

Genius 42

Chapter 42 Challenge_1

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"What did you say???"

As soon as Tang Feifei's words came out, it was like lighting a keg of gunpowder. Li Feng's face only darkened momentarily, but Afanti, standing beside him, truly couldn't stand it.

The title of the barbecue champion for three consecutive terms at the Ninghai Food Festival was an honor that Afanti had worked hard for over a dozen years to achieve, and indeed, he had made quite a name for himself in the barbecue business.

But today, having his food that he had carefully grilled be criticized as worse than a novice's, how could he possibly accept that?

At this moment, Afanti's face was full of anger; his complexion, already slightly dark, became purplish from his rage, and his face appeared somewhat fierce as if he was about to spit fire from his eyes.

"What's with that aggression! Just because you're louder doesn't make you right..."

Tang Feifei could sometimes be quite feisty, and Afanti's demeanor had indeed given her quite a scare. Her fair, delicate hand continuously patted her now rather ample bosom before she finally calmed down. Then, she put her hands on her hips and retorted to Afanti with equal ferocity.

"You..."

Afanti was seething with anger, and being of Uyghur descent, he was the kind of person who, once enraged, wouldn't hesitate to pull a knife and stab someone. He could not tolerate this and immediately made a motion as if he was about to lose his temper, his palm involuntarily rising in the air.

Qin Fang gently reached out a hand, pulled Tang Feifei behind him, and slightly leaned forward, kicking towards the spot on Afanti's waist.

"Stop!"

Almost simultaneously with Qin Fang's action, Li Feng's complexion drastically changed, and he quickly shouted.

Slap~~

However, Li Feng's intervention was a bit too late. Qin Fang had already pulled Tang Feifei away, and she wasn't hurt, but Qin Fang felt a searing pain in his back—Afanti's resentful slap was genuinely forceful.

But what about Afanti?

Clearly, he wasn't faring any better than Qin Fang. After Qin Fang's kick landed, Afanti staggered back several steps. Because the kick was so sudden, it allowed him to pull off a "Sneak Attack" skill, plunging Afanti into a brief moment of dizziness.

Attack when the enemy is down!

Qin Fang had no intention of letting things slide. Seeing Afanti dazed and opened up, yet his consciousness still not clear, Qin Fang seized the opportunity to deliver another flying kick.

Slap!!

This kick was rather powerful—Afanti was sent flying over a meter by Qin Fang's foot, face-down on the ground, the green grass scraping against his face, which jarred him awake.

"Bastard, I'm going to kill you..."

Once sober, Afanti couldn't help but touch his face. Though there was no blood, the burning pain was intolerable. Already unable to vent his anger, this time he couldn't hold back any longer. Almost instinctively, he made a motion to draw a knife, but to his surprise, he found no knife at his waist.

Since he had adapted to city life, Afanti had gradually drifted away from his ethnic group and integrated into the life of the Han people, which meant he naturally gave up the habit of carrying a knife. Only in such a state of extreme rage would he still retain such a motion.

However, just because there was no knife didn't mean there weren't other things to use, such as the iron skewers commonly used in barbecuing. Just by his side, someone was barbecuing, and he almost reflexively grabbed several iron skewers, ready to fight Qin Fang to the death.

"Stop!"

Qin Fang didn't mind teaching Afanti another harsh lesson at all. To think that he even dared to hit Tang Feifei, Qin Fang would have no qualms about breaking his arms!

However, Li Feng could no longer stand idly by. His face had already darkened, and Li Pangzi next to him was dripping with sweat, afraid that Afanti might actually draw a knife. Li Feng had allowed Afanti to stand up for him, naturally because of the beauty by Qin Fang's side, but Afanti was so oblivious that he dared to hit Tang Feifei, which was a big deal.

"Mr. Li... I must settle things with him today, even if you are..."

Afanti still had considerable respect for Li Pangzi, but after the humiliation he received from Qin Fang, as a Uyghur warrior, he felt obligated to pick up his weapon and fight the enemy.

Slap!!

"Shut up!"

At this moment, Li Feng walked over, and with a backhand slap, struck Afanti across the face, "You dare to hit my people? Believe it or not, with just one word from me, you'll be floating dead in the Yangtze River by tonight?"

Afanti immediately shriveled up. Although Li Pangzi was his direct superior, this barbecue joint couldn't survive without Afanti, so he didn't need to be too cautious around him.

But Li Feng was different. The son of the big boss behind the entire resort, he was one of the top figures in Ninghai. It didn't matter that he was from a minority ethnicity; to some people, he was no different from anyone else. Not just a single word, even a displeased glance from him could lead to many people taking action against Afanti.

"Don't you think Feifei was wrong? Well, I'm giving you this opportunity right now... Qin Fang is right there. If you want to prove that Feifei is incorrect, then challenge him, defeat him, humiliate him..."

Coming from a wealthy and influential family, even when instigating a fight, it all sounded so fair and just.

"Win, and your honor won't be unearned. I will apologize to you on Feifei's behalf, and your salary will be doubled from now on! But if you lose... get out of here immediately!"

Li Feng was truly enraged. Today had not been going smoothly at all. Not only did Tang Feifei keep giving him a hard time, but she even dared to consider herself the girlfriend of someone poor like Qin Fang, which had already infuriated Li Feng. And to make matters worse, Qin Fang repeatedly challenged him and undermined his authority. Now, one of his subordinates, even after he had ordered him to stop, still dared to clamor for a knife. How could Li Feng's face look good!

"Fine!"

Seeing Li Feng get this angry, and after hearing his words, Afanti realized how impulsive that slap he almost delivered was. Thankfully, he hadn't actually hit anyone. If he had, he feared he would indeed be a floating corpse in the Yangtze River by tonight.

Afanti threw away the iron skewer he had prepared to use to fight Qin Fang to the death, strode up to Qin Fang, glanced at him, and then at Tang Feifei, whose small face was somewhat tense behind him.

"Now, in the name of Uyghur warrior Afanti, I challenge you! Since the lady here thinks your barbecuing skills are better than mine, let's have an official contest and let you see what it means to be a three-time barbecue champion's skill!"

Afanti expressed this very seriously. Although his anger had not completely subsided, at least Qin Fang knew he wouldn't dare to strike again, or rather couldn't afford to.

"Qin Fang, accept his challenge!"

Qin Fang was still hesitant. He had neither tasted his own barbecue nor Afanti's, and without a practical comparison, it was very hard for him to decide. But Tang Feifei was persistently nudging Qin Fang from behind, urging him to agree.

"Fine, I accept your challenge! However, I would like everyone present to serve as judges, to prevent certain people from cheating..."

Obviously, Afanti's challenge was not only his own will but surely also instigated by Li Feng. Based on Qin Fang's understanding of Li Feng by now, the man was sure to play tricks, so Qin Fang straightforwardly foiled any such plans with his statement.

"Good..."

Afanti was clearly very confident in his own skills. Li Feng and Li Pangzi hadn't even had a chance to speak, and he had already agreed outright.