

## Genius 44

### Chapter 44 -Popularity explosion and Wolfing Down\_1

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This was to be expected, and Qin Fang was merely proving a point with his actions, not daring to slow down at all. According to the rules of the competition, each judge had to taste the skills of both competitors at the same time and then weigh which one's grilled food was more delicious.

"Wow, not bad, the master chef is truly as reputable as they say!"

"It's really delicious! Alas, what I grilled really is..."

"The three-time barbecue champion really didn't win those titles for nothing!"

Qin Fang's side seemed a bit deserted, but it was a different story at Afanti's side. Several of the closest customers, who were also judges, got their grilled food first and immediately started eating. As soon as they tasted it, they found the flavor to be exceptional and didn't hesitate to express their appreciation loudly as if they wanted to cheer Afanti on.

"Hey, you at the front, hurry up and move once you're done so the rest of us can eat!"

"Move aside, don't block the way!"

"Right, right! Don't just stand there hogging the..."

However, while the people in the front were shouting about how good the food was, those at the back could only watch and weren't able to taste the delicious food, which naturally made them unhappy. They started to clamor, especially since the aroma of Afanti's grilled food was exceptionally enticing, making just the smell of it whet their appetite.

Looking back at Qin Fang's side, the first batch of food hadn't come out yet, and the few customers he had were becoming a bit impatient, occasionally glancing over at Afanti's side. If it weren't for the crowd here, they probably would have already gone over to line up.

"Young Master Feng, it looks like we've got this one in the bag!"

Li Pangzi stood beside Li Feng, looking at the contrasting popularity between Qin Fang and Afanti, as if the outcome was already obvious.

"Hmph, that kid Qin Fang thinks he can compete with me? After he loses, I'll mock him mercilessly..."

Li Feng was feeling a bit smug. After competing with Qin Fang for so long, and being at a disadvantage for just as long, he hadn't had a chance to vent his frustration. But with Qin Fang walking right into the line of fire, he naturally wouldn't hold back.

"Don't worry, Young Master Feng, I have everything prepared... For this PK, I've already arranged for someone to take photos. I'm planning to make a billboard out of it and hang it outside the barbecue

area from now on! Hehe, every customer who comes to our barbecue area will be able to see Qin Fang's defeated and disheartened cover, making his name truly notorious..."

Li Pangzi clearly had no shortage of cunning ideas, and this tactic of making a billboard was particularly malicious. Although Qin Fang wasn't well-known, there was no guarantee that none of the customers visiting here would recognize him. With this billboard, it would be like a huge stain on Qin Fang.

"Hmm, good, very crafty! Promising!"

Upon hearing Li Pangzi's idea, Li Feng was naturally chuckling and nodding in agreement. It was like killing with a soft knife, very venomous, not only smearing Qin Fang but also leaving him completely helpless.

"Thank you for the compliment, Young Master Feng!"

Li Pangzi was obviously pleased, as a casual word from Li Feng could lead to his promotion, so he was eagerly doing Feng's bidding.

However, the current frenzy obviously couldn't last forever. According to the rules, the judges who had tasted Afanti's creations had to go taste Qin Fang's creations next, and at this moment, the first batch to finish eating, still not having had their fill, started heading toward Qin Fang's side.

"This master chef is really exceptional, the taste was truly amazing!"

"Yeah, thinking about our own cooking skills, they're just like pig slop!"

"For sure, this vote has got to go to Afanti Master!"

"Exactly, exactly! Who even is that other guy? Young and completely unheard of; how could he be a match for Afanti Master, who's been immersed in his craft for over a decade..."

As they walked and talked about the voting, it seemed as if groups of three or five had already made up their minds. Some even took the opportunity to sneak back in line for seconds.

"Huh, what's going on over here...?"

However, when they were about to reach Qin Fang's area, they realized something was amiss.

Qin Fang and Afanti's cooking areas were located at opposite ends, separated by a fair distance. From one side, you could only get a rough idea of the crowd size on the other, without a clear view of what was actually happening.

At that moment, there were at least a hundred people at Afanti's, but Qin Fang's side only had a mere seven or eight, equivalent to just two or three kittens. But unlike the other side where many couldn't get a taste, here it was completely different.

"Xiao Qin, give Uncle a few more skewers, damn it's so delicious..."

The uncle from Donglu went from roasted garlic to lamb, sausages, and chicken wings... having sampled each at least once, his appetite had clearly been hooked. His mouth hadn't stopped moving; as soon as Qin Fang placed the cooked food on the plates, to the uncle made off with it.

"Don't be like that, Uncle! You're too brutal, leave some for me..."

"That's right, that's right! You can't be competing with us young ladies at your age..."

The other few present became unhappy, immediately banding together to intercept and wrestle quite a bit of food from the uncle's firm grip.

If there was anyone who didn't need to worry about getting food, it was probably Tang Feifei. Qin Fang made a point to save some from each round of cooking for her, so she never had to fight over it with anyone else.

"Everyone, can we not fight over it, please? The people from over there are about to come here, and there will be nothing left for them if you continue..."

Qin Fang could only offer a wry smile. As his proficiency increased and he became more skilled with the barbecue, his movements grew smoother. Gradually, he grasped the nuances of intermediate-level grilling, making him more adept at controlling the portions of various ingredients. The flavor changes weren't big, but his speed had significantly picked up.

Despite this, the speed of his grilling couldn't keep up with the appetites of seven or eight people. Left with no choice, he politely asked those who had been his earliest supporters.

"Er... it seems to be the case! Well then, Uncle won't compete anymore... Xiao Qin, give me a couple of whole wings to gnaw on. I'm going to see if that so-called champion has even one-tenth of your skill..."

The uncle was quite forthright; he had become very close to Qin Fang just from this meal alone and acted like a die-hard fan, even going so far as to suggest he could take down that Afanti fellow himself.

"Uncle's right, that so-called champion, if he even has one-tenth of Xiao Qin's skill, he'd be lucky..."

Everyone else also showed a similar sentiment, filled with righteous indignation at the thought of the other side being so popular while no one wanted to leave because Qin Fang's food was delicious yet lacked a crowd.

And at that moment, the judges coming from Afanti's side noticed that something was off. They watched in amazement as the batch of food that Qin Fang had just finished preparing was seized by seven or eight people before it could even be properly served, and then devoured ravenously.

"Hey, bro, is it really that delicious?"

This guy, who had been one of the loudest in proclaiming his vote for Afanti, froze in shock at the situation and immediately grabbed a fan who was about to snatch another batch of Qin Fang's food to ask.

"No shit, of course it's delicious! Damn, I almost swallowed my tongue... Oh, no more... It's your fault! This was our last batch, and you made me miss it. What a loss!"