

Genius 137

Chapter 137: You're Not Qualified to Play Dirty Tricks!_1

"Fangfang..."

"Qin Fang"

Seeing Qin Fang caught off guard by that guy, Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue, who were closest to the scene, subconsciously gasped, then both were slightly taken aback, glanced at each other but said nothing, just watching Qin Fang with bated breath.

Qin Fang got up from the ground; fortunately, he was quite agile. Just as he was about to fall to the ground, he quickly extended his hand to brace against it. The concrete was not very smooth, and it scraped his palms painfully.

Luckily, such an injury was only a minor pain, not even enough to raise a blister, but it certainly infuriated Qin Fang, "Kid, you've riled me up..."

"So what? Do you dare to throw a punch?"

None of the sports academy students were afraid of trouble; each one robust and strong, often getting into brawls. It hadn't been even half a month since Qin Fang arrived at the college before he heard news of the sports academy students causing trouble and fighting.

"Throw a punch? No, no, no, I'm a cultured person, how could I possibly throw a punch?"

Qin Fang just smiled, looking every part the gentleman as he spoke, then picked up the ball and started dribbling again. However, as he shook off that fatty, he left behind a meaningful glance.

"Li Feng, we'll see about that!"

Although that fatty was detestable, it was Li Feng who was pulling the strings behind the scenes. There's a head for every grievance, a debtor for every debt; naturally, Qin Fang aimed to target the real mastermind.

Qin Fang's body was incredibly flexible, and while his one-handed dribbling was very smooth, his two-handed dribbling was much more awkward. But this did not interfere with Qin Fang's intention to go for a layup; at least the fatty behind clearly couldn't keep up with him.

"Stop him..."

Seeing Qin Fang daring to break through, Li Feng immediately saw an opportunity and waved to the two-meter behemoth. The man immediately abandoned Shen Yang and went straight for Qin Fang with a hefty slap, which was accompanied by a forceful, threatening air.

If that slap landed squarely, given Qin Fang's relatively lean physique, he could probably be sent flying off the court.

This was not about blocking the shot; it was intentional assault!

"Be careful!"

Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue's hearts were in their throats, hands clasped together, screaming in alarm while fearing that Qin Fang wouldn't be able to dodge and would be hurt by that guy.

If they had been any help, they probably would have already rushed to the rescue.

Just as everyone expected Qin Fang to get slapped by the towering giant, and were hoping that he would dodge in time, Qin Fang acted as if he was completely unaware of the opponent's malice, still intending to pass the ball.

But just as the large man's slap swooshed down, although there was a gap on one side of his body, since there was a hand passing through, it was naturally not the best passing line, so Qin Fang chose a more secretive, but also quite common route – passing between the legs.

Of course, it wasn't Qin Fang who was going to pass between legs, but his intent was to send the basketball between the giant's legs.

Bang~~

But as it often happens, at the moment when everyone least expects it, an even more baffling scene occurred.

When the basketball hit the ground between the giant's legs, it seemed as if it was deflected by a small stone or something. Instead of bouncing out from behind the giant at an angle, it shot straight up...

Ao wu!!!!!!

A blood-curdling scream ensued, and every man who witnessed the scene instinctively covered their own groin, as if they themselves had been struck by a heavy blow.

But the ordeal wasn't over yet; as the giant clamped his legs shut and painfully covered his crotch, the basketball returned to Qin Fang's hands.

"Boss... catch!"

It was as if Qin Fang hadn't seen the big man's predicament at all, lightly flicking the basketball in a beautiful arc towards Fang Dacheng, as if setting him up to shoot.

"Dream on..."

The giant's groin had just taken a hit from the basketball, and Li Feng saw it too. But seeing the basketball flying towards him, he couldn't worry about that anymore. Cursing under his breath, he immediately reached out to intercept it.

Truth be told, Qin Fang's pass was quite sophisticated. It seemed slightly closer to Fang Dacheng in distance, but all it took was a small move from Li Feng to intercept the ball before Fang Dacheng could, which he indeed did.

However, the weirdness struck once again.

If soccer has the "banana kick," then basketball also has its equivalent, and Li Feng got to experience it firsthand.

Li Feng watched as his hand was about to snatch the ball before Fang Dacheng could reach it, when suddenly, the basketball, only a little more than a meter away, traced a small arc and, instead of flying towards his hand, shot towards... his face.

Ah~~

Li Feng's eyes widened instantly, this unexpected change happened so abruptly that he could only emit such an exclamation before the ball smashed very precisely onto his face.

Bang~~~

Anyone who has played basketball knows that despite passes looking effortless, the force unleashed by someone with a bit of strength flicking their hands can actually be immense. If it hits someone in the vulnerable area of the face, it can easily draw blood...

Ow, ow, ow~~

Li Feng immediately covered his mouth, no longer caring about the basketball game, clearly feeling his nose moistening and his mouth not feeling great either. The hit from the basketball was truly painful.

Seeing such a scene, everyone stopped their movement. Qin Fang too shrugged helplessly. At least two hundred people saw it; his pass was indeed meant for Fang Dacheng, but Li Feng seemed to have gone a bit overboard trying to intercept, so he ended up embarrassing himself.

Beep~~

At that moment, the referee, who had hardly been of any use, finally stepped forward.

"How is it? Can you continue?"

First, he went to check on the tall guy—who had been hit in the groin by the ball from Qin Fang, oh, correction, by the basketball—offering simple words of concern, and then he ran over to Li Feng's side. Seeing Li Feng's mouth full of blood made it apparent just how heavy the hit was.

"Qin Fang, I'm not done with you... Let's go!"

By this time, Li Feng's eyes were blood red. He had never been treated this way before and now harbored thoughts of killing Qin Fang.

"What's that got to do with me!"

But Qin Fang dismissed him with a snort, simply rolling his eyes and commenting.

With three players injured, two of them severely, the game was definitely not going to continue. Especially given Li Feng's severe case of germophobia, even the sight of his own blood caused visible disgust and impatience in his eyes.

"Li Feng, I hope you remember one thing: 'Man proposes, God disposes.' Bad deeds will eventually catch up to you, by the wrath of Heaven!"

Before Li Feng left, Qin Fang made a pointed remark, which turned Li Feng's already pale face to a deep shade of purple, as if he were being strangled with a rope.

The game ended there, with one team down. Qin Fang had taken his revenge out on Li Feng, deepening an already significant enmity and even antagonizing the group from the Sports Institute. Surely those guys would create trouble for them in the future.

"Fourth Brother, you're awesome!"

"So brutal! Teach me, how did you do that rebounding ball thing..."

His brothers, as well as several guys from the neighboring dorm, crowded around, hailing Qin Fang as if he were a master of martial arts, almost ready to kneel and ask for apprenticeship, especially curious about the move to rebound the ball into the groin. It was a topic of fear and fascination among the men, all eager to learn.

"No, no, that was totally accidental, really had nothing to do with me!"

Surrounded by a group of people, among which a few lecherous women took the liberty of groping Qin Fang a few times, Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue witnessed it and, gnashing their teeth in anger, swiftly dragged Qin Fang away.

The game ultimately concluded in a farce. Aside from a sore palm, Qin Fang suffered no real harm. Meanwhile, the tall guy who took a hit in the groin was carried back by another hefty guy, unable to walk; indicating how ferocious Qin Fang's strike had been.

As for Li Feng, his outcome was rather dire. With his nose knocked askew and a mouth full of blood, it was likely that even if his teeth hadn't fallen out, they would certainly be loosened.

This result allowed Qin Fang a small release for the anger he's been suppressing. It was just a pity that with so many people watching, he had too many reservations, otherwise Li Feng's experience wouldn't have been "so easy."

...

Li Feng went to the hospital for a checkup, received some basic treatment and then prepared to go to a larger hospital in the city center to receive further care, but his complexion never improved.

Upon leaving the hospital, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

"The Third, that task I gave you last time, you can do it now..."

After the call connected, Li Feng didn't mince words, simply stating his message before hanging up the phone, "Qin Fang, let's see how long you poor bastard can keep up with me..."

"Ouch..."

Perhaps because he was gritting his teeth, the still-numbness of Li Feng's tongue, his loose teeth, and his broken nasal bone caused intense pain, twisting the hard-won smile off his face instantly.

What Li Feng didn't notice, though, was that as soon as he finished the call, someone with their head lowered walked past him, overheard his remark, couldn't help but glance at him with a slight gleam in their eyes, and then proceeded to just lower their head and walk away.