

Genius 39

Chapter 39 - Testing Skills_1

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Qin Fang was too lazy to bother with this. Since the guy was one of Li Feng's people, that meant they weren't on the same path, and there was no need for him to care too much about it. He had already learned to barbecue and didn't need anyone else to do it for him.

"Wow, Qin Fang, didn't take you long to score a chicken wing when you went out. I must say, you don't seem to have many skills, but you sure excel at scrounging and freeloading! No wonder you could snag a girlfriend like Feifei..."

Qin Fang, holding that chicken wing, was feeling a bit hungry already, and the chicken wing did smell quite appetizing, so he just started gnawing on it. What he didn't expect was that Li Feng, who had just lost face, seized the chance to start his sarcasm then and there.

It wasn't even subtle; it was pretty blunt, and the latter part of his remark even escalated Qin Fang's propensity for mooching to the level of downright swindling and deception.

"Li Feng..."

Tang Feifei couldn't hold back this time and was about to have a fallout with Li Feng.

She could see Li Feng picking on Qin Fang time and again. She thought it was because she used Qin Fang as a shield, but as things progressed, she increasingly felt it was not that simple. It seemed that Qin Fang and Li Feng had deep-seated grievances from long ago, and her appearance only intensified this conflict.

"Feifei..."

However, Qin Fang held Tang Feifei's arm and shook his head, "Well, who made me not born into a wealthy family, the kind where even eating requires someone to feed me..."

Snicker~~

As soon as Qin Fang said these words, the girls present were momentarily stunned. Then, all of them couldn't help but snicker, sensing something off about the remark, and burst into laughter.

At first, Li Feng didn't see anything wrong with those words. However, seeing the girls laugh and the rest of the boys sporting strange expressions, he gave it some thought, and his previously proud face began to look a bit ugly.

Initially, Li Feng felt that Qin Fang was painting him as the kind of rich young master who had no worries about food and clothing and countless servants, something that naturally made him proud. He even wanted to point at Qin Fang and say something like "you're just poor," but upon reflection, that seemed totally off the mark.

What does it mean to need someone to feed you even when eating?

Only those without hands need to be fed, and those too sick to move need to be helped... Clearly, neither of these applied to him; he was perfectly healthy and had all his limbs intact.

Qin Fang's insult was subtle enough that it almost had Li Feng falling into a trap he couldn't climb out of, thankfully without uttering any self-contradictory statement.

"Alright, Qin Fang, everything's ready. Go on and get busy. I'm still waiting to taste your barbecue!"

Seeing Li Feng's expression growing worse, Tang Feifei timely stepped in to break the tension and sent Qin Fang off to barbecue, to avoid a real quarrel there and then. This was Li Feng's territory, and Qin Fang was clearly no match for him.

Sizing up the burly young man dressed in casual clothes who seemed quite idle nearby, she recognized him. He was Li Feng's bodyguard, very adept at fighting, and just his fists alone would likely be enough to pummel Qin Fang into submission.

Qin Fang also knew the dispute had gone far enough. Pushing Li Feng to this extreme was the limit; any further might lead to a real fallout. "I'm on it. Just you wait, I won't disappoint you..."

"Young Master Feng, do you want to..."

Looking at Qin Fang, who had walked towards the grill, Li Pangzi, standing beside Li Feng, quietly asked a question. As an outsider, he saw things most clearly. Being a hound for the host's family, he knew that currying favor at this moment could lead to promotion and wealth in no time.

"This is the Li Family's property, a high-end resort, and there must be no messing around..."

Li Feng, however, put on a serious face and softly chastised Li Pangzi.

"Yes, yes, yes! I understand, understand..."

Li Pangzi hastily nodded his head. Although Li Feng was scolding him, the message was clear: the resort was off-limits for troublemaking, but outside the resort... there were no guarantees.

"Go, call that Afanti over for me..."

Watching Qin Fang begin to maneuver the barbecue tools in front of the grill, a trace of resentment flickered in Li Feng's eyes as he muttered to Li Pangzi.

Li Pangzi naturally agreed with pleasure and immediately went over to call the trendy-looking barbecue master Afanti. Having mingled with the Han people for a long time and worked at the resort for a while, Afanti had picked up quite a bit on the art of fawning and flattery.

As the star of the barbecue area, Afanti rarely took up the tools himself anymore, only doing so for very distinguished guests. But when Li Pangzi told him that the Young Master of the resort's backing boss had arrived, his small eyes immediately narrowed, and upon hearing that the Young Master had ordered, he scurried over obediently to receive instructions.

"Listen carefully, right now... do this and that... Do you understand?" Li Feng whispered to Afanti briefly, instructing him on the task ahead.

"Understood, Young Master Feng, you just watch!"

Afanti immediately bobbed his head eagerly, his palm thumping his chest with loud pats.

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Qin Fang casually fiddled with the barbecue tools which, perhaps due to Li Feng's involvement, were brand new, and all the equipment was top-notch. Even though Qin Fang wished he could tear Li Feng apart, at this moment he had to begrudgingly acknowledge his favor.

The grill used charcoal, which had long been burning, emitting wafts of light smoke, ready for normal grilling use at any time.

Grabbing a few skewers of chicken wings, Qin Fang immediately began grilling. It was his first time barbecuing and he naturally started with what he was most familiar with—why not, when the young man had just demonstrated with chicken wings!

After brushing the chicken wings with oil, Qin Fang's mind seemed to have prompts telling him how to brush the oil to maximize its absorption into the wings. After evenly applying it, he placed them on the flames emanating from the burning charcoal.

Sizzle sizzle sizzle~~

The flames and smoke grilled the row of chicken wings, with oil occasionally dripping onto the charcoal, creating a sizzling sound, adding a distinct flavor, while the wings' color slowly changed.

As soon as one side of the chicken wings reached the desired color, Qin Fang immediately flipped them over, also starting to sprinkle on some seasonings and seasoning the wings...

Everything progressed in an orderly fashion. Qin Fang was demanding on himself, neither rushed nor slow, striving for meticulousness and perfection in every step.

The tender, fresh chicken wings gradually turned golden under Qin Fang's hands, the oil on them glistening, and the enticing aroma slowly wafting...