feebly on the ground, reduced to an utterly pathetic figure. Qin Fang's face wore a faint, disdainful smile as he ruthlessly added insult to injury, rubbing salt into Kyokushin Genichi's wounds.

The person responsible for reducing Kyokushin Genichi to such a miserable state, of course, was none other than Qin Fang.

Initially, Qin Fang didn't plan to deal such a heavy-handed blow. His original intention was merely to teach the old bastard a lesson, perhaps to the same degree as his disciple Sato had suffered.

But this old bastard turned out to be utterly vile, harboring malicious intentions as he attempted to launch a treacherous attack on Qin Fang...

To quote the saying, "Debts in June must be repaid swiftly!"

Kyokushin Genichi's strike had been calculated to cripple Qin Fang with a single move, his attack dripping with venomous malice. If Qin Fang had truly been caught unprepared, the punch Kyokushin Genichi threw earlier would have left him either dead, mentally incapacitated, or paralyzed...

One who deals such ruthless blows cannot expect mercy from Qin Fang.

So Qin Fang opted for an "eye for an eye" strategy—a lethal reprisal. Originally intending to land a strike that would leave Kyokushin Genichi merely coughing up blood, Qin Fang instead chose to deliver a devastating punch directly to the spinal column.

The human spine is one of the most critical parts of the body. If fractured, the consequences range from partial paralysis and lifelong immobility to immediate fatality in severe cases.

With Qin Fang's mastery of acupuncture and secret techniques, his grasp of human anatomy is unparalleled. He is intimately familiar with acupoints surrounding the spine, one of the most concentrated regions of the body's vital points.

With a calculated strike aimed at the spine, there was no way Kyokushin Genichi would escape unscathed!

The spine, often referred to as the "Dragon Bone" by martial artists, is a key source of their strength. An injury to this area delivers a crippling blow to a martial artist's overall capability—a fatal weakness.

Looking at the paralyzed and combat-incapable Kyokushin Genichi sprawled on the floor, Qin Fang's expression remained calmly indifferent. However, he hadn't forgotten the words Kyokushin Genichi had uttered before the match, so he deliberately repeated them back to him now.

The historical animosity between Japan and Dragon Country runs deep. Once upon a time, the Japanese had sent plaques with the humiliating label "Sick Man of East Asia" to Dragon Country. Today, Qin Fang saw this as an opportunity to turn the tables, throwing this insult back at the Japanese.

This old bastard's vile character and ruthless attack made Qin Fang decide to let him truly experience what it means to be a "Sick Man of East Asia."

With the fracture of his spinal column, even considering the possibility of reattachment, the intricacy of spinal injuries makes restoration an almost insurmountable challenge, second only to the complexity of neurosurgery.

Even in the unlikely scenario of successful repair, Kyokushin Genichi shouldn't expect to recover his former strength. At best, he might regain enough mobility to perform basic movements—anything more would be wishful thinking. Most likely, he would be reduced to a cripple incapable of heavy labor.

There's no doubt about it—the once-strong, grandmaster-level karate master, Kyokushin Genichi, is now nothing more than a broken man, a mere "Sick Man."

With that, the match effectively concluded. Despite lasting less than a minute since the start, the lightning-fast end left spectators stunned and unable to immediately process what had just transpired.

Yamamoto and his group, in particular, were dumbfounded, their mouths agape in astonishment, unable to close them. The turn of events had occurred so rapidly, their triumphant laughter hadn't even faded before Kyokushin Genichi was brought down—forcing their laughter to freeze in their throats and transform into an awkward series of coughs.

Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er were similarly flabbergasted, their reactions mirroring Yamamoto's group, albeit with sharply contrasting emotions.

Just moments prior, they had been tightly wound with worry for Qin Fang. But in the blink of an eye, Qin Fang delivered an unbelievable turnaround, turning their concerns into wild elation—completely reversing their moods.

Fortunately for the two spectators, neither suffered from heart issues. Otherwise, the emotional rollercoaster might have proven fatal...

"I hereby declare the winner of this match... Qin Fang!"

Regardless of the audience's varied reactions outside the ring, the referee, He Zongguan, displayed commendable professionalism as he officially announced the result of the match.

As a grandmaster-level expert, He Zongguan didn't need to examine Kyokushin Genichi's injuries to discern that he was unable to continue fighting. The victory, therefore, clearly belonged to Qin Fang.

Upon inspecting Kyokushin Genichi's injuries more closely, He Zongguan's expression transformed into one of pure astonishment. Qin Fang's strike had been utterly terrifying, shattering every segment of Kyokushin Genichi's spinal column—inch by inch—with no chance of recovery...

Kyokushin Genichi was finished. From this moment forward, he was destined to live out his days as a powerless invalid.

Naturally, given his personality, Kyokushin Genichi might resort to committing seppuku to preserve his honor. Yet, in his current state, he didn't even possess the strength to lift a blade, let alone take his life!

He Zongguan, as the manager of one of the Black Fist Alliance's arenas, had seen countless experts, some even surpassing Qin Fang in sheer power.

But this was the first time He Zongguan had witnessed someone shatter an entire spinal column with a single punch...

Such a feat wasn't merely the result of raw strength—it required a perfect combination of strength, technique, and specialized execution.

"Looks like my intuition was spot on. He's truly an exceptional talent!"

He Zongguan's discovery further convinced him of Qin Fang's extraordinary potential. His gaze grew increasingly peculiar as he murmured softly to himself.

From the moment he first encountered Qin Fang, He Zongguan had sensed an underlying aura of ferocity—making Qin Fang an ideal candidate for the path of black boxing. He was already plotting how to guide Qin Fang into this world.

However, he hesitated initially upon learning that Qin Fang had arrived with Qu Yuancheng, who was a family relative of his. Qin Fang's possible connection to a wealthy background made He Zongguan reconsider.

Young masters born into affluent families often possess varied personalities—some indulge in luxury and idle pleasures, while others focus on managing family businesses. Then there are those who seek thrill and adventure through activities such as racing, yachting, skiing, or rock climbing—all safe pursuits compared to the life-threatening path of black boxing.

Born into such families, these young masters are inherently privileged, and unless their family faces sudden ruin, they're destined to live lives of comfort and ease.

Considering these factors, He Zongguan initially assumed he would have to abandon his plans for Qin Fang.

But after seeing Qin Fang clash with Yamamoto's group, slap Sato into submission, and challenge the grandmaster-level Kyokushin Genichi, He Zongguan saw an opportunity. He immediately stepped forward to act as referee for the match.

Otherwise, given his identity and status, He Zongguan wouldn't bother with such back-alley disputes. As long as the arena wasn't disrupted, he wouldn't care even if both parties fought to the death.

But Qin Fang had piqued his interest.

And this match only solidified He Zongguan's resolve to lead Qin Fang down this path.

Qin Fang's incredible strength had already made an impression. Despite He Zongguan's sense that Qin Fang hadn't yet reached the same level as him, Qin Fang showcased battle prowess capable of defeating an early-stage grandmaster-level expert. Cleaving through a hundred black boxing matches would be a mere warm-up for him.

These hundred deathmatches would hone an already formidable Qin Fang into something even more terrifying, potentially propelling him into a realm that even He Zongguan himself might have to look up to.

On this matter, He Zongguan was supremely confident in his judgment.

In terms of raw strength, He Zongguan ranked near the bottom among the Black Fist Alliance's arena managers. The organization boasted numerous experts far stronger than him.

But when it came to evaluating talent and shaping potential champions, his ability soared far above the muscle-bound bruisers around him...

It was precisely this insight and knack for spotting talent that drove He Zongguan to seek out Qin Fang after the match and extend an invitation.

"Mr. Qin, are you interested in joining us? I believe you have the makings of a top-tier black boxing champion... You'll be able to go farther and grow even stronger on this road!"

The Black Fist Alliance, a major force within the underground world, remains secretive and unknown to outsiders.

Though He Zongguan holds the position of arena manager within the alliance, he couldn't overtly reveal its existence... unless Qin Fang agreed to join its ranks as one of its fighters. Only then would He Zongguan fully disclose the organization to him.

Of course, He Zongguan's words carried a certain allure. A talented young martial artist like Qin Fang, who seeks higher levels of martial arts mastery, might naturally be drawn to the opportunities offered by the alliance. For young martial artists like him, the Black Fist Alliance can be extremely enticing.

In fact, many young experts join each day—some succeed, survive, and grow stronger, while many more fall in the savage arenas, including some of the most promising martial artists...

"Manager He, Qin Fang is my cousin. How could you..."

The first to voice displeasure at He Zongguan's suggestion was, of course, Qu Yuancheng.

The thrill of black boxing might appeal to people like Qu Yuancheng as a form of entertainment—a release from the tedium of their lives.

But that didn't mean they themselves wished to step into the cage as fighters. Even Kong Er, who was even more fascinated by black boxing, only ever planned to sponsor fighters, not become one himself.

As for stepping into the ring himself... That was out of the question. Whether or not he possessed Qin Fang's strength, he wouldn't risk his life that way. He wasn't foolish enough to throw away his survival for such pursuits!

Chapter 1224: Black Fist Vest

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Qu Yuancheng would object. He Zongguan could naturally imagine this. After all, Qin Fang and Qu Yuancheng are cousins, and it's impossible for him to watch Qin Fang walk down such a dangerous path.

However, He Zongguan wasn't too concerned; the real decision lay in Qin Fang's hands.

He Zongguan was quite familiar with Qu Yuancheng and knew that Qu Yuancheng was just an ordinary person who had never practiced martial arts. Naturally, he couldn't understand the mindset of a martial artist.

Martial artists are incredibly devoted to the ultimate pursuit of the Martial Way, particularly young masters who are exceptionally persistent. He himself had once been through that phase.

Had it not been for certain unforeseen circumstances that cost him the opportunity to go further, perhaps he might still be competing in higher-tier tournaments within the Black Fist Alliance instead of settling for this relatively comfortable role as an arena manager.

Qin Fang was still young—only twenty years old—the prime age for an ambitious martial artist, brimming with boundless hope and potential for the future.

If he were to take this path, considering Qin Fang's current skills and strength, he could achieve tremendous improvement.

While others might need years of honing to reach higher levels, Qin Fang might reach that level before even completing a hundred victories.

Qin Fang's mastery may appear to be unrelated to him, but if he were introduced into this world and nurtured under his guidance, then when the day came that Qin Fang attained fame and success, he could bask in the reflected glory.

Everyone knows that when a powerful martial artist achieves renown, the mentor who guided them to this path is recognized as their teacher and naturally enjoys widespread acclaim.

Even Qin Fang understood that Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, infamous for his brutality and listed prominently on the rogues' rankings, was a figure who had emerged from the Black Fist Alliance. And the "Butcher," who was the guide that led him onto this path, also gained great fame alongside him...

Ever since Tu San earned his fearsome reputation, flocks of young martial artists have joined the Butcher's tutelage, and the gifts of disciple offerings alone would be enough for him to retire in comfort!

These are digressions. Though He Zongguan hadn't yet reached the age for retirement, raising his own reputation still seemed like a rather enticing prospect.

So, He Zongguan ignored Qu Yuancheng's objections entirely, his gaze fixed intently on Qin Fang, full of unmistakable anticipation as he awaited a response.

"Sorry, He Zongguan, as you can see..."

Unfortunately, Qin Fang's face wore a calm smile as he gestured toward an indignant Qu Yuancheng standing beside him, politely declining He Zongguan's proposal.

"Mr. Qin, you absolutely need to reconsider; this is an immensely beneficial opportunity for you..."

He Zongguan's excitement dimmed slightly, but unwilling to give up, he immediately sought to emphasize the point.

Joining the Black Fist Alliance and becoming a black-fist boxer indeed offered substantial benefits—each victory would yield significant monetary rewards while simultaneously enhancing one's personal strength.

Yet, at the same time, He Zongguan glossed over the other half of the equation... Beyond the immense benefits lay equally tremendous risks, with death always a possibility!

"No need..."

However, Qin Fang appeared resolute in his stance. Whether or not He Zongguan intended to elaborate on that omitted detail, Qin Fang smiled and firmly declined his invitation.

Speaking thus, he prepared to leave alongside Qu Yuancheng and Kong Er.

However, when his gaze shifted to Kong Er, Qin Fang seemed to recall something. Turning back toward the visibly disappointed He Zongguan, he added another remark.

"He Zongguan, while I personally won't become a black-fist boxer, I could introduce you to a friend who's interested in participating... Hmm, their skills are completely on par with mine and absolutely extraordinary!"

Completely abandoning this idea wasn't an option. Although Qin Fang had noticed that the boxers in the Black Fist Alliance's Hundred Victories Arena were mostly below Grandmaster Level, and despite their occasional killer moves, they posed little threat to him.

Infusing himself with murderous intent to strengthen his own capabilities had already become Qin Fang's optimal strategy for breaking through his current bottleneck, so giving up was out of the question.

Accepting in front of Qu Yuancheng? Absolutely impossible. Not to mention that Qin Fang didn't wish for his identity to be exposed to He Zongguan.

The identities of the Black Fist Alliance's boxers are confidential, and typically no one knows their backgrounds. Even the tournament locations are usually far removed from the fighters' places of origin.

Like the Hong Kong Island arena for this match—the African Lion hailing from Africa, the Nordic Giant from Northern Europe—none of them were boxers native to Asia.

This precaution served to prevent exposure of the boxers' identities, which could lead to dangers or threats...

As a dominant force in the underground world, the Black Fist Alliance wouldn't allow such occurrences and naturally took measures to obscure the identities of its boxers, all while employing the cross-region fighting method.

This matter had little to do with Qin Fang. He didn't want to reveal himself, nor did he wish for the Black Fist Alliance to uncover his ties to the Assassin's Alliance. He also didn't want his family to worry...

With his Metamorphosis technique in hand, when the time came, he could assume an entirely different appearance—this way, even if Qu Yuancheng, Kong Er, and He Zongguan meticulously examined him, they wouldn't detect the slightest flaw. Naturally, he could compete in the Black Fist Arena under a completely different identity.

Chapter 1225: Black Fist Vest_2

"Really?"

He Zongguan's eyes flickered with a hint of doubt, clearly not entirely convinced.

But after exchanging a brief glance with Qin Fang, he quickly nodded, pulled a business card from his pocket, and spoke while handing it over.

"Alright, this is my card. If your friend ever comes to Hong Kong Island, feel free to contact me anytime..."

Though it was called a business card, it was actually just a simple card with a phone number written on it. Many big shots preferred this style, especially someone like He Zongguan, whose identity couldn't openly be disclosed.

It wouldn't make sense for his card to read "Underground World, Black Fist Alliance, Hong Kong Island Division Head, He Whoever," after all!

Qin Fang accepted the card without hesitation. Regardless of whether He Zongguan misunderstood his earlier glance, having this contact information meant Qin Fang had achieved his goal.

With that, Qin Fang, Qu Da, and Kong Er were about to leave. On the other side, Yamamoto and his group had left long ago, thoroughly humiliated and unwilling to risk further disgrace at Qin Fang's hands.

"Qin Fang, what's your bank account number? I'll transfer the money to you..."

Qin Fang had won this underground match. Beyond the earnings from the fight itself, he had also placed a sizeable bet — with Qu Yuancheng placing the wager on his behalf. Qu Yuancheng, being family, wasn't someone who would fleece him, so it was only natural for the winnings to go to Qin Fang.

Initially, Qin Fang intended to decline, but after much persuasion from Qu Yuancheng, he handed over his Swiss Bank account details, letting him handle the transfer.

Shortly afterward, Qin Fang received a notification of the deposit. It left him momentarily stunned...

"Big Brother, are you sure there's no mistake? Why did you transfer 15 million US dollars to my account?"

His Swiss Bank account had suddenly gained 15 million US dollars — almost 100 million RMB. Naturally, Qin Fang found it startling.

"That's your winnings! I've already recouped the initial 10 million. The betting odds were 1.2:1, so you earned 12 million. The other 3 million is your bonus from winning the match."

Qu Yuancheng explained calmly and succinctly.

"Uh..."

Only then did Qin Fang realize that payouts for bets in the Black Fist Arena were calculated in US dollars rather than RMB, which he was more accustomed to.

"Damn, this kind of money really does come fast..."

Although Qin Fang wasn't quite used to it, he had to admit that earning through such shady methods was undeniably swift — whether it was being an assassin, boxer, or something similar!

Of course, assassins and underground boxers risk their lives for the money, so it's understandable why high earnings are necessary — otherwise, who would enter such dangerous fields?

...

Somewhere on Hong Kong Island.

The Witch Jiang Rou, someone Qin Fang felt best kept at arm's length, stood by the window of a luxurious villa, elegantly clad in a seductive cheongsam.

Beyond the expansive floor-to-ceiling window lay a stunning vista of the blue ocean, its waves washing over the golden sands — an extraordinarily picturesque scene.

The sea breeze gently stirred Jiang Rou's jet-black hair as she stood sideways by the window, accentuating her strikingly alluring sensuality.

Moments later, the door to the room opened, and a middle-aged man with a sinister yet dignified air entered, flanked by loyal guards.

The man bore distinct Southeast Asian features that made his origins unmistakable, despite being in Hong Kong Island.

"General Cha Cai, it's a pleasure to meet you!"

Jiang Rou immediately turned around, approaching confidently with a dazzling, sultry smile as she extended her hand to greet him.

"Miss Jiang, may I know why you invited me here?"

General Cha Cai's expression remained stoic, his eyes coldly indifferent to Jiang Rou's beauty. His tone was mechanical, straight to the point, setting a professional boundary from the outset.

"General Cha Cai, I invited you here to discuss our upcoming transaction... Before we finalize things, I'd like to talk with you in detail."

Jiang Rou remained unperturbed, her radiant smile intact as she stepped back and calmly explained her purpose.

"Discuss business?"

General Cha Cai's brow furrowed subtly, his surprise evident. But soon, his tone hardened. "Miss Jiang, I know Han Long trusts you, but... I don't."

His blunt distrust was unmistakable as he spoke, his words sharp as knives.

"Business discussions? Fine... Let Han Long come here himself! Otherwise... there's nothing to discuss!"

General Cha Cai didn't hold back, rejecting Jiang Rou outright with fury, not bothering to spare her feelings despite her charm and beauty.

"You truly wish to see Han Long? Or do you wish to negotiate solely with him?"

Jiang Rou's expression remained unchanged, her sly smile unwavering, speaking with an unmistakable air of amusement.

"If that's the case, then I'll bring Han Long out for you..."

Jiang Rou's smile grew even brighter.

Clap. Clap~~

She lightly clapped her hands, as though signaling to someone.

The room's door opened again, and a figure in a wheelchair was slowly pushed inside. Upon closer inspection, it was none other than the infamous Southeast Asian drug lord Han Long!

"This..."

But now, Han Long sat motionless in the wheelchair, with a grotesque gash across his neck, though already cleaned. Even so, his presence radiated something deeply unsettling.

Despite his familiarity with death, as a high-ranking figure of the Golden Triangle, General Cha Cai couldn't suppress his shock at Han Long's condition.

"What in the world happened here? You... you... you killed Han Long?"

General Cha Cai's expression twisted in horror as he alternated his gaze between Han Long's lifeless body and Jiang Rou, shouting with disbelief.

At his words, the eight guards around him swiftly drew their guns, all aimed squarely at the enigmatic beauty Jiang Rou.

"General Cha Cai, please have your men put down their guns. I'm just a fragile, helpless woman; being surrounded by guns like this frightens me terribly..."

Jiang Rou, unfazed by the firearms, maintained her composure. Her tone was playful, almost mockingly, while feigning vulnerability.

But anyone could hear the teasing undertone in her words.

"Hmph..."

General Cha Cai snorted in anger, clearly unimpressed by her feigned softness or flirtation.

Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang~~

Suddenly, amidst his frustration, a series of strange muffled sounds echoed nearby.

General Cha Cai whirled around to locate the source, only to find his eight gun-wielding guards felled to the ground — each bearing a starkly red handprint.

"Blood Hand Print... You... you're the Bloody Demon!"

General Cha Cai's arrogance promptly vanished, replaced by terror. His guards had dropped silently, their bodies lifeless, as his brain connected the ominous handprints to an infamously violent figure from the Underground World—one synonymous with ruthless efficiency and bloodshed.

Chapter 1226: The Most Poisonous Woman's Heart

...

General Cha Cai is a prominent warlord in the Golden Triangle, known for his ruthlessness. Even the number of people killed by him is at least in the hundreds, if not more.

But compared to the likes of Bloody-handed Demon Tu San, he could almost be considered a good man. They are completely on different levels.

The top ten villains on the blacklist are all terrifying figures, each responsible for thousands of deaths, each cruel, violent, and lawless.

In the Golden Triangle, while holding a heavily armed force, General Cha Cai could still maintain an uneasy deterrence against these ruthless characters and wouldn't necessarily feel fear.

However, now he is on Hong Kong Island, surrounded by just eight guards. Under Tu San's assault, they didn't even have the chance to lift a hand before being all killed outright.

And what truly terrifies General Cha Cai is that Tu San seemed to have been hired by Jiang Rou. Considering his earlier attitude toward Jiang Rou, the unthinkable might happen...

At the thought of this, General Cha Cai couldn't help but start trembling slightly.

Once esteemed and powerful, enjoying an unparalleled life, wielding authority over life and death—now he faces the possibility of being killed. The massive disparity unsettled him deeply, filling him with discomfort and unwillingness...

Tu San, having slain all eight of General Cha Cai's guards, seemed slightly unsatisfied still, moving step by step closer to him.

His fiery red hand dragged behind him like a blazing fire, dazzling in appearance. Yet each slow step was akin to needles prickling Cha Cai's heart, making his entire being tremble with fear...

"Jiang... Miss Jiang... let's talk... let's talk this over..."

Fortunately, General Cha Cai wasn't entirely brainless. For him to ascend to his current position, he had to possess a certain level of wit. Otherwise, his territory would have long been devoured by other warlords, leaving no room for his current dominance.

It was undoubtedly Jiang Rou who brought Tu San here, and he recognized Tu San's infamous hand at a glance, as he clearly had heard of Tu San's deeds. Knowing Tu San's unwavering loyalty to those who hired him, General Cha Cai clung to this hope...

This unwavering loyalty was something even Qin Fang had experienced firsthand. To protect Han Long, Tu San wouldn't even trust a dog, highlighting his fanatical rigidity.

Since Tu San was Jiang Rou's man, the predicament clearly hinged on Jiang Rou herself. Though General Cha Cai initially looked down on Jiang Rou as merely a woman, he now had no choice but to humbly plead with her...

His survival rested entirely on Jiang Rou's words.

If Jiang Rou uttered a single "No," Tu San would undoubtedly execute him with a Blood Hand Print, extinguishing this once-untouchable Golden Triangle warlord.

If Jiang Rou chose to spare him, Tu San would withdraw, allowing Cha Cai's life to hang by a thread. As for what conditions Jiang Rou might impose, General Cha Cai knew he had no room for negotiation—he would unquestionably agree to whatever Jiang Rou demanded.

Of course, once out of Hong Kong Island and back in his territory, whether or not he honored any promises would depend solely on his mood...

"General Cha Cai, what do you mean by that? I'm merely a weak woman—how could I possibly pose any threat to you?"

Jiang Rou's smile remained unchanged, as coy and delicate as before, coupled with an innocent, pitiable demeanor.

But such expressions were far from convincing to General Cha Cai. Facing eight guns unfazed and showing no reaction to eight lives lost before her eyes—such a woman could never truly be "weak."

Not to mention, Han Long's corpse had been deliberately displayed as orchestrated by this so-called "weak woman," something no ordinary individual could have accomplished...

"Y-y-yes, Miss Jiang, let's talk peacefully—everything is negotiable..."

In the Golden Triangle, where General Cha Cai used to reign supreme, he now resembled a lowly servant in front of Jiang Rou, this "weak woman," humble and submissive with an obvious begging tone.

"Ah, General Cha Cai, you..."

Jiang Rou let out a light sigh, her tone seemingly filled with helplessness as she gave Tu San a subtle eye signal.

Tu San halted his steps, though he didn't retreat. Standing straight, his crimson hand gradually returned to its original color.

"Whew~~"

Though General Cha Cai didn't understand Dragon Country martial arts, seeing Tu San's hand return to normal brought him slight relief, foolishly assuming this signified safety.

Of course, if Tu San truly wanted to kill him, he wouldn't need the Blood Hand Print at all—any simple maneuver would suffice to end General Cha Cai's life. Every Martial Arts Expert, upon reaching a certain mastery, could use basic moves to effortlessly kill.

"General Cha Cai, now can we peacefully discuss business?"

Now that things had reached this stage, Jiang Rou seemed rather satisfied with the development, her dazzling smile unchanged as she asked meaningfully.

"N-n-negotiations, yes—negotiations!"

General Cha Cai was no longer able to maintain his composure. Glancing nervously at the menacing Tu San standing there, his heart pounded wildly, terrified of any sudden change of mind from the two. He hastily nodded in agreement, seemingly unprepared but keen to please.

"It's not a big deal, really. I simply wanted to inform you, General, that from now on, Han Long's business will be handled entirely by me. I hope we can maintain the same partnership as before—there's plenty of money to be made together. Of course, tomorrow's transaction will proceed as planned, without any alterations..."

Jiang Rou was indeed not simple. Her time spent at Han Long's side served a purpose. Now that Han Long was dead, she wasted no time taking over his connections and business dealings.

General Cha Cai held considerable influence as one of the Golden Triangle's largest warlords, commanding vast drug supplies and serving as Han Long's primary supplier.

Moreover, the private connection between General Cha Cai and Han Long was exceptionally strong. Han Long had trained his mercenary group within Cha Cai's territory, indicating their profound trust and closeness.

Only with such an extreme level of trust would General Cha Cai allow an armed force capable of threatening his control to exist within his territory.

Perhaps this explained why Jiang Rou chose General Cha Cai as her first target to secure Han Long's business network.

"No problem! No problem—everything stays the same!"

General Cha Cai dared not show the slightest dissatisfaction, nodding profusely without hesitation, sounding as if his response had been long prepared.

"Then I'll take that as your agreement, General. A man of your stature should keep his promises and never go back on his word!"

Jiang Rou appeared entirely at ease, nodding as though she trusted General Cha Cai wholeheartedly.

Her reaction startled General Cha Cai, but it also brought him a small sense of relief.

"Miss Jiang, now that we've reached an agreement, if there's nothing else, I'd like to take my leave to instruct my subordinates about our cooperation..."

General Cha Cai, eager to leave the precarious situation, cautiously made his request.

"Of course, General, I wouldn't want to delay you. Please, go ahead..."

Jiang Rou showed no suspicion, gesturing casually to send him off, causing General Cha Cai's pounding heart to nearly leap with joy.

"Wait—there's one more thing, General. As a weak woman, I have a very small heart! Although I believe you're a man of your word, I still can't help but feel a little fearful, so..."

But General Cha Cai celebrated too soon. Just as he thought he had made it through unscathed and started leaving, Jiang Rou's voice suddenly caught him.

He froze, confused, and before he could react, he saw Tu San producing a syringe seemingly out of nowhere. Without giving him any chance to resist, Tu San injected a pale blue liquid into his body...

"You... you..."

General Cha Cai's complexion changed drastically; his face turned ashen, his trembling finger pointed at Jiang Rou in alarm and fury. Yet, the words stuck in his throat, refusing to come out.

No fool could mistake Tu San's injection for anything positive. Even if it wasn't poison, it was undoubtedly something sinister.

"General, don't be alarmed. This is a health potion—a truly wonderful tonic! It'll make you more vigorous and ensure a long life. You mustn't misunderstand!"

Jiang Rou's expression remained calm, her face adorned with a faint smile. Her tone even carried a hint of mockery, as if this were genuinely a generous gift.

"Of course, it does have some side effects—you must receive injections every two to three months. Otherwise, your blood vessels will rupture, leading to death!"

The real crux of the matter lay in her last sentence, which plunged General Cha Cai into unimaginable despair. This was undoubtedly Jiang Rou's method of asserting control over him.

"Hmph..."

Having reached this point, General Cha Cai couldn't fail to understand Jiang Rou's ploy. Yet, everything was already set—the ending couldn't be rewritten.

His brief, bitter snort expressed the suppressed anger boiling within him. Without another word, he turned and stormed out, slamming the door behind him...

Chapter 1227: Handsome to the Point of Making People Jealous!

...

General Cha Cai was considered quite the formidable figure, yet he was played like a puppet in the hands of a woman. If it weren't for his willpower, he might've vomited blood and died on the spot.

Unfortunately, with a brutal figure like Tu San present, he didn't even have a sliver of chance to fight back. Summoning what little courage he had left, he stormed out, slamming the door shut.

Jiang Rou, however, didn't even bother to glance at him. Her lips curved into a faint smirk of disdain as she turned and leisurely walked back to the window, resuming her observation of the vast, azure ocean outside.

The Bloody Demon Tu San remained as taciturn as ever. He dragged away Han Long's corpse, along with the bodies of General Cha Cai's eight guards, and slipped out of the room without a sound.

The entire room was now left to this enigmatic and ruthlessly decisive woman—Jiang Rou.

Walking toward the window, Jiang Rou passed by a nearby desk. She casually picked up a small stack of documents resting on it. The very first page displayed a photograph of a man—none other than Qin Fang, someone she had encountered once before.

"Qin Fang... what a truly intriguing little man!"

Staring at the ordinary-looking man in the photo, Jiang Rou flipped through the accompanying information before finally murmuring after a long while.

Achoo~~~

At almost the exact same moment, Qin Fang, soaking in a bathtub, suddenly sneezed. The unexpected sneeze left him somewhat perplexed.

"Could someone be badmouthing me behind my back?"

Qin Fang couldn't help but mutter.

Given his physical attributes and profound True Qi cultivation, he was long immune to the effects of extreme temperatures. Even walking naked in icy snow wouldn't make him catch a cold—so how could he suddenly sneeze?

Clearly, something was amiss, which was why Qin Fang began speculating...

If only he knew that the sorceress Jiang Rou, whom he was so wary of, had taken note of him, he might've fled back inland the very next second in search of refuge.

"Could it be those little devils from Yamamoto's side..."

Qin Fang didn't consider Jiang Rou at all but instead thought of the Japanese men he'd dealt with earlier today—especially Yamamoto, a petty, vindictive figure. After getting utterly humiliated by Qin Fang earlier, Yamamoto was unlikely to let it end there.

"Hmph... I was already planning to visit Japan. If they want to throw themselves at my gun barrel, then bring it on!"

However, Qin Fang was clearly not afraid of these men. The Yamaguchi Group's power might indeed be vast—allegedly Japan's and even Asia's top black organization.

In the past, The Green Gang in Dragon Country could rival them. But after the Green Gang shifted its focus to Europe and America, the Yamaguchi Group became dominant...

Of course, Dragon Country's inland remained a no-go zone for the Yamaguchi Group. The government's severe crackdown, the interference of local factions, and the residual power of The Green Gang in the country ensured that...

The Yamaguchi Group was formidable at its headquarters, but this was Hong Kong Island. Its influence here was limited because Elder Long would never allow them to grow unchecked on his turf.

So, while Yamamoto might be the person in charge of the Hong Kong Branch, the resources at his disposal were limited. With Elder Long and the Sanlian Gang keeping watch, the most Yamamoto could

do was send a few men after Qin Fang—essentially courting death, something Qin Fang couldn't care less about.

Moreover, because of a mission, Qin Fang's trip to Japan was already on the agenda. The Shiling Group, a massive entity, was entangled in significant interests with various Japanese organizations, particularly the Yamaguchi Group. Such ties guaranteed inevitable conflict, making politeness unnecessary...

As a native of Ninghai, Qin Fang especially bore no goodwill toward the Japanese. Teaching Sato and Kyokushin Genichi a lesson was just the beginning. Qin Fang would deal with more of those foolish individuals in the days to come.

As for Yamamoto... he could very well be Qin Fang's next unlucky target!

...

Yamaguchi Group Hong Kong Branch.

Surrounded by a group of followers, Yamamoto returned with a dark and brooding expression.

Anyone who saw Yamamoto in this state handled him with extreme caution, terrified of accidentally provoking this already bad-tempered young master.

"Baka... I'll kill him! I'll definitely kill him!"

Throughout the journey, Yamamoto maintained this restrained rage but didn't explode until he returned to the branch. Pulling out a katana he had left there, he started slashing everything in the room in a frenzy.

The Hong Kong branch's building carried certain elements of traditional Japanese architecture, with wooden structures, sliding doors, and tatami mats.

These materials couldn't withstand a razor-sharp katana, and soon, they were reduced to scattered splinters and disarrayed fragments, leaving the room in complete ruins.

Yet, no one dared to step forward to stop him. Yamamoto, in a fit of madness, was utterly without reason. Anyone who got too close would likely be chopped in half on the spot.

This wasn't an unfounded fear. It had happened before, leaving Yamamoto's current subordinates far more prudent.

No one willingly courted death, especially not by the blade of their own boss—that would be too tragic...

The rampage continued for nearly ten minutes, only ceasing when the entire space turned into a heap of rubble. Yamamoto's emotions finally stabilized, albeit slightly.

"Mr. Yamamoto, here are the documents you asked for..."

As Yamamoto sheathed his katana, a subordinate cautiously approached with a small stack of documents. The man's anxious eyes darted around, clearly worried Yamamoto's fury might reignite.

"Hm!"

Fortunately, Yamamoto didn't lash out at him. Taking the handful of papers, he began leafing through them.

Being in charge of the Yamaguchi Group's Hong Kong branch, Yamamoto had a strong grasp of Chinese. Not only could he speak fluent Mandarin, but he was also proficient in reading Chinese characters.

Ironically, despite being Japan's largest black organization and its most significant right-wing force, many Yamaguchi Group leaders were deeply familiar with Chinese culture—a striking contradiction.

The stack of documents was relatively thin, just a few sheets in total.

However, if compared with the information Jiang Rou had reviewed earlier, one would find the two sets surprisingly similar.

This was also information on Qin Fang.

Everything Qin Fang had done since arriving on Hong Kong Island was meticulously documented.

Of course, Qin Fang's elimination of Han Long was still a secret. Even Jiang Rou, one of the parties involved, remained unaware, let alone Yamamoto.

Han Long had died at the hands of a dog. If one could access the Assassin's Alliance's records, they might uncover that Han Long's death was linked to a killer known as Supreme...

Unfortunately, the Assassin's Alliance's records were out of reach for most. Only the organization's absolute core leadership, authorized by several top brass, could access such files...

Furthermore, Han Long's death was carried out by Supreme, which had no known ties to Qin Fang. The Assassin's Alliance never documented the true identities of their operatives.

Unless operatives defected or were targeted for elimination, the Assassin's Alliance would investigate and reveal their real identities...

Until then, no one would uncover anything...

Yamamoto was far from this level of authority, and the people he sent to gather intel weren't qualified either. As a result, the only information they could find pertained to Qin Fang's public actions—his conflict with Qu Yuanliang, his saving of Old Madame Qu, his ties to the Qu Family, his mastery in horseracing, and so forth...

Apart from this easily accessible intel, everything else remained obscure. They couldn't even ascertain what Qin Fang did inland or where he originated from in detail.

Thus, after reviewing the material, Yamamoto only concluded that Qin Fang was a talented individual with high martial prowess and exceptional medical skill. Arrogance came naturally to such gifted people, after all.

But Yamamoto despised Qin Fang. He didn't care how impressive Qin Fang was; in his eyes, anyone who crossed him deserved only one fate—death!

As for whether Qin Fang had powerful backers, Yamamoto showed no concern. The Yamaguchi Group's influence across Asia was immense, and his unique status made him fear very few. Naturally, he wasn't worried...

"Fujita, I'm assigning this task to you. Don't disappoint me! Otherwise... humph!"

Yamamoto's anger reignited at the thought of Qin Fang, and he called upon the Hong Kong Branch's top sniper, tasking him with eliminating the target who had infuriated him.

"Hmph... So you're skilled at fighting? Let's see if you're skilled enough to stop a bullet..."

Yamamoto's previously brooding expression turned icy cold. It was as if he had already foreseen Qin Fang's untimely demise.

Achoo...

Not even a few minutes passed, and Qin Fang sneezed again, just as unpredictably as before.

"Damn it, could some beauty be cursing me?"

A single sneeze could be chalked up to an enemy thinking of him. But two in a row? That seemed different—after all, Qin Fang didn't have that many enemies here.

So, he could only deduce that a beautiful woman must have been silently thinking about him. As for who this beauty might be... well, that was anyone's guess!

Chapter 1228: Elder Long's Plea for Help

...

Which beauty is secretly thinking about Qin Fang? Naturally, Qin Fang couldn't figure it out. He contacted a few girls back in the Inland, and it seemed like every one of them had been mentioning him.

While this gave Qin Fang a slight sense of satisfaction, he quickly put the matter aside because he had more important things to handle.

And what was that?

His beautiful teacher was here...

Ever since that particular incident, Fan Ning had been overseas, traveling from one country to another. She had practically wandered through all the countries in Europe.

While she traveled to heal herself, she also wanted to leave her previous life behind.

Coincidentally, Qin Fang had joined the Assassin's Alliance, and through the Assassin's Alliance system, he completely erased Fan Ning's existence from this world, granting her a new identity as if she'd been "reborn."

The organization she was previously part of wouldn't be able to find even the tiniest clue about her. Compared to the Assassin's Alliance, that organization was utterly insignificant.

The name Fan Ning disappeared along with her old identity. Her new formal identity was as a Swiss Chinese expatriate.

She adopted Qin Fang's surname, becoming Qin, and her first name was changed to Yuanyuan, seemingly echoing Qin Fang's "Fang" with her new name.

Fan Ning had always been an orphan. Her original surname came from the orphanage director, and she didn't know her real family name at all, so changing her name and surname caused her no pressure whatsoever.

It was Qin Fang who gave her this brand-new life, letting her re-emerge in the world with a fresh identity, as though he'd granted her an entirely new existence.

Because of this, Fan Ning's feelings for Qin Fang became even more genuine and profound.

"Hey, beautiful, give me a hug..."

Seeing Fan Ning again—or wait, now it should be Qin Yuanyuan, Qin Fang felt incredibly excited. She was the first woman in his life and the one who had let him experience the joys of being a man, although that first time had been somewhat awkward.

This beauty, who had once been his teacher and was now his woman, held a very special place in Qin Fang's heart. Perhaps it was with her that he could be his most uninhibited self.

When Qin Yuanyuan stepped out of the airplane and into the terminal, Qin Fang immediately greeted her with a smile. He wasn't someone who was usually good with sweet words, but even he couldn't help becoming a little bit of a smooth talker this time.

"Smooch~~"

Qin Yuanyuan, however, was far more passionate than Qin Fang. She immediately gave him a big hug and boldly planted a kiss on him, with her petite tongue enthusiastically launching a fierce assault on his lips and tongue.

Just like that, the two of them shared an intensely passionate French kiss at the airport's terminal. It lasted a full three minutes until Qin Yuanyuan began to run out of breath. Only then did she reluctantly release him.

Qin Fang, with his long and steady breathing, clearly didn't mind such a small "battle." Three minutes? Thirty minutes? Even three hours would've been entirely doable for him.

Unfortunately, Qin Yuanyuan didn't have the same stamina and eventually had no choice but to let go. Her breathing was ragged, and her smooth, fair skin was now dyed with tinges of pink.

Luckily, this was Hong Kong Island. While kisses this intense and prolonged were uncommon, scenes of couples being openly affectionate weren't rare at all.

For instance, just as Qin Fang and Qin Yuanyuan finished, there was another pair of love-struck lovers right nearby, engrossed in their own KISS session, looking just as lost in bliss as Qin Fang and Qin Yuanyuan had been.

"I didn't expect that after a few months, Teacher Fan is still so full of passion..."

Qin Fang placed his palm on Qin Yuanyuan's back, gently sliding it around, helping to regulate her breath. This made her feel more comfortable and allowed her breathing to stabilize faster.

Still, he couldn't resist teasing this overly enthusiastic "Teacher Fan" a bit as he spoke.

"Don't call me that! I'm Qin Yuanyuan now..."

Qin Yuanyuan immediately rolled her eyes at Qin Fang, sternly reminding him.

It was clear that Fan Ning's old identity brought her nothing but pain and regret. She no longer wanted to bring it up, nor did she want Qin Fang to mention it.

As for being called "teacher" by Qin Fang, she didn't seem to mind at all. Even though it was something of the past, their forbidden teacher-student romance still gave her a certain unique thrill.

For instance, when Qin Fang had just called her that, it immediately filled a certain empty part of her with a faint wetness. A subtle trickling sensation began to emerge.

If it weren't for the fact that they were at the airport, she might've already dragged Qin Fang to some secluded corner for an intense round of battles by now... The past few months had really driven her crazy with yearning!

"Alright, alright... Qin Yuanyuan, Qin Teacher..."

Qin Fang cheerfully agreed with a smile, though he was clearly unwilling to completely let go of calling her "teacher." Even though Fan Ning's identity had been erased and Qin Yuanyuan would never return to her teaching position, Qin Fang still hoped that she could maintain that teacherly role.

Perhaps men are just like this—always a bit quirky when it comes to matters like these, each with their own particular tastes, and almost no exceptions.

If you think you lack such peculiar preferences, it might simply be because you haven't discovered them yet—or haven't encountered the right circumstances.

Qin Yuanyuan's visit was known only to Qin Fang. Not even Tang Feifei was informed about it.

Chapter 1229 Elder Long's Request for Help_2

It wasn't that Qin Fang wanted to conceal anything from Tang Feifei, but rather that she needed time to adjust. Tang Feifei knew Qin Yuanyuan, and before her new identity was fully accepted, Qin Fang preferred not to have them meet for the time being.

This was Hong Kong Island, not far from Little Island, and the Sanlian Gang had their own presence here. Being cautious was always wise!

"Let's go, back to the hotel first..."

Perhaps noticing the desire in Qin Yuanyuan's gaze, Qin Fang immediately wrapped his arm around her willow-thin waist, as fluid as a water snake. The two of them left the airport intimately and drove to the hotel Qin Fang had already booked.

Because he didn't want too many people to know about this for now, Qin Fang drove there himself, and now it was just the two of them heading back.

"Hiss~~"

Qin Yuanyuan was indeed a peerless beauty, and unable to withstand the emptiness and loneliness of recent days, she immediately got active as soon as they got in the car. Pressing herself against Qin Fang, she began her wild movements, instantly sending Qin Fang into ecstasy.

Perhaps it was precisely because of such uninhibited passion, Qin Fang cherished Qin Yuanyuan deeply. After all, not many of his other women could match her intensity.

However, due to Hong Kong Island's bustling nature, their enjoyment along the way ended quickly. As the surrounding vehicles gradually increased, Qin Yuanyuan had no choice but to hastily finish this round of action.

But once the two arrived at the hotel, it was like dry wood meeting raging fire, sparks flying everywhere—they immediately became uncontrollable.

This time, it was truly battle waged through close combat. The fight started at dawn and lasted till dusk, not even bothering to eat. Qin Fang lost count of how many times he had driven Qin Yuanyuan to the brink of death, only for her, after a brief respite, to wrap her long legs around his waist again for yet another round of fierce combat...

Their heated battle continued without pause until it was interrupted by an unexpected phone call. Only then did Qin Fang have to stop, and by that point, Qin Yuanyuan didn't even have the strength to lift a finger.

"Elder Long?"

Seeing the number displayed on his phone, Qin Fang paused slightly, feeling puzzled. The caller turned out to be Dragon Head Elder Long from Xin'an.

Qin Fang and Elder Long had previously collaborated on the Han Long affair.

Elder Long had provided Qin Fang with Han Long's hiding location, and Qin Fang had eliminated Han Long, clearing the biggest obstacle for Elder Long in seizing the batch of drugs.

After Qin Fang took out Han Long, their transaction was considered complete, and there were no further ties between them.

In fact, Qin Fang had speculated that Elder Long might not harbor positive feelings toward him due to the incident with Brother Sanshui. The fact that Elder Long hadn't sent anyone after Qin Fang already seemed quite generous. Yet, unexpectedly, Elder Long was now actively contacting him.

Thinking this through, Qin Fang suspected Elder Long must have some matter at hand. Having one extra friend could open more paths. Elder Long's status in Hong Kong Island was substantial, and if a good rapport could be established, Qin Fang wouldn't mind making another ally.

So, Qin Fang pressed the answer button—at the very least, he needed to hear Elder Long out to determine the reason for the call.

"Younger Brother Qin, I'd like to ask for your help..."

As soon as the call connected, Elder Long's voice came through, and his first sentence completely stunned Qin Fang.

"Elder Long, are you sure you didn't dial the wrong number? You actually need my help?"

Qin Fang was understandably perplexed. It was hard to believe that Elder Long, Hong Kong Island's Dragon Head, would seek his assistance—utterly baffling.

At the same time, Qin Fang was also puzzled by Elder Long's form of address... Younger Brother Qin?

If Qin Fang remembered correctly, Elder Long was over fifty years old, older than Qin Fang's father, Qin Tiannan. For him to address Qin Fang as an equal felt incredibly abnormal.

More so because the relationship between Qin Fang and Elder Long wasn't particularly harmonious. Previously, Qin Fang had even driven Elder Long's godson insane...

Though Qin Fang later personally intervened and rescued Brother Sanshui, their grudge wasn't something that would disappear so easily... Elder Long was bound to have lingering resentment in his heart.

Yet now Elder Long was displaying such an attitude. How could Qin Fang not find it odd?

"Younger Brother Qin, I'm treating you as one of my own here. I really do have something that requires your particular expertise..."

Elder Long wasn't fazed by Qin Fang's reaction. As the boss of Hong Kong Island's top gang, having controlled the place for so long, he was a man whose word was law—a situation like this was unprecedented.

Even more surprising was the fact that Elder Long's relations with Qin Fang weren't great. But nevertheless, Elder Long had to adopt a more sincere tone.

"It's like this—there's a problem with that batch of goods..."

"Oh? What kind of problem?"

Qin Fang raised his eyebrows. "That batch of goods" naturally referred to the drugs originally slated for Han Long's transaction. "Did Han Long's death cause the deal to fall through?"

Qin Fang immediately considered this possibility.

Without Han Long acting as the intermediary, the supplier—Golden Triangle's warlord—would generally not directly sell to clients... Was this the reason the deal collapsed?

But... wouldn't this mean there's nothing he could do to help?

Then Qin Fang reconsidered—it probably wasn't likely. If the deal were canceled, Qin Fang would have no role to play in ensuring the transaction continued. He certainly wouldn't intervene to urge drug dealers to proceed, allowing Elder Long's people to rob them...

"Not quite... The transaction is still on, and it's scheduled for midnight tonight!"

Elder Long immediately dismissed Qin Fang's guess, briefly elaborating on the specifics of the deal before revealing the real obstacle.

"The real trouble is... the other side has sent a top-level fighter to oversee things. On my end... I truly have no one suitable to deal with it! So..."

Elder Long spoke with a bitter smile, clearly acknowledging this was indeed a significant problem for him.

"A fighter?"

Upon hearing this, an image immediately surfaced in Qin Fang's mind.

Undoubtedly, it was the Bloody-handed Demon Tu San. It seemed as though this matter had been overshadowed by Tu San's presence from the start. For Elder Long, a local powerhouse, to be wary of the individual, there was likely no one else but Tu San who could match such a description.

Whether Elder Long knew Tu San by name wasn't confirmed, but Qin Fang deduced that Elder Long must have encountered setbacks at Tu San's hands before, sufficient to provoke this reaction.

"Younger Brother Qin, I know your skills are exceptional... Since you were able to eliminate Han Long, I'm certain you have the ability to handle this fighter as well... I don't need you to kill this fighter outright. Just contain him enough to prevent any interference, and I'll take care of the rest!"

Detecting hesitation and doubt in Qin Fang's tone, Elder Long decided to be forthright.

"Don't worry—I wouldn't expect you to do this for nothing. If you manage to hold that fighter back and allow me to succeed, I'll give you thirty percent of the goods..."

Of course, Elder Long included terms as well—certainly not without incentive.

Clearly, Elder Long was ready to splurge for this batch of goods. Offering Qin Fang thirty percent just to lend a hand was undeniably generous...

"Elder Long, since you've put it that way, it'd look pretty bad for me to refuse... Alright, I'll help you. But regarding the terms—forget the goods, I don't touch that stuff. Just give me the cash equivalent..."

After thinking it over, Qin Fang believed this was a good deal.

The Bloody-handed Demon Tu San was undoubtedly a formidable adversary. In pure one-on-one combat, Qin Fang admitted he wasn't Tu San's match just yet.

But merely containing Tu San wouldn't be a big issue. If his fists couldn't do the job, his gun would. No matter how skilled Tu San was, he was still human flesh and blood, susceptible to bullets...

With that in mind, it seemed like a guaranteed win—worth pursuing this chance.

Chapter 1230: Undercurrents Surge

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"Alright, no problem..."

Elder Long didn't show even a hint of hesitation. Seeing that Qin Fang had already agreed, he readily and boldly gave his word as well.

Money to Elder Long was merely a number.

Although he never thought he had too much of it, trading this amount for this batch of goods was definitely a bargain. After all, this batch carried some additional significance.

"Younger Brother Qin, I'll send you the address later. I hope you can get there soon. If possible, it might be best for us to discuss things again..."

As it stood, time was quite tight—there were only a few hours remaining. Even Elder Long wasn't completely confident without having everything thoroughly prepared.

"I don't think that will be necessary. Since I've agreed, I'll make sure to show up early. But before that, I need to make some preparations... So I won't convene with you for now. Just send me the address, Elder Long."

Qin Fang, however, didn't agree to meet, providing a brief excuse to delay.

"Very well... Then I'll look forward to seeing what you've got, Younger Brother Qin!"

Though Elder Long hesitated for a moment, he didn't press the issue. He exchanged a couple of casual words with Qin Fang and then hung up the phone.

"What's going on?"

Qin Yuanyuan lay against Qin Fang's chest and asked curiously.

"Hmm, I took on a job. It's happening tonight, so I'll need to head out..."

Qin Fang nodded. Although this job wasn't something he absolutely had to accept, he decided to do it anyway. Making money was part of it, but more than that, he wanted to meet this infamous figure ranked in the top ten of the Villains List—Bloody-handed Demon Tu San!

"Be careful..."

Qin Yuanyuan knew quite a bit about Qin Fang's activities. Yet, as a wise and perceptive woman, she knew better than to pry into things she shouldn't. Instead, she gently reminded him to stay safe.

"Don't worry. This time, I'm the hunter, so there's no threat to me whatsoever! Since there's still some time, why don't we continue... A few months without a massage, and it seems you've grown a bit!"

Qin Fang chuckled as he replied, then glanced at Qin Yuanyuan's exquisite figure. Desire flared within him once more, and he quickly flipped her onto her back, lunging at her immediately.

"You're so bad... I've already run out of energy... Mm... I give them massages every day, you know, because you used to complain they were too small..."

Qin Yuanyuan half-playfully protested while giggling coyly as if she were indulging him. She proudly flaunted her now fuller, perky breasts, offering them up to Qin Fang to explore and savor.

The battle between the young couple reignited instantly, relegating the night's dangerous matters to the background—for the moment.

...

"Boss Long, are you really going to give him a thirty-percent cut? That's no small amount..."

After Elder Long hung up, a burly man with a thick beard immediately frowned and voiced his concern, clearly dissatisfied with the decision.

"Yeah, Brother Long, this batch of goods is massive. Giving him thirty percent... That's just too much! We're deploying hundreds of brothers for seventy percent, and he's working solo and wants thirty percent? That's too much of a loss!"

Another man, slightly older, with a prominent scar running from his ear to his neck, also voiced his skepticism.

This man, known as Scarface, was Elder Long's trusted lieutenant. In Xin'an, his status was equivalent to that of a deputy gang leader, making him one of the most powerful figures under Elder Long.

"What do you think, Strategist?"

Ignoring the complaints, Elder Long turned to a scholarly-looking man wearing glasses. He was somewhat thin and had a calm demeanor.

"Elder Long has already made his decision. Why ask me?"

The strategist smiled faintly, offering an apparently evasive response. Yet, his words clearly signaled his support for Elder Long's decision.

"Beard, Scarface, if you think we're giving away too much, you're welcome to take it back from him yourselves... I certainly wouldn't object."

After hearing the strategist's reply, Elder Long remained composed, giving a faint smile as he directed this comment to the two men in his entourage.

"Uh..."

Beard and Scarface froze, exchanging puzzled looks, trying to discern what Elder Long truly meant.

Was he seriously suggesting that they confront Qin Fang?

Or was this a veiled warning?

"However, if you really want to do that, don't act under my name... Otherwise, if you get yourselves killed, I won't be able to avenge you."

Before they could make sense of his words, Elder Long added this unsparing remark.

The strategist beside him remained unfazed, his expression unchanged despite the conversation. It was as though everything was playing out exactly as expected.

"Could he really be that formidable?"

Beard and Scarface exchanged another look, both somewhat taken aback. They hadn't anticipated Qin Fang being so highly regarded by Elder Long.

This reaction stemmed from their lack of direct contact with Qin Fang. When Elder Long had met Qin Fang, it was in connection to Brother San Shui, and such an embarrassing incident was not something Elder Long would broadcast. Even his most trusted subordinates knew only vague details—that Elder Long had met a rather skilled individual.

Now, seeing Elder Long's demeanor added to their astonishment. But they soon began to piece things together: if Qin Fang weren't so formidable, why would Elder Long rely on him to deal with the top-tier expert sent by Han Long's faction?

"Whether it's exaggerated or not, we'll find out in a few hours. Go prepare the brothers. Make sure everything is in place..."

Since things couldn't be definitively resolved now, Elder Long remained confident that the matter would become clear during the operation. His authority might have quelled dissent by force, but such an approach would erode camaraderie—which wasn't his style.

The wise approach was to let his men witness the expert's prowess firsthand so they could judge the value themselves.

Initially, Elder Long only sought Qin Fang out due to his reputed medical arts, doubting his combat abilities. However, recent intelligence revealed that Qin Fang might possess terrifying strength—strong enough to incapacitate Japan's Karate Kyokushin-ryu Grandmaster-level expert Kyokushin Genichi in a single strike!

Though Kyokushin Genichi wasn't particularly renowned on Hong Kong Island, he held considerable fame in Japan. Elder Long had once witnessed him in combat and was deeply impressed by his incredible prowess.

Under Elder Long's command were four elites dubbed the "Four King Kongs," yet perhaps only Azure Dragon could contend with Genichi, and even then, it would be an even match at best.

But for someone like Genichi to fall like a child before Qin Fang—it left Elder Long shaken. He was still haunted by the memory.

With this evening's operation facing complications, Elder Long had hesitated before ultimately deciding to reach out to Qin Fang. Offering up a thirty-percent cut was a significant deal, but it paved the way for building a rapport with both Qin Fang and the powerful backing he seemed to possess.

This gesture of goodwill could potentially ensure smoother dealings in the future.

Of course, none of this was something Elder Long could openly admit.

...

As midnight drew near, the shipyard at the southern port of Hong Kong Island was eerily quiet. The vast space seemed almost devoid of people, with hardly a sound to be heard.

But this calm was temporary. Tonight, this location was destined to be anything but tranquil; this was the site of a significant drug trade.

Elder Long, undisputed leader of Hong Kong Island's underworld, could learn almost any information with his tens of thousands of subordinates scattered across the city.

Though news of Han Long's death hadn't spread yet, Elder Long sensed something strange. Still, he hadn't thought too deeply about it—no one involved in such a lucrative deal wanted it to fall through easily.

Han Long's crew didn't want to quit, and neither did the Sanlian Gang...

At this moment, Elder Long sat in a car roughly three kilometers away from the shipyard. Approaching directly would not be a wise move.

Nonetheless, he kept a close watch on the situation from the shadows, mindful of this operation's significance.

But as the clock ticked towards midnight, with no word from Qin Fang, Elder Long couldn't help but grow anxious.

"Minister, the target is heading toward the southern district... Yes, understood..."

Meanwhile, Qin Fang had no intention of breaking his promise. After receiving the address, he waited until the time was just right, then got up lazily from Qin Yuanyuan's embrace and took a cab to the southern district.

A short while after he left, however, he was quickly marked by someone...

"Well, it seems some fools don't value their lives..."

The people tailing him thought they were discreet, oblivious to the fact that Qin Fang had noticed them the moment they set their sights on him.

Had Qin Fang not chosen to lie low, he could have killed them off in a heartbeat.

"Yamaguchi Group operatives? Haha, they're practically delivering themselves to my doorstep..."

About three or four kilometers from the shipyard, Qin Fang got out of the car and vanished into the shadows. Only after determining the identities of those tailing him did he leisurely reappear and continue on his way, pretending to remain unaware. Smirking, he led the clueless operatives toward the shipyard...