

Genius 139

Chapter 139: Buying a Factory_1

"Brother Dong, I've received the gift, thanks so much! It took me until today to finally make it to the shop, I really owe you an apology ..."

Qin Fang naturally accepted the money with a smile. Since Brother Beard dared to extortion from him, he should have been prepared to be dealt with, and besides, it was Li Dong himself who stepped in, so Qin Fang felt obligated to give him face.

Of course, Qin Fang also had rules to follow. Once he took the money, he immediately made a phone call to Li Dong.

"Young Master Qin is being too polite, that was just a small token, consider it something to calm your nerves!" On the phone, Li Dong was also very courteous, and his attitude was extremely humble, treating Qin Fang as if he truly was one of Ninghai's prominent young lords.

"Then I shall accept it gratefully! Brother Dong, if you have time, let's have a drink together ..."

"That's absolutely no problem! I couldn't ask for more ... Oh right, I'll have someone send you a few VIP cards for Night Scenery of the Lotus Pond later, you get a fifty percent discount on everything at my place ..."

Li Dong sure knew how to be charming, quickly coming up with this idea and adding it to the conversation with a laugh.

Night Scenery of the Lotus Pond was known to Qin Fang. It was the best nightclub in University Town, including a bar, disco, KTV, ice rink and so on, an utterly luxurious place to squander money. Of course, it was Brother Hu's establishment and currently managed by Li Dong, so when he said the VIP card would allow for a fifty percent discount, then it definitely would.

"Then I really have to thank Brother Dong. In a few days, I will definitely come to visit in person!"

Qin Fang naturally expressed his thanks again. After so much talk, Qin Fang finally got to the main topic, "Oh right, Brother Dong, I need to borrow someone from you. Yes yes yes, that's the one. Have him come to my shop, I really appreciate it! Alright alright alright, we'll definitely drink a few more when the time comes ..."

The matters of business didn't take much time to discuss and quickly came to an end. As for the person he wanted to borrow, the moment Qin Fang mentioned it, Li Dong guessed who it was and immediately sent the person over.

In just over ten minutes, a still shiny minivan squeaked to a stop outside Fang Feixue, and then a man got out of the vehicle.

He wasn't very tall, his body was thin, and he had a somewhat sly and weaselly look, with a pseudo or real gold chain hanging around his neck and a pair of sunglasses, giving off a bit of that underworld lesser boss air.

Unfortunately, as soon as he saw Qin Fang sitting there, his haughty demeanor immediately subsided, the sunglasses were promptly taken off, and he walked up to Qin Fang with a cringing attitude, carefully saying, "Young Master Qin ..."

"Here you are, sit ..."

Qin Fang didn't really care, he just slightly lifted his chin, signaling the seat across from him.

"Yes!"

The young man immediately nodded, cautiously sitting down, not even daring to sit fully, only touching his buttocks on the edge of the seat. His whole demeanor was entirely different from when he got out of the car.

"Haven't seen you for just a week, and you've completely changed, it seems like you've been doing quite well with Brother Dong recently ..." Qin Fang appraised him briefly and said with a chuckle.

"It's all thanks to Young Master Qin's recommendation that Mouse Qiang is enjoying the good life now. Mouse Qiang hasn't forgotten ..."

The visitor was none other than Mouse Qiang, who Qin Fang had arranged to be with Li Dong. Now he had a bit of a respectable appearance, a stark improvement from his earlier days.

"Good to hear you know that ... Oh right, I called you here for a little matter!"

Qin Fang nodded, and whether deliberately or not, he gave Mouse Qiang a gentle reminder with his words. These ruffians sometimes were truly like grass on the top of a wall, incredibly unreliable; if Mouse Qiang hadn't shown a bit of principle in that incident with Brother Beard, Qin Fang wouldn't bother about his fate.

"Please tell me ..."

Mouse Qiang said immediately with respect.

"Don't be too formal. What's past is past. I recommended you to Brother Dong because I see him as a friend. If you keep up this politeness with me, then I won't bother you with this matter!"

Qin Fang still wasn't quite comfortable with this manner of speech and slightly chastised him, making Mouse Qiang's skinny frame tremble and a look of distress cross his face.

"Forget it, let's not talk about that! The reason I called you is really nothing too serious. You've been around this area for a long time, do you know of any old warehouses that are available for rent?"

Qin Fang didn't dwell on the previous topic and went straight to his point.

"Old warehouses? Let me think ... I believe there is an abandoned sawmill on the west side of the University Town, which has a fairly large warehouse. That place has been desolate for many years, I remember playing there when I was a kid ..."

"That place is a bit remote, and there's hardly anyone around, so it has always been vacant. I heard that the boss originally thought the college town development would reach his area, so he held on to it and refused to sell. But then he got screwed over when the plans for the college town were changed from expanding westward to southward. Afterwards, he wanted to sell, but no one was willing to take it off his hands..."

Mouse Qiang lived up to his reputation as the local serpent of the area, having a very good understanding of the environment surrounding the college town. Even for an abandoned sawmill that had been idle for many years, he was able to recount so much information; it was clear that he did possess some capability.

"Are you busy right now? If not, take me there to have a look..."

Having heard what Mouse Qiang said, Qin Fang felt somewhat tempted.

"Of course, no problem. I am here specifically to run errands for Young Master Qin! Young Master Qin, since there's a car ready, shall we go now?"

Mouse Qiang hastily offered, now understanding that despite Qin Fang's ordinary appearance, he had a remarkably formidable background. In his view, even Brother Dong, who was considered a big shot in the underworld and referred to Qin Fang as a brother, was known to be a very good friend of Brother Dong's boss, Lord Hu, which even further motivated Mouse Qiang to work hard.

"Alright, let's take your car."

Qin Fang wasn't picky. Although he now had some money, it wasn't really a lot, and he couldn't gamble on stones again for the time being, considering how much of a stir he caused the last time. If he were to go gambling again so soon, it wouldn't just be Brother Niu and his crew taking action.

Furthermore, Qin Fang needed to deal with the potential threat, Li Feng, before anything else.

It was obvious that the sawmill had been around for quite a while, probably just as Mouse Qiang had said, since he was a child.

The factory had long been abandoned, with weeds as tall as a person everywhere and no one having cleaned the place in ages. Even the gate was so rusted it was unrecognizable, and Mouse Qiang kicked it open with one foot. No one was guarding the inside, which contained nothing but some dilapidated low-rise buildings and a leaky warehouse that still had some value, since it was propped up with a steel structure.

Calling it a warehouse was actually a bit of a stretch; it was really just the main building of the old sawmill. The area wasn't very large—Qin Fang roughly estimated it to be about six hundred square meters. Inside, aside from some rusty wood and a few defunct sawmill machines, there was also an old lathe that had clearly been discarded.

When Qin Fang saw these items, a glint of shrewdness flashed in his eyes.

"Young Master Qin, what do you think?"

After taking a look around with Qin Fang, Mouse Qiang asked carefully.

"Although the place is a bit remote, it's still acceptable. At least the road is usable, and the warehouse is old but could do with a clean-up!"

Qin Fang nodded, generally satisfied, "By the way, Mouse Qiang, do you know the owner here? Can you inquire about the price for me and let me know afterwards?"

"No problem! Young Master Qin, just wait a moment. With me, Mouse Qiang, on the task, you won't be at a disadvantage, I'll definitely get you the lowest price," Mouse Qiang immediately assured, patting his chest confidently.

"Cut the crap, don't engage in any strong-arming. If I find out, you know what will happen to you..." Qin Fang immediately rolled his eyes and warned.

"How could I? You can trust me to handle this..."

Mouse Qiang's eyes darted about as he quickly made his promise, then went out to make a phone call.

Meanwhile, Qin Fang took another look around the warehouse, especially examining the old lathe carefully.

The lathe was an old-fashioned manual one, which in an era already dominated by computer numerical control (CNC) machines, was considered very antique. However, this didn't dampen Qin Fang's interest, and he even checked it briefly.

"Though it is a little old, the main body isn't damaged; it should still be usable..."

Very quickly, Qin Fang concluded—much faster than an average person would have been able to. This was thanks to his Repair Skill, making him rather proficient in the field.

In just a short time, the sawmill's owner came over, and Qin Fang expressed his interest in either renting or buying the sawmill.

Considering the location was quite remote and the area totaled less than twenty acres, after Mouse Qiang's persistent haggling, a final price of fifty thousand yuan per acre was settled upon, much to the owner's chagrin.

Apart from making some money from the land, the only thing left was the warehouse. However, after being abandoned all these years, the warehouse was practically worthless. The owner still wanted a high price but was countered by Mouse Qiang with "I'll give you one hundred thousand. If you don't agree to sell, I'll just have someone come and knock it down, and you can haul away all this scrap metal and rubbish." This retort choked the owner, who eventually agreed to the deal.

In just one afternoon, Qin Fang and his team had completed everything from viewing the warehouse, discussing the price, drafting the contract, to signing and finalizing the deal.

After Qin Fang paid out a total of one million one hundred fifty thousand yuan, the sawmill, which spanned less than twenty acres and was devoid of anything of value, became Qin Fang's personal property. At the same time, the cash in Qin Fang's pocket was reduced to just over two hundred thousand yuan.

"This money really doesn't last..."

Qin Fang sighed upon exchanging his hard-earned cash for such a piece of land.