

Genius 501

Chapter 501: Defiant, Beat Them Hard!_1

Actually, it wasn't just Brother Long's three lackeys who were dumbfounded, even Chu Yunxuan couldn't quite believe what she had done. She dared to kick Brother Long in the groin primarily because his words were too offensive, and after all, she was a woman. When her temper flared, she acted without regard for the consequences, choosing to satisfy her anger first.

After delivering that kick, she immediately felt a hint of regret, thinking that she had been too impulsive.

While she was still regretting her actions and worrying, Qin Fang had already made his move. With a sweeping strike of his hand, Brother Long was nearly left with half his Life Points remaining.

Blood streamed down his forehead, leaving Brother Long in quite a sorry state. The previously cultured and genteel young man had been completely replaced by someone sinister and terrifying, bloodied and unrecognizable. It was hard to imagine that just moments ago he had been so domineering... But now, he looked nothing less than a beaten cur.

But even among beaten curs, there are distinctions. Some simply tuck their tails between their legs and behave, while others transform into rabid dogs, driven to jump over walls in desperation. That truly leaves them capable of doing anything, without any regard for the consequences. Brother Long was now one such character...

"Kill him for me! Dammit, if he dies, I'll take responsibility..."

Brother Long was so provoked by Qin Fang that he didn't even care about losing face anymore. His only thought was to catch Qin Fang and torture him mercilessly, making him wish for death!

As for Chu Yunxuan, who had just given him a kick that left him with spasming testicles, naturally, she would be thoroughly ravaged...

Brother Long was truly enraged to the extreme, having been toyed with so ruthlessly. His groin felt much better now, but he was still suffering from stabbing pains, mostly due to the sheer force of Chu Yunxuan's kick.

Emboldened by their boss's order, Tattoo Man and Dart Man flanked Qin Fang from both sides, while Brother Long leaned against Fatty, as if only Fatty's malice could provide him with the security he needed.

Qin Fang seemed to have already anticipated Brother Long's moves, acting almost the instant Tattoo Man made his move.

Tattoo Man appeared quite confident, and when he saw Qin Fang aiming for a one-on-one duel, a smirk spread across his face involuntarily.

Their hands made contact for the first time very quickly, and Tattoo Man's smile grew more sinister—but...

"How is this possible?"

Tattoo Man's face contorted in pain as Qin Fang's arm felt as solid as iron. When they collided, Tattoo Man's bones spasmed involuntarily.

He considered himself a fighting expert and knew the force behind such a blow was tremendous. The impact was undoubtedly Qin Fang holding back, for Tattoo Man could clearly feel Qin Fang's restrained strength.

If Qin Fang, with his +25 Strength, had struck with full force, Tattoo Man would probably be headed for the orthopedic ward by now... While not necessarily a compound fracture, it would be close.

But this was just the beginning. Qin Fang moved with incredible speed and, seizing the moment of Tattoo Man's shock, repeated his move—stretching out his hand and pressing down hard on Tattoo Man's head with a forceful push...

Tattoo Man reacted swiftly; he had guessed what Qin Fang was about to do and instinctively tried to resist, but faced with Qin Fang's massive strength, his resistance was futile.

Bang~~

The anticipated sound came once more, accompanied by Tattoo Man's muffled screams of pain.

The thick glass that had already cracked was struck again, the cracks spreading finer and wider. Though it had not shattered, it seemed it wouldn't be long now.

Without a doubt, being hit so hard, Tattoo Man was essentially out of action; he seemed to have a better physique than Brother Long, but while Brother Long was still conscious, Tattoo Man immediately collapsed, fainting on the spot, turning into a dead dog.

This outcome was quite satisfying to Qin Fang, who finally took a long breath, slightly relaxing his vigilance.

Whoosh~ Whoosh~ Whoosh~~

Tattoo Man was just one of the attackers. Dart Man was equally not to be underestimated. Almost as soon as Qin Fang let his guard down, he saw a barrage of darts flying straight for his face.

These darts could penetrate deeply into a bullseye target, so piercing human flesh was easily within their capability, especially since the facial flesh is one of the softest parts of the body and lacks excess fat. If struck, a deep bloody hole would be inevitable; worse, it could lead to severe disfigurement.

And if luck was particularly bad, a stray dart could blind an eye, which would indeed be a calamity...

Dart Man's skills seemed to be impressive, aiming not too close to Qin Fang's eyes—perhaps aware that blinding him might be troublesome. Given Qin Fang's demonstrated combat prowess, if he went berserk, tearing Dart Man apart wouldn't be out of the question.

Moreover, Brother Long might claim he would take responsibility for any trouble, but if a life was actually lost, he would undoubtedly be the first to flee and disassociate himself completely, denying any involvement.

They had followed Brother Long for quite some time, fully aware of what kind of person he was. That's why they exercised some restraint in their actions, not daring to be too outrageous.

Unfortunately for them, they encountered not one of those ordinary people who dared not fight back, but Qin Fang, who would launch directly into the fight without the slightest courtesy, striking with brutal ferocity.

Qin Fang was no stranger to long-range weapons; the first person to die by his hand, Pi San, had specialized in throwing knives and possessed a Level 3 Strength, a full level higher than this Dart Man's Level 2. The difference between the two was quite significant.

In that confrontation with Pi San, Qin Fang, armed with a gun, faced off against the throwing knives. The battle ended with Qin Fang successfully killing Pi San, although Qin Fang himself was hit by one of the knives.

The injury caused a substantial loss of Life Points, but it was not fatal, thanks mainly to the fact that it did not strike any vital areas.

The darts, being smaller in size, were much less lethal. In such dim light, it was virtually impossible for Qin Fang to discern their flight path.

Moreover, Dart Man was too close; almost as soon as he threw them, the darts hit their mark, leaving Qin Fang no chance to dodge.

Hiss~~

Waves of stinging pain came from his face. Qin Fang checked his Life Points and found they hadn't decreased significantly—about one point was lost for every two darts.

This was far less than Pi San's throwing knives and posed no real threat to him,

Of course, had Dart Man aimed for Qin Fang's throat instead of his face, it would have been extremely dangerous. It seemed Dart Man intended to warn Qin Fang with such an approach.

Naturally, Qin Fang would not allow him such an opportunity. He immediately threw aside the tattooed man, who was already out of action, and lunged toward Dart Man.

If anyone here could threaten him, it was Dart Man. Who knew if he had other weapons like throwing knives or daggers on hand? If so, Qin Fang would have to proceed with caution.

Whoosh~~

Whether it was a case of bad luck or Dart Man realizing how difficult Qin Fang was to deal with, suddenly a silver flash appeared in his hand and, without a second's hesitation, was launched at Qin Fang.

Almost instantly as the object was thrown, Qin Fang's senses heightened, and he knew it was extremely dangerous.

Without any hesitation, Qin Fang, who was in mid-air lunging towards Dart Man, suddenly twisted his body at an unbelievable angle, shifting sideways just enough to narrowly avoid the silver object.

Pfft~~

The object grazed Qin Fang's arm and embedded itself in the sofa behind him with a thud.

It turned out to be a dagger, emanating a chilling gleam, with an edge that was exceedingly sharp.

Qin Fang silently recalled the position moments before. The dagger had been aimed directly at his abdomen. Had he been hit, the injury would have been severe, though not necessarily life-threatening—as long as he got to a hospital promptly for treatment.

This time, Qin Fang was truly enraged.

If it weren't for his Metamorphosis ability, which allowed him to twist his body and alter his skeleton, he would have most likely taken a dagger to the stomach. In such a setting, should these people leave, it's doubtful anyone would notice his severe injury, and he could easily have bled to death.

Until now, he hadn't intended to be too harsh, but now this man actually tried to kill him. Therefore, Qin Fang no longer needed to show any courtesy.

"You have successfully enraged me, so don't expect any more mercy from me..."

Now, Qin Fang was like an enraged tiger, exuding an extremely dangerous aura all over, presenting a truly terrifying sight.

With a diagonal step forward, he leapt, his hands scooping up to strike with a Tiger Fist from the Xingyi Fist, resembling the Black Tiger Heart Technique and seeming like a ferocious tiger bursting from its cage. One thing was for sure—it was exceedingly fierce.

Bang~~

A slender body was sent flying, like a kite with its string cut, before crashing into the barricade grille next to it, making a crisp impact sound.

The customers at the next table were startled by the violent collision, wondering what had happened. They all got up and prepared to see what was going on, only to witness Qin Fang grabbing Brother Long by the wrist and swelling his face with a loud slap...

Chapter 502 Let's Play a Game..._1

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In bars like this one, such conflicts often occur.

Two groups may take a dislike to each other, and a few verbal disputes can quickly lead to a fight. If onlookers make some nasty remarks, they might get dragged into the fray as well.

These bars also typically employ some bouncers to keep an eye on things. They generally don't get involved in minor conflicts, at most they'll try to break things up.

But if their own people start fighting or get hit, chances are they will join in the fight.

Regular patrons are usually quite familiar with the local toughs who hang out here and generally do not provoke them.

The people at the next table over are regulars who know the ins and outs of this bar. They also know that Brother Long and his group are not to be messed with. Even the bar owner treats Brother Long like an ancestor, making offerings to him, as long as he wants to keep his business running smoothly...

But what they didn't expect was that Brother Long, usually the bar's top dog, had a setback today. To be precise, he got beaten up quite badly.

Brother Long's face, which he considered handsome, was now completely swollen from the slaps Qin Fang had delivered. The wound on his forehead had just stopped bleeding.

But after Qin Fang's two slaps, his face immediately swelled up, and the wound on his forehead even split open again.

Didn't Brother Long have that bald, chubby guy behind him?

Why didn't he step in to help?

Qin Fang was actually quite puzzled. He didn't mind beating up another person, except that the chubby guy was scared stiff by Qin Fang. Seeing Qin Fang's ruthless slaps to Brother Long, he didn't dare say anything extra and didn't even have the courage to run away.

Brother Long had been hit so hard it seemed like he was about to pass out. But each time he was about to lose consciousness, Qin Fang would land another slap, turning the rather lean Brother Long into a swollen mess.

Smack~~

Just then, a crisp sound of collision came from behind Qin Fang. It sounded like the breaking of a beer bottle.

"You..."

When Qin Fang turned around, he was surprised to find that the person who had broken the beer bottle was not someone else but Chu Yunxuan, who had seemed a bit ignored recently. The unlucky man who got hit by the bottle turned out to be the tattooed man Qin Fang had cloned and knocked unconscious.

It looked like the previous state was just an act. He wasn't that badly injured at all; he was just looking for an opportunity to launch a sneak attack on Qin Fang.

Qin Fang was indeed furious and preoccupied with settling the score with Brother Long. He didn't pay attention to the threat behind him, and even when the System warned him of danger, he didn't take much notice.

The tattooed man thought he was about to succeed in his sneak attack and was elated at seizing such a perfect opportunity. Suddenly, a beer bottle appeared abruptly on his head, causing an intense feeling of dizziness to arise. His vision darkened, and he immediately fell down.

This time, he really did feel dizzy. Qin Fang even cast a Scouting Skill on him to make sure, and it turned out the guy wasn't playing any tricks this time.

"Thank you..."

No matter how the conflict started, at least just now, Chu Yunxuan really helped Qin Fang out of a tight spot. Had she been a moment later, the person lying on the ground might have been Qin Fang instead of the tattooed man, so his thanks were truly heartfelt.

"I'm going to kill you!"

In the split second Qin Fang was caught off guard, Brother Long, who had finally caught a break, seized the opportunity. He broke free from Qin Fang's grip and grasped a precious object, then roared at Qin Fang, who was in front of the door.

"Be careful..."

"He's got a gun!"

Brother Long seemed to enjoy it quite a bit. Up until now, it had been just a physical fight, but Qin Fang hadn't expected Brother Long to be carrying a gun—which was quite a surprise.

Brother Long's gun was a bit unusual—a revolver. Such guns are rarely seen Inland; they appear more often in Hong Kong action movies and television dramas, where they are the standard issue for police. Qin Fang wondered if the gun had been smuggled in from Hong Kong.

Of course, the likelihood of that happening was pretty low because for a policeman in Hong Kong to lose a gun would be a big problem—it could cost him his job and even land him in jail.

But no matter the gun's origin, it was now in Brother Long's hands, and he was pointing it at Qin Fang.

"Go on, move..."

"Go on, hit me... Why aren't you hitting me now? Weren't you acting all tough just moments ago?"

As soon as the gun appeared, the whole situation changed—everything was different now.

Merely fighting and brawling wasn't a big deal, one could easily find someone or pay off the issue, but now that a gun was involved, some matters couldn't just be settled with words—it completely blew up.

"Hit you? Why not..."

Slap~

Before Brother Long could enjoy more than five seconds of pleasure, Qin Fang's palm had already fiercely slapped Brother Long's face while he was talking.

The slap was absolutely powerful and heavy. Brother Long's small frame couldn't withstand such a blow, as a few of his little white teeth gracefully danced in mid-air.

"You... I'll kill you!"

Brother Long had been wronged by that slap; he was supposed to be in complete control, yet he ended up getting hit.

This time, Brother Long was thoroughly enraged, he felt a desperate urge to jump over the wall, ready to pull the trigger to kill Qin Fang or, at the very least, wound him to strip away his fighting capacity.

But would Qin Fang let him have his way?

Clearly not.

At that moment, the distance between the two wasn't very far; otherwise, Qin Fang wouldn't have been able to effortlessly land a slap on his face.

This time, Qin Fang had almost grabbed the gun barrel with one hand before Brother Long could pull the trigger. With a twist and pull, Qin Fang barely needed to exert any effort, and Brother Long was immediately out of options. The gap between them was clear, and Qin Fang easily took the gun into his own hands.

Of course, Qin Fang didn't forget to change his fingerprints. This was also to avoid trouble, just in case Brother Long decided to frame Qin Fang for brandishing a gun and threatening them. It was times like these where having a cup of tea would be far less troubling.

Brother Long, Dart Man, and Tattoo Man quickly came to their senses, their eyes filled with confusion and fear. Qin Fang's strength had far exceeded their expectations.

Even Brother Long, who had been holding a gun, was caught anyway. None could escape, they were all confined here, and each one of them needed to rest. Perhaps suffering a bit for a few days wouldn't be such a bad thing.

Having just fought, Qin Fang, despite his superior strength that should have made it easy to handle two or three experts, had quite a struggle. In the end, it was with Chu Yunxuan's help that he overcame his opponents.

"Gentlemen, please have a seat. We have some things to discuss..."

Qin Fang took a seat on the sofa first, Chu Yunxuan sitting beside him. Brother Long and the other two exchanged looks and ultimately sat down obediently, while Baldy Fatty continued to block the exit, not daring to leave on his own.

"Originally, we can't really say that we knew each other, or rather, we had never met before... However, I did not expect such courtesy from you three, it has indeed overwhelmed me with excitement!"

The three men from Brother Long's group were all embarrassed, Brother Long's face having turned into that of a pig, and Tattoo Man wasn't faring any better with blood still running down his forehead and a harsh hit to the back of his head.

As for Dart Man, it appeared he only took a punch from Qin Fang, but actually, he was the most severely wounded, and it was a serious internal injury. The reason being... who let him have a murderous intent towards Qin Fang, using darts was already audacious enough, yet he dared to use a very sharp dagger.

If Qin Fang hadn't noticed this critical situation, he might have been stabbed in the abdomen by now, lucky to have been rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment, if unlucky, he might still be lying here waiting to die.

"What's the matter? Weren't you quite talkative before? Why so silent now? How about this, let me suggest something. How about... we play a game?"

Qin Fang was not there to be Mr. Nice Guy; none of these three were decent folk, and the same went for Baldy Fatty, although he seemed to be too much of a coward to make a move against Qin Fang.

Thinking back, he was probably the wisest for knowing the situation was out of his control, deciding to watch from the sidelines, disinterested in further involvement.

"What... What exactly do you want?"

Brother Long had already lost his previous airy and dashing demeanor, replaced with caution and fear, worrying that he hadn't handled a detail properly.

And in fact, he himself didn't know what Qin Fang meant by "game."

Click~

Because the gun was a revolver and didn't come equipped with a magazine, it was just its construction that allowed for direct insertion of bullets—at least the six bullets in the gun could be loaded that way.

Qin Fang opened the revolver, taking out three of the six bullets, leaving the other three inside. This made him feel quite strained!

"Actually, the game is very simple. There are three bullets in this gun. I will place the barrel in each of your mouths and then pull the trigger to see how lucky you are..."

Qin Fang spoke with casual ease, but his words sounded like a death knell to Brother Long and the other two.

Is this a game?

Indeed, it is a game!

And a very famous one at that—Russian Roulette!

Chapter 503: Russian Roulette Live Version _1

Speaking of this, Qin Fang himself found it quite interesting.

He had been to the casino only three or four times in total, to Ninghai's Elite Salon, Bihai Pavilion, and then to the Jin Cheng Salon he had just left.

At the Elite Salon, he once helped Xiao Nan win at Russian Roulette, but that was just a minor game. The final stakes weren't that high, to the point where even the casino didn't pay much attention.

The time at Bihai Pavilion shocked everyone, though. Betting only twice, he won more than a billion yuan and also had an encounter with Li Rui, ultimately succeeding in rescuing Fan Ning, but it also triggered the conflict between himself and Li Rui.

Of course, Qin Fang did win more than a billion yuan that time, but from the beginning, he never thought about leaving with the money. He simply wanted to use it as a bargaining chip.

If he really preferred money over people, not only would Fan Ning most likely lose his life, but Qin Fang himself... as soon as he left Bihai Pavilion, the underground forces of Ninghai or even Jiangnan Province would know about the billion yuan with Qin Fang, and even his strong combat skills would be useless. He would either be smothered by crowds or taken out by a concealed gun.

However, both times Qin Fang encountered were casino-used Russian Roulettes without much danger, nowhere near as dangerous as its original ancestor from Russia.

Qin Fang never expected to have such an opportunity to truly play a game of Russian Roulette, the real kind, where winning means saving his life and losing means... bang, a gunshot, and he's a goner!

Hefting the revolver in his hands, Qin Fang weighed it thoughtfully; it felt quite suitable. Six bullets in total, he removed three, leaving three bullets inside, just right for Brother Long, Tattoo Man, and Dart Man in front of him...

Brother Long had already lost hope; he'd held the gun for a while but had only ever used it for intimidation, never actually firing it.

Yet, he didn't doubt for a second that the gun could take his life. He often checked and cleaned it and wouldn't even let his closest subordinates touch it.

Now, the gun was still there, but not in his hands - it was in his rival Qin Fang's hands.

Brother Long had always been ruthless with his enemies. Even if he didn't kill someone who fell into his hands, he would undoubtedly skin them alive.

But Qin Fang was even more ruthless, directly initiating a game of Russian Roulette, placing the gun in his mouth while staring directly at Qin Fang opposite him and pulling the trigger – life or death hinging on a single thought.

"You... murder is punishable by jail time!"

Brother Long still struggled futilely. The bar was still bustling, and the people outside were having a wild time, oblivious to what was happening in their corner. If Baldy Fatty blocked the way, people outside wouldn't even know that something was amiss.

The only spectators were the guests at the table next to Qin Fang's group, who were now utterly dumbfounded.

Someone did think about calling the police, but they were quickly stopped by their friends. The scene before them was too shocking; they feared that getting involved could inadvertently drag themselves into trouble.

Knowing the ferocity of Qin Fang's actions, it was clear why Brother Long's face looked like a smashed pumpkin, why Tattoo Man's forehead was covered in blood, and why Dart Man seemed barely alive, all due to Qin Fang's devastating punches...

These three were used to brawling; each of them had decent fighting skills, and they even carried guns. Yet, now... nearly incapacitated, they had lost their guns to their opponent.

"Jail? Laughable... I forgot to tell you, we're all active military personnel on a mission. Someone harbored ill intentions towards us and even used firearms, while I... only killed in self-defense! Even if you want to sue me, it would have to go through a military court... do you have that capability? Oh, sorry, I almost forgot, by then you'll have already met Lord Yan..."

Qin Fang could really bluff, bestowing upon himself a military title, even though he was, at best, semi-military and not actually part of the armed forces.

"Military personnel?"

Brother Long was stunned now, thinking no wonder Qin Fang was such a good fighter, handling three against one effortlessly and beating them so brutally, not to mention that even the seemingly frail Chu Yunxuan was ferocious in a fight.

Remembering made Brother Long feel his groin still throbbing in pain, while Tattoo Man couldn't help but touch the back of his head where the blood had started to clot, a souvenir from Chu Yunxuan's beer bottle attack.

Just as Qin Fang had said, if they were indeed military, and it seemed they were formidable, then things became complicated. In Jincheng, Brother Long had some power and a big backer, but if military personnel were involved, especially ones that appeared so dominant, it wouldn't bode well.

The key point was, by the time Qin Fang would have finished him off, he would just be a dead man to his backer, worthless, and who would want to offend the military over a dead man like him?

In the end, it would likely go unresolved, and as for him... a meaningless death!

"I don't have time for your nonsense. Who's first..."

Qin Fang removed three bullets and then spun the cylinder, clicking it into place and disengaging the safety. He looked over the three men before him with unfriendly eyes.

"Since you were acting toughest, you go first..."

Qin Fang reached out and grabbed Brother Long by the collar, easily pulling over the dodging Brother Long. With a squeeze, the fat pig's head was forced to open his mouth, and Qin Fang was about to stuff the barrel of the gun into it.

"No, don't... let him go first,"

Confronted with the dark barrel of the gun, Brother Long was nowhere near composed. His pig-head jerked around wildly, and his body involuntarily tried to back away, but Qin Fang's strength was far greater than his, leaving him unable to struggle free.

Realizing he couldn't escape, Brother Long had no choice but to think of another way. His eyes caught a glimpse of the bloodied, tattooed man next to him, and his face brightened as he pointed at the man and suggested to Qin Fang.

"Boss..."

"Brother Long..."

But as he shouted out, Qin Fang was as calm as ever, while Brother Long's henchmen reacted differently. Their faces were filled with surprise, and even the sounds of their voices were warped.

They had all been through thick and thin together, drinking, eating meat, and playing with women, bonded as solidly as iron. They wouldn't dare to claim they'd take a knife to the ribs for each other, but they considered themselves as close as kin.

And yet, here was Brother Long, who had always been the most self-righteous about brotherhood, crumbling before the dark barrel of a gun...

It wasn't just any ordinary crumble; he thoroughly tossed aside their past camaraderie as if it were trash, and to add insult to injury, he urinated on it too.

He actually pushed his own brothers forward to block the barrel of the gun,

"Or him... that works too..."

Brother Long now seemed to be throwing caution to the wind. He knew today's matter couldn't end well, and by doing this, he had already offended his own brothers. Even if he survived today, his reputation was completely ruined.

Having gone this far, he might as well go all the way. He pointed at the sickly Dart Man next to him and suggested to Qin Fang again.

Looking into Qin Fang's icy gaze, Brother Long knew he probably couldn't avoid this bullet. If he let two brothers take the hits first, one death means one less bullet, two means only one bullet left, by the time it reached him, the chances of death were just one in six. With a bit of luck, he might not have to die...

"Tsk, tsk, such deep brotherly love..."

Qin Fang laughed and mocked Brother Long. As for the tattooed man and Dart Man, they didn't speak, but the looks they gave Brother Long were venomous – their brotherhood was irreparable.

No one could tolerate a boss who would push them forward to die just to save his own life, no matter how harmonious their relationship used to be.

"I can't be blamed for this. I'm just doing as your boss wished, so you first..."

Qin Fang did let go of Brother Long, and grabbed the bloodied, tattooed man, pulling him over. This guy was pretty tough. Although Qin Fang could sense his nervousness, fear, and terror from his eyes and body, he actually clenched his teeth and remained silent – much stronger than Brother Long.

Qin Fang didn't care, he just forced open the tattooed man's mouth and shoved the barrel of the gun inside, then looked over at Brother Long with a smile.

"I'm about to shoot..."

As he spoke, Qin Fang's finger already curled around the trigger, forming an arc. Just a little more strength and the gun would surely fire.

Everyone witnessing this scene was dumbfounded, stunned by Qin Fang's actions at that moment, especially the table next to him. Some with weaker psyches turned their heads away, refusing to watch any further.

Such a shot would surely result in blood splattering on the spot, a live headshot.

Dart Man's face turned sorrowful. His injuries were not light, but like the tattooed man, he felt a bleed within his heart at the thought of having a boss who would betray friends for his own glory, and he was filled with deep contempt and hatred.

"Qin Fang..."

Even Chu Yunxuan couldn't stand it anymore at this point. Her eyes still held that bewildered look, but she had no choice but to step forward and speak.

Brother Long and the others were certainly despicable, and she wanted to flay him as well.

But such thoughts were only thoughts, not something she could actually do. And yet, Qin Fang seemed genuinely ready to pull the trigger.

"You don't need to worry about this..."

Still, Qin Fang was quite resolute, gesturing to Chu Yunxuan to stop her from continuing her pleas. This shot seemed inevitable...

Chapter 504 The First Shot, Missed!_1

The second update, seeking the first subscription~~

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"Don't..."

Chu Yunxuan saw the determination and irrefutability in Qin Fang's eyes.

She appeared very surprised, and also somewhat confused, not quite understanding why Qin Fang had to fixate on this matter and even be willing to play such a fatal game.

There was certainly nothing wrong with the gun in Qin Fang's hand, as he directly inserted the barrel into the other's mouth; if the gun were to fire, the bullet would undoubtedly penetrate the other's head. The ensuing impact would be unstoppable, surely resulting in a violent death.

"Six chambers, three bullets, a fifty-fifty chance of life or death, good luck!"

Qin Fang ignored Chu Yunxuan's repeated pleas and said these words to the tattooed man, finally pulling the trigger.

Everyone's breath hitched at that moment, as if time had slowed down significantly. Many involuntarily turned away their faces while covering their ears with their hands.

Chu Yunxuan's complexion wasn't good either, her eyes filled with struggle. Murder... was no trivial matter but a significant event.

Although Qin Fang had saved General Li's life and the Li Family owed him a great debt, such a favor was not enough to erase the fact that Qin Fang had killed someone. If things got out of hand, Qin Fang could end up sitting in jail for a very long time, and given his currently severe situation, it would be quite reasonable for him to be shot on the spot.

Yet, even if she wanted to stop it, she could not. Qin Fang merely patted her shoulder lightly, causing her some pain, and then she sat down again. Only at that moment did she realize how strong the seemingly young man, Qin Fang, truly was, definitely much stronger than she had imagined.

The tattooed man was pale as death, his face ashen, his eyes filled with despair, and his body trembled slightly. His legs were shaking as well, and as Qin Fang pulled the trigger, he couldn't endure the torment of despair any longer, closing his eyes tightly... as he waited for that moment to arrive.

Dart Man empathized but also silently closed his eyes, not daring to watch anymore, while waiting for the sound of the gunshot...

Brother Long's reaction was similar, a flash of pain and reluctance crossing his eyes. After all, they had been brothers for many years, yet he never imagined they would come to such a pass, but in the end, his unwillingness was replaced by his firm belief.

Such a person was destined to be cold-hearted and unfaithful, speaking one way but when it comes down to the crunch, would not hesitate to throw even his best brother to the wolves...

No matter what they all thought, no one could stop Qin Fang from pulling the trigger. Qin Fang's finger had already moved past the critical point of the trigger, the gun was activated at that moment, and everyone tensed slightly, because the gunshot would soon come...

Click~~

However... the expected gunshot did not occur, and instead, that was the sound that rang out.

An empty chamber!

Without a doubt, the tattooed man's luck was incredibly good. With a fifty percent chance of survival, he had encountered an empty chamber with no bullet... He had survived!

Whoosh~~

This was a result that no one dared to imagine. Despite knowing there was a fifty percent chance of survival, compared to the massive danger, this chance seemed far too low, which meant that the death rate was too high, and almost no one believed that the tattooed man could survive.

Chu Yunxuan let out a slight breath of relief.

"Congratulations! You don't have to die..."

Qin Fang was quite magnanimous. One shot had been ineffective, so he withdrew the barrel and did not continue further.

Brother Long might sacrifice a brother to save his own life, but Qin Fang had already promised, one shot to determine life and death, survival meant wiping the slate clean...

As for death, that was no longer an issue. Once dead, it was impossible to pursue any matter further. If a person was already dead, what was there to pursue? You couldn't very well shoot yourself and go to Hell to collect debts.

"You don't have to die..."

The tattooed man was also a bit stunned; he had already prepared for death, and at one point wanted to run away, but his legs just couldn't muster the strength, so he could only close his eyes and wait to die like before.

Now he had somehow made it through, he didn't have to die, and for a moment, he really couldn't accept it. He stood there in a daze, mumbling "You don't have to die," "You don't have to die," looking almost like a mental patient.

Seeing the tattooed man pull through, Brother Long's face also showed a look as if a heavy burden had been lifted. However, this emotion lasted only three seconds before his expression changed again, his heart filled with immeasurable resentment toward the tattooed man.

Why?

With six chambers and three bullets, a half chance at survival, the more bullets spared, the higher the survival rate, and thus the greater his chances of living.

But now, the tables had turned. One person had been subtracted, yet not a single bullet was missing. The chance of survival remained unchanged and even seemed to be diminishing...

As the saying goes, what you fear often comes to pass.

No sooner had Brother Long thought this than he saw Qin Fang, gun in hand, approach Dart Man, grasped his neck, lifted him, and without hesitation, as Dart Man gaped for breath, shoved the barrel into his mouth.

This act, though seemingly not strange—after all, the onlookers' first thought was not too far from this—however, everyone felt that something was off. Upon closer examination, they finally pinpointed the issue...

It was that Qin Fang hadn't spun the cylinder; he simply picked up the gun and acted.

In a proper game of Russian Roulette, which is inherently life-threatening, the cylinder is spun before each shot to ensure fairness and maintain equal survival odds, thereby determining the opponent's fate...

But Qin Fang didn't play by the rules. Instead, he followed the old pattern, picking up the gun, ready to act, which led to the problem at hand.

Dart Man quickly understood his predicament, but he had no strength to resist and could only silently endure what was coming.

Undoubtedly, the chance of death had risen once more.

Originally, it was six chambers with three bullets—a fifty percent death rate. But now, with five chambers and three bullets, the death rate had gone from half to sixty percent, significantly increasing the danger...

Yet, there was someone whose complexion was greener than Dart Man's, and that was Brother Long.

Qin Fang not playing by the book was a clear retaliation against Brother Long's immediate betrayal of his brother. Being the last to face the gunshot, the original six to three had become five to three, leaving only four choices for him.

If Dart Man were to be unlucky and killed by Qin Fang, one chamber would be excluded, one bullet consumed, and by the time it was Brother Long's turn, there would be four chambers and two bullets left. A fifty percent chance, the same as in the beginning, rendering Brother Long's cunning completely useless.

In other words, he had been played by Qin Fang who squandered the brotherhood for what turned out to be just a buffer period of no real value.

Of course, this was under the unfortunate scenario of Dart Man's demise. If Dart Man's luck were as good as Tattoo Man's, then when it came to Brother Long's turn, it would be four chambers and three bullets, with the death rate soaring from the current sixty percent to seventy-five percent, leaving only a one in four chance to survive...

Such numbers were nearly equivalent to sending Brother Long to the guillotine.

"No, I still have a chance, I still have a chance..."

But in his heart, Brother Long kept convincing himself, almost hypnotizing himself.

He had his own theory.

The bullets were personally retained by Qin Fang, or rather, they only saw Qin Fang remove three bullets from the gun, leaving three inside. However, the arrangement of these three bullets was uncertain; no one paid attention to this, only Qin Fang knew for sure.

Perhaps they were arranged alternately; hit, miss, hit, miss, hit, miss... such a pattern could be the arrangement for the six bullets.

Naturally, it's also possible that two or even three bullets were clustered together. With only so many positions in the cylinder, as long as they weren't spaced evenly, it would be reasonable to encounter consecutive bullets.

This was the second shot!

The target was Dart Man.

Frankly, Qin Fang didn't think highly of this man; he was one who liked to strike from the shadows, avoiding direct confrontation and resorting to underhanded schemes and tricks.

Undoubtedly smart and skilled at manipulating his methods, Dart Man had almost trapped Qin Fang, who narrowly avoided the snare, escaping by the skin of his teeth.

But he had also enraged Qin Fang, resulting in the most severe injuries among the three victims, with who knows how many broken bones in his chest.

Qin Fang disliked him, that was evident, the extensive injuries on his body told the tale.

But this wasn't nearly enough, which is why Qin Fang then stuffed the gun barrel into Dart Man's mouth, and amidst the expectant and anxious gazes of the onlookers, everyone watched as Qin Fang slowly pulled the trigger, all holding their breath, waiting for that eternal moment to arrive...

Dart Man also closed his eyes, sharing the same resignation as his brother Tattoo Man before him. He harbored almost no hope for survival, deeming it a virtually certain death.

In his view, from the moment he tried to harm, even kill Qin Fang with that dagger, Qin Fang had harbored a killing intent toward him and would not pass up such a golden opportunity.

Chapter 505 Scared the Pants Off_1

...

Dart Man's guesses couldn't be said to be definitely accurate, nor could they be said to be definitely inaccurate.

It wasn't as if he was blindly conjecturing; at the very least, Qin Fang's eyes indeed harbored murderous intent, and such a feeling had actually come to him the moment he was hit by that punch.

At the time, he thought Qin Fang would continue to strike at him, yet in the end he gave up, or perhaps it was to save up for this game of Russian Roulette!

"Five chambers, three bullets, a 60% chance of death, count on your luck!"

The words were the same old ones, spoken by the same person, still Qin Fang. The content had hardly changed at all, except that the original six chambers had been reduced to five, with the absent one naturally being the one used just before by the tattooed man.

"Come on..."

The tattooed man was already looking weak, his courage a bit smaller, but Dart Man obviously had a much stronger nerve than the tattooed man.

Though death was imminent, he still summoned all his strength to roar out those words.

"As you wish..."

Qin Fang just smiled and then, under the tense gaze of everyone around, slowly pulled the trigger.

In reality, all of those present were young people who had seen their share of overseas blockbusters, with some scenes being truly gory, even to the point of disgust.

But that was all in the movies, and no matter how bloody they were, people constantly reminded themselves that it wasn't real, not something to be believed.

Yet everything unfolding before their eyes was real, very real...

Pulling the trigger only takes a moment, but everyone felt it was excruciatingly slow, their breaths becoming stagnant.

Compared to the unanimous dread and despair of the people during the first shot, this time some believed there might be a blank, even though they didn't understand why they felt this way.

The trigger passed the critical point, and the gunshot was about to sound.

Click~~

A blank!

It was another blank.

Just when everyone thought Dart Man had no chance of survival, Qin Fang fired another blank.

Others might not fire two blanks in a row, but with Qin Fang, such a thing did happen.

The sound wasn't loud, and the music outside was very noisy, but somehow, everyone heard it very clearly.

The audience let out a long breath, and Dart Man nearly collapsed completely, slumping down the moment the sound rang out.

But not a single person mocked him, because there was someone even more disgraceful, even more embarrassing than him—Brother Long!

If Brother Long felt a bit smug before for betraying his two brothers for his own sake, his complexion turned exceedingly ugly when the first shot turned out to be a blank.

Even so, Brother Long could barely accept it, since it hadn't reached an utterly hopeless state, and there was still a very high chance of survival.

But this time, Brother Long was nearly desperate.

The reality was not merely unfavorable for him but extremely so; the worst scenario he had imagined still came to pass.

Four chambers, three bullets, a 75% chance of death—it was almost like his death sentence had been scheduled.

To flee?

That was the first thought that came to Brother Long's mind.

But looking around at his surroundings, this corner was already close to the solid wall, and on the other side were several people watching, with a barrier grating so high, at least 1.6 meters tall, that jumping over it was out of the question given his current condition.

There was only one way back...

Baldy Fatty might have been his loyal sidekick, his most trusted subordinate, but now things were different. Like the tattooed man and Dart Man, he loathed Brother Long for thinking not of unity or mutual support in the face of crisis but decisively betraying his own brothers to fight for his survival.

Baldy Fatty hadn't participated in the earlier fight, which was his lucky break, avoiding a beating and the calamity of playing Russian Roulette with a gun to his mouth.

But he had also witnessed Brother Long's act of betrayal, finding his behavior utterly contemptible and too ashamed to associate with him. Even if Brother Long managed to escape this time, Baldy Fatty wouldn't expect to follow by Brother Long's side anymore.

"Brother Long was definitely not escaping this time; he had to think of another way if he wanted to live."

"It's your turn now..."

Qin Fang didn't look at Dart Man anymore. Maybe he did hold some grudges against Dart Man because he had nearly died at his hand. However, the action just now was quite an eye-opener for Qin Fang, which temporarily made him overlook that slight bit of previous filth.

There were three of them, and both Tattoo Man and Dart Man had successfully crossed The Gates of Hell, preserving their precious lives. Then there was one person who hadn't played yet, and that was the Boss, Brother Long. Qin Fang immediately said to Brother Long with a smile.

That expression looked no matter how one saw it, it seemed like a weasel paying New Year's respects to a chicken, especially with that kind of smile.

"No, don't kill me... I'll give you money, a lot of money! As long as you don't kill me, I can give you anything..."

Brother Long was truly panicking, recklessly desperately speaking, and his words became cruel. Just to survive, he could indeed abandon even his life, his wealth, reputation, women... he could discard each and every one.

"What if I want your wife and daughter then?"

A hint of disdain appeared on Qin Fang's lips before he said with sarcasm.

Chu Yunxuan naturally heard that and looked strange. In the end, she couldn't help but utter the word "Beast," which laid a bit of foundation for what Qin Fang had just said.

Such a question was truly a slap in the face, and even Brother Long was stunned upon hearing this condition; frankly speaking, he had never considered this.

People of the Martial World abide by its rules; they might get beaten to death, killed, or poisoned, but it's rare for anyone to harm their wives and children. This is an unwritten law of the Martial World, something nobody dares to oppose.

The principle of "the sins of the father should not be visited upon the children" is a consistent principle of conduct and an ancient rule spanning thousands of years.

Brother Long was not short on women. Apart from his wife and kids at home, he had several mistresses outside. These mistresses were not exclusively his. If his backers needed them, he wouldn't hesitate to offer up his women.

So, he found it particularly hard to answer such a sharp question raised by Qin Fang.

"As long as you're willing to spare me, take my wife and daughter for all I care..."

I've seen beasts, but never such a beast. Even Qin Fang was shocked by his words. He hadn't really expected Brother Long to agree to his proposal.

"Scumbag!"

Qin Fang was angry too, disgusted by such a despicable level of scumminess that no one could tolerate. It was just too cruel. So Qin Fang immediately rushed towards him, prying open his fat mouth and stuffing the gun barrel inside.

"Don't kill me..."

Brother Long kept shouting in there, his voice full of unprecedented fear and shrillness, as if he had just lost his dear mother, his heart sheerly broken in desperation.

Even Tattoo Man and Dart Man, who were standing not far away and had just narrowly escaped disaster, felt some sympathy watching this. After all, they had all come up together, grinding through the times to gain the status and power they now had, with Brother Long as their Boss being the ultimate example.

They just hadn't expected him to betray them so resolutely and without hesitation, equating to a violation of these people's bottom line.

Chu Yunxuan had been a bit worried for Qin Fang earlier, since the front two had just been too lucky. But such luck may not continue indefinitely, and this shot might well take a life.

Of course, as a woman, she held no shred of goodwill towards scumbags like Brother Long who betrayed his brothers, wife, and daughter. If Qin Fang hadn't blocked her path, she really would have wanted to rush over and slap Brother Long several times, regardless of the fact that he had already been beaten to a pig's head by Qin Fang by then.

"Go to hell..."

Qin Fang seemed quite furious, no longer in the mood to dally with Brother Long, poised to pull the trigger at his mouth...

"Ah~~"

Brother Long was genuinely scared this time, emitting a deep roar. A peculiar sound came from somewhere, crackling strangely.

Soon enough, Qin Fang, who had especially keen senses, smelled an odd scent. To those present, the sound might not have been very clear, as the surrounding music was too loud, but that smell couldn't escape everyone's nose.

It couldn't be helped as the smell was just too overpowering, especially for someone with heightened senses like Qin Fang, whose intensity was several times clearer than others. Being the closest to Brother Long also meant the smell was the strongest...

"Shit, that's just fucking bad luck..."

Qin Fang frowned, finding it hard to imagine that Brother Long, a small-time mafia boss, could be scared shitless by a single gun in his hand.

Or to be more precise, it wasn't just peeing his pants, but a complete loss of all control, quite literally. Qin Fang had not expected Brother Long's psychological endurance to be so poor. Without much real fright, he had been scared into a shameful state.

If this had happened in the revolutionary years, with just a bit of mild coercion, he would likely have spilled everything, probably giving away all his ancestors' secrets as well.

"You're ruthless. Let's withdraw..."

With the situation having escalated to this point, Qin Fang no longer felt like staying. The space was too cramped, the odor too overwhelming, and he had no more interest in continuing the game. He immediately took Chu Yunxuan's hand and prepared to make their escape..

Chapter 506 Go to Get a Room_1

...

Stepping out of the noisy bar and into the night, a bright full moon hung high in the sky, casting a faint moonlight.

The deep autumn night breeze was incredibly cold, sending chills over one's entire body.

Martin felt nothing, his body was practically impervious to heat and cold. Even standing in snow during winter wouldn't bother him much; at worst, his Life Points would slowly decrease.

However, Chu Yunxuan's body wasn't as resilient as Martin's. As soon as the cold breeze hit her, she involuntarily shivered and broke free from Martin's large hand, wrapping her arms around herself, obviously feeling cold.

"Just bear with it,"

Martin took off his jacket and wrapped it around Chu Yunxuan, but the jacket wasn't very thick, so it didn't help much, which was why Martin could only say that.

"I'm fine..."

Chu Yunxuan gave Martin a rare smile.

Perhaps due to the cool breeze, Chu Yunxuan's eyes seemed clearer, and it seemed that the alcohol's effect had somewhat diminished, except for the flattering flush on her fair cheeks.

It wasn't shyness, but rather the effect of the alcohol. After all, she had indeed drunk quite a bit, especially Martin's Martini which packed a strong punch, and it was about time for it to take effect.

"I'll go get the car..."

Seeing that Chu Yunxuan had sobered up a bit, Martin also relaxed and pointed towards the distant parking lot, saying he'd go and bring the car.

In a short while, Martin drove over in Chu Yunxuan's Audi. The roof had been raised; driving a convertible in such icy cold night wasn't a great idea. Martin would probably be fine, but likely Chu Yunxuan would catch a cold on the way back...

Once in the car, with the heater turned on, the temperature began to rise, the chill on Chu Yunxuan softened a lot. Warmed by the heat and the rising effects of the alcohol, Chu Yunxuan became drowsy again and soon appeared to fall asleep.

Martin didn't mind and continued to drive towards home. Although he was not very familiar with the route, he had driven it once before, and with the help of GPRS navigation, he wouldn't get lost.

"Where are we going?"

However, Chu Yunxuan's sleep didn't seem restful; in less than five minutes, she woke up, looked outside at the unfamiliar surroundings, and asked with confused eyes, clearly puzzled about her location.

"Back to the military district. Where else would we go..."

Martin gave Chu Yunxuan a surprised look and responded somewhat perplexedly.

"Oh..."

Chu Yunxuan hummed in response, whether she heard Martin's reply or not, and seemed to fall asleep again, but after about ten seconds woke up again, "I... don't want to go back!"

"Er..."

This caught Martin off guard. He looked over at Chu Yunxuan sitting beside him, unsure what she meant by "don't want to go back."

However, he didn't stop, and the car was still on the move, about to leave the city.

"Thought you could hold your liquor, but it turns out..."

Martin shook his head softly, noting that Chu Yunxuan did have an impressive tolerance for alcohol. Among the women he knew, none could drink more than her, but when the effects of the alcohol hit, she couldn't handle it either.

By comparison, Martin could handle his liquor much better, possibly because of that mediocre "Drinking" Skill. He could drink a dozen beers and still feel relatively unaffected.

It was all legitimate—he hadn't cheated using the Props Box. At the moment, his stomach still felt like a water balloon, and upon opening his mouth, one could smell the alcohol.

Of course, getting tipsy was inevitable. Even the most seasoned drinkers had their limits; it was just a matter of time. Martin guessed that he would probably sleep in until noon the next day.

"Ugh~~"

In the midst of sleep, Chu Yunxuan suddenly woke up, then with a lightning-fast move, she turned over and opened her mouth... and vomited!

Martin was driving from the driver's seat, with Chu Yunxuan's head resting on his shoulder, and as she turned, her head fell from his shoulder, face downwards, and hence... she vomited all over Martin.

Driving Martin was really put out; stuck in the driver's seat, he caught all of the foul-smelling vomit that had spewed forth.

Screech~~

Martin couldn't stay composed any longer and immediately slammed on the brakes, stopping the car on the side of the road.

Faced with the vomit that now clung to him, Martin, like anyone, was distressed. Jumping out of the car, he rushed to clean it up.

To say he cleaned up was an overstatement; all he did was scrape off the vomit. Changing clothes on the street wasn't an option, and he would have to deal with his clothes later.

When Martin looked back after cleaning up and tried to get Chu Yunxuan out of the passenger seat, she had vomited again, soiling her own clothes. Although it wasn't as severe as with Martin, for a woman, this was absolutely unacceptable.

"This is bad..."

Staring at the mess on the driver's seat, Martin just had a wry smile. He couldn't even sit down anymore; the car was definitely not drivable at this point.

"I'm sorry..."

Chu Yunxuan was also a bit embarrassed, but her mind was still quite fuzzy, and managing to say those words was already giving face.

After such a severe bout of vomiting, Chu Yunxuan sobered up a bit, but she felt weak, as she had been close to vomiting up even the bitter bile, and her face was quite pale.

"Forget it, it's my fault anyway!"

Qin Fang smiled wryly and shook his head—although Chu Yunxuan had taken the initiative to drink, he was a part of it too, especially since most of her current state was probably his doing. That glass of Martini was not so easily dealt with.

"Let's just take a cab, or I'll call Brother Li to pick us up..."

In the dead of night, the streets were already deserted, and there weren't many cars heading out of town. Moreover, ordinary people wouldn't dare to drive out of the city so late, for who knows whether they'd encounter robbers or murderers.

Besides, not just any vehicle could enter the military area. Although Chu Yunxuan's car had a pass and wouldn't have a problem, the average taxi could forget about it, as they wouldn't even see the gate without going through multiple checkpoints.

Even if one managed to reach the gate, they would still have to pass through many inspections. Qin Fang was just a commoner, and bringing a military-registered woman back to the military area in the middle of the night was bound to be troublesome.

The only option was to get Li Yang to come and pick them up, even if it meant disturbing his sleep in the middle of the night.

That's why Qin Fang had a furrowed brow as he spoke. He had his concerns since he was indebted to the Li family, but he couldn't keep them from getting any sleep.

"I... I won't go back! Take me... find a place... to stay!"

It was understandable that Qin Fang had these concerns, but there was no other choice. He was not alone and had to consider Chu Yunxuan who was with him.

But surprisingly, the beautiful Chu Yunxuan was straightforward. Seemingly not wanting to return to the military area, she took the initiative to ask to stay in the city.

"Alright..."

Looking at their clothes, Qin Fang could only smile wryly. There was no way to drive the car; they had to leave it there and send it for cleaning the next day. He simply locked the car doors and, with Chu Yunxuan's soft, snake-like body in his arms, headed to a nearby hotel.

It was a good thing that they were in the city when the accident happened. If the car had broken down halfway, it would have been truly problematic. Not only would they not find a place to stay, but even getting a taxi would be difficult, and they might have ended up having to drive back to the military area, queasy as that would be.

Checking into a hotel with a beautiful woman!

That seemed like a delightful experience.

But right now, Qin Fang couldn't feel happy about it at all, as the odors coming from both of them were quite unpleasant. What he most wanted to do was rush to take a bath and change into fresh clothes.

Chu Yunxuan next to him was the same, with her cute nose wrinkled and her facial expression scrunched up. However, she was really too weak and limp to do anything but let Qin Fang hold her, which made both of them quite miserable...

Chu Yunxuan's body was very soft and supple, almost as if it had no bones at all. Her tall figure leaned against Qin Fang, and to maintain balance, she couldn't help but wrap her arms around Qin Fang's robust waist. Her full, towering peaks constantly rubbed against Qin Fang's ribs, their cooperation remarkably in sync.

This kind of physical contact was not at all enjoyable for Qin Fang; it was pure torment, yet he could only bear with it.

Fortunately, the hotel wasn't far from where they got out of the car. After walking just a short distance for over five minutes, they arrived.

The hotel was named Jingtai, a three-star establishment. In a city like Jincheng, it wasn't considered very good, nor was it too bad. Qin Fang wasn't picky about that; he just wanted to quickly get a room to bathe and change clothes.

It was nearly three o'clock, and there were basically no guests checking in at this time. The hotel lobby was pretty quiet, with only a young man sitting behind the service desk, supporting his head with his hands, seemingly dozing off or perhaps dreaming, with drool glistening at the corner of his mouth.

Knock, knock, knock~~

Qin Fang didn't care if he was dreaming; he knocked on the service desk, immediately awakening the attendant.

"Who's there... so late at night... Uh! Good evening, how may I help you?"

He was in the middle of a fierce battle in his dreams with an antenna-like beauty when he was suddenly awakened—a truly irritating thing. The young man couldn't help but complain, but he quickly realized what was happening and instantly snapped to full alertness.

Looking at Qin Fang and Chu Yunxuan, he immediately put on his brightest smile and asked very politely.

"Two rooms, please..."

Qin Fang didn't mind the young man's complaints. He somewhat understood the feeling, but this didn't affect his purpose for coming there.

However, after asking for two rooms, he couldn't help but frown and looked at Chu Yunxuan in his arms, then quickly changed his request, "Wait... do you have duplex suites available?"

"Yes, we do!"

The young man originally thought Qin Fang and Chu Yunxuan were a young couple coming to check in and was surprised when Qin Fang asked for two rooms.

After Qin Fang inquired about a duplex suite, the young man's mouth couldn't help but curve into a somewhat strange smile as he nodded quickly in affirmation.

"Then let's get one of those."

Qin Fang of course understood the young man's smile. They were of similar age, and their thoughts weren't too different. However, Qin Fang's reason for changing his order wasn't what the young man would guess.

Qin Fang didn't particularly care. Although he had drunk quite a bit, he wouldn't have any issues. After a bath and change of clothes, he could still easily sleep until daylight.

But with Chu Yunxuan in such a drunk state, leaving her alone in a room could lead to unexpected issues. Although Qin Fang had no obligation to take care of her, he certainly had some responsibility.

Choosing a duplex suite meant they would still have separate rooms, but Qin Fang could keep an ear out for any noise from Chu Yunxuan's side. If she made a fuss, he could step in and help prevent her night from being too miserable.

If that were the case, who knew how she would deal with Qin Fang once she sobered up.

To avoid unnecessary trouble, Qin Fang was willing to make do...

Chapter 507: Peeping_1

...

"Room 518 on the top floor!"

The young man worked with impressive efficiency, completing all the arrangements quickly using Chu Yunxuan's ID card for registration.

Qin Fang had no choice; his wallet had been in his pocket, but it had gotten soaked by the vomit Chu Yunxuan expelled. Fortunately, Chu Yunxuan's belongings were safe in her small handbag.

After paying, Qin Fang took the room card from the young man, supporting Chu Yunxuan as they entered the elevator and headed straight up to the top floor.

"Tsk tsk, that woman is really fucking gorgeous..."

Watching Qin Fang and Chu Yunxuan, clinging to each other, disappear into the elevator, the young man immediately let out such an exclamation. Then, he emerged from behind the service desk, rushed to the entrance, and closed the hotel's main door, deciding not to welcome any more guests for the night.

Immediately after, he turned off the lights in the lobby and his figure vanished into a small, concealed room nearby.

This room was the hotel's surveillance room, equipped with monitors and several computers, all currently operational. Through the monitors, one could clearly see the hotel's lobby, staircase, elevators, and hallways—every floor was clearly visible.

Of course, the rooms couldn't be viewed; that would infringe on the guests' privacy. If such clandestine recording were to be discovered, the hotel's reputation would be utterly tarnished.

However, once the young man slipped into the surveillance room, he retrieved a laptop, booted it up, and launched a hidden program, bringing up a completely different screen.

The clarity of the surveillance feed was better than the hotel's own, although not high-definition, it was still quite good, likely from professional equipment.

One could tell that the surveillance was of a room, but the feed was split into several views—there was the entry door, the living room, the bathroom, two bedrooms... even the dark balcony was not spared.

The cameras were cleverly placed; though few in number, they managed to capture every corner, leaving almost no blind spots.

The room's door opened, and a young man, holding a likewise young woman, entered. They were now within the reach of the laptop's surveillance coverage.

"Tsk tsk, it's not bad to see such a beauty even if I didn't catch the 'Fat Sheep'..."

...

Naturally, the ones being secretly filmed were Qin Fang and Chu Yunxuan, but they had no idea that such a thing could happen in what was considered a star-rated hotel. Hence, they remained in the dark.

Under normal circumstances, Qin Fang would definitely check the room first, ensuring everything was safe before he could relax.

But now was different. He cradled a groggy, intoxicated woman whose body was emitting a pungent smell. In the face of such circumstances, no matter how vigilant he was, it was useless. He just wanted to put Chu Yunxuan down quickly and take a shower.

The room was not lacking in grade; it was luxuriously decorated and located on the top floor of the hotel. It was similar to a presidential suite, but given the hotel's standards, this was as good as it got.

The room was duplex with a living room, bedrooms, a balcony, and even a lounge and mini-bar, and theater. It was indeed very nice. The bathroom even had a small fountain jacuzzi, perfect for couples or spouses to enjoy a good time.

But Qin Fang had no interest in such things. Although Chu Yunxuan was drunk and somewhat unconscious, she was still in a better state than him—the smell on her was not as strong as on Qin Fang.

So, after entering the room, Qin Fang didn't attend to Chu Yunxuan. Instead, he left her in the bedroom and quickly headed for the bathroom, starting to strip off his clothes as he went. The stench clinging to him, especially the stuff seeping into his clothes, was unbearably discomforting.

Qin Fang undressed with remarkable speed, pulling and tugging, and in no time at all, he was stark naked.

"Damn, to not jump on such a beauty and to rush for a shower instead...

Wretched Brother, who was doing the spying, had a rather comprehensive view. While still pleasuring himself, he could hardly wait to see a live show. Little did he expect Qin Fang to leave such a beautiful woman on the bedroom bed and head off to shower instead...

This absolutely infuriated Wretched Brother. He felt like rushing up there to beat Qin Fang to a pulp and then take his place...

On the bedroom bed, Chu Yunxuan seemed to have fallen into a deep sleep, lying motionless. For quite a while, there was no response from her, much to Wretched Brother's dismay.

Seeing no significant changes from Chu Yunxuan's side for the time being, and feeling disappointed, Wretched Brother couldn't help but glance towards Qin Fang. His eyes immediately bulged in shock.

It wasn't that his sexual preferences suddenly changed, he was simply astounded.

"Damn, what a big guy... Shit, we're all men, why is there such a huge difference..."

He couldn't compete with those big guys from Europe and America, so he settled for looking down on the shorter statures of the Island Country folks, feeling confident that his equipment was of the national average. But now, faced with Qin Fang's sizable member, that's where his real frustration kicked in.

It was bad enough his bean sprout wasn't hard, but now it was standing at attention. Comparing it to someone else's flaccid state yet still feeling inferior was a true blow to his pride.

"Damn it, no wonder he can get such beautiful women; he's got the capital to back it up! If I had that, I'd definitely be more badass than you! Humph..."

As frustrated as he was, Wretched Brother still couldn't help but try to psych himself up.

Just then, he noticed some movement on Chu Yunxuan's side and immediately forgot about Qin Fang, switching over to the bedroom video. After all, he was a man who lacked interest in another man like Qin Fang, especially one who dented his ego, and naturally preferred to focus on Chu Yunxuan instead.

Lying on the bed, Chu Yunxuan seemed to stir but was still drowsy, half-asleep and half-awake, her eyes appearing somewhat hazy, her body twisting restlessly, occasionally reaching to undress herself as if lying there in discomfort...

Women don't like to sleep in bras—it's just too uncomfortable—and Yunxuan was no exception.

Moreover, the odd smell clinging to her clothes was making her even more uncomfortable. Even in her sleep, she couldn't resist trying to take them off.

Yunxuan's upper garment was a suit with buttons, which were not difficult to undo, but without much strength, she seemed to struggle.

Witnessing such a scene made Wretched Brother incredibly excited, his manhood grew even firmer, and his hand motions quickened, jerking off joyfully.

After much effort, Chu Yunxuan managed to unbutton her jacket, revealing the camisole underneath. While it didn't expose anything substantial, the unrestrained fullness of her bust immediately sprang up, appearing even more ample than before.

The camisole was thin and flimsy, and although the weather had turned cooler, this was not a big deal for a beauty-conscious woman like Yunxuan.

The flimsy camisole was just an outer layer, but slight traces of her bra were still imprinted on it, even outlining a rough shape.

"D! Definitely a D! Maybe even an E..."

With his extensive experience from watching thousands of adult films from the Island Country, Wretched Brother felt he could accurately assess her perfect bust size.

Although relying solely on his eyes and a camera, he was quite confident in his judgment; Yunxuan's breasts were truly voluptuous, far beyond what most women could boast.

After removing her jacket, Yunxuan was still not satisfied and immediately moved to attack the camisole on her body.

However, this wasn't about unbuttoning; it had to be pulled up and off. Initially, Yunxuan didn't realize this and fumbled around without finding any buttons, growing increasingly frustrated.

Perhaps she finally caught on, as her hands slowly found the hem of the camisole, instinctively grabbing it and trying to tear it off.

Despite her pulling and tugging without much effect, chance allowed her to discover that the garment could be pulled up, gradually revealing her skin—her smooth, flat belly, the delicate navel, and the curving outline inching upward...

"Here it comes, here it comes..."

With Chu Yunxuan finally starting to undress, Wretched Brother was exorbitantly excited, his eyes gleaming as he enlarged the camera feed once more. It compromised a bit of clarity, but allowed for a more detailed view...

Watching the increasingly exposed fair skin, Wretched Brother's excitement surged, stroking even faster, his eyes glued to the screen, not daring to blink, afraid to miss a single thrilling moment.

"It's out, it's out..."

Unaware she was being filmed, Yunxuan now had both hands on the camisole hem, desperately trying to pull it off—slowly, slowly...

And in his extreme excitement, he failed to notice that his arm knocked over a glass of red wine, the crimson liquid immediately seeping into the surveillance equipment...

And then...

Crackle and pop~~

Just as Wretched Brother was about to see Chu Yunxuan's perfect bust, the surveillance equipment suddenly burst into intense crackling sounds, impacting all the other devices in the room, including his laptop which was also connected. Suddenly, it burst with a loud pop!

"F*ck..."

A ghastly scream erupted from the small room, piercing through the thick hotel door, as if audible blocks away.

A stray cat passing by was so frightened it bolted, scaling a tree as if seeking higher, safer ground, swiftly climbing over ten meters but then... unable to come down.

An unfortunate rat stealing grease on the street, already scared out of its wits, was petrified by the scream. Its legs trembled uncontrollably, lacking the strength to flee just as a cat pounced with lightning speed, plunging the rodent into sheer despair, and then... with two kicks, it was dead.

Chapter 508: Bathe Together_1

...

"Damn, that's scary..."

The piercing power of the ghostly scream was incredibly strong; it could even be heard within the well soundproofed suite where Qin Fang, who was taking a bath, couldn't help but shiver and was greatly startled upon hearing it.

Of course, he didn't think much about it, attributing it to perhaps having drunk too much and experiencing auditory hallucinations. The most likely scenario was that someone outside had made the noise.

"Who doesn't sleep at the dead of night and keeps making a racket, disturbing one's dreams. I curse you to jerk off until you bleed..."

Qin Fang immediately issued a vicious curse toward the individual who dared to scare him with a ghostly scream!

Although the curse came a bit late, it seemed to have taken effect prematurely...

Poor Wretched Brother, his face a mixture of sorrow and rage as he looked at his laptop that had suffered collateral damage, his heart truly bleeding...

It wasn't that he lamented the cost of the notebook, but rather because at that most crucial moment, with victory in sight, it had suddenly malfunctioned, causing all his efforts to go down the drain.

He had been too excited just now, jerking off too vigorously, almost closing in on the computer, when suddenly, the laptop exploded. The sparks that flew out were indiscriminate, and somehow, they hit Wretched Brother right on his sprout...

And so, the tragedy unfolded!

"Dammit, repair it quick... there's only three hours left, if it's fixed, there will still be something to see..."

Incredibly, he started to repair the computer himself.

And wouldn't you know it, the guy was really talented. He could handle surveillance, install equipment, write software, and even repair this laptop. His bag somehow contained every tool imaginable, and he promptly set to work repairing it.

What the notebook was missing, he surmised, might be a part of the motherboard, and there could be some impact on the hard drive. However, this wasn't a major issue since the content he had been filming wasn't stored on this laptop but elsewhere.

This laptop was merely an intermediary, with a program that connected to the storage location of the videos. Even if this laptop burned out, the cameras in Qin Fang's room would still be operating, and all videos were saved.

But there was a time limit—three hours.

If the program on this laptop suddenly stopped and failed to connect with the other end within three hours, then that end would automatically format itself, deleting all the video files.

This guy wasn't doing this just for his peculiar interests, he had other schemes in mind. He was not following the Righteous Path but exploiting loopholes, so his measures to protect himself were even more stringent.

Even if there were slip-ups on his part and the police traced it to him, by then the video files would already be deleted, and no evidence could be found. He could easily deflect and walk away scot-free.

That's why he was muttering to himself like this.

Three hours wasn't particularly long, but it wasn't short either. He figured that with his skills, he should be able to repair it and thus save the videos currently being covertly recorded, and maybe even the entire sequence of Qin Fang and Chu Yunxuan's gunfight.

While it wasn't as thrilling as a live broadcast, preserving such videos was definitely something that excited him immensely, hence his hands moved with exceptional joy.

...

In the room.

Chu Yunxuan was still somewhat drowsy, but after all the tossing and turning, a bit of sweat had formed, clearing her head slightly.

The top half of her clothes was already mostly removed; her bra was torn because her head was not clear before, and she couldn't find the clasp after searching left and right.

It wasn't a front-closure style, so of course, she couldn't find it.

Therefore, having no other choice, Chu Yunxuan had to resort to the most primitive method of forcibly tearing the straps to take it off.

"Where is this?"

Chu Yunxuan's head was still not very clear, and seeing the unfamiliar surroundings, she looked somewhat bewildered. She frowned slightly, seemingly pondering something, "Right, it seems like a hotel... I kind of remember!"

Obviously, although she wasn't very clear-headed along the way, she still had some recollection of it.

"I feel so uncomfortable... and there's such a bad smell!"

As for Qin Fang, she didn't think too much about him. As a woman, the first thing that naturally came to mind was herself. Her body felt sticky, with sweat and remnants of her vomit, making the odor quite unbearable.

So, her first reaction was to take a shower as soon as possible.

She staggered to her feet, walked out of the room, and groped her way towards the bathroom. It wasn't too far away, just straight ahead across the room, only a couple steps away to open the door.

Qin Fang's clothes were not thrown all over the place. Instead, he brought them into the bathroom, planning to toss them into the washing machine... This also prevented Chu Yunxuan from noticing any anomalies.

The door... opened!

"Ah..."

A surprisingly sharp scream came out.

It wasn't Chu Yunxuan shrieking; instead, it was Qin Fang...

He hadn't finished his shower just yet; he had simply forgotten to grab the shampoo and shower gel, so he came out of the bathtub naked and walked over to the place where these items were kept.

And right there, near the bathroom door, as he walked over so carelessly, Chu Yunxuan had just pushed open the bathroom door and walked in. The two of them bumped into each other face to face like that.

One was completely bare and adorned with droplets of water that slowly dripped down the crevices of his well-defined and firm muscles, leaving a clear trail on the floor.

Although the towel provided some cover, Qin was painfully aware that men who have tasted flesh have no resistance to women, especially to a flawless woman like Chu Yunxuan.

However, Chu Yunxuan didn't seem to be very aware of Qin Fang's discomfort and awkwardness. She didn't show any inclination to cover herself up, or rather, she wasn't even conscious of her own improper state.

"Psh, look how scared you are! What's the big deal? I've seen all sorts of birds..."

Maybe it was because of the alcohol, but Chu Yunxuan seemed entirely different to Qin Fang at that moment, and her demeanor involuntarily reminded him of a character from a classic old movie—the innkeeper Jin Xiangyu from "New Dragon Gate Inn".

Her personality was careless and seemingly bold and unrestrained, but she was also a woman of true temperament.

What Chu Yunxuan said was not false—what was her profession?

A doctor!

A general practitioner!

Chapter 509 Tricks Up One's Sleeve_1

...

When men act on impulse, they just can't control themselves.

Qin Fang made a decisive move.

Although Qin Fang had been intimate with several women, he was actually still young.

Qin Fang reached out and slipped his hand under the armpit of Chu Yunxuan.

"Er..."

But when it came down to it, Qin Fang couldn't help but feel conflicted again.

Should he go for it, or not?

That was truly a tough question.

"How come it's always that I end up sleeping with these women on the day I meet them..."

This was Qin Fang's biggest quandary, the women he had been with weren't many, just three, Fan Ning, Xiao Muxue, and Miao Yue.

The union with Fan Ning was rather magical, while with Xiao Muxue it was a case of deep affection leading the way, and as for Miao Yue... that was completely accidental, somewhat reminiscent of the current situation with Chu Yunxuan.

Besides them, there was also Wen Yan, with whom he almost did the deed in the cave, and Luo Xi, who he almost deflowered on the day they met...

The more he thought about it, the more Qin Fang felt as though he was becoming a lustful ghost, almost ready to make a move on any beautiful woman he saw...

Er, that's wrong!

It wasn't that he, Qin Fang, wanted to make a move, but rather that situations always seemed to develop unconsciously in that direction, like the current one.

Chapter 510: Halfway Up_1

...

Qin Fang's heart was truly in a knot.

But his body's reaction was so intense that he had almost reached the point where he could no longer control himself, he was so excited that he was ready to release all his strength.

"Damn it, what's there to be afraid of, go for it!"

In the end, Qin Fang decided to give in to his body's response, it was time to take action, he had to make some progress.

Having made that decision, Qin Fang naturally started to act.

But... she was asleep!

The voice that Qin Fang felt was familiar turned out to be Chu Yunxuan's breathing, or rather, her snoring.

Generally women do not snore, but some people have an unusually heavy breathing after getting drunk, and it sounds like they're snoring, which was undoubtedly the case with Chu Yunxuan now.

What was even more frustrating for Qin Fang was—he heard Chu Yunxuan murmuring in her sleep, and it sounded like she was calling out a man's name.

Clearly, this man was definitely not him, Qin Fang, but someone else!

"Damn it, this is not the way to play someone..."

At this moment, Qin Fang truly felt like crying without tears; this woman had ignited his fire, causing a certain part of him to swell painfully, yet suddenly she lost face and just fell asleep...

Proceed regardless?

Qin Fang thought about it and decided to forget it.

He could somewhat accept it if it was mutual, but the woman was drunk and asleep, if he went ahead, she might wake up and accuse him of rape directly.

This was definitely a possibility, especially since Chu Yunxuan didn't have a very good impression of Qin Fang to begin with, and there were even some small grudges between them. He thought that after tonight's drinking, their relationship would become much smoother, but unexpectedly...

What to do?

Let it go!

Continuing to take action was out of the question at this point; Chu Yunxuan was sound asleep, looking as if she was having a beautiful dream, and if Qin Fang forced the issue, he might wake her up, which would spell big trouble for him, Qin Fang.

Moreover, it seemed that Chu Yunxuan must have a boyfriend, she was even calling his name in her sleep; maybe she was under the impression that it was her man handling her in her daze just now.

But Qin Fang didn't quite understand, if Chu Yunxuan already had a man, why would she drink with him, a stranger, until drunk and refuse to return to the military district, insisting on staying in the city to book a room.

Looking at it this way, it seemed like she was out to give Qin Fang a break.

"Forget it, such good luck is better not to fall on my head, it might be quite troublesome..."

"Fine... consider yourself tough!"

Qin Fang had no other choice, so he picked Chu Yunxuan up, carried her out of the bathtub, wrapped a towel hastily around himself, and directly carried her outward.

The cameras installed throughout the suite were still operating, recording everything that had just occurred, of course, including the footage of Qin Fang carrying Chu Yunxuan back to the bedroom.

And Chu Yunxuan, once in contact with the bed and feeling its warmth, gradually relaxed her body. However, her hand, which was wrapped around Qin Fang's neck, did not loosen its grip. Instead, it tightened even more, and then...

"Mike... love me!"

But Qin Fang just couldn't do it. The woman in his arms was clinging to him but calling another man's name. He couldn't take it. It troubled him psychologically; even if he were to take advantage, he simply couldn't go through with it.

He let go of Chu Yunxuan's body, placed her on the bed, and covered her with a blanket, finally managing to conceal her perfect figure entirely. Only then did he sigh in slight relief.

But Chu Yunxuan wasn't sleeping peacefully. Soon a smooth, jade-like beautiful leg stretched out from the pristine blanket, carelessly placed atop it, and her fair arm did the same, creating a position as if hugging the blanket, even as she continued to sleep.

It was apparent that this seemed to be her preferred sleeping posture, and at last, she calmed down for the moment.

Qin Fang didn't stay. Looking at that fair arm and thigh, and those ample hips, he worried he couldn't restrain himself again and promptly went out the door to take a shower in the bathroom.

About half an hour later, he emerged, firstly checking on Chu Yunxuan's room to ensure everything was fine before returning to his own.

Sigh...

Only when lying in bed did Qin Fang finally breathe a sigh of relief, putting that trouble aside for the moment.

Not until he had settled down did Qin Fang's breathing slowly become more even.

Although he hadn't succeeded earlier, frustrating him immensely, the overt closeness that followed further kindled the fire he had barely managed to suppress, making it flare up once again.

Now that Chu Yunxuan was out of sight, and after fiercely taking another cold shower, he temporarily suppressed the fiery feelings, yet that brother of his was still furiously erect, as if reproaching Qin Fang for his lack of action.

As a martial artist, one naturally possesses abundant vitality and vigor, and Qin Fang even more so. Apart from his own reasons, that little troublemaker lingering within him contributed to the mischief.

It was for this reason that he occasionally needed to vent, to let some steam off, which benefited his body. Of course, this excluded those who practiced restraining arts, for they cultivated by refining their energy.

Qin Fang needed to release too, and just now had been a perfect opportunity, but Chu Yunxuan's actions were truly speechless, calling out another man's name. He thought it hard to be without psychological barriers...

Two rooms, a young man and woman.

One deeply asleep, the other unable to find rest.

One inebriated, plus the aftermath of passion, allowed for a delightful release of energy, resulting in a deep, sweet sleep.

The other, on the contrary, was feeling the effects of alcohol and a certain part of the body particularly excited, yet without the chance even to stroke the gun, the action tragically ceased midway.

While Qin Fang was coming to terms with the sad reality that he "got halfway there," little did he know that the woman in the next room, who had left him speechless, was in another state altogether.

"Why... why did you leave me?"

In her dreams, Chu Yunxuan no longer wore a smile; her expression turned into one of sorrow, tears flowed down from the corners of her eyes, soaking the bedsheet...