

Genius 48

Chapter 48 - Dust Settles_1

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Smack~~

When the results of the competition were announced, Li Feng slammed his valuable limited edition smartphone onto the stone table in front of him with force.

Even though the phone was quite sturdy, it stood no chance against the stone and the force with which it was thrown, and it instantly met its maker! This caused Li Pangzi, who stood next to him, to feel a chill run down his spine.

They had offered flattery and indeed, it had made the young master very happy earlier, but they had thought of the beginning and failed to anticipate the end!

Just as victory seemed within reach, Cheng Yaojin emerged from nowhere, snatching away the victory they were about to grasp. He stomped on it fiercely and spat on it before leaving.

Li Pangzi was scared, but he wasn't a fool. He didn't blame the seemingly honest uncle—it was true that Afanti had lost because of lesser skill. Both he and Li Feng had tasted Qin Fang's grilled food and found it to be superior to Afanti's.

Had that not been the case, they wouldn't have gone against so many people's objections to rig the result as they had done! Alas, what's done under heaven is seen—retribution came swiftly...

"Young Master Feng..."

Despite Li Pangzi being nervous, there were things he had to do, and words that had to be said, so he called out despite himself.

"Tell that guy to get lost!"

Li Feng was fuming, but looking at Qin Fang, surrounded by people, he couldn't make a move even if he wanted to. Then glancing at Afanti, who had turned into a stupefied shell of himself, Li Feng's anger surged, and he snapped irritably.

"Yes, yes, yes... I will do as ordered!"

Li Pangzi had no reason to disagree. Firing Afanti wasn't a big deal. At most, they would lose a figurehead. Losing the competition meant the 'Grill Champion' sign didn't mean much anymore; if lost, it could be replaced. He knew someone else could take over.

As long as he could keep his own position safe, he would comply with the young master's wishes regarding everything else.

"Afanti, you've lost this competition. We had an agreement beforehand, go settle your wages at the finance department..."

Li Pangzi, not daring to linger in front of the enraged Li Feng, hurriedly went to dismiss someone.

"Manager Li..."

Afanti called out, opened his mouth, and looked pitifully, as if he wanted Li Pangzi's help to stay.

Unfortunately, Li Pangzi dared not give him that chance, thinking to himself: If you stay, I will be the one kicked to the curb!

"No need to say more, Afanti. We've worked together for several years, and Brother Li has taken good care of you," Li Pangzi gently patted Afanti's shoulder and said earnestly, "But... you've seen the situation today, Young Master Feng is looking to vent his anger, and if you really want to end up floating in the Yangtze River tomorrow, you can go and beg yourself. Don't drag your Brother Li into this..."

With those words, Afanti's heart sank. Despite Li Pangzi's seemingly conciliatory tone, the message was clear and firm, leaving no room for negotiation.

Afanti was not a fool; he knew his fate was sealed.

Looking at his own deserted stand, then at the bustling scene around Qin Fang, a nameless fire ignited in his heart. Almost subconsciously, his hand gripped a thin, long iron spike, and his eyes overflowed with viciousness.

"Afanti, this is Brother Li's territory. Show some respect for Brother Li, don't start anything here..."

However, before he could act, his shoulder was held down by a plump, large hand. Li Pangzi shook his head, indicating clearly that whatever he wanted to do away from the barbecue spot was fine, but here...no way!

"Alright, I understand, thank you, Brother Li! I'm leaving... If there's a chance in the future, I'll treat Brother Li to a drink!" Afanti nodded, and while speaking, he reluctantly began packing up his things. This place had become his ground of sorrow, directly being swept out the door, a disgrace for any warrior, isn't it?

With this in mind, Afanti cast a resentful glance at the distant Qin Fang, filled with rancor, but ultimately he resolutely walked away from the barbecue spot.

"Qin Fang, that Afanti has left, but that look in his eyes..."

As luck would have it, Tang Feifei had seen that look in Afanti's eyes and felt a shiver down her spine, prompting her to warn Qin Fang.

"Oh, I see!"

Qin Fang replied simply, quietly watching Afanti's retreating figure, his own expression filled with a sense of desolation, almost conveying a sense of a hero in his twilight years.

As for Tang Feifei's concerns, Qin Fang didn't take them to heart. The population of Ninghai City reached tens of millions—finding each other in this vast sea of people was just too unlikely, too minuscule!

The competition was over, peace had resumed. Qin Fang had noticed that Li Feng, whose plans had failed, had left the barbecue spot at some point. And after such commotion, Tang Feifei and the others had lost the mood to continue, so after Qin Fang's round of barbecue treats, they gradually dispersed.

However, there was a bit of an upside, like how Li Yao's boyfriend, Sun Shu, seemed quite taken with Qin Fang. Sun Shu even made a point of leaving his contact details with Qin Fang, offering help with anything should Qin Fang ever visit Yangcheng.

It was a pity that Qin Fang didn't own a cell phone and thus couldn't leave his own contact information, but he had Tang Feifei record Sun Shu's instead.

"Xiao Qin, I should be going too. It feels like I've gone back twenty years hanging out with you young folk... This is my business card. If you come to Quancheng, whatever you need, feel free to look for me! I won't let your treat today go unrewarded..."

This Uncle, whose name Qin Fang had not known until today, had really given him a big hand. If it wasn't for him waving the big flag today, victory might not have been possible.

Of course, the credit for the victory mostly belongs to Qin Fang himself. If his barbecue hadn't genuinely outdone Afanti's, even with all of Uncle's efforts, it wouldn't have been possible to turn the situation around.

"Thank you, Uncle!"

Qin Fang respectfully took the business card from Uncle's hand, glanced at it, and felt his body stiffen slightly. His gaze became one of surprise as he watched the plainly dressed, straightforward Uncle from Donglu walk away.

The business card bore only a name and a title: Chairman Luanghai, Donglu Lantian Group.

Handwritten on the back of the card was a contact phone number, written in somewhat hurried scrawl, showing that Uncle really thought well of Qin Fang.

"Lantian Group... who would have guessed!"

Despite being in Nan Su Province, Qin Fang had heard of Lantian Group; it was one of the top 100 private companies in the country, a leading industry giant in Donglu Province with assets spanning hundreds of billions. Its business interests covered machinery manufacturing, real estate, hotels, medical services, import and export trade, and many other sectors.

But this Uncle wore very simple clothes, and his manner was the embodiment of the forthright Donglu spirit, showing none of the overbearing presence one might expect.