

## Genius 146

### Chapter 146 Murder\_1

But just at this moment, a car passed behind him, with its dim lights faintly illuminating the scene. Pi San was suddenly stunned, his flying dagger rigidly failing to launch.

"A gun?"

He hadn't expected, at all, that Qin Fang, whose hand had nearly been pierced by his own flying dagger, would suddenly produce a gun, and an instinct almost told him that this wasn't a toy or a replica but a real lethal weapon, one that could take his life.

"Make your move! Why aren't you making a move? I'd love to see which is faster, your flying dagger or my bullet!"

Looking at the ferociously evil Pi San, Qin Fang dared not relax even a fraction. That move with the flying dagger just now was too ferocious—if Pi San had aimed for Qin Fang's throat or heart instead of his hand, Qin Fang might well be dead by now.

But actually firing a gun to kill someone was something he truly didn't have the courage for. After all, this was not some lawless land; the education he'd received since childhood and the environment he'd lived in simply did not permit him to commit such an act.

The only reason he had made the gun was purely for self-defense. If not for that, he might already have been killed by Pi San.

Clang~~

"You win..."

Along with the sound of the flying dagger falling to the ground, Pi San spoke very calmly, no trace of anxiety or fear in his voice, clearly indicating just how tough he was. Perhaps, to him, this situation was all too normal.

The more Pi San maintained his composure, the more Qin Fang felt he couldn't let his guard down. He had a sneaking suspicion that Pi San still had a trick up his sleeve.

"Tell me, what do I need to do for you to let me go?"

Pi San raised his hands high, signaling that he wasn't playing tricks, then he asked with a grin on his face.

"My demand isn't too high. Just help me obtain some evidence of you conspiring with Li Feng to commit murder, then you're free to run as far as you like. I won't try to stop you!"

Even though Qin Fang didn't appreciate Pi San's demeanor, he still said this.

In truth, Qin Fang was well aware that such evidence was meaningless, and that it would be impossible to take down Li Feng with just that.

What he wanted was for Pi San to be wary of self-incrimination. Once he had that evidence, it would prove that Pi San had betrayed Li Feng, who would inevitably send someone after Pi San. Then it would be a case of dog-eat-dog—a fight he believed Pi San could win if he really set his mind to taking down Li Feng.

For Qin Fang, this situation was all benefit and no harm. It would mean revenge without causing trouble for himself. Why not go for it?

"You think that by helping you, I can take down Li Feng? Don't be naive..."

Pi San wasn't a fool. Despite his lack of education, he had managed to survive in the underworld for so many years not just because of his personal strength and cruelty but also his shrewd mind.

"Whether or not he can be dealt with isn't your concern. Just provide me with the goods, and I'll spare your life..."

Qin Fang waved his hand, speaking without much concern, but his eyes never left Pi San's hands, watching carefully for any movement.

"Why should I trust you?"

Pi San replied with disdain, "If I'm not wrong, you must have known we were after you. Today has been a setup from the start, even that policewoman was deliberately brought here by you!"

"That's right, I won't deny that. But it seems your arrangement didn't do much good. You have more men, and she has been lured away..."

Qin Fang shrugged his shoulders, not bothering to argue, and readily admitted it.

Qin Fang had known from the start that Pi San and his people would choose the best moment to strike. They outnumbered him, which is why he brought Ning Yumo as a shield. He had even planned to reduce the number of enemies he faced by knocking them out one by one, but his plan hadn't worked out. Instead, Pi San couldn't wait any longer and lured Ning Yumo away, eventually deciding to act personally.

However, Pi San, with all his schemes, could never have imagined that Qin Fang, seemingly just another student, would have a gun.

"You better not make any sudden movements, or I can't guarantee that this gun won't go off..."

Pi San's body moved slightly, a small motion that would normally go unnoticed in the darkness. But to Qin Fang, Pi San shone like a flame, the red glow on his body not dimming despite being under gunpoint; rather, it seemed to intensify.

Even in the darkness, such a red light was exceptionally clear, so when Pi San moved, Qin Fang noticed immediately.

"You're mistaken, I didn't move..."

But Pi San seemed unfazed and confident, even denying his motion, and as he spoke, Qin Fang clearly saw that Pi San's raised hands suddenly moved at an incredibly fast speed, so fast it nearly left no chance for reaction.

Bang bang~~

Almost the instant Pi San made his move, Qin Fang did too, and two gunshots rang out in succession, starkly clear in the stillness of the summer night, prompting the lights in the surrounding residential area—long since extinguished—to flick back on.

After the sound of the gunshots faded, Qin Fang looked over and saw that both of Pi San's hands were covered in fresh, crimson blood—against the darkness, they showed as black stains, one of which was clutching his heart, where a bullet hole spewed forth a stream of blood.

On the ground lay two additional bloodstained throwing knives, even more compact in size but flickering with a fearsome chill, their edges flawlessly sharp.

"This time, you really won..."

Pi San's face was deathly pale, tinged with hints of ashen defeat, yet he managed to force out a faint smile and said, "So young, yet so calm in taking a life, stronger than me..."

Thump~~

Hardly had he struggled to utter those words when Pi San's knees hit the ground, and then he slowly collapsed forward, the intense red glow on his body fading until it eventually disappeared completely.

"Dead?"

It wasn't until then that Qin Fang truly came to his senses.

Clearly, he had made a mistake.

He had intended only to shoot through Pi San's hands, but in such an urgent situation, even with Qin Fang's mental fortitude, panic set in at the end. Coupled with his injured wrist and the recoil of the handgun, the second shot went astray.

And so Pi San died a wrongful death at his hand, though Pi San himself was indeed a heinous murderer. He was not supposed to die by Qin Fang's hands, yet in the end, Qin Fang had killed him.

"For assassinating Level 3 criminal Pi San, you gain 120 experience points."

Qin Fang felt panic-stricken, and looking at the corpse cooling before him, he felt a surge of nausea. He was just a student starting out in society, yet now he had become a murderer. No matter how strong his mind, at that moment he was deeply worried and afraid, and even such a large gain in experience brought him no joy.

"No, I can't get caught, I can't let anyone find out it was me..."

The lights in the buildings around were gradually coming back on, and it was likely that someone had already called the police because of the gunshots. The police would probably arrive soon, and Qin Fang quickly realized that if he continued to linger, he would definitely be captured.

Qin Fang tossed the handgun back into the Props Box and began to think about leaving before the police appeared...

"No, Pi San came to kill me, if someone saw him chasing me here, the police will definitely suspect me..."

However, as Qin Fang stepped past Pi San's body, intending to flee, this thought suddenly popped into his mind, leaving him extremely conflicted.

"Right, the Props Box can store items, I wonder if it can store a corpse..."

A sudden idea flashed through Qin Fang's mind. After a moment's hesitation, he gritted his teeth and moved to Pi San's side. Gently, he touched Pi San's body, which was now completely silent, closed his eyes slightly, and willed it quietly in his mind.

When Qin Fang opened his eyes again, Pi San's body had indeed vanished, along with all the blood on the ground—save for a few scattered throwing knives.

"It actually worked!"

Looking at the now empty ground and seeing something new in the Props Box, he:

"Human specimen, created using the corpse of a person who has just died,"

For some reason, when Qin Fang saw this description, the fear, dread, and unease from taking a life for the first time all dissipated from his heart, and he even managed to muster a faint smile.

"Don't overthink it, Pi San got what he deserved. If I hadn't killed him today, I would have been the one to die..."

Qin Fang repeated this to himself many times, eventually dispelling the last bit of unrest in his heart, then he stepped out of the alley. As for Pi San's throwing knives, they naturally all became his spoils of war and entered his Props Box.

Gunshots, murder, corpse—it all had nothing to do with him anymore. Even if the police were impossibly capable, it was unlikely that they could link Qin Fang to the crime.

"Qin Fang, where did you go?"

Qin Fang had barely left the alley when his phone rang; it was Ning Yumo calling.

"Sister Ning, I'm so sorry. You went after the thief, and yet the thief ended up chasing me. Luckily, I run fast, or I really wouldn't have made it out alive..."

Qin Fang took a few deep breaths to calm himself and then spoke in a relatively steady tone to Ning Yumo on the phone,

"Where are you? I'll come get you right away..."

"No need, I can see you..."

As they were speaking, Qin Fang had already caught sight of Ning Yumo's car, hurriedly walked over, and got in. With Ning Yumo's arrival, he had the most favorable witness to the fact that he had killed Pi San.