

Genius 47

Chapter 47 - The Great Reversal! Turnaround!_1

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Li Feng never considered himself someone with a particularly good temper, especially when it came to women—it was an area where he would tolerate no flaws whatsoever. He had known Tang Feifei for a very long time; they had practically grown up together, and even their families often said that Tang Feifei would be his future wife.

Over more than a decade, Li Feng had come to regard Tang Feifei as his own possession.

However, the situation had now undergone an enormous change, all beginning with the appearance of Qin Fang. Throughout the three years of high school, Qin Fang had quite a few interactions with Tang Feifei, but most of these were about academic matters, so Li Feng hadn't cared too much.

It wasn't until the end of the college entrance exams that Tang Feifei suddenly had a male classmate who got along well with Qin Fang pass a letter to Qin Fang, only for it to be unfortunately intercepted by Li Feng. That was when he discovered that Tang Feifei seemed to have a bit of a crush on Qin Fang and wanted to ask Qin Fang out.

It was precisely the appearance of this letter that made Li Feng thoroughly enraged. After inquiring about Qin Fang's whereabouts, he made the move to drive Qin Fang away and get him fired from his job. As for the beating that Qin Fang received, it was purely meant as a way to let out some pent-up anger; Qin Fang nearly dying was merely an accident.

The voting was still ongoing, and the pile of ballots in Afanti's ballot box was growing, but Qin Fang's side had very few—the gap kept widening, and the situation was becoming increasingly grim for Qin Fang.

"How can these people be like this? They're voting without even trying the food..."

Looking at how people continuously cast their votes for Afanti, Tang Feifei's pale little face was all knotted up in frustration, and she felt like giving those people a good beating.

"Feifei, don't take it too much to heart. Winning or losing is just a minor thing!"

Qin Fang, on the other hand, was quite broad-minded and even took the time to grill a few skewers for himself to eat. Since he had arrived at the barbecue area, aside from snatching the chicken wings that were taught to him by the young man who showed him how to barbecue, he had not eaten anything else. He had been busy up until now and was very hungry, so he just indulged in eating to his heart's content, after all, it wasn't costing him any money.

"Mmm, this really tastes great!"

Tasting his own barbecue for the first time, Qin Fang was shocked by the flavor and texture, and it was a while before he came back to his senses. He whispered to Tang Feifei, "Feifei, do you think if we add a barbecue stall to our ramen stall, the business would be even better?"

He had his mind set on making money, relishing the barbecue. He felt that if they set up a stall, the business would certainly do very well.

"Have you lost your mind!"

But Tang Feifei frowned, her voice tense as she exclaimed, "Haven't you seen? Just managing our ramen stall is already so hectic, adding another would be the death of you..."

"Ah! That's true... forget it then," Qin Fang was taken aback, and hearing Tang Feifei put it that way, he realized he might have been thinking too much and just nodded in agreement, dropping the idea.

"Hey, Qin Fang, look... it's the uncle and the others!"

Just as Qin Fang was pondering over how to leverage barbecue to make money without getting overly fatigued, the voting took an astonishing turn.

At a moment when everyone thought Qin Fang was sure to lose, the uncles who had initially feasted heartily at Qin Fang's stall finally made a belated appearance, but their arrival instantly made everyone sense something was off.

"Brothers and sisters, ladies and gents, it's our turn to take action now..."

With Uncle's distinctive Donglu accent leading a cry, a long queue immediately formed behind him. Everyone's hand clutched a voting slip prepared long in advance, even many who were originally standing by Afanti's barbecue grill spontaneously joined the line.

"Qin!"

"Qin!"

"Qin!"

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As these people successfully organized, starting with the voting slip Uncle cast for Qin Fang, those who had eaten the most at Qin's followed behind him. One by one, they excitedly placed their own voting slips into the ballot box.

The host in charge of counting the votes was now a bit panicked, as the situation clearly became uncontrollable. Glancing at the scale of the queue, it was in no way inferior to Afanti's, especially since all these people were casting their votes for Qin Fang. With the host calling out Qin Fang's name over and over again, sweat continuously formed on his forehead.

The original gap of several dozen votes was swiftly closed within a mere three minutes, and even slightly surpassed.

Moreover, some of the judges who were still hesitating, considering which side to vote for, were taken aback by the suddenly organized queue.

These people came from all corners of the country and didn't know each other before, but now they seemed as if they were organized in advance, spontaneously forming this strong team that instantly annihilated Afanti's enormous advantage.

What did this mean?

It meant the food Qin Fang grilled was indeed delicious, and clearly more so than Afanti's. Recalling the abrupt announcement of the end of the competition and the immediate call for votes, everything became evident.

Perhaps it's because such underhanded tricks have been seen too much these days, leaving many people tremendously disappointed. If there was an opportunity to hit someone when they're down and sweep away corruption, the people of this country would never let it pass!

Thus, those judges who were initially vacillating made up their minds, resolutely grabbed their voting slips, and joined the queue.

"Seventy-six, seventy-seven... eighty-five... ninety-three!"

The host called out the votes obtained by Qin Fang in a listless voice. Out of the more than one hundred and forty judges present, Afanti had initially led with an absolute majority of over forty votes.

But everything changed after Uncle's rallying cry.

In just a few minutes, Qin Fang's vote count soared from single digits to a final tally of ninety-three, while Afanti's remained at the earlier count of fifty votes.

Ninety-three to fifty!

The results were in—Qin Fang had staged a desperate counterattack from more than forty votes behind, completing a stunning upset to ultimately win by a decisive margin of forty-three votes over Afanti, the three-time reigning barbecue champion of Ninghai City!

"Yay, we won! We won!"

From the moment Uncle appeared, Tang Feifei was stunned, and the whole reversal process was so abrupt that it took her a long time to snap back to reality even after the results were announced. She immediately exclaimed excitedly, and even couldn't help giving Qin Fang a solid hug.