

Genius 242

Chapter 242: Turning the Tide_1

Seeing the sudden appearance of the road roller, Qin Fang realized Gu Tong's intentions. If he crashed into it like this, not to mention Qin Fang's 20 Life Points, even 200 might not be enough.

Facing such a nearly irreversible crisis, Qin Fang wasn't too anxious.

All his concentration was at its peak as he steadily held the steering wheel in his hands.

Gu Tong's car had slowed down and gradually came to a stop by now, he was just waiting to enjoy the show. He wanted to watch Qin Fang's car get crushed into a meat pie, and if Qin Fang really died, he had ways of escaping the blame, not nervous at all.

The position where the road roller was parked was extremely cunning, leaving just a sliver of road to pass through, but the result was destined to be the same as if Qin Fang had driven off the cliff, which was probably no different from crashing directly into it.

Gu Tong and the driver of the road roller seemed to have already anticipated the destruction of Qin Fang's car and his demise. The Porsche was getting closer and closer to the road roller's huge steel roller, looking set to make intimate contact.

But just when the collision seemed imminent, Qin Fang suddenly turned the steering wheel, and everyone saw the Porsche make a bizarre move to the extreme.

The Porsche actually flipped over right before hitting the road roller, but not forward... it flipped backward.

Those who have played ping pong should know, one can hit a tricky spin ball that generates torque. When the ball twists to a certain extent, it rotates back, resulting in the ball's final landing spot shifting.

No one had thought that such a principle could be applied to racing.

When the Porsche was about to crash into the road roller, it suddenly flipped over, with the forward acceleration transforming into backward flipping speed, rolling backwards quickly.

"Fuck..."

Gu Tong and the others were completely taken aback by this scene, it was just too bizarre.

But their surprise was not yet over when they saw Qin Fang's Porsche hurtling towards Gu Tong's Lamborghini at high speed.

"Fuck..."

In just a few short seconds, Gu Tong cursed again, as if Qin Fang had no time to brake, Gu Tong also didn't have time to reverse; the only thing he could do was to open the car door and dive out.

Bang~~~

The Porsche crashed heavily on the Lamborghini, and such an impact immediately turned the high-quality sports car into a pile of scrap metal.

Of course, the Porsche that Qin Fang was driving was also severely damaged.

But Qin Fang still climbed out of the car unscathed.

"Damn it, kill him..."

The fall had not been light for Gu Tong, and seeing his beloved car wrecked was harrowing enough, let alone the fact that Qin Fang had survived. The two henchmen from the road roller also came down and Gu Tong immediately gave the order.

"Gu Tong, you think you can kill me looking like that?"

Qin Fang was very calm facing these two brutes. They were just slightly stronger than the average person, barely making the cut as Level 2 material. The only advantage they had was that both men had drawn knives.

"Kid, I'll send you off..."

One vicious-looking guy laughed menacingly as he rushed toward Qin Fang with a knife, clearly following Gu Tong's order to kill Qin Fang.

"Is that so?"

Qin Fang just smirked, his arm moved, and the other guy only felt a blur before his hand lightened, and suddenly, there was a knife in Qin Fang's hand.

And the greater tragedy was yet to come. With a slight flick of his wrist, Qin Fang had plunged the knife deep into the unfortunate guy's thigh.

Ah~~

A blood-curdling scream echoed through the woods, but unfortunately, Longquan Mountain was really quite vast, and even on such a night, only a faint sound could be heard, unable to carry too far.

Ah~~

Almost immediately after, the other guy did not escape either, suffering a ruthless stab in the thigh from Qin Fang.

Qin Fang was merciless to these two men who were ready to attack him.

He wasn't up to killing, but those two stabs meant that even if the men didn't die, one of their legs was ruined, doomed to be crippled for the rest of their lives.

"Don't... don't kill me!"

Seeing his two trusted henchmen so easily disabled by Qin Fang, Gu Tong only then felt fear. He might be skilled at racing, but when it came to fighting, he was out of his depth.

"Kill you?"

Qin Fang sneered, "I'm a good person; how could I do such a thing?"

Of course, he wouldn't be foolish enough to kill Gu Tong now. He had placed a heavy bet on his own victory, a wager of 1.5 million, with an additional 4 million in potential earnings. If he killed Gu Tong, to whom would he go to collect?

Not only did Qin Fang refrain from killing Gu Tong, but he even thrust the bloody knife into Gu Tong's hands. Then he casually walked back to the Porsche and leisurely began to fish out repair tools from the trunk, brazenly starting to repair the car right in front of Gu Tong.

With the knife in his hand, Gu Tong watched Qin Fang crouch down and fix the car, a fierce glint passing through his eyes as he hesitatedly took two steps forward.

"Let me give you a piece of advice—if you really overestimate your ability and want to kill me, I wouldn't mind killing in self-defense..." Qin Fang said calmly without even turning his head.

Clang!

The knife fell from Gu Tong's hand, evidently frightened by Qin Fang.

Qin Fang simply smiled faintly and ignored Gu Tong, concentrating on repairing the car instead. Seeing that Ning Weiqiang and his group hadn't caught up, it was clear they had withdrawn from the race. It seemed there were only two left—him and Gu Tong.

Unfortunately, Gu Tong's Lamborghini had turned into a pile of scrap metal. Although the Porsche was slightly better off, it was also on the brink of being scrapped.

However, Qin Fang possessed powerful repair skills. Spending only a few minutes, he somehow managed to fix the nearly totaled sports car just enough to make it drivable.

"Gu Tong, I'll be waiting for you at the foot of the mountain... Don't forget about my prize money!"

Amid a series of clattering noises, Qin Fang drove off in the battered Porsche to continue the race.

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"Why haven't they appeared yet?"

"Yeah! It's been so long..."

"Could something have happened?"

The absence of a live broadcast during the most intense part of the race had already infuriated the audience, but now the prolonged absence of any sign of the Porsche and Lamborghini was making them even more restless.

"Could an accident really have happened?"

Ning Weiqiang was also very worried inside. If Qin Fang truly had an accident, it would weigh heavily on his conscience, as if he had personally condemned Qin Fang to a doomed path.

"Master, there definitely won't be anything wrong!"

Ding Chuchu seemed to be extremely worried about Qin Fang as well. Although they hadn't known each other for long, she had developed a strong sense of trust and reliance on him. The longer the wait dragged on, the more anxious she became.

"Wow, they're out! They're finally out..."

When Qin Fang's severely deformed Porsche reappeared on the LED screen, everyone erupted into excited screams.

They were all very curious about what had happened during that time, but the state of the Porsche was enough to tell them that there had definitely been an incident.

"It's the master! It's the master! The master is okay..."

Even though the Porsche was completely disfigured by then, it was still recognizably silver, while the Lamborghini was yellow. It was clear which was which, so Ding Chuchu immediately screamed with excitement, and relief and satisfaction spread across Ning Weiqiang's face as well.

Qin Fang had won, so naturally, Gu Tong had lost. The racetrack staff immediately sent a rescue team up to retrieve them. In fact, Gu Tong had already called in, and by the time Qin Fang reached the finish line in his car, Gu Tong had arrived even earlier.

But there was no doubt that the ultimate victor was Qin Fang.

Aside from a few people, no one knew what exactly had transpired during that time. Qin Fang and Gu Tong kept silent about it, and the audience assumed it was just the two cars vying for the road too fiercely and crashing into each other, leading to the tragedy.

As a result, several drivers who had made it to the final race regretted not persisting, all lamenting that if they had continued, the winner would definitely not have been Qin Fang.

Of course, even if he had tried, not to mention Gu Tong would never let him succeed, others would have certainly despised him for it.

All of these men were wealthy, yet they valued their reputation more than anything. A loss was a loss, to be taken gracefully. If someone had won in such a manner, they probably wouldn't have been able to face anyone in Ninghai's racing community again.

"Young Master Qin, you truly have exceptional driving skills; Gu Tong admires you!"

Gu Tong managed to maintain his usual composure, keeping a smile on his face as he shook hands and congratulated Qin Fang, but the veins throbbing on his forehead betrayed his anger and frustration.

"Mr. Gu is too kind! That said... let's move on to distributing the prize money and settling the bets!"

Gu Tong knew how to hide his feelings, and Qin Fang was no less capable; his smile was genuinely radiant. It felt incredibly satisfying, especially since his words tossed salt onto Gu Tong's already painful wounds.

If it weren't for hundreds of eyes watching them, Gu Tong would surely have commanded his men to beat Qin Fang to death right there and then. But just the thought of Qin Fang's ruthless knife-wielding made Gu Tong's heart quake.

"Indeed, Mr. Gu, I placed 10 million US dollars on the bet, so please hurry up and pay up..."

Ding Chuchu was indeed quite a handful. Seeing Gu Tong's ashen face, she immediately jumped out from the side and plunged another knife into him—no, it was more like she took a machine gun and sprayed bullets at Gu Tong...