

Genius 941

Chapter 941 - Strange Bet!

...

"What do you mean? What can I mean... I just simply want to make one more friend!"

Lu Ming, however, was not intimidated by Sun Shu at all; instead, he had a smile on his face and nonchalantly rebutted, his eyes filled with provocation as if he was eager for Sun Shu to start a fight with him right then and there.

"Humph..."

But Sun Shu didn't give him that chance. He just snorted coldly, no longer paying attention to Lu Ming and also glanced at Qin Fang, gently shaking his head to signal Qin Fang to ignore this Lu Ming.

How deep the conflict between Sun Shu and Lu Ming was, Qin Fang certainly didn't know... and he didn't want to know either.

Yet Lu Ming was confronting him, Qin Fang, directly—whether Lu Ming had problems with Qin Fang or was using this as an opportunity to start a fight with Sun Shu, causing Qin Fang—an outsider—to get caught in the crossfire, that was not something Qin Fang was willing to let happen.

Qin Fang could be used by others, but it depended on the situation...

Some matters, Qin Fang was happy to be used by others, even proactively cooperating; but some matters were not so simple. For instance, the current situation was clearly not to Qin Fang's liking.

"This humble one is Qin Fang, may I ask..."

It was clear Sun Shu didn't like Lu Ming, but he also couldn't do much to Lu Ming, even going to great lengths to restrain himself, and Qin Fang knew that he couldn't just stand by and watch.

After all, he had some connections with Sun Shu and was Su Xiaoxiao's cousin; it really wouldn't be appropriate for him to just stand aside and do nothing.

Sun Shu didn't want him to deal with Lu Ming, fearing Qin Fang might be at a disadvantage, after all, this was Yangcheng, not Ninghai, and Lu Ming was the local "Serpent"—the venomous kind. One careless move, and Lu Ming might strike him hard.

However, Qin Fang seemed not to understand Sun Shu's hint at all, as he greeted Lu Ming very politely... but his attitude was all wrong.

Ordinarily, when greeting politely, one stands up and shakes hands with the other person, sometimes needing both hands, but Qin Fang, while verbally very polite, continued to sit, showing no intention of getting up.

This posture surprised Sun Shu and made him sit motionlessly, but Lu Ming's face changed instantly, his expression darkening, and his eyes flickered with malice.

The situation was different for the five or six followers at his side, all of whom were affiliated with Lu Ming. In Yangcheng, there were few people daring not to show respect to Lu Ming, yet unexpectedly, this unknown youngster was acting so tough. Being loyal followers, it was naturally necessary for them to jump out right away.

"What the hell do you mean?"

"Do you talk to me like this..."

"So arrogant and cocky..."

The followers were all riled up, and if it hadn't been a high-class venue, it's likely they would have started cursing profusely.

Of course, if they dared to curse like that, Qin Fang, who was always very sensitive to such behavior, certainly wouldn't let them off easily.

Not far away, Mother Su also grew nervous. Although she didn't have much money, having been involved in this circle for a long time, how could she not recognize Lu Ming?

Moreover, she had also heard many things about Lu Ming—this young man wasn't exactly a good egg; narrow-minded and extremely ruthless...

Qin Fang seemed to have a significant background and wealth, but this was Yangcheng, not Ninghai, and she worried that Qin Fang would suffer a significant loss.

She wanted to come over and mediate, to offer some appeasing words, but she didn't move because she understood she didn't have enough influence...

She could only keep winking at Sun Shu, as perhaps only Sun Shu could resist Lu Ming!

After all, Sun Shu was the nephew of Secretary Sun, the top officer of Yangcheng, while Lu Ming's father was Mayor Lu, the second-in-command in Yangcheng. The two men's statuses were comparable, but their conflict was significant, just like the previous generation.

Lu Ming, being the Boss, although his expression was very unpleasant, he still had some basic composure, subtly stretching out his hand to immediately quiet his followers' shouts.

"Brother Qin sure has quite an air about him, truly an eye-opener for someone like me... May I know where Brother Qin is from?"

It was unwise to act rashly without understanding the background of the other party, especially on one's own turf, even more so since Qin Fang was Sun Shu's friend and guest. Although seeking to provoke a fight with Sun Shu, including Qin Fang, who might have a complicated background, would be disadvantageous to him.

Some people might be foolish and impulsive, not using their brains, but Lu Ming was not such a person. His outward actions targeted Sun Shu, with Qin Fang simply being a bridge.

"Me? Just a minor character, not worth mentioning, how could I possibly catch the eye of Young Master Lu?"

Qin Fang still maintained his composed demeanor of sitting back and watching the scene unfold. When speaking, he always referred to himself as a minor character, but the look he gave Lu Ming was also quite disdainful. Doesn't this suggest that Lu Ming was even less than a minor character?

The narrow-minded Lu Ming couldn't tolerate such provocation, his eyes revealing various cunning glints, as if plotting something internally, giving off a very unpleasant feeling.

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"I beg to differ, with such a high and mighty attitude, I really cannot believe that you, Lu Ming, have no significant identity or background..."

Though Lu Ming's face was dark with brooding, he had not yet erupted with rage, but his patience clearly would not last long. And knowing his character, even if he didn't show it now, he would certainly play dirty tricks later on.

"Lu Ming, cut the nonsense. Qin Fang is a guest I invited. Don't target him—if you have an issue, take it up with me. Just draw the line, and I, Sun Shu, will take it from here..."

While not quite understanding why Qin Fang would purposely provoke Lu Ming, he knew Lu Ming's personality well. Having offended Lu Ming like this, with Lu Ming's narrow-mindedness, there was no way he would just let it go.

Qin Fang was Su Xiaoxiao's man, and as such was also a guest invited by Sun Shu. He naturally could not allow Qin Fang to suffer a loss, not to mention Qin Fang had given him two generous gifts. Regardless of anything else, just for this favor, he could not stand idly by.

"Oh? Young Master Sun can't sit still? That doesn't seem like your style..."

Sun Shu's response was out of character, instead of his usual avoidance of conflict, he was openly protecting Qin Fang, which said a lot.

Either Qin Fang must have a considerable background, which Sun Shu was very wary of, not wanting Qin Fang to get into trouble in Yangcheng... or perhaps Qin Fang might be a relative of Sun Shu, whom he naturally wanted to take extra care of.

Upon realizing this point, Lu Ming's gaze immediately shifted away from Sun Shu and Qin Fang, ignoring Li Yao at Sun Shu's side too, and directly fell upon Su Xiaoxiao. His brooding eyes suddenly shot out sharp rays, filled with surprise and admiration.

Hastily, one thought after another flitted through his mind, and very quickly, Lu Ming retrieved related information from his memory. He remembered Sun Shu had a cousin who was said to be very beautiful but not in Yangcheng... Several local young men from Yangcheng had wanted to arrange matchmaking with her, but she hadn't taken a fancy to any of them!

With such a straightforward comparison, the woman before him must surely be Sun Shu's cousin... Looking at the affectionate way Su Xiaoxiao and Qin Fang were nestled together, it was undoubtedly Su Xiaoxiao's boyfriend.

With this discernment, Lu Ming had a clear idea in his mind and soon figured out a plan.

"Since Young Master Sun is so straightforward, I, Lu Ming, naturally can't dawdle either... Let's do it the old way, a single gamble to decide the outcome!"

Now that he had a clear idea in his mind, and his goal had been achieved, there was naturally no need for him to be too polite with Sun Shu. A smug smile appeared on his face, and he stated his terms quite bluntly.

Those who knew him understood why he was so pleased, yet those who didn't might really think he was the generous type.

"Fine! The time, the place..."

Sun Shu's face was dark with anger, but he still clenched his teeth and agreed, his eyes also filled with fury.

Of course, this anger wasn't directed at Qin Fang, but at his archenemy Lu Ming...

"Brother Sun, what's this old rule?"

That Sun Shu would protect him so openly was indeed a surprise to Qin Fang, but it soon ceased to be strange; Sun Shu was such a person, and it was not surprising at all for him to act this way.

But seeing the expression on Sun Shu's face when he agreed to Lu Ming, it seemed like the decision was quite a tough one for him. Qin Fang naturally could not stand by and watch, so he stepped in with a question.

"Sigh, little brother... you better not ask! I'll handle this matter... You guys go ahead and leave for the hotel first, try not to linger on the way!"

Sun Shu really meant well for Qin Fang. It seemed he was planning to shoulder all the responsibilities himself, not wanting Qin Fang to worry about this matter.

Even considering the dirty tricks Lu Ming might have arranged, Sun Shu specifically warned Qin Fang to prioritize safety above all else.

After saying this, Sun Shu did not linger further and took out his phone as if to notify someone... And judging by his anxious demeanor, it seemed that matters were not going to be easy to handle.

"Xiao Xiao, what were your cousin and the others talking about? What's this old rule?"

With Sun Shu and Li Yao gone, only Qin Fang and Su Xiaoxiao were left. Naturally, he had to ask Su Xiaoxiao, as she might know a bit about the situation.

"What else could it be, but street racing..."

Su Xiaoxiao twisted her lips as she spoke. Actually, she herself was a street racing enthusiast, but since her skills were nothing special, it could only remain a hobby.

Sun Shu and Lu Ming had raced each other not just once; they had competed many times before. Initially, each claimed victories and defeats interchangeably, neither able to dominate the other.

However, ever since Lu Ming employed some underhanded tricks to cripple Sun Shu's best car modding master and scared away the skilled drivers in Sun Shu's employ, Sun Shu had been losing far more than winning, especially in this past year where he hadn't won a single race...

"They gamble big, in this past year of losses, my brother has almost gambled away his wife's dowry..."

Su Xiaoxiao added from the side, her tone making it clear she held some resentment towards Lu Ming. Looking at her expression, it seemed as though she might want to eliminate Lu Ming herself.

Of course, generally speaking, this would be impossible.

The Assassin's Alliance has its own rules; assassins normally only kill on assignment, and seldom engage in killing otherwise, especially in Dragon Country, where they are particularly cautious about such matters.

Moreover, Lu Ming's background was complex, with an official as a parent—a somewhat sensitive matter, not something you can act upon lightly!

"Gamble big? How big?"

When Qin Fang heard about street racing, his expression became quite odd—he was Ninghai's Car God, having defeated all the notable racers in Ninghai, he had already reached a point where he was seeking a match without an equal.

"Three million a race..."

Su Xiaoxiao held up a hand as she spoke, obviously shocked by the high stakes herself. She was now a multimillionaire, but even she couldn't last many rounds at such stakes.

"Plus, an exquisite antique... it has to be at least from the Song Dynasty or earlier!"

But the bet involved more than just money—there was this strange additional condition...

Even Qin Fang was slightly startled when he heard the complete details of the wager. Three million for a race wasn't particularly much, considering it was between Sun Shu and Lu Ming betting against each other.

But the addition of an antique raised some eyebrows; according to Su Xiaoxiao, it was Lu Ming who insisted on this condition, claiming it was because his father, Mayor Lu, had such a hobby...

It sounded like a reasonable excuse, but no matter how you heard it, it felt quite odd, though Sun Shu hadn't given it much thought at the time and agreed...

At first, each had their wins and losses, sometimes you would lose to me today, and I might lose to you tomorrow. It didn't cause much of a stir, save for the odd detail that Lu Ming never lost the antiques he had won from Sun Shu back to Sun Shu; he often prepared a new antique instead.

Sun Shu had found this curious as well, but having had the items appraised, and confirming their high value, he didn't dwell on it much. He'd even gifted a few choice pieces to his uncle, Secretary Sun, to enjoy for a time...

Only, Sun Shu had been consistently losing recently. Not only had he lost all the antiques Lu Ming had previously wagered, he even dug into his own pocket to acquire several more for gambling.

That said, Sun Shu wasn't someone to throw good money after bad; knowing he would lose, he didn't continue to bet, and mostly, he avoided confronting Lu Ming.

If it wasn't for the fear that Lu Ming might harm Qin Fang, he wouldn't have agreed to Lu Ming's terms today.

Losing money was a small matter, and losing antiques wasn't serious, but if Qin Fang were to come to harm, that was something Sun Shu couldn't accept...

"There's a problem, a big problem..."

Sun Shu was more concerned with Qin Fang's safety than the outcome of the race. He was almost certain that he was bound to lose, yet Qin Fang felt that there was something off about Lu Ming, or that there might be some major issue at play...

Chapter 943 - Your Bet is Too Small!

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"Forget it, there's no point in staying here any longer, let's just leave early..."

Qin Fang felt there was something very wrong with the situation, but Su Xiaoxiao clearly had no interest in staying any longer, so she urged them to leave the place.

Seeing the flirtatious look in her eyes, how could Qin Fang not understand what she was thinking?

But it was Lu Ming he had provoked, and he was making Sun Shu take the fallout for him - that wasn't Qin Fang's style at all, not to mention the discomfort he felt upon unintentionally picking up on some undesirable thoughts from Lu Ming's mind earlier, which made it even less likely for him to just let it go.

To nip the problem in the bud, especially with someone as narrow-minded as Lu Ming, the best solution was to crush him severely the moment he dared to harbor ill intentions, ensuring he ended completely in tragedy - that was the fair thing to do.

"Fancy a car race? I'll take you with me..."

Qin Fang had come in Su Xiaoxiao's car, and she initially had a kind of alternative impulse, which she usually suppressed. Qin Fang could tell she actually quite liked car racing; she just never had the opportunity to do so.

Lu Ming had raced Sun Shu many times, but he never took Su Xiaoxiao with him to watch because the scene was too chaotic and he was afraid that Su Xiaoxiao, a girl, would be at a disadvantage.

Of course, what Sun Shu didn't know was that Su Xiaoxiao was fully capable of protecting herself. Anyone who dared to mess with her would be lucky not to end up played to death.

"Really?"

Su Xiaoxiao was first stunned, then immediately burst with joy.

However, her expression soon turned dim, "I think we'd better not... Just watching is boring, watching F1 is more exciting!"

"Heh heh... who said we're just going to watch? I plan to compete, and while three million isn't a lot, it's decent enough!"

Qin Fang chuckled. Since he was going to race, he definitely intended to win. He couldn't bear to see Sun Shu lose to Lu Ming again. For him, the three million was practically in the bag.

Riding Skill was slow to improve, but it was continuously growing. Now, he was only a step away from Advanced Riding Skill, and he believed it wouldn't be long before he could upgrade...

With Intermediate Riding, he could easily defeat many experts and become the Car God of Ninghai. Naturally, almost Advanced Riding would be even more formidable. He estimated that if he went back to race that one again, he would win even more easily.

"Psh, as if you're that impressive..."

Su Xiaoxiao pouted, clearly disbelieving, yet her eyes betrayed a hint of intrigue.

"You'll know if you go! Let's go..."

Qin Fang simply smiled and didn't continue to argue. He just took Su Xiaoxiao's hand and prepared to head directly to where Sun Shu and the others were.

"Xiao Qin, what are you guys..."

Noticing Qin Fang and Su Xiaoxiao about to leave, Mother Su naturally couldn't keep hiding and promptly came out to greet them, even with a hint of feigned ignorance.

"Auntie, I'm taking Xiao Xiao out for a spin!"

Su Xiaoxiao remained silent, even turning her face away as if she hadn't seen Mother Su, while Qin Fang responded cheerily.

Qin Fang didn't directly mention they were going to race since older people generally dislike their children engaging in such thrilling activities; if something bad happened, that would be a big deal.

"Alright then, just be careful and don't stay out too late. Come back to the hotel and rest early... Xiao Qin, when you're free, let Xiao Xiao bring you to our house for a visit!"

Mother Su didn't say much more, but expressed her concern and even extended a warm invitation.

"I definitely will; I just need to find the right time, and I will surely visit..."

Qin Fang naturally nodded and promised with a smile. As for when to visit, that would depend on Su Xiaoxiao; it wouldn't be appropriate for him to visit alone.

As the two prepared to leave, Qin Fang suddenly remembered something. He reached into his pocket—really reaching into the Props Box—and immediately pulled out an anonymous bank card, handing it over politely to Mother Su.

"Speaking of which, auntie, I came in a hurry this time and didn't bring you anything. Consider this card a token of my respect. The password is six sixes. Keep it and buy some clothes, cosmetics, or whatever you like. Please don't be offended..."

Mother Su was slightly taken aback, indeed not expecting Qin Fang to pull such a move, but a triumphant smile quickly spread across her face as she happily held the card in her hands. The way she looked at Qin Fang was filled with joy; she was certainly full of praise for him internally, admiring how well this prospective son-in-law knew how to behave.

If it weren't inconvenient to ask, she would have liked to check right then and there how much money was in the card. However, seeing the way Qin Fang had handed it over, she suspected it was no small sum.

"There could be tens of thousands in there..."

As Mother Su pondered this, she was unaware that Qin Fang had issued many such anonymous bank cards, each loaded with a million, specifically to give away as gifts.

Of course, the origins of this money were somewhat dubious, not transferred directly from Qin Fang's domestic bank accounts but from his Swiss Bank account. It included earnings from his work as an assassin and some funds he had obtained from the account of Chen Liang, who he had eliminated.

Seeing this, Su Xiaoxiao was quite surprised, but she did not say much. Considering her current relationship with Qin Fang, it was no big deal for Qin Fang to give her mother some money.

She herself was not without money, it was just inconvenient for her to offer it to her mother, after all, she could not clearly explain where it came from... Qin Fang's action, however, relieved her of this concern.

Of course, Qin Fang knew this was the reason, which is why he had specifically chosen to give a bank card instead of other valuable items.

After parting with Mother Su, Qin Fang took Su Xiaoxiao and left Dao Tai Mansion. They saw Sun Shu, Lu Ming, and others were also just about to leave the parking lot in their cars, and Qin Fang immediately drove after them.

As Sun Shu had feared, Lu Ming was indeed very small-minded. Although he left with Sun Shu, he had left a few people to keep an eye on Qin Fang and Su Xiaoxiao. It seemed like they were trying to get a clear picture of Qin Fang's background before settling accounts with him later.

These people quickly realized that Qin Fang and Su Xiaoxiao were not heading back to the hotel but were instead following Sun Shu and Lu Ming's cars straight to the outskirts of the city. They promptly informed Lu Ming ahead of them.

Yangcheng was just a second-tier city with a much smaller population compared to the bustling Ninghai. The city had only one or two million people, no match for Ninghai's nearly ten million.

It was now nighttime, and the roads in the suburbs were sparse with vehicles, making them quite clear. The city's construction was also very good, with streetlights extending far into the suburbs. Although somewhat wasteful, it was, without doubt, very effective.

Sun Shu and Lu Ming's drag racing spot was located in the western outskirts of Yangcheng. The roads there were very open and smooth, with few cars, and scarcely any houses nearby. At night, there were hardly any pedestrians around, making it the perfect place for drag racing.

"Qin Fang, Xiao Xiao, how did you guys get here?"

When all the cars reached their destination, many naturally noticed the Porsche that had followed them. Sun Shu, with almost a frown and a dark expression, approached Qin Fang's car and asked.

"Heard you guys were drag racing, so I came over to have a look... Actually, I quite enjoy this kind of thing myself!"

Qin Fang said cheerily, understanding Sun Shu's concerns, yet there were some things he felt he couldn't say too bluntly.

"Young Master Sun, that's not very kind of you. Since Brother Qin has come to our Yangcheng, he is our guest, and we, as hosts, should naturally treat him well... How about it, Younger Brother Qin, are you interested? How about playing a couple of rounds?"

Lu Ming had already received news by this time, originally contemplating how to deal with Qin Fang. Unexpectedly, Qin Fang took the initiative to show up, and Lu Ming wouldn't miss the opportunity, immediately inviting him with a smile.

In this era, there was no shortage of children of officials and the wealthy living in conditions that allowed them to lead decadent lives with little ambition, constantly seeking all kinds of thrills—drag racing, drug abuse, womanizing... These were basically common hobbies and very few were exceptions.

Though Lu Ming couldn't quite figure out Qin Fang's background, from Qin Fang's attire and demeanor, he was surely someone with connections, whether as a child of an official or of wealth.

With such status and an interest in drag racing, Lu Ming had plenty of ways to deal with him. While his own drag racing skills might not be impressive, his subordinate was quite a master. Over the past year, he had repeatedly trounced Sun Shu, to the point where Sun Shu dared not gamble with him anymore.

Youth didn't necessarily mean lack of skill, especially for wealthy young men with time on their hands. Those who enjoyed this type of hobby, and had the money to finance it, were sure to spend hefty sums.

Seeing how Sun Shu had no intention of bringing Qin Fang along, but he had eagerly followed, Lu Ming had a pretty good idea that he was likely fond of drag racing as well.

He wasn't afraid of Qin Fang participating; he was afraid he wouldn't!

So Lu Ming hurried over to invite him, ready to thoroughly fleece this conceited out-of-towner.

"Of course, I'm interested, but I'm not sure how big you guys play here in Yangcheng. If it's too small, then never mind, it wouldn't be interesting..."

Qin Fang's expression seemed earnest, speaking slowly as if he was sincerely inquiring, but his words seemed like they were meant to be a challenge.

What did he mean by "if it's too small, then never mind"?

This was clearly suggesting that the stakes Sun Shu and Lu Ming played with were too low for him to take seriously, and he might as well watch from the sidelines rather than waste his energy.

Of course, if Lu Ming and Sun Shu's stakes were interesting enough to satisfy him, then Qin Fang wouldn't mind joining in for a bit of fun...

Chapter 944 - Earning Pocket Money for the Wife

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Street racing is naturally a competition. If it were purely a friendly match, there would be no need for such pomp and ceremony; a random place and time would suffice, and it only gets exciting with some stakes involved.

This also serves to enhance the enthusiasm for the competition, similar to those F1 races, where at least the drivers get various bonuses for winning.

But if it was purely about seeing who's fastest, with no rewards involved, it would really just be a friendly match—a complete waste of fuel, not to mention the significant wear and tear on the cars themselves.

So, the stakes in street racing are quite important, directly affecting the drivers' enthusiasm.

Of course, if the bets are large enough, the influence of the race also increases.

Like in Ninghai, every major racing day attracts many participants, and the bets are quite substantial. Even disregarding external betting, the driver who wins first place can earn millions in profit.

If it's a head-to-head bet, the stakes are even larger. A few hundred thousand is trivial; bets of ten million are not uncommon.

Qin Fang knew that Ning Weiqiang had once bet ten million in a head-to-head race and had won by a stroke of luck, fattening his wallet considerably.

Of course, the ones who bet against each other definitely have some conflict, betting big just to spite the other.

Lu Ming and Sun Shu were no different, but Yangcheng couldn't compare to Ninghai. It was not so easy for the two of them to make money here. Being able to bet big was already quite impressive.

However, once it reached Qin Fang's ears, it turned into "too little, uninteresting," which severely disheartened both Lu Ming and Sun Shu.

Sun Shu was somewhat okay; he just slightly opened his mouth but didn't say anything.

If it were before, he might have been somewhat skeptical about how incredible Qin Fang was, but having just dealt with Fang Tong and casually gifting him several million, Qin Fang saying their three million bet indeed seemed too small.

Lu Ming, on the other hand, was different. His eyebrows raised almost instantly, his eyes flashing with displeasure...

Lu Ming had been in the racing scene for quite a while, starting in his teens. As his father's position gradually improved, the stakes he played with grew bigger and bigger.

Apart from competing fiercely with Sun Shu, he also occasionally crossed paths with racers from several neighboring cities. He just had never gone to Ninghai to race.

There were too many more skilled privileged young masters in Ninghai. Lu Ming, being discerning and used to being the boss, was very reluctant to play the underling.

Unless his father got promoted to a position in Ninghai, he might consider blending into that circle. But as it seemed now, that was unlikely in the short term; he just wasn't at that level yet.

"Then, Young Master Qin, how large should the stake be to make it worth your while?"

Although Lu Ming was increasingly displeased with Qin Fang, it didn't deter him from inviting Qin Fang to join the racing. He didn't believe Qin Fang's skills could surpass his drivers.

Since it was certain he could win money, the bigger the bet, the better. If Sun Shu dared to wager ten million with him in one game, he would happily race ten rounds a day!

"How large a stake..."

Qin Fang hesitated for a moment, frowning in contemplation as though genuinely struggling with the question. However, he turned to Sun Shu beside him and asked, "Brother Sun, how much have you lost to Young Master Lu in total?"

Sun Shu was startled, looking at Qin Fang in surprise. Clearly, he understood Qin Fang's intention—Qin Fang was planning to stand up for him.

"Could his skills be that strong?"

The thought flashed through Sun Shu's mind. Considering Qin Fang was much younger, even if he had started driving in his teens, it had only been a few years. Racing skills needed time to develop.

Besides, the last time he saw Qin Fang, Qin Fang was just a poor student. He probably hadn't even been in a sports car many times, let alone driven one...

Of course, Qin Fang was a completely different person now. Just look at the people Qin Fang was in contact with. They were definitely not ordinary. At least Sun Shu no longer felt superior to the current Qin Fang.

"About twenty million in total..."

Though still hesitant, Sun Shu reported the figure.

He didn't dare to report too much. The twenty million was a conservative number, basically the total he had lost over the year. That didn't even include the original purchase prices of the antiques he had lost...

The number wasn't small, basically all he could afford. He was thinking to himself, if Qin Fang accidentally lost, he could still manage to pay by gritting his teeth.

He really didn't have high hopes for Qin Fang. Lu Ming's driver was truly skilled. This past year, he had found many capable drivers, but without exception, they all lost. Qin Fang might be skilled, but could he really be better than a professional? He knew that Lu Ming's driver had been mixed up in Hong Kong...

The development of street racing in the country wasn't very long, and technically, it was still in its early stages, generally weak. Mostly, rich young heirs with money to burn were involved, with few truly noteworthy racers.

Slightly better ones had all come from overseas, like Hong Kong, Macau, or places like Europe, the United States, Japan... Dragon Country's native racers weren't really impressive.

Chapter 945 - Earning Pocket Money for the Wife_2

"Twenty million..."

Qin Fang looked at Sun Shu's expression and understood what he meant; he knew that the figure he mentioned was significantly understated.

"In that case, let me double it and add another twenty million..."

Since he intended to win, Qin Fang saw no need for courtesy with Lu Ming and simply doubled the amount Sun Shu had mentioned, making the bet forty million.

"Wow..."

The moment Qin Fang spoke, many people present heard him, and it caused quite an uproar; his move was indeed grandiose, immediately raising the stakes to millions and multiplying it several times.

Everyone present was a renowned local figure in Yangcheng, each possessing some wealth. They would often gamble in smaller amounts, typically tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands. A multimillion bet thrilled each one of them.

Sun Shu and Lu Ming's bets always attracted crowds, even though everyone knew Sun Shu was bound to lose. Still, the thrill of watching such a large sum of money being lost was irresistibly satisfying.

Yet this time was exceptionally fierce, for mere millions weren't enough—directly escalating to tens of millions... Damn, many didn't even have that much in their entire fortune!

Upon hearing this, Sun Shu's eyes nearly popped out; his heart trembled incessantly from the shock!

Xiao Xiao also opened her mouth slightly; although she vaguely knew Qin Fang might be skilled at racing, she hadn't expected him to place such a large bet...

Considering Qin Fang hadn't even driven himself here nor assessed the opponent's driving skills, placing such a large bet was truly domineering.

Lu Ming reacted similarly to Sun Shu, his eyes wide open and staring intently at Qin Fang, as if trying to discern whether this young man was joking.

Millions in bets were definitely a big deal; such amounts were not playthings for the average person. When Lu Ming heard this figure, his heart too trembled endlessly.

Half in excitement, half in apprehension...

If he won, he would make a fortune overnight, but if he lost... it would be a devastating financial defeat.

However, Lu Ming wasn't the type to act without thinking. Hearing Qin Fang's high bet, he pondered whether Qin Fang was merely flaunting his wealth or truly held a strong hand; he had to consider carefully.

"What's the matter? Young Master Lu, are you scared?"

Seeing Lu Ming's hesitant expression, Qin Fang employed the Goading Strategy, his face adorned with a faint smile, while his lips curled slightly disdainfully.

"Scared? I, Lu Ming, don't even know how to write the word 'scared'..."

Being belittled by a foreigner on his own turf, Lu Ming had never received such treatment and almost reflexively furrowed his brows and responded indignantly.

Who was he, Lu Ming?

In Yangcheng, he was a man whose word was law. Officially, Sun Shu was the top dog in Yangcheng, but when it came down to it, Lu Ming, who had sway over both legitimate and underworld circles, was the real kingpin.

"Forty million it is... just afraid Young Master Qin won't have the money to pay!"

Provoked by Qin Fang's challenge, Lu Ming dropped his caution, immediately agreed, and swiftly retaliated.

Qin Fang was a stranger, and even now, Lu Ming wasn't certain of Qin Fang's background. Forty million was no small amount; if Qin Fang lost and denied the debt, fleeing straightaway, wouldn't Lu Ming suffer a huge loss?

As for collecting the debt from Sun Shu...

Lu Ming knew very well that Sun Shu didn't have the means to cough up such a large sum. If it came to sacrificing the less essential to save the crucial, then he would have wasted his efforts.

"Forty million is but a trifle..."

Qin Fang appeared nonchalant, pulling out a peculiar chequebook, briskly writing a series of digits, and tearing it off with an indifferent air.

"The current exchange rate of the Euro to RMB is about eight something; this is a cashier's cheque from Swiss Bank for five million Euro..."

Holding the cheque in hand and twirling it lightly, his tone remained utterly indifferent—as though it was not forty million but merely a piece of ordinary waste paper.

Lu Ming was slightly surprised, he gave a meaningful look to one of his underlings who immediately stepped forward to verify the cheque,

Soon, there was a result.

"Young Master Lu, the check is fine..."

The check was naturally fine, as the transfer payment Li Enhui made to Qin Fang was kept in Swiss Bank. He just temporarily took it out for use, sure that he wouldn't be handing it out.

"Good..."

Although Lu Ming was also surprised, he could not back down at this point. He gave Qin Fang and Sun Shu a dark look and then pulled out his own checkbook. He imitated Qin Fang and signed a check for forty million as well.

"No need to verify it, I trust Young Master Lu still has that much credibility... otherwise, I could always make a personal visit to collect debts!"

After signing the check, Lu Ming also intended to let Qin Fang's people verify it, but Qin Fang declined casually.

Those words seemed like praise for Lu Ming, but they sounded off nevertheless.

Especially to Su Xiaoxiao, who immediately showed a hint of a smile.

Qin Fang making a personal visit to collect debts?

Lu Ming would probably not die but would certainly suffer severe damage...

"Hmph... the check is signed, so let's get started!"

Lu Ming was also not in a good mood, but he couldn't lash out and could only say with a huff.

"Not so fast..."

Qin Fang suddenly called a halt, turned to look at Su Xiaoxiao, who was smiling, and said, "Wife, how much private money do you have?"

"Uh... about ten million or so, what do you want to do?"

Su Xiaoxiao was taken aback and seemed a bit puzzled, but she responded nevertheless.

"Let's count that in as well, consider it as me earning some private money for you..."

Qin Fang shrugged innocently, but his tone was very calm and even carried a playful meaning while speaking.

"Ah... really? But what if I lose?"

Su Xiaoxiao was also startled, not expecting Qin Fang to do this. She wanted to laugh, but she was also somewhat worried.

"How can I possibly lose... Don't worry, if I really lose, I'll pay you back double..."

Qin Fang replied nonchalantly, even pounding his chest in assurance.

This statement was quite magnanimous. If this was before, maybe many people wouldn't believe him; just doubling ten million to more than twenty million, he said it so lightly... But just now, Qin Fang had signed for five million Euros as if it were nothing more than throwing away a piece of scrap paper. They truly believed his words were genuine.

Lu Ming really had the urge to vomit blood. What kind of person was this? Gambling his own money was one thing, but to even include his woman's money, all under the pretense of earning private money for the wife... was there such an unscrupulous person?

"Well... okay then! I'm just not sure if the others would agree..."

Su Xiaoxiao looked at Qin Fang like that, and with her limited understanding of him, she knew he was not the kind to talk nonsense blindly. If he dared to bet so big, it likely meant he had something solid to back it up.

Moreover, ten million might not be a small amount, but with Qin Fang's abilities, just taking on a few larger tasks would easily earn it back. Of course, she didn't mind whether Qin Fang would really lose all her money.

"Young Master Lu, what do you think..."

Su Xiaoxiao threw the question to Lu Ming, giving Qin Fang a chance as well.

"Take it!"

Although Lu Ming was inwardly frustrated, forty million was a gamble, fifty million was also a gamble, he couldn't be looked down upon by a woman, so he gritted his teeth and took it on, immediately pulling out his checkbook and swiftly signing another check for ten million...

Yet his feelings inside were intensely frustrated, the feeling of being led by the nose by this outsider, Qin Fang, was incredibly unpleasant... Naturally, his resentment towards Qin Fang grew even deeper, his gaze becoming more venomous.

Chapter 946 - Breaking Down the Car to Beat You Instantly~~

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All this actually happened within a few minutes.

But the result was completely different.

Young Master Lu, who always held his head high and looked down on others, was practically led by the nose by Qin Fang, and it was quite a blow to his pride.

With so many people watching, it was inevitable that they would have some thoughts.

Sun Shu obviously saw everything, but there was no clear expression on his face. However, he felt quite pleased inside...

Young Master Lu was of similar status to him, but was doing much better and had more ways to make money—just in a less scrupulous manner. Those weren't methods Sun Shu would touch; one mistake could cause a big problem for his uncle.

It was precisely because of money that Sun Shu seemed at a disadvantage against Young Master Lu, often losing face. Therefore, left with no choice, he could only try to avoid Young Master Lu as much as possible to reduce the chances of direct conflict.

But today, he was originally worried that Young Master Lu would be unfavorable to Qin Fang, which forced him to face Young Master Lu. However, he didn't expect Qin Fang to be much more difficult to handle than he imagined, playing Young Master Lu like that, with much smarter tactics than his.

However, Qin Fang's bet was really too big, leaving him feeling breathless. While he was relieved in his heart, he couldn't help but worry for Qin Fang.

This tension even made him forget to ask his cousin Su Xiaoxiao where she got so much private money from...

When Su Xiaoxiao raised the bet, the amount staked by both parties reached fifty million, and the middleman's checks added up to one billion; the guy's hands were trembling... Damn, this was the first time in his life he was holding a billion in cash, even though it wasn't his money!

"Let's start, then..."

Qin Fang didn't seek to increase the stakes with Sun Shu, mainly because Sun Shu, unlike Su Xiaoxiao, was intimidated by such a large bet and dared not get involved any further.

Even though it was supposed to be a race between Sun Shu and Young Master Lu, Qin Fang's abrupt entry canceled the predetermined race and turned it into a competition between Qin Fang and Young Master Lu.

"Alright, choose the car..."

Young Master Lu didn't want to say much more. He just wanted to start the race as soon as possible and then win back the fifty million from Qin Fang. Only when the money was really in his own pocket would it be the safest. Otherwise, he would be very nervous.

Though he was wealthy and had numerous ways to earn money, he also had many places to spend it. Fifty million, for him, definitely counted as his entire net worth. If he lost this race, it would be as if all his years of effort had been in vain—obviously not what he wanted.

"No need, I'll use this one!"

Qin Fang waved his hand, pointing to the car next to him—Su Xiaoxiao's Porsche, which hadn't been modified at all.

"Uh..."

Everyone was stunned by Qin Fang's words!

"Is this guy burning up from too much money, or did his brain get blasted by farts?"

Such a thought popped up in many people's minds, including Sun Shu, Su Xiaoxiao, Young Master Lu, and others. They all thought Qin Fang was a complete amateur.

This Porsche wasn't considered a new car anymore; it had been at least two years since it was purchased. Its performance was definitely not a problem, but such a car, while great for showing off and looking cool, was absolutely not the best choice for racing.

Then looking at Young Master Lu's side, quite a few cars had come along with a truly luxurious lineup of various famous cars gathered, almost all modified, especially the McLaren Young Master Lu was preparing to use.

The price of this sports car was already quite high, but he had pulled many strings to get it from abroad, and then Young Master Lu had invested nearly ten million in modifying it, enhancing its performance significantly.

One could say this car was Young Master Lu's baby, and he cherished it even more than the beauties he spent time with. He usually took great care of it and rarely drove it out unless it was a race against Sun Shu.

"Hmph... truly seeking death!"

Young Master Lu had been worried that Qin Fang's skills were too good, and he might lose. He had been inwardly anxious, ready to give his driver a do-or-die order.

But unexpectedly, Qin Fang suddenly made such a move, instantly sweeping away his worries. A cold smirk appeared at the corner of his mouth, and he became absolutely confident about the race.

"Qin Fang, why don't you switch cars? Using this one..."

Sun Shu also felt Qin Fang was too overconfident. Even if he had great skills, racing wasn't just about skill; the performance of the car was also a vital factor.

Su Xiaoxiao's Porsche was good, but it was far inferior to the McLaren, a gap like that between a Chery QQ and this Porsche, not on the same level at all.

He immediately pointed to the sports car he had brought—a Lamborghini that had also received a multimillion-dollar investment in modifications, not much less powerful than Young Master Lu's McLaren.

"No need, I just drove this car a bit, and it's pretty good, very smooth too..."

Qin Fang smiled, politely declining Sun Shu's kind offer, and settled on Su Xiaoxiao's Porsche.

His racing relied on his Riding Skill, which didn't particularly hinge on the car's performance, so long as he wasn't truly forced to race Lu Ming's McLaren in a car like Chery QQ—(the car's performance was obvious; even if he maxed out its capabilities, it was still no match for the McLaren's normal condition), he wasn't too worried.

Moreover, he had also familiarized himself with Su Xiaoxiao's Porsche just now, and found no issues with its performance; it was well-tuned and he drove it quite comfortably.

The performance of such top-tier sports cars is inherently superior. Further modifications are only for compensating certain aspects that aren't exceptionally strong, and actually come at the cost of the car's lifespan.

Qin Fang driving could directly push the car's performance to its peak, even risking blowing it out with just a slight push further.

Most people couldn't achieve this, and even world-class drivers might not be able to maintain such a state for an extended period...

But Qin Fang could, even maintaining this state from start to finish without the slightest fluctuation. This was his biggest advantage, and the reason he was undefeated from the beginning.

"But..."

Sun Shu wanted to persuade Qin Fang further, but seeing Qin Fang's resolute expression made him feel somewhat frustrated. He could only turn to Su Xiaoxiao and asked her to help persuade, "Xiao Xiao, maybe you could talk to him, 50 million isn't a small sum..."

Fifty million indeed wasn't a small amount; it was something Sun Shu had to work hard for several years to scrape together. But to hand it over so easily was simply too lavish, especially since out of it was Su Xiaoxiao's ten million.

"No need, I believe he can win!"

While Su Xiaoxiao was surprised by Qin Fang's decision, she didn't stop him but supported him strongly... If they were going to smack some faces, then the hit had to be the hardest!

So what if you drive a top sports car?

My old clunker will still beat you...

Su Xiaoxiao was quite excited and looking forward to her Porsche beating Lu Ming's modified McLaren.

"Since Young Master Qin is so determined, then I won't hold back either. Let's begin..."

Lu Ming, of course, wished nothing more than for Qin Fang to race his broken-down car against him. Although it felt like an unfair victory, the beckoning of the 50 million fortune nullified any sense of dishonor; after all, winning the money was the ultimate goal, everything else was secondary.

Qin Fang didn't exchange niceties either, he immediately got into Su Xiaoxiao's Porsche and drove to the starting line, while Lu Ming's McLaren was already parked there, with a cold-looking driver inside. When the driver saw Qin Fang, his eyes revealed deep contempt and anger...

"Qin Fang, you must win..."

Su Xiaoxiao leaned on the car window, cheering for Qin Fang nervously.

"What's the reward if I win?"

Qin Fang, however, was completely calm, not betraying any pre-race jitters, but instead joked with Su Xiaoxiao with a teasing smile.

"Hehe, if you win, tonight you can have whatever you want..."

Su Xiaoxiao immediately threw a sultry look and replied shyly, lifting Qin Fang's spirits considerably, making him all the more energized.

"My beauty, just wait for me all fresh and clean. Watch your man how he obliterates these losers..."

Qin Fang declared with soaring pride, as if his opponent Lu Ming and the like were nothing more than mongrels and clay chickens— and in fact, that was pretty much the case.

"Hmph..."

Qin Fang's words, of course, reached Lu Ming's ears, infuriating him enough to grind his teeth. But with so many eyes on him, he couldn't lash out and only vented his frustration on his driver.

"Remember, you must win! You have to win... and if necessary, hmm, show him some color!"

Though Lu Ming was confident about winning the match, he reiterated his instructions to his driver for added security.

Lu Ming certainly wasn't someone who played by the rules; he was an expert at underhanded tactics and had just given his driver such an implicit command, truly stooping to any means for victory.

"Don't worry, Young Master Lu, just watch me..."

The driver didn't consider Qin Fang as a threat at all, being an experienced racer with considerable skills and tactics.

He immediately recognized that Qin Fang's car hadn't been modified and dismissed him as a threat entirely. Why should he be worried or feel any psychological pressure?

Moreover, with Lu Ming's covert hint, he was even more ready to clinch the race... He was brimming with even more ambition than Qin Fang, like an ultimate expert about to dispatch a novice with ease!

Chapter 947 - Let You Enjoy First~

...

Whether Qin Fang was a greenhorn or truly skilled, that could only be determined in an actual showdown; previously, everyone could only make their own simple guesses.

However, the locals of Yangcheng were quite familiar with the driving skills of the racer under Lu Ming's charge.

Sun Shu had casually invited many racers over, but not a single one had succeeded against him; naturally, the majority favored his racer to win.

Of course, there were also a few typical opportunists among them.

Seeing Qin Fang putting up fifty million as the wager, unless one truly had a defective brain, who else would do such a thing? It indicated that Qin Fang must have some tricks up his sleeve.

Qin Fang's bet against Lu Ming was public and the amount was staggering—the total stakes had reached one hundred million. But there were still people taking bets on the sideline.

These people were purely there for the fun of it with bets of merely tens or hundreds of thousands. Lu Ming's racer had odds of 1.3 to 1, and the majority of betters were favoring him.

Although most people felt that Qin Fang's chances of winning were slim, due to the heavy betting, the odds were not absurdly high—merely 3 to 1.

"Brother Sun, if you trust me, then place your bet on me winning..."

Qin Fang wasn't too concerned about such odds. Since he had already bet fifty million, he didn't care about these smaller amounts and didn't bother joining in for the fun.

Having already offended Lu Ming, there was no need to make enemies of others. It wasn't that he was scared, but rather, there was simply no need.

However, Qin Fang hadn't included Sun Shu in the earlier betting, but he didn't miss out on reminding him about the side bets with a smile. Whether Sun Shu took it seriously was his own business, and Qin Fang couldn't overstep his bounds.

"Absolutely, just be careful yourself... Safety first!"

Sun Shu smiled and glanced towards Lu Ming and his racer, giving a cautious reminder. He knew Lu Ming very well and that he would stop at nothing to win.

"I'm well aware!"

Qin Fang smiled and appreciated Sun Shu's concern but did not say much more.

Yangcheng, located in the plains, was surrounded by relatively flat areas with not a single mountain, which meant relatively less challenging terrain for racing. This was also why, despite having such an incredible racer at his disposal, Lu Ming had no one coming for the challenge.

But that wasn't to say the entire course was straight; that would strip the race of its meaning, lacking any challenge to push limits.

Lu Ming and his group had quite painstakingly selected a course with a decent level of difficulty... For this purpose, Lu Ming even discreetly used his influence to slightly alter the originally planned route. While the intended purpose of the road didn't change much, the alterations made the race slightly more challenging for racing.

"About two-thirds of this route is straight, with the rest being curves and slopes. Especially this segment, because of the terrain, the road winds like a serpent, posing relatively high demands on the racers' skills..."

Sun Shu was the local authority, and since Qin Fang was unfamiliar with the route, it was crucial for him to be alerted beforehand. How else could he compete with an opponent's racer who had practiced on this route hundreds of times?

Qin Fang examined the terrain map, which was marked very clearly, detailing every bend; even the degree of curvature was denoted with remarkable accuracy.

While such precise numbers might not be hugely beneficial to a racer, for a top-tier driver, they could rely on their experience to chart the optimal driving strategy.

"Alright, no problem..."

Qin Fang briefly reviewed the map, then tucked it away for potential use later on. Even though the navigation system in his car had that functionality, it was relatively crude compared to this detailed terrain map.

"Young Master Qin, if there are no issues, then let's get started..."

Seeing that Qin Fang was ready, Lu Ming wore a sinister smile as he called out to Qin Fang.

"Let's begin..."

Qin Fang didn't bother with him, letting the kid feel smug for now. After losing the money, there would be time for him to cry.

Although Yangcheng was a small place, the car racing event was quite professional. They actually brought out a quite provocative woman dressed in a bikini, who walked out gesticulating the countdown and then proceeded to undo the clasp of her bralette.

As her impressively large breasts sprung free, she tossed the bralette into the air, and simultaneously, the two cars burst into a roar, shooting forth like arrows released from their bows.

In terms of starting speed, Lu Ming's driver seemed to be obviously more skilled and, given that his car performed much better than Qin Fang's Porsche, had already left Qin Fang nearly a car length behind within fifty meters of the start...

From the outset of the race, Lu Ming's side clearly had an absolute advantage. Even though Qin Fang was evidently pushing hard to accelerate and trying to close the gap with the McLaren in front of him, not only was he unsuccessful, but the distance kept growing...

Lu Ming was clearly very satisfied with this situation, so much so that he smugly took out a cigar and started smoking, a look of triumph on his face, as if the victory had already been decided.

Contrastingly, on Sun Shu's side, the situation was completely different. With such a disadvantageous start, and a lengthy race still ahead, the gap would only widen further, making the chance of victory all the more slim.

"Xiao Xiao, is Qin Fang really up to it?"

Sun Shu's knowledge of Qin Fang was limited, so he could only seek insights from Su Xiaoxiao, his girlfriend, who naturally knew him better.

Su Xiaoxiao was actually preoccupied with other thoughts and hadn't been paying much attention to the race, her expression distant and her face faintly flushed with a rosy hue, when Sun Shu suddenly blurted out that question.

This took her by surprise, as her thoughts were not particularly pure at the moment, and Sun Shu's question about Qin Fang made her mind veer off in a completely twisted direction.

"Cousin, you're... too bad! I'm not talking to you anymore..."

The moment Su Xiaoxiao's thoughts twisted, she became even more embarrassed and annoyed, stomping her foot in frustration, looking down on Sun Shu with contempt before turning her back on him.

"What did I do? How am I bad? I didn't do anything..."

Sun Shu was utterly confused; all he had done was asked about Qin Fang's driving skills, so how did that make him bad? He felt wronged...

With Su Xiaoxiao ignoring him, he was at a loss and could only gloomily watch the race monitor, hoping for a miracle to happen.

The racetrack was brightly lit, with security cameras purposely installed at intervals along the roadside, under the control of the traffic police department. Normally at this time, Lu Ming would access them, ensuring that the footage was transmitted to their side, so they could monitor the entire race process.

This was partly to ensure fairness in the race, to prevent cheating, and also for safety reasons, so that any accidents could be detected and responded to promptly, preventing any incidents from escalating.

Even though their backgrounds were complicated, a serious mishap could still be more than they could handle.

The race was still on, and the McLaren was showcasing overwhelming performance, stretching its lead by almost fifty meters over Qin Fang's Porsche on the straightaways; the gap was simply too wide, completely out of Qin Fang's league.

Of course, the real test of a driver's skill is on the curves. In typical races, not much of a gap can be opened up on the straights. Many experts create their lead advantage on the curves.

With Lu Ming's McLaren having superior performance and Qin Fang's Porsche at a distinct disadvantage, the gap had widened on the straights. If his performance on the curves wasn't any better, then there would really be no possibility of victory.

"Young Master Lu, this guy named Qin is just an idiot. He's clearly just giving you money to spend..."

"Exactly, I've never seen someone so stupid..."

"Hehe, it would be great if there were more people like him; then Young Master Lu could make a killing..."

"Young Master Lu, when you win this money, you can't be stingy with us for tonight's activities!"

A lot of people were surrounding Lu Ming, mainly his fair-weather friends and hangers-on. Seeing the situation looking up and the fifty million nearly in the bag, they immediately congratulated him with big smiles.

"Of course, I'll cover tonight's expenses..."

Lu Ming wasn't shy about taking credit, instantly proclaiming he'd shoulder the bill. After all, fifty million was an unexpected windfall that would have taken hard graft to earn, probably a year's work.

Now, in just about twenty minutes of racing time, fifty million was in hand; the money had come far too easily.

Lu Ming was even contemplating whether to entice Qin Fang a few more times, to see how much more he could milk from him.

Whatever the others were thinking, Qin Fang didn't need to guess; yet, he wasn't the least bit worried. It might look like he was driving at a high speed, and others who couldn't see inside the car probably thought he was truly focused on driving.

But in reality,

Qin Fang was managing the steering wheel with only one hand, while the other held a detailed map of the terrain, which he was studying. His eyes only occasionally glanced ahead.

"Let you enjoy your moment of happiness first..."

Qin Fang never intended to unleash his full potential right from the start. To really slap someone in the face, you must first lift them to the highest point, then drop them from there. That's the most ruthless way to do it!

Chapter 948 - Celebrated Too Soon!

...

Qin Fang appeared quite relaxed, so leisurely that it didn't seem like he was in the midst of a race involving a hundred million in betting stakes, but rather as if he was a child playing a game, utterly nonchalant.

While slowly focusing on the McLaren ahead, he continued to study the map. With the detailed markings on it, it was considerably beneficial for his subsequent moves.

"The curve is starting now..."

The two cars entered the curve one after another, and the previously superior-performing McLaren had to slow down at this point.

Although this curve wasn't like mountain terrain with cliffs and rock walls on the sides, where a slight mishap could mean destruction and death, this curve was even more brutal—it was basically farmland.

If you didn't handle the curve well, you'd drive straight into the farmland, and even though it was winter and not the muddy summer, once the car went in, it was quite a struggle to get it back out.

With this delay, trying to win the race became much more difficult, and you could almost say that the possibility of victory was gone, welcoming failure prematurely.

The McLaren had slowed down, but Qin Fang's Porsche remained high-speed, playing with small-angle drifting on such a curve. Although Qin Fang's drifting looked terrible, making it seem like he almost plunged into the farmland several times, each time when it seemed most perilous, he managed to avert disaster.

"Eh... he actually managed to pull it back!"

"Eh, he survived again..."

"Damn, this kid is a god, his luck is undefeatable..."

Originally everyone thought that since Qin Fang was so far behind on the straight road, his skills must be quite novice, but entering the curve, the situation not only didn't worsen, it seemed to change in the opposite direction.

Although Qin Fang's drifting was truly ugly, with the rear of the car wagging, it looked as though Sister Feng was flaunting her coquettishness, which was nauseating to even think about.

Yet this wagging of the rear was quite practical, and maybe Qin Fang's luck was just too good, as he managed to escape danger every time.

Watching the fifty-meter gap being closed within less than three minutes of entering the curve, although the McLaren's speed was also quite good, it clearly didn't have the strong performance it had on the straight road anymore.

"Hmm?"

The McLaren's driver focused on driving. Unlike the spectators who could observe both cars throughout, he just performed at his normal level.

A fifty-meter gap wasn't so easy to close, and as long as he maintained his state, the Porsche behind wouldn't think of overtaking him.

Suddenly, a dazzling light came, causing him to blink, and the Porsche behind seemed to be catching up. Watching the intensity of the light change, it was not getting farther but rather closer.

This change was completely unexpected and greatly surprised him.

Of course, he wasn't worried or scared.

This curve was quite complex, starting off seemingly easy but becoming increasingly harsh later on. With the opponent's speed, he might maintain it on the earlier curves, but if he kept that speed later on, he would definitely crash terribly...

This situation was not only known to the driver, but Lu Ming, Sun Shu, and the spectators present all knew it, yet many had suffered losses there.

So, even though the gap between the Porsche and the McLaren was narrowing and Qin Fang's speed was quite high, Lu Ming wasn't worried at all, instead, he had a cold smirk on his lips.

As for the spectators, they were amazed at Qin Fang's extraordinary performance on the curves, marveled at his ugly yet incredibly flashy drifting, and admired his nearly unbeatable luck while also silently awaiting the tragedy to come.

Qin Fang began to burst forth on the curves, a scenario Sun Shu had been anticipating, but when it actually happened, his heart wasn't the slightest bit at ease; instead, it grew more tense by the moment, as the upcoming curves were very complex, and if Qin Fang continued like this, he might well be doomed...

"Tsk tsk, seems like the guy ahead is already waiting to see me make a fool of myself..."

By now, Qin Fang had set the map aside; he had imprinted the entire map in his mind, even remembering every curve. He already had a complete action plan in mind.

Looking at the McLaren ahead, which had clearly noticed he had caught up but was still maintaining an unhurried speed, not worried at all, Qin Fang couldn't help but sneer.

How could he be unaware of the situation with the curve ahead?

When Sun Shu gave him the map, the first thing he noticed was the challenging curves in the latter part. To overtake the McLaren, the curves ahead were just the appetizer; these were the real deal, the main course!

The most complex part of the curve was finally here...

The McLaren's speed dropped once again, and it even deliberately cleared a car's width of space, seemingly letting Qin Fang's Porsche pass on purpose.

As everyone knows, car racing is not only about the speed and performance of the car but also about occupying lanes, which is a very important skill. If used well, it can completely force an opponent into a squeeze.

For instance, on certain extremely tricky bends, if the lane is slightly narrowed, the car can't steer enough, and it easily might skid off track.

If a car goes off track on this road, it generally ends up in a field, and that's essentially a declaration of defeat...

Therefore, this driver's mindset was clearly quite malicious; he occupied the outer lane himself, leaving the inner lane open and purposefully leaving quite a bit of space. This lane would be fine for regular vehicles traveling at seventy or eighty mph.

But now they were racing, and neither car had dropped below 100 mph, not to mention Qin Fang's Porsche was always over 150 mph...

Of course, this couldn't be considered cheating; it was simply the most sensible tactic, the kind nobody could fault. Even though Sun Shu knew the other driver's intentions, he could only helplessly shake his head.

Generally speaking, a driver voluntarily lowering their speed would greatly upset the owner, but Lu Ming was quite pleased when he saw this. If he weren't off the McLaren, he'd have liked to personally commend his driver.

Not far ahead was a bend, notoriously called the death bend, almost the most twisted bend on the entire road. Whoever drove there for the first time was quite frightened, let alone during a race. This spot had already claimed no fewer than twenty vehicles.

This location was originally a piece of farmland, but now it's been completely abandoned and excavated into a small pond filled with water. There's even a sign planted at the edge of the pond—sharp bend, drive carefully!

Of course, such a sign during the day is very conspicuous, but it's not so much at night. With the high speed of the vehicles, the letters aren't clear at all, and the cars just crash right into that small pond.

Thirty meters, twenty meters, ten meters, five meters...

The Porsche was getting closer and closer to the McLaren, nearly catching up... All it needed was to cross over to the inner lane, and it could swiftly overtake the McLaren.

Of course, it was also getting closer to that small pond, almost within twenty meters now. With a speed exceeding 150 mph, there was practically no possibility of turning back.

The McLaren lowered its speed even more, deliberately moving closer to the roadside, creating a wide path for the car behind since it was impossible to hold back anymore, might as well let it crash into the water.

Falling into the field, if lucky, the car might still be pulled out, but once submerged in water, they would only be calling for a tow truck, with no chance of escaping unscathed.

With the McLaren slowing down, the red Porsche, like a red ghost in the night, flew past it in an instant, as swift as an arrow released from its bow.

"Idiot, don't get yourself killed..."

The McLaren driver slowly lowered his speed, almost ready to stop and watch the show, muttering a sneer.

Such a high-speed crash into the water, though the Porsche's airbags would definitely save lives, wasn't without danger. Those unlucky enough could still lose their lives.

"Young Master Lu, we've won!"

"This damn fool really dared to rush through, not even slowing down in that spot..."

"Haha, didn't expect the race to be decided before it was even half done..."

At the starting line, Lu Ming and his friends also started shouting, as if the outcome was already sealed, impossible to change.

"Sigh..."

Not far away, Sun Shu saw Qin Fang's car speeding through, already knowing that the outcome was sealed, with no chance of recovery.

Five million washed away, his heart ached and felt quite helpless...ultimately, he could only sigh, for there was nothing he could do.

"What's going on?"

Su Xiaoxiao also finally stopped dwelling on other thoughts. Seeing the people opposite celebrating and noting Sun Shu's expression, she could guess that things were likely turning bad for Qin Fang, so she immediately came over and asked.

"It looks like Qin Fang is going to lose... Hey, what's happening?"

Sun Shu was just about to say that Qin Fang was about to lose this race, but his attention was caught by the monitor, where he saw that Qin Fang's car hadn't fallen into the pond but had leisurely made it through the ordeal...

"What the fuck, what's going on?"

Not only was he stunned, but someone at Lu Ming's side couldn't help but blurt out a swear word. They were all celebrating victory, but Qin Fang had made it past the bend.

Chapter 949 - Totally Crushed!

...

Just now, everyone thought Qin Fang had no escape and was bound to lose, so not many people noticed exactly how he avoided the crisis.

By the time they paid attention, Qin Fang had already passed the bend and was heading towards the next one, still maintaining his original speed as if he hadn't slowed down at all...

Lu Ming was flabbergasted. The script wasn't supposed to go like this... Qin Fang was definitely supposed to lose this race, so how did he just get past?

And because the McLaren had slowed down, it was now trailing behind Qin's Porsche. If it didn't catch up quickly, it might fall further behind, eventually losing the race.

"Fuck, catch up..."

Lu Ming was frustrated, feeling an unspeakable sense of suffocation, as if he had wooed a beauty, the foreplay was done, he was about to mount his steed when suddenly he discovered the beauty got her period...

The McLaren driver was also full of astonishment; he had been watching the Porsche the whole time, ready to enjoy the sight of it plunging into the pond. But to his surprise, the Porsche twisted its unsightly rear in a tricky angle, drifting to significantly reduce the tire sliding distance, and continued on the road, easily passing the bend.

Such a scene almost stupefied him on the spot.

He didn't know if it was because Qin Fang was lucky, performing an emergency drift that achieved this effect by chance or if Qin Fang's skills were indeed awesome, and that such a tight-angle drift was just one of his incredible drifting techniques. In any case, he admitted to himself that he definitely couldn't do that.

Moreover, he had been into car racing for so long, he had also watched high-level street racing in Hong Kong, Japan, and other places, and had only seen such techniques with a handful of top experts.

Those who could master this technique were all renowned masters; in the underground racing world, they were definitely big shots...

But among these people, foreigners were the majority. The masters from Hong Kong, Macau, and Little Island who could play at this level were also few, all battle-scarred veterans, and Qin Fang seemed too young for that.

"Impossible! If he were really a master of that level, why would he come to a small place like Yangcheng to play..."

But then he dismissed the possibility instantly. Those racers were beyond his league. With just one race, they could rake in tens of millions, money was just a number to them, they sought more the challenge for themselves.

Street racing like in Inland Dragon Country was child's play to them; they simply wouldn't look at such competitions, just as adults wouldn't go around bullying kids, it was beneath them.

Although the McLaren driver was extremely shocked, he wasn't the type to admit defeat easily. He immediately revved up the car, increasing his speed to chase after the Porsche ahead.

He was extremely familiar with this road. Although he wouldn't claim he could drive it with his eyes closed, it was almost as much. He knew every bend like the back of his hand. Having gotten through the biggest bend, the rest would be much easier.

At this point, he no longer underestimated Qin Fang; the McLaren's speed increased to the maximum within the safety range, emitting bursts of intense roaring as it pursued the Porsche.

"Quick reaction, eh... then let's play a bit!"

When Qin Fang saw the McLaren behind him accelerating to catch up, he didn't speed up; instead, he slowed down, as if deliberately waiting for the McLaren to approach.

"His speed has slowed down..."

"Looks like he isn't that invincible after all!"

"Definitely luck! Definitely luck..."

Seeing Qin Fang slowing down and taking extra caution with each bend, the watching crowd relaxed significantly.

They had been scared enough when Qin Fang got through that crisis, thinking he had been possessed by the Car God. Now, it seemed to them it was just a fluke.

Even Lu Ming's complexion improved significantly, not as tense as before. Qin Fang had slowed down, and the chasing McLaren was quickly catching up. With the skills of his driver, surpassing Qin was not a difficult task at all.

Furthermore, the latter part of the race was on straight roads, where the McLaren's performance could shoot to the max, leaving Qin Fang dozens of meters behind effortlessly—the beginning of the race had already proved that...

With Lu Ming feeling relieved, Sun Shu was getting anxious again, and now he was also joined by Su Xiaoxiao. Seeing Qin Fang's speed drop, she furrowed her brows slightly, but she was not as worried as Sun Shu.

The two cars quickly drew closer, with the McLaren moving at a significant speed. Without the lead, the advantage wasn't so evident, and even trying to play dirty wasn't possible.

"Hmph~~ just watch!"

The McLaren driver glared hatefully at the Porsche ahead, mulling over in his mind that once he passed him, he would make sure to teach Qin Fang a lesson.

Lu Ming had already hinted beforehand that special measures could be used if necessary.

Chapter 950 - Completely Wrecked! _2

Qin Fang was either a highly skilled expert or just a lucky rookie, but that didn't matter. With his knowledge of the terrain and the sneaky move he had planned, he was sure it could catch Qin Fang off guard and send him flying off the course.

Of course, that presupposed he could get in front of him...

"Finally caught up..."

Inside the Porsche, Qin Fang drove leisurely, checking the rearview mirror for the distance to the chasing McLaren while muttering about the upcoming terrain, smiling slyly in a way that was a bit sleazy.

As the McLaren was trying to overtake, Qin Fang suddenly jerked the steering wheel. The Porsche twisted at an extremely strange angle, sticking out its rear, effectively blocking the McLaren's overtaking path.

But it was just a slight twist, followed by a quick return to his original lane; he certainly didn't want to get hit by the high-speed McLaren.

"Fuck..."

The McLaren driver was about to overtake when the Porsche suddenly swung its rear, squeezing the lane and leaving only the outermost margin for him to pass.

However, if the McLaren actually tried to rush through there, even with drifting, it might not be possible to correct the direction in time, and most likely, it would end up in the fields.

Understanding this, the McLaren driver cursed immediately while abruptly hitting the brakes, drastically reducing his speed. Otherwise, he would have ended in the fields, definitively losing any chance at the race.

The sudden braking, especially at such high speeds, was extremely uncomfortable for anyone, and the feeling of being thrown forward by the inertia was just too painful.

The McLaren driver was no exception. Though he didn't come to a halt, even that bit was enough to make him feel slightly dizzy.

If it weren't for the fact that he knew there was a curve ahead and was already being cautious, he would have been forced off the road into the fields by Qin Fang's maneuver.

As infuriating as it was, blocking the lane was a completely legitimate tactic. The McLaren driver had no choice but to swallow his frustration; had he been leading, he would have done the same.

However, Qin Fang's rear flick was just too aggravating for him. Despite being a quick twist that soon returned to the original lane, if the McLaren didn't slow down, it could have made it through.

But in that brief moment, the McLaren driver could not possibly react quickly enough, so he instinctively braked.

If he had crashed, he would have been the one to lose out. The race would have ended on the spot, with the Porsche ahead, and thus it would be considered the winner.

So he didn't dare take the risk and ended up being fooled by Qin Fang's flamboyant rear flick...

"Fuck, that little rear flick, too flamboyant!"

"Sleazy! Extremely sleazy..."

"Damn, too awesome..."

The spectators also carefully observed this scene. They couldn't help but admire Qin Fang's move; it was like a stroke of genius — outsmarting the opponent, protecting himself, and ensuring his lead.

Many people thought that if they could master this skill, they would definitely have a great chance of victory in a race...

Everyone values their life above all else. In that instant, the most natural reaction was to hit the brakes...

Lu Ming's expression darkened, while Sun Shu, on the other hand, was left dumbfounded but also immensely impressed by Qin Fang's flamboyant rear flick.

The race continued, with Qin Fang's Porsche still maintaining the lead, though not by much, and unhurried as ever.

The McLaren quickly caught up again, and the driver pushed the speed even higher, maintaining utmost vigilance, not allowing for any more mistakes like before.

But as good as his intentions were, reality always has its discrepancies...

At the next turn, Qin Fang effortlessly drifted into the corner. He could have easily sped past, but a sudden emergency brake brought the Porsche to an abrupt halt, just like the Seastead Divine Needle suddenly freezing in place.

Screech~~

"Fuck..."

A piercing screech of brakes resounded as the McLaren, which had originally also planned to drift into the turn, was now faced with Qin Fang's Porsche blocking the most critical part of the bend...

If the McLaren tried to force its way through the turn, it would inevitably collide with the Porsche... However, if the Porsche suddenly moved out of the way at that moment, it was clear the McLaren would face yet another tragedy!

The outcome was obvious, the driver had no choice but to slam on the brakes and then opt to go around the bend at a reduced speed, thus avoiding a collision with Qin Fang's Porsche.

But as he braked and slowed down, that Porsche suddenly roared back to life and sped off...

The driver of the McLaren was speechless, truly at a loss for words, feeling a desire to die. Was this even a car race? It was nothing but a prank competition.

He'd encountered people who played dirty before, but never to this extent...

"Fuck, I just want to race properly!"

All the McLaren driver wanted was to compete fairly, but Qin Fang didn't give him the chance...

Soon, they were approaching the next bend. Once again, the Porsche drifted around the corner, but the steering wheel was turned so drastically that in an instant the car's front end swung around in the opposite direction, then doubled back the way it came.

Just as the McLaren was about to take the corner, the driver suddenly saw the Porsche charging towards him at a considerable speed, its stance resembling that of a terrorist bent on a suicide attack...

Screech~~~

For the third time, the brakes screeched. At just a few meters away from the McLaren, the driver was once again reluctantly forced to stomp on them, as the Porsche executed a tail flick using the bend's angle to once again align its front and leisurely continued on.

All who witnessed the process were thoroughly silenced and dumbfounded. They could now fully empathize with the driver's feelings, truly desiring death.

A driver of considerable talent, who had previously been the envy and resentment of many, was always the one playing others. Yet today, he was ruthlessly tormented in return, and not just in a loss of face but his confidence must have been severely shattered as well.

"Sigh, I won't play with you anymore..."

Seeing that the driver had no fight left in him, Qin Fang also lost interest in continuing the game. Plus, they were not far from exiting the bend and entering the straightaway, now approaching the race's final stretch. He pressed the gas pedal, immediately boosting the car to its maximum speed.

A series of distinct flashes of fire burst from the exhaust pipe, and the Porsche instantly transformed into a red blur, speeding ahead.

In almost an instant, it left the already battered McLaren dozens of meters behind, and the gap continued to widen.

Under the driver's unbelieving gaze, Qin Fang's Porsche had already begun to disappear into the distance.

At the finish line, everyone was stunned.

If Qin Fang's Porsche playing with the McLaren was a display of driving skills, then the terrifying speed it unleashed now was purely a testament to its performance.

But... could a Porsche that hadn't been modified at all really outdo a McLaren that had millions invested in its modifications?

A huge question mark popped into everyone's minds.

Just like Su Xiaoxiao, her eyes sparkling with little stars. After all, it was her car that Qin Fang was driving, an unmodified factory vehicle that still managed to overpower the high-performance McLaren. It was a moment of pride for her, so how could she not be thrilled?

Especially since, in the recent bet, there had been a million of her own money at stake. Now that Qin Fang had defeated the McLaren and won the race, she had instantly made a million. This was far easier than any contract killing she had taken on...