

Genius 23

Chapter 23 The Wicked Have Their Own Tormentors_1

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In the quiet of the night, the slap of a smack was so clear, its sound traveling far and wide—what a pity that there were no onlookers nearby.

The girl who had been crying had also stopped her tears and turned her face toward Qin Fang, with a tear-streaked, stunning visage that even made Qin Fang's heart ache involuntarily.

He knew the girl was beautiful, but he hadn't expected that, in such a pitiable state, her lethality would shoot up manyfold, almost instantly taking down this inexperienced virgin like him.

The thug hadn't noticed it, but that didn't mean Qin Fang hadn't.

Yet Qin Fang pretended as if he knew nothing, watching the thug continue to slap Mouse Qiang's swollen face, which was puffier than a pig's, until traces of blood seeped out before he finally spoke up, "Okay, stop..."

At these words, like the sound of heaven to the thug, he didn't care about Boss Mouse Qiang's resentful glare and promptly moved to the side to catch his breath. The previous fight had already drained him significantly, and a moment ago, to avoid being beaten himself, he had hit very hard when slapping faces. Now he truly didn't have the strength to even twitch.

"Brother Qiang, I didn't expect we'd meet again so soon..."

The dagger, still smeared with crimson blood, traced along Mouse Qiang's neck, its icy chill causing his body to tremble slightly, unable to muster the courage to move, as if he were quite worried that any movement would result in the dagger slicing open his throat.

Qin Fang's voice was so calm, as though the conversation with Mouse Qiang was between old friends catching up rather than a victor speaking to a prisoner at his mercy.

"Brother... no, Boss... you're magnanimous. Please just let me go as if I were a fart!"

Mouse Qiang was capable of bending or standing tall as needed. The situation had become crystal clear; with his two henchmen, they hadn't managed to do anything to Qin Fang, and the outcome was one nearly beaten to death, one too exhausted to move, and then there was he, nearly wetting his pants.

"Let you go?"

Qin Fang couldn't help but sneer. These thugs were all the same; blustering and bossy when in power, as if they couldn't wait to beat someone to death, yet boneless as grandsons when they fell from grace, ready to kneel and lick your toes.

He pointed to the wound on his waist, the blood now stopped, but the wound itself still evident—a cut half a finger long, starkly visible. "Just let you walk away, so I took this knife for nothing?"

Indeed, when Qin Fang was first cut, he was genuinely scared, afraid he would die just like that. Although there was pain, the blade didn't hit a vital spot. The bleeding was severe but not immediately lethal, and he was lucky to have kept his life.

However, precisely because of this, he felt as if he had just walked through The Gates of Hell, a chilling sensation running down his spine, which made it even less likely for him to let Mouse Qiang go so easily!

"I'll pay, I'll pay for the medical expenses, okay?"

Mouse Qiang glanced at the wound and felt a tingling in his scalp.

He got into fights often and had seen stabbings before. He had seen similar wounds a couple of times, but who wouldn't cry and scream to get to a hospital after such a stab? Yet this Qin Fang managed to stop his own bleeding, but that wound...

Now that Qin Fang had the upper hand, Mouse Qiang, being a sensible man, knew he couldn't leave without shedding some blood. Fortunately, he had just extorted over ten thousand yuan from Chen Pangzi, so he took that stack of cash from his pocket, "Boss, this money is my tribute to you..."

At this point, Mouse Qiang had made as grand a gesture as possible. Fleeing was out of the question, and he lacked the strength to fight back, so paying off his would-be assailant was the only way out. He probably managed a pitiful and frightened expression on his face, hoping Qin Fang would no longer pursue the matter.

He thought that Qin Fang was just a small street vendor, and even if he did good business, he might not be able to earn more than ten thousand yuan in a month. The money he threw out would probably knock Qin Fang senseless.

"Since it's a gift from Brother Qiang, I won't stand on ceremony..."

A glint of something different flashed in Qin Fang's eyes, then a brilliant smile spread across his face. While receiving the stack of bills from Mouse Qiang's hand, he responded with a cheerful laugh.

"You..."

However, Xiao Xue, the girl watching this, saw it differently. She opened her mouth wanting to say something, but the words died on her lips.

The money belonged to her uncle, Chen Pangzi, and she had personally brought it over. Now these thugs were offering it to Qin Fang as if it were theirs to give, which made it hard for her to accept.

But when she thought of Chen Pangzi's heartlessness, and how Qin Fang had saved her, preserved her innocence, and even taken a stab for her, Xiao Xue's heart immediately quashed the urge to speak, even feeling that Qin Fang rightfully deserved the money.

"Take it and go back quickly!"

Before she fully processed her thoughts, Qin Fang had already thrown the wad of cash to Xiao Xue and bluntly told her to leave.

"For me..."

Xiao Xue was stunned, confused by Qin Fang's sudden move.

But Qin Fang had no intention of wasting words with her. He had already turned to face Mouse Qiang, "I've accepted your gift, now it's time we talk about how much you owe me for medical expenses..."

Pfft~~

Just as Mouse Qiang was smug about his clever decision, he didn't expect that before he could enjoy his moment of triumph, Qin Fang would play it tough. If he really could vomit blood, he'd certainly have sprayed it all over Qin Fang's face.

"Boss... it's not fair... to play someone like that!"

Mouse Qiang's gaunt face scrunched up, looking even more sly and wretched, while he pleaded with a pathetic look in his eyes at Qin Fang.

"Play someone? I never play with people... You said it yourself, that money was a gift to me. I've accepted it to give you face, but I can't take this stab for nothing, can I? Medical expenses are a must... If you don't pay, I don't mind giving you a taste of the same, then we'll be even!"

The smile on Qin Fang's face was incredibly gentle as he spoke slowly, while playfully moving the bloody dagger across Mouse Qiang's T-shirt, sliding it around his waist, and occasionally comparing it to his own wound, mumbling to himself, "Seems like it's right about here."

"No, no, I'll pay, alright?"

The dagger was still icy cold, the fresh blood not yet dried, smeared across Mouse Qiang's waist. That vivid imprint of blood delivered a potent visual shock to Mouse Qiang, washing away the last bit of his reluctance as he tried to dodge while repeatedly agreeing.

"The wicked have their own grind... Ah, he's not really a wicked man..."

Xiao Xue, holding the money and dazed, witnessed this scene and couldn't help but think such a thought, but then realized it wasn't quite right and immediately felt embarrassed. Her delicate face blushed, accentuating her beauty all the more.