

## Genius 45

### Chapter 45: Gaining the Upper Hand Later and a Surge in Popularity\_1

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"Isn't that a bit of an exaggeration..."

When this fellow asked his question just now, he had also seen how those few people rushed up, howling like starved ghosts reincarnated, without any care for whether there were any ladies present, they just reached out and snatched away the food.

Those who managed to grab some were over the moon, immediately chowing down with glee, their actions, expressions, and every little detail revealing the allure of the food Qin Fang had grilled.

"Impossible! He's probably just somewhat skilled; they've likely only seen Afanti Master's skills..."

He clearly couldn't believe that the food grilled by Qin Fang could be so delicious that people would lose themselves in it! He had tasted Afanti's grilled food just moments ago, and found the taste somewhat endlessly aftertaste-inducing, so he promptly gave himself what he thought was a very valid reason.

"Brothers, let's marshal our forces and wipe out that rat!"

Uncle was very supportive indeed; after finishing off the last round, he had already accumulated some judges from Afanti's side behind him, and with more and more people continuing to come over, he immediately hollered at his original comrades and led these people to Afanti's side to charge into battle.

To those in the know, it was clear they were competing in a culinary showdown; to the uninformed, it looked almost like a mass brawl!

After the first batch of die-hard fans departed, the next waves of people arrived, leaving Qin Fang with no break time. He immediately grilled the next batch of food at the fastest speed and placed them on the pristine white plates.

"Maybe... we should try it!"

These newcomers clearly didn't have much faith in Qin Fang, such a young kid, but the thought of the recent eaters' meal behavior suggested that it couldn't be too bad. They exchanged looks, and someone hesitated before uttering this sentence.

With that one sentence, all hesitation vanished, and people started to pick out the food they preferred, quietly moving to the side. Then they began to eat, mainly fearing that if it wasn't delicious, it might provoke Qin Fang into a rage, or worse, get physical.

But as soon as they bit into it, they were all stunned.

Especially that one guy, a die-hard fan of Afanti from before, who was nearly dumbstruck on the spot. He chewed lightly twice, and the enticing aroma, along with the exceptionally delicious taste,

immediately followed the swallow of his saliva down into his stomach, making him feel much more content.

Just now, fearing he'd be shortchanged, he deliberately chose a skewer of meat, and with one bite, nearly a third of it was gone. Two more bites, and it would all be devoured.

"Amazing, damn amazing!!"

The skewer of meat settled in his stomach, but the taste lingered on his lips, and with a light sip of his tongue, he could still sense the delicious flavor. Truly as if he was about to "swallow his own tongue," he couldn't help but mentally exclaim how awesome it was.

He was just one of many who tried the food, and the reactions of the others were much of a muchness: each face bore a look of shock, then their eyes lit up, nearly popping out of their sockets.

The ones who hadn't strayed far from Qin's grill quickly reclaimed their spots, securing a tactical advantage. They had witnessed Uncle's group's manner just now with their own eyes and were now bitterly regretting not coming earlier – by now, they'd probably be half full instead of sporadically seizing the chance to snatch one or two skewers while others were taste-testing.

In just this short period, quite a crowd had gathered in front of Qin Fang, mostly made up of those who had already had a first taste. Others who didn't know what it was like were scarce, sparing an attempt for themselves, which turned out to be to their benefit, for as soon as Qin Fang put a skewer out, it was snagged by them.

Chinese people have this one quirk—they love a crowd!

Whether it's tasty or not, common belief holds that the more popular the place, the better it must be. So when the competition started, loads of people flocked to Afanti because of his reputation; his place was instantly packed! Qin Fang's spot, on the other hand, had just a few stragglers.

Now, the crowd at his grill was growing. Seeing the first few patrons gobbling down their food, everyone assumed it must be delicious and eagerly joined the line to try some.

In no time, Qin Fang was surrounded by people. When that guy came back, he found he couldn't even squeeze into the front anymore.

"Buddy, have you tried it? How is it? If it's no good, I'll head back and line up over there..."

There was a guy who arrived late who happened to see this dude earlier shouting about voting for Afanti. Just as he was about to wedge his way to the front, he pulled him aside and asked.

"Ugh, don't get me started—it's awful. I'd hurry back if I were you!"

With those words, that guy saw his opportunity and, feigning deep regret, advised the newcomer.

"Really that bad? Alright then, back in line for me..."

The guy didn't think much of it, took the other's word for it, and squeezed his way out, ready to rejoin the queue at Afanti's.

But as soon as he stepped out, the other guy quickly ducked into the spot he had vacated, hurried as if he was about to lose it to someone else.

"Hey, man, what're you doing?"

However, just as the guy was about to leave, he turned around to find his spot taken by the very person who claimed it was terrible, which left him tapping on the guy's shoulder in disbelief.

"Hehe, sorry, bro! Damn, it's too delicious, I just couldn't help myself..."

The spot-stealer looked sheepish as he apologized for his earlier words, ensuring, "Don't worry, I'll share if I get more..."

No sooner had he finished talking than a new batch was ready at Qin Fang's grill, and he stretched out his hand to grab some, leaving the other dude dumbfounded, unable to recover for a while. It took him a moment to realize what had happened before he exploded, "That's messed up..."

"Dude, don't be mad, try this... I fought so hard to snag these! Damn, this is what I call barbecue, that other stuff is just trash!"

The guy did have some honor. Although he snagged a few skewers and wolfed down most of them, he left one for his comrade.

The other guy wasn't one to hold a grudge and immediately took a skewer to taste. His reaction was much like the others': eyes bulging, flavor lingering on his lips, even licking them afterward to savor the taste.

"How is it, buddy? I didn't lie, right?" the guy asked, looking for approval.

"No kidding, it's so good... Damn, what are you waiting for, go grab more! No, wait, cut in line for me, I'm going in too..."

So, while Qin Fang was busily grilling non-stop, another die-hard fan joined the fray. Seeing his food was such a hit—even though he hadn't had a chance to taste it himself—Qin Fang was still thrilled.