

Genius 981

Chapter 981: Creating a Super Enforcer!

Tang Feifei and Qin Fang naturally couldn't leave the hospital using their real faces, there must be people from Li Rui lurking outside, and walking out of the hospital so openly would definitely make them a target for surveillance.

Thus, both of them changed their faces and left the hospital separately, and only then did they meet up and stealthily escape the hidden surveillance, heading straight for the place where Qin Shouxiong was breaking into the Grandmaster Level.

Advancing to the Grandmaster Level is actually not like what is described in novels, appearing on the peak of a mountain and then striking a pose with a sword stretching across the sky, exhibiting an incredibly impressive stance...

This location is actually just on top of a normal small mountain, though it can't be called completely deserted, travelers are relatively rare.

Chen Da and others had made preparations early, sealing off the mountain's paths beforehand, ensuring that Qin Shouxiong's breakthrough would not be disturbed...

The reason for choosing the mountain is mainly because the air there is slightly fresher, and a bit of thin Spiritual Energy can still be squeezed out of the air.

In this era where Spiritual Energy is scarce, fresh air is already very rare, although it can't compare to the Southwest Mountains, but in a big city like Ninghai, this place is already quite good.

Previously Qin Fang had not reached this level, so he was not very aware, but since he tasted a bit of the Golden Dragon Saliva, he realized that the reason why Martial Artists have greatly varying levels is largely due to Spiritual Energy, which can purify the quality of Inner Breath in the body; the higher the quality, the greater the possibility of advancement...

This is also why to this day, the Demon Sect, once known for taking shortcuts and fast Cultivation Techniques, has essentially died out.

Ordinary people have nothing inside them, no Spiritual Energy at all, even if they practice formidable Cultivation Techniques like the Blood Demon Technique, they can't absorb any Spiritual Energy and instead draw impurities into their bodies, causing more harm than benefits to themselves...

Wanting to use Martial Artists for training is even more difficult; all the experts who can cultivate to a certain level have well-known names and belong to sects or families; angering one is like angering a hornet's nest, whoever touches them is unlucky...

As time has passed, the Demon Sect has basically faded into obscurity!

Of course, complete extinction is unlikely, they are just hidden more deeply! Qin Fang has a vague feeling that the people of the Demon Sect might have a significant connection to the Underground World.

Moving from Level 5 to Grandmaster Level is the first major transformation for a Martial Artist, a qualitative change that cannot be quantified, just like how Qin Fang was once hailed as unbeaten below Grandmaster Level, barely equal to the young top expert Qin Shouxiong, but during his battle with Shangguan Tianling, he was nearly always on the brink of death.

If it weren't for his use of some special techniques at the end, it would have been almost impossible to match Shangguan Tianling; that was not a battle on the same level.

But when Qin Fang advanced to Level 5, combined with his abnormal physique, and then fought against Shangguan Tianling again, at most he could only manage to barely cope, defeating Shangguan Tianling would not be possible; this is the insurmountable gap between Level 5 and the Grandmaster Level.

Of course, now Qin Fang's body has been enhanced by the Golden Dragon Saliva, although not to an exaggerated ten-fold level, his Inner Breath has been purified into high-quality True Qi, and his strength has increased significantly.

Now facing Shangguan Tianling again, who wins and who loses is not so certain... Even if facing a Mid-Master Level expert, Qin Fang would still be undaunted; unable to defeat them, he would still be able to protect himself!

But Qin Fang originally could suppress Qin Shouxiong below the Grandmaster Level, now he is going to break through to the Grandmaster Level, as long as the breakthrough is successful, he would almost directly enter the mid to late stage of the Grandmaster Level, keeping pace with Qin Fang, even slightly stronger...

Nevertheless, Qin Fang still looks forward to Qin Shouxiong's strength...

Having such a powerful bodyguard and sparring partner is a great thing for Qin Fang!

"Brother Da, how is the situation? Is the entire mountain sealed off?"

Qin Fang and Tang Feifei arrived quickly and at the foot of the mountain they found Chen Da and others, dressed as rangers, sealing off the roads to the mountain.

"Everything is all set! It's about to start at the top, better head up quickly..."

With Cao Chun dead, Chen Da's burdens have been lifted, and his loyalty to Qin Fang is now unwavering, without the previous subtle formality, becoming more direct.

"Alright, then it's all up to you down here..."

Qin Fang didn't refuse and immediately proceeded upwards with Tang Feifei, indeed finding it deserted all the way, without seeing a single soul.

When Qin Fang arrived, only Qin Shouxiong was sitting quietly at the mountaintop, cross-legged, and there was no one else around.

Even when Qin Fang arrived, Qin Shouxiong just threw a simple glance at him, without saying a word...

Despite not having recovered his memory, Qin Shouxiong has gradually adapted to this unfamiliar world over these days and is no longer so curious about various strange things.

Arranging Tang Feifei at a relatively safe location, Qin Fang is not very clear about what the scene of advancing to Grandmaster Level will be like, but recalling the moment not long ago when he consumed the Golden Dragon Saliva, he couldn't help but worry about Tang Feifei and naturally arranged her on the side.

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While Qin Fang himself walked over to Qin Shouxiong, pulling out a small container along the way, holding within a small droplet of an unknown liquid...

"Qin Shou Brother, brought you something good... might come in handy soon!"

Qin Fang didn't waste words with Qin Shouxiong, simply handing the liquid to him.

Qin Shouxiong didn't refuse. After losing his memory, Qin Fang became the person he trusted the most, without a trace of doubt. Accepting the small container, he glanced at it briefly, his clear gaze slightly frozen at first, then he leaned in a bit closer and took a careful sniff, the surprise in his eyes growing even more intense.

"Thank you, brother..."

What Qin Fang hadn't anticipated was Qin Shouxiong, quite unexpectedly uttering such words, leaving Qin Fang so shocked that his mouth gaped open, and he was left speechless.

"That... have you recovered your memory?"

While Qin Fang felt the possibility was nearly undeniable, he couldn't help but ask. Although he already knew the man's true identity, he still called him by that very awkward name.

"No matter what, you will always be my brother..."

Qin Shouxiong, no, it should be Song Qingshan, showed a rare trace of a smile on his otherwise rigid face and said with a very sincere gaze.

"Yes, we are brothers..."

Qin Fang also nodded solemnly in agreement.

The main reason for Song Qingshan's memory loss was largely related to Qin Fang, but the two of them had struggled together out of those mountains, and Qin Fang had taken Song Qingshan into modern society, always taking good care of him. They had shared both the joys and the hardships; their friendship was indeed substantial.

And now, Qin Fang presenting this item at Song Qingshan's most critical moment elevated their brotherhood to a priceless level... Song Qingshan, who had never revealed the recovery of his memory, acknowledged their bond for the first time.

The friendship between men sometimes doesn't require too many words to express; everything is understood without being spoken, just like in this moment.

Qin Fang never expected that Song Qingshan had regained his memory, and the gift of a drop of the Superb Spiritual Medicine Golden Dragon Saliva truly spoke volumes of deep affection and respect, even moving a man like Song Qingshan.

"Tsk tsk, a drop of Golden Dragon Saliva in exchange for such a powerful brother, worth it..."

Qin Fang was genuinely pleased in his heart. The Golden Dragon Saliva was indeed a rare treasure, but for him, it didn't hold much significance, yet for Song Qingshan, it was extraordinary indeed.

If his breakthrough to the Master Level was successful, his strength would enter the mid to late stages of Master Level, but with the absorption of the Spiritual Energy within this drop of Golden Dragon Saliva, his Inner Breath could be rapidly purified, making it entirely possible for him to step directly into the Master Level Late Stage...

Moreover, the purified Inner Breath would possess even greater potential, and his future path on the Martial Way would become much smoother... If previously challenging the Grandmaster Level was quite difficult, now he was almost certain he could eventually reach the Grandmaster Level.

And just now, Song Qingshan's words were quite interesting, obviously not minding Qin Fang's previous disrespect, and it seemed like there was an intention to stay.

With this, Qin Fang would have a Master Level enforcer by his side, and his gifting of the Golden Dragon Saliva was tantamount to creating a super enforcer!

"It seems my initial choice was extremely wise..."

As Qin Fang internally remarked, a trace of pride showed in Song Qingshan's eyes. He had regained his memory a long time ago but had never left, choosing to remain at Qin Fang's side, of course, with certain intentions in mind. He initially thought it would take a long time to see benefits, yet they came much sooner than expected...

Of course, the reason for his initial choice was because, after regaining his memory, he remembered some inconceivable things he had seen before his amnesia, which led to his decision.

He only needed to keep these matters in his own heart; there was absolutely no need to voice them. Having followed Qin Fang for so long, he had come to understand Qin Fang's character, naturally opting for the most reasonable approach to reap more benefits for himself.

As for acting against Qin Fang's interests?

Only if his brain were broken would he ever consider doing so.

Being hailed as the foremost amongst the younger generation, Song Qingshan was certainly not someone who merely possessed brute strength without brains; his intellect was far more perceptive than most.

Without any further delay, Song Qingshan was well-established in his foundation, and had accumulated enough to make the breakthrough to the Grandmaster Level—it was an arrow on the string, ready to be released.

He was almost certain that his attempt to break through to the Grandmaster Level would be successful, but now that he had been assisted by such a rare and extraordinary Spiritual Medicine gifted by Qin Fang, Song Qingshan felt compelled to exert even greater effort...

"It starts now..."

Qin Fang positioned Tang Feifei at his side, his eyes fixed intently on Song Qingshan's figure. Witnessing Song Qingshan swallow the elixir and close his eyes, beginning to channel his robust Inner Breath slowly for the breakthrough, Qin Fang promptly alerted Tang Feifei by his side.

The mountaintop was very flat, with no other figures in sight apart from Qin Fang and his companions. As Song Qingshan's Inner Breath started to flow, the air in the area seemed to suddenly freeze, creating an extremely oppressive atmosphere.

Clearly, this was a change brought about by the breakthrough. Qin Fang could even see that the movement of air around had become peculiar. However, he too was channeling his True Qi, holding Tang Feifei's small hand, protecting her at his side, unaffected by the turmoil from Song Qingshan's direction.

Although Tang Feifei was not directly facing such stagnant pressure, she could tell from Qin Fang's solemn expression that the outside world was surely not as peaceful as it appeared to her.

It was because she noticed the wild grass on the ground, originally swaying with the wind, now flattened as if crushed by heavy machinery, unable to lift their heads...

Seeing this, she was even more moved by Qin Fang's thorough protection of her, and her beautiful eyes flickered, as if pondering something.

Naturally, Qin Fang didn't have the leisure to contemplate these matters; his gaze was unswervingly fixed on Song Qingshan over there, watching his entire breakthrough process...

Soon enough, the stagnant atmosphere began to show subtle changes. Song Qingshan's Inner Breath fluctuated gently as if forming ripple-like layers, constantly crashing into the frozen space, each pulsation seeming to strike and slightly weaken the surrounding stiffness...

Once, twice, thrice...

After several repetitions, Qin Fang began to feel as though the stagnancy in the surroundings had vanished completely, while Song Qingshan himself appeared like a bright red cooked crab, his entire body taking on a bizarre hue.

Yet...

Qin Fang knew that Song Qingshan was continuing to harness Strength, engaging in the final sprint. Just as Qin Fang's gaze remained fixed, Song Qingshan finally made his move.

Boom~~

Although there was no such sound in the surroundings, Qin Fang felt as if such a noise had erupted beside his ear, almost deafening him.

All of this was from the final, explosive moment of Song Qingshan's breakthrough. One could see a fierce wind centered around Song Qingshan blowing up, stirring up a powerful whirlwind of dust and debris...

The air around seemed to be whipped into a frenzy, forming a small whirlpool, drawing the sparse Spiritual Energy from the air into the Baihui Acupoint atop Song Qingshan's head...

With intense dust swirling in the air, even Qin Fang's eyes were irritated, and he dared not open them readily; only through squinted eyes did he sense that a figure had appeared not far from him...

Chapter 983 Monk Wukong

"Eh..."

The dust was flying around, and Qin Fang could only faintly see a figure standing not far away, and he uttered such a sound of surprise.

"Brother Da, has someone gone up the mountain?"

The dust was still intense, and Qin Fang couldn't see clearly, so he immediately turned on the walkie-talkie to ask Chen Da at the foot of the mountain if anyone had come up, as Chen Da obviously knew the situation best.

"No one..."

But Chen Da was surprised, the area had been reserved early on, and they had cleared the area early, always keeping many people watching every path up and down the mountain, and had never seen anyone go up the mountain.

"Forget it if there is no one..."

Although Qin Fang was very surprised, he still forced himself to look in that direction despite the discomfort in his eyes, and indeed there was a figure standing there.

Furthermore, Qin Fang could clearly sense that when he looked towards the other party, the other party was also looking in his direction, the sharpness in the eyes could be felt even through the intense dust.

"It's an expert..."

There was no doubt that at this moment, Song Qingshan was at the most critical moment of his breakthrough, and due to absorbing the Golden Dragon Saliva, the terrifying pressure released made even Qin Fang feel apprehensive, yet the other party seemed much more at ease than Qin Fang, which meant he was definitely a very powerful expert.

Even...

"Could it be a Grandmaster-level fighter?"

Such a thought even crossed Qin Fang's mind, but unfortunately with such intense dust, he couldn't use his Scouting Skill and could only rely on his own perception for a simple and not necessarily accurate judgment.

Seeing such an expert appear, Qin Fang couldn't help but feel a bit nervous, Song Qingshan was at a critical moment, and if this person harbored ill will, it could very likely have adverse effects on Song Qingshan, and if he forcibly made a move against Song Qingshan, it would even cause Song Qingshan's True Qi to backlash, which would be very troublesome.

However, this person didn't seem to have any malice, just standing there quietly without any intention to make a move, which made Qin Fang slightly relieved.

If only he was protecting the area on his own, he wouldn't mind going over to gauge the strength of this expert, but since he was accompanying Tang Feifei, it was inconvenient to leave, and before friend or foe could be determined, Qin Fang still knew the priorities.

Song Qingshan had succeeded in his breakthrough, what followed was a process of consolidation and absorption, absorbing the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy in the air, of course, it was even more important to absorb the abundant Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy contained within that drop of Golden Dragon Saliva, laying a solid foundation for his own strength growth...

As the wind howled and dust flew, it did not affect Song Qingshan in the slightest, his bronze skin had turned a pale gold color now, shimmering with a metallic luster, this was one of the most significant indications of the Thirteen Taibao Horizontal Training Golden Bell Cover having reached Grandmaster level...

And as that pale gold shade became richer, Song Qingshan's strength was becoming more formidable, and his cultivation was also becoming more stable.

"Huh~~"

I don't know how long it lasted, but when Qin Fang heard such a soft exhalation, the dust around him immediately began to weaken, and that pressure also gradually weakened and disappeared...

Everything around him gradually became clear...

Song Qingshan was still sitting alone there, but around him a circular pit had formed, with lines of shallow gorges, and each of these gorges were clearly curved, overlapping with one another, forming a shape like the spreading blades of a fan... it was quite peculiar and enigmatic.

At this moment, his complexion gradually returned to its normal color, but that surging True Qi was quite turbulent.

As Song Qingshan slowly gathered his Qi back into his Dantian, all that surging True Qi also calmed down, and eventually all returned to peace, and he himself also slowly opened his eyes.

"Congratulations to the benefactor on your significant progress in skill..."

Seeing Song Qingshan had successfully completed his feat, Qin Fang was just about to congratulate him, but he didn't expect the figure beside him to speak such words in advance.

Benefactor?

Hearing this term, Qin Fang, Tang Feifei, and Song Qingshan himself all shifted their attention to this suddenly appearing stranger.

He wasn't very old, probably in his twenties, with a handsome face and red lips and white teeth, definitely someone of a great handsome level.

But this was not the most attractive thing about him, because his head was bald, with a few scars from head-shaving vows on top, and his body was clad in a gray monk's robe, with a pair of Hundred-Twine Shoes on his feet...

"Monk?"

With his address just now, several people quickly understood the identity of this newcomer—it was actually a very young monk.

Qin Fang immediately deployed a Scouting Skill towards him; the identity of this sudden arrival was a mystery, and he clearly possessed considerable cultivation, which Qin Fang couldn't ignore even if he wanted to.

"Wukong, LV6, Secular Disciple of Shaolin Temple, specialties: Shaolin Long Fist LV6, Arhat Fist LV6, Subduing Tiger Fist LV5, Reed Crossing River Technique LV5..."

Indeed, when the information about this young monk was fed back to Qin Fang's mind, Qin Fang felt his head go somewhat blank...

It wasn't that the monk was particularly strong—his age was even younger than Song Qingshan's, but his cultivation had already entered the Grandmaster-level tier prematurely.

And looking at how he handled himself with ease just now, it seemed that even when matched against Song Qingshan, who was now comparable to a Master Level Late Stage, he would likely not be outdone—

But that wasn't what made Qin Fang feel flustered; what really left Qin Fang speechless was his name—Wukong?

"Could this guy be born in the Year of the Monkey?"

Qin Fang couldn't help but have such mischievously playful thoughts.

"Wait a second, Shaolin Temple..."

However, Qin Fang soon discarded the matter of Master Wukong's name to the side, turning his attention more to his identity—a Secular Disciple of the Inner Temple of Shaolin Temple, which was quite unusual.

"Could he have come for the Buddha Bone Relic?"

While one should not harbor thoughts of harming others, it is essential to guard against potential threats. The monk's arrival was too sudden; Chen Da and others at the foot of the mountain had been on the lookout, yet not a single person noticed when Master Wukong ascended the summit.

Of course, this mountain had other paths leading up to it, but under normal circumstances, who wouldn't take the main mountain road? The narrow paths were riddled with thorns and would be quite arduous to traverse...

Yet this monk not only made it up, but his robes were also spotlessly clean, making it hard to imagine he came from a thorn-covered path.

The most crucial part was the timing of his appearance—

Why not at any other time? Why did he have to appear just when Song Qingshan was attempting his challenge and especially after Qin Fang returned to Yangcheng with the Buddha Bone Relic? These were all very puzzling issues for Qin Fang.

"Previously, a Secular Disciple from Shaolin Temple set a trap for the Buddha Bone Relic, and now an Inner Temple Disciple has arrived... It looks like I'm being targeted by Shaolin Temple!"

Qin Fang initially thought that by leaving Yangcheng and taking Mother Su and Li Deliang with him, it would take some time for anyone there to trace things back to him, but he didn't expect them to act so swiftly...

"Thank you for your kindness, Master! I am Song Qingshan of the Flying Eagle Sect. May I inquire about your Dharma name and the ancient temple where you practice?"

At this moment, Song Qingshan had also recovered, concealing all his cultivation, and his golden tinted skin gradually returned to normal. He was unaware of the undercurrents between Qin Fang and the Shaolin Temple and, out of a sense of respect for a fellow strong practitioner, Song Qingshan asked politely.

Nowadays, even though there are many Buddhist temples and an abundance of monks, very few of them still retain martial arts training. Not to mention, a young monk like the one before him had cultivated to the Grandmaster-level—this definitely wasn't something that could be taught by just any ancient temple...

"Benefactor Song is courteous! This poor monk's Dharma name is Wukong, a disciple of Shaolin..."

This monk did not hide his identity, revealing it straightforwardly. Perhaps it was because real Buddhist disciples are bound by very strict precepts, where lying is also a violation of their rules...

At least, that was Qin Fang's first impression, even if he later realized how profoundly mistaken he had been...

"So it turns out the Master is a disciple of Shaolin... It's an honor to meet you!"

Song Qingshan was unlike Qin Fang; he was a disciple raised by a reputable sect, and this made a big difference from Qin Fang's unorthodox background. Shaolin Temple held a dominant position in the Martial World, something his small Flying Eagle Sect could hardly compare to.

Although young, this monk named Wukong had remarkable cultivation, and what's most impressive was that—as an Inner Temple disciple who had descended from the mountain—it could only mean one thing: he had passed through Wooden Men Lane of Shaolin Temple!

Wooden Men Lane was a very special place in Shaolin Temple, where only Grandmaster-level experts were eligible to attempt the challenge, but generally speaking, very few Grandmaster-level experts could make it through.

But once you made it through, you would indeed be a peerless genius and an astonishingly gifted Grandmaster-level expert!

Despite Song Qingshan being touted as the number one expert of the younger generation, in the eyes of those ancient sects, he was merely slightly better than the average genius.

These ancient sects had the means to nurture geniuses far stronger than Song Qingshan. The reason they hadn't come forth was entirely due to restrictions similar to the challenges set by Shaolin Temple.

Nowadays, cultivation has become extremely difficult, and every resource is extremely precious. No sect would want to see the geniuses they had painstakingly nurtured fall into the mortal world and meet with unfortunate demise.

No matter how skilled you are in martial arts, you cannot escape bullets!

But as long as you can break through the challenges set by the sect, your cultivation will be exceptionally fierce. Although you can't withstand bullets, a strong martial instinct can help anticipate danger, and dodging it should not be a problem...

Chapter 984: Reed Crossing River Movement Technique

This Monk Wukong is an Inner Temple disciple of the Shaolin Temple, yet he can swagger down the mountain, naturally, he must be a talented expert who has passed through Wooden Men Lane.

If the requirement for Secular Disciples from the Inner Temple of the Shaolin Temple to leave the mountain is slightly lower, then for an Inner Temple disciple like Monk Wukong, the requirement is really incredibly terrifying.

That Wooden Men Lane is truly not a challenge that just anyone dares to undertake, even Song Qingshan, who is now at the Master Level Late Stage of strength, pondering a venture through Wooden Men Lane, would find the chances of passing through it to be extremely slim.

"Patron Qin, my respects..."

At this time, Monk Wukong spoke a few words with Song Qingshan, then actually walked straight over to Qin Fang, very politely recited a Buddhist invocation, and also greeted Qin Fang.

"Does Master recognize me?"

Qin Fang's gaze also tightened slightly, and his vigilance grew even stronger in his heart.

Now it seems this monk didn't come for Song Qingshan at all, but entirely to find him, Qin Fang. His appearance here was just a convenient coincidence.

"First time meeting..."

Monk Wukong didn't show any displeasure at Qin Fang's obvious wariness but still had a calm smile on his face as he spoke.

As the saying goes, you cannot slap a smiling face. With Monk Wukong speaking in such a manner, Qin Fang couldn't just start a fight, especially since the opponent's strength was clearly much greater than his, Qin Fang's.

"However, Patron Qin may have already guessed, I have indeed come for you..."

But quickly, Monk Wukong got straight to the point.

Qin Fang's eyes grew sharp, and even Song Qingshan, standing beside him, despite looking quite astonished, immediately moved closer, showing a considerable amount of vigilance towards Monk Wukong. It looked like he would join forces with Qin Fang to deal with this monk from the Shaolin Temple at the slightest sign of aggression towards Qin Fang.

"Heh, Patron Qin, please do not misunderstand, I have no hostility. In fact, quite the opposite, I am here to assist you..."

Monk Wukong still had the same demeanor, his expression unchanging, smiling as he spoke.

"Assist me?"

Qin Fang couldn't help but sneer.

Monk Wukong's reasoning was too flimsy; since the monk had come to him, it was obvious that he knew the Buddha Bone Relic had fallen into Qin Fang's hands.

To the Shaolin Temple, the Buddha Bone Relic was also an invaluable treasure. How could they possibly not covet it while Qin Fang was holding such a treasure?

It should be known that not long ago, there was even a Secular Disciple from the Shaolin Temple who tried to use a scheme to swindle this Buddha Bone Relic...

How could Qin Fang believe the words of the Monk Wukong before him!

"Poor Monk also knows that Patron Qin will not believe what I say, but the truth will eventually come to light. Since the Buddha Bone Relic has been obtained by Patron Qin, then it naturally has a connection with you. My main purpose for this visit is to remind you to be very careful. Some people with ill intentions might take action against Patron Qin..."

Monk Wukong seemed to understand Qin Fang's actions and did not make things difficult, but truly earnestly pointed out—though his words were not very believable, his tone was very sincere.

"Then thank you very much for the Master's reminder!"

As for Monk Wukong's such "kind" reminder, no matter how Qin Fang heard it, it sounded like a veiled threat, and as for those "people with ill intentions," the first one Qin Fang thought of was the seemingly "loyal and good-natured" Monk Wukong before him.

But since the other party hadn't shown open malice, Qin Fang could not lose decorum either, naturally giving a fist salute with ambivalent reverence.

"I hope Patron Qin truly understands..."

Monk Wukong didn't seem to expect his words could make Qin Fang believe just like that, only wearing the same calm smile on his face, lightly speaking those words, he bowed his head and pondered for a moment, deciding to reveal a bit more of the inside story to Qin Fang.

"This person who is unfavorable to Patron Qin is considered one of my senior brothers. He is a Secular Disciple of my Shaolin, and if Patron Qin encounters him in the future, please be extra careful..."

Monk Wukong was indeed quite generous, or perhaps knew many of the inside stories. At this moment, he disclosed a little bit of the details.

"Secular Disciple?"

If Qin Fang had been truly convinced by Monk Wukong's earlier words, this phrase caught his attention slightly.

If he remembered correctly, it was that Secular Disciple behind the scenes who swindled the Buddha Bone Relic in Yangcheng... What Monk Wukong said seemed to be quite close to the truth.

But why would Monk Wukong, out of nowhere, tell him this and warn him about his fellow Secular Disciple? It was quite illogical.

"Hmph! Your words are not necessarily trustworthy!"

The truth was difficult to discern. That Secular Disciple from the Shaolin wasn't trustworthy, and clearly, neither was Monk Wukong. Even if Monk Wukong showed a bit of sincerity, who's to say it wasn't all some sort of trick or conspiracy?

"The poor monk has already informed you of what needed to be said. I have other matters to attend to and must take my leave now, but there will surely be a day when we meet again..."

After saying this, Monk Wukong immediately bowed his fists towards Qin Fang and Song Qingshan, then with a light tap of his toes, he soared up like a nimble swallow, leaping five or six meters forward in mid-air to land steadily on top of a tree, then with another light touch, his body twisted once more, and he leaped forward to another treetop...

After several such motions, Monk Wukong's figure gradually grew distant, as though his feet never touched the ground, moving through the treetops like flying...

The Reed Crossing River Technique!

Watching the graceful figure of Monk Wukong, vanishing into a faint gray shadow among the mountain and trees with a few bounds, Qin Fang and Tang Feifei were dumbfounded, and even Song Qingshan was filled with envy, jealousy, and hate.

That was clearly the Shaolin Temple's secret Reed Crossing River Technique, rumored to have been created by Bodhidharma himself, who had once used this technique to cross a river, an absolutely formidable movement skill.

Movement skills are always a rare secret in the Martial World; the majority of sects have no such inheritance. Even the Flying Eagle Sect, known for its 'flying eagles,' only had earthbound ones – not a single one that could truly fly...

It was likely that not even ancient sects like the Heavenly Pool Sect possessed such movement skills; at least Shangguan Tianling, despite his unique status in the sect, never cultivated any movement skills, which was the best proof.

Only a super sect with millennium lineage like the Shaolin Temple could have such a tradition. After all, the Seventy-two Ultimate Skills of the Shaolin are all very famous, with the Reed Crossing River Technique being one of the most renowned among them.

"Alas, Shaolin truly is an ancient great sect... Such a foundation..."

After a long while, when Monk Wukong's figure had long vanished without a trace, Qin Fang and Song Qingshan and the others finally came back to their senses. Song Qingshan, who had now entered the ranks of the Master Level, was devoid of his previous excitement and joy, instead displaying a touch of helplessness and resentment, along with such a sigh of frustration...

Although Flying Eagle Sect kept developing, even treating him as a vital pawn in the sect's rise, Song Qingshan used to take pride in himself, especially after sweeping through many young masters in the Northern and Southern Martial Arts Worlds, he had even felt a hint of arrogance.

But now, after seeing Monk Wukong, setting aside their age difference, just in terms of pure strength, Song Qingshan reckoned he would be no match for Monk Wukong, who commanded the Reed Crossing River Technique...

Song Qingshan's greatest skill was his tough, enduring body, and his main attack method was the Great Strength Eagle Claw Technique. But against the Reed Crossing River Technique, he figured he wouldn't even have a chance to touch a corner of the opponent's garment... What use would that be?

"The Reed Crossing River Technique..."

Qin Fang also had his own deep thoughts, muttering to himself.

He had just conducted reconnaissance on Monk Wukong's skills, and the Reed Crossing River Technique had been cultivated to Level 5 by him, nearly entering the threshold of the Master Level. This lightness skill would certainly give many experts a headache, as peers would find it nearly impossible to defeat him.

Previously, Qin Fang was quite wary of Monk Wukong, but now he felt that perhaps he had been overly cautious.

If Monk Wukong meant him harm, he could have attacked right away – Song Qingshan, despite his strength, wouldn't have been able to touch Monk Wukong.

Not to mention, if Monk Wukong was the type to employ deceit, he could have just kidnapped Tang Feifei from the start, and Qin Fang probably wouldn't have had the chance to react.

But he didn't do that. Instead, he repeatedly warned Qin Fang about his own fellow disciple – the reason, of course, being the Buddha Bone Relic.

"I hope you're truly not an enemy..."

Facing such a strong and formidable expert, Qin Fang did not wish to become enemies; if they could become friends, that would be truly great.

"But if you do choose to be my enemy, then I shall show no courtesy... Perhaps I may even obtain the Skill Book for the Reed Crossing River Technique!"

Of course, if it came to that, Qin Fang had no choice, but he wouldn't be easily defeated. He had just obtained more than ten Six-phases Circuit Bombs from Cao Chun, and although Monk Wukong was formidable with an astonishing movement technique, he probably couldn't withstand a bomb's explosion...

If Monk Wukong were to be killed by those blasts, the Skill Book for his Reed Crossing River Technique might very well drop, given his level.

With the Skill Book in hand, Qin Fang would not hesitate to learn it, as if delivering the movement technique he had long dreamed of directly to him...

Chapter 985: Covert War

"Ah well, let's just take it one step at a time..."

Thinking too much is useless anyway. What's meant to come will always come. He can't avoid it even if he wants to, so he might as well open his heart and wait for what is about to happen.

At least from the situation just now, it was clear that Song Qingshan is very reliable. Sensing that Monk Wukong might harm Qin Fang, he immediately came over to Qin Fang's side.

With such a superb fighter by his side, Qin Fang's safety is even more assured...

Of course, Qin Fang's own strength is also extremely formidable. Although it is unlikely that he would defeat Song Qingshan, self-preservation is not an issue at all. If he uses some unconventional methods, even killing is possible.

Shangguan Tianling is a prime example...

Song Qingshan has succeeded in reaching Grandmaster Level, his cultivation has skyrocketed, almost equating to that of a Master Level Late Stage expert. In terms of strength, he is on par with Qin Fang's master, Cai Pingyuan, except that Song Qingshan is younger. If the two were to fight, the chances of Song Qingshan winning would be greater...

Now there's no point in staying in this mountain anymore, Qin Fang immediately took Tang Feifei, who was still drowsy, and left the mountain with Song Qingshan.

"Young Master Qin, what happened?"

Once they descended the mountain, Chen Da came over anxiously to inquire.

Qin Fang had suddenly asked if anyone had left the mountain halfway, which was a clear indication that something had happened, but they had been watching below the whole time and hadn't noticed anyone going up the mountain.

"It's all right now..."

Qin Fang smiled. Monk Wukong possessed the Reed Crossing River Technique, moving high and swiftly; it was no wonder Chen Da and the others didn't detect anything. If not for witnessing it with his own eyes, Qin Fang wouldn't have believed that such a movement technique that allows one to virtually fly over walls existed in this world.

Chen Da and the others were in charge of ground surveillance; they mostly wouldn't notice someone overhead. Moreover, the noise made during rapid movement was not significant. Although the trees in this mountain were not lush, they still provided enough cover.

"By the way, Brother Da, give Tiger a message when we get back, have him check if anyone has been secretly investigating me lately..."

However, Qin Fang clearly wouldn't take Monk Wukong's words as blowing wind past his ears. Shaolin Temple has a legacy of a thousand years. Even though they do not appear in public, it doesn't mean their connections are lacking.

It's only been a few days since Monk Wukong managed to trace him and even knew his whereabouts like the back of his hand; Qin Fang could not avoid paying attention.

Regardless of whether Monk Wukong and his fellow Secular Disciple brother are on the same side, Qin Fang needs to be extra cautious...

Know yourself and know your enemy, and you will never be defeated.

It's obviously not good news not knowing who the enemy is.

Monk Wukong, Qin Fang had met him just before. Such an obvious appearance was very prominent; it would be easy for Qin Fang to find out about him.

But Monk Wukong's fellow Secular Disciple brother is different!

Since he's a Secular Disciple, he does not bear striking identifiers like Monk Wukong, he might not even be a monk. Among the millions of people in Ninghai, finding such a person would be quite difficult.

Qin Fang is also trying to take precautions; he can only figure out a way to deal with that person slowly after pulling him out. If necessary, Qin Fang would not hesitate to eliminate this potential threat.

From the way Monk Wukong acted before, it seemed he didn't mind at all if Qin Fang dealt with his fellow Secular Disciple brother...

"Understood, I'll get on it right away..."

Although Chen Da had left the army, the style of his actions remained as decisive as when he was in the military. Once an order was given, he executed it immediately.

The reason why wasn't his concern.

With the deaths of Song Gang and Cao Chun, the knot in his heart was fully unraveled, and now he was even more resolutely loyal to Qin Fang, to the point where he wouldn't even frown if Qin Fang ordered him to kill someone.

...

Somewhere in Ninghai.

"Shen Wuben, I just received news that Qin snuck out of the hospital and went to a small hill on the outskirts of the city, and our men are watching him!"

"Also... my men have spotted a foreign monk, and he looks very much like the one you described!"

After the failed deception in Yangcheng, the Buddha Bone Relic was taken away from Yangcheng, and Shen Wuben quickly followed to Ninghai and activated his connections, soon tracing things back to Qin Fang.

But as he investigated, he found Qin Fang's identity to be very special, and for a moment he was somewhat hesitant to make a move... However, he quickly got in touch with Li Rui, and after the two joined forces, Qin Fang's whereabouts had been under their control.

The "person with ill intentions" that Monk Wukong warned Qin Fang about was obviously this Shen Wuben. Shen Wuben seemed to have guessed that Monk Wukong might appear and specifically arranged for men to keep an eye out for him. As a result, Monk Wukong was spotted by Shen Wuben's sent men as soon as he emerged.

Even though Monk Wukong could move swiftly, he still needed to eat and find lodging. He couldn't really roam the mountains and temples at night, begging for food like in the ancient times.

"Monk Wukong has come so soon?"

Hearing the news, Shen Wuben immediately showed a rather somber expression on his face; he was quite wary of this fellow apprentice brother.

Chapter 986: Covert War_2

It wasn't just their strength that was deeply feared, but more critically, their stances were entirely at odds—despite their masters being the closest of sworn brothers.

The matter of the Buddha Bone Relic involved a significant secret, and their masters had discovered this secret from an ancient text, hence both had always coveted that particular relic.

On this issue, their opinions diverged; Shen Wuben's master advocated for retrieving the Buddha Bone Relic to comprehend the secret it held, whereas Monk Wukong's master believed in the natural law of Buddhist karma, insisting it should not be forcibly sought after, or disaster would surely ensue...

Thus, the two old monks became estranged, their once close relationship now marred by a very obvious rift, developing into a clear opposition.

Just as Shen Wuben had achieved considerable progress in his cultivation and was ready to descend the mountain, his master entrusted him with this important mission, promising to teach him a crucial martial arts technique from the Inner Sect if he could bring back the Buddha Bone Relic...

To a martial artist, each secret technique is extremely valuable, let alone the secret techniques of Shaolin Temple. Shen Wuben was a secular disciple, and many martial arts techniques were not disclosed to secular disciples unless they made significant contributions to Shaolin Temple, granting them the exceptional chance to be instructed.

Shen Wuben had studied the martial arts for over twenty years, reaching the level of a Grandmaster, but had only practiced the ordinary martial arts of the Inner Sect of Shaolin Temple and had not learned any of the vital techniques.

On this note, he simply couldn't compare to Inner Sect Disciple Monk Wukong; Monk Wukong was a fully ordained disciple of the Buddhist sect, different from secular disciples like him who practiced with hair intact. The Inner Sect's secret techniques were mostly teachable and cultivatable to him, and with Monk Wukong's exceptional talent and innate gifts, he had even managed to learn the Reed Crossing River Technique, which many Inner Sect disciples had failed to master...

Naturally, Shen Wuben did not believe his talent to be inferior to Monk Wukong's. He was just slightly older than Monk Wukong and had always practiced only the ordinary martial arts of Shaolin Temple. He felt that if he could learn the same secret techniques as Monk Wukong, he would definitely be far more formidable.

The Reed Crossing River Technique is a secret movement technique of Shaolin Temple, and within the entire Inner Sect, only masters above the rank of Elders could master it—even Shen Wuben's master had succeeded in doing so.

Shen Wuben pondered that if he handled this matter well, he could ask his master to teach him this secret movement technique...

This was precisely why Shen Wuben was so eager to retrieve the Buddha Bone Relic; his plans were originally poised for success, but to his surprise, Zhao Si's unnecessary interference led to failure at the final hurdle. Consumed by anger, Shen Wuben did not hesitate to eliminate Zhao Si.

Since Shen Wuben was sent down the mountain by his master, it followed that Monk Wukong's master, who disagreed with Shen Wuben's master's methods, would naturally send someone to stop it. However, he had no secular disciples, so the only option was to send his most outstanding disciple, Monk Wukong, to forcefully break through Wooden Men Lane.

When Shen Wuben left Shaolin Temple, he had already heard that Monk Wukong was attempting the challenge of Wooden Men Lane. Although he doubted Monk Wukong's chances of success, just to be cautious, he made special arrangements to watch for Monk Wukong's appearance...

However, Monk Wukong showed up earlier than Shen Wuben expected, which also made him quite uncomfortable!

"Hmph... you better take care of yourself! Otherwise..."

Although Shen Wuben was a disciple of Shaolin, he was not an Inner Sect Disciple; he would definitely adhere to the ordinary monastic rules while at Shaolin Temple.

But having left Shaolin and returned to secular life, he was like a tiger entering the forest or a dragon roaming the deep sea—such monastic rules no longer bound him.

To learn even more superior cultivation techniques and secret methods, Shen Wuben would not hesitate to resort to any means necessary. If pushed too far, even if Monk Wukong possessed earth-shattering cultivation, Shen Wuben was not without means to unseat him.

"Go back and tell Young Master Li to find a way to restrain this monk, and make sure he doesn't get in touch with anyone surnamed Qin..."

Shen Wuben might be frustrated, but he still had a clear idea of how to best handle the situation. It was obvious that Monk Wukong was specifically there to oppose him.

He wanted to retrieve the Buddha Bone Relic, which would inevitably lead to conflict with Qin Fang. Qin Fang had a special status, and unless absolutely necessary, Shen Wuben did not want to resort to killing.

Of course, if Qin Fang truly failed to recognize what was good for him, then Shen Wuben would show no mercy. What's more, with the help of Li Rui, who wielded immense power in the Ninghai Underground, it was completely possible to devise an excellent opportunity to seize the treasure...

The only prerequisite was to ensure that Monk Wukong did not appear; otherwise, there would be a significant flaw in the plan.

The Monk Wukong was simply too difficult to handle. If he was determined to rescue Qin Fang, Shen Wuben could only stand by dumbfounded, watching Monk Wukong save the person.

There was no way around it; the Reed Crossing River Technique was just too otherworldly...

Just because Shen Wuben didn't have a good way to deal with Monk Wukong didn't mean Li Rui didn't. In this mortal world, highly skilled martial artists are not invincible; guns and bullets are much more powerful than the formidable strength of martial artists.

No matter how powerful Monk Wukong was or how strong the Reed Crossing River Technique was, if he faced dozens or even hundreds of ordinary people armed with guns, a volley of gunshots would instantly turn even a Grandmaster Level Elder from Shaolin Temple's Inner Temple into a hornet's nest...

...

"Young Master Qin, I've just received some troubling news..."

Chen Da's efficiency was still very high; it didn't take him long to send a simple document to Qin Fang's hands.

Although the document was simple, it clearly laid out the issue that Qin Fang was concerned about...

"Shen Wuben... has actually formed a connection with Li Rui!"

To say that Ninghai was Qin Fang's turf wasn't an exaggeration; even though Tiger's influence was limited to the southern part of the city, most other regions were controlled by Li Rui.

But that didn't mean he couldn't obtain information from other areas; if that were the case, Tiger would have been swallowed up by Li Rui long ago, even with Tang Cheng's secret support.

Furthermore, with the highly skilled Wei Suo under Qin Fang's command and Mouse Qiang's extensive connections at the grassroots level, this piece of intelligence was obtained.

The person secretly investigating Qin Fang was Shen Wuben, whose identity was said to be from Shaolin Temple. This confirmed both the information Qin Fang had acquired and what Monk Wukong had said.

Qin Fang wasn't particularly worried about just Shen Wuben; with both at Master Level, Shen Wuben would have a hard time dealing with Qin Fang, not to mention that Qing Mountain Song, comparable to a Grandmaster Level Late Stage expert, was by Qin Fang's side.

What really caused Qin Fang a headache was that Shen Wuben had actually hooked up with Li Rui. This was a bit of trouble...

If Qin Fang in Ninghai was just a local Serpent, then Li Rui was the most powerful of those local Serpents, and Shen Wuben was that foreign Dragon.

Perhaps this foreign Dragon might not be able to defeat Qin Fang, the local Serpent...

But if this foreign Dragon teamed up with the most significant local Serpent to fight Qin Fang, the situation would be entirely different.

"Li Rui... it seems you're really persistent! It looks like you won't understand what death means unless I give you a harsh lesson..."

Qin Fang never denied that he was indeed wary of Li Rui.

Apart from Li Rui's identity and background, his cunning, tactics, and his ability to bend or stand tall were all admirable to Qin Fang.

Unfortunately, they were destined to be enemies and could never be friends!

Both sides hated each other and wanted to destroy the other, but there had never been a suitable opportunity to act... Now that the situation was unusual, Qin Fang felt he could no longer be too lenient. It was entirely reasonable to show some of his strength.

Li Rui didn't have many weaknesses, or at least, Qin Fang only knew of one—his brother Li Feng, who was also one of Qin Fang's sworn enemies!

Chapter 987 Designing Li Feng

Li Feng was once screwed over by Qin Fang, and ended up squatting in jail for a few months before he was released on medical parole. But with his brother Li Rui protecting him, he probably didn't suffer much in there.

But the moment he got out, he wanted to make a move against Qin Fang, even going as far as to plan an assassination. This shows just how deep his hatred for Qin Fang runs.

The last time, Qin Fang did not make a move on Li Feng, mainly because of Li Rui. Currently, Qin Fang's power has not fully developed and he doesn't want to start an all-out war with Li Rui.

But now it seems that if Qin Fang doesn't seek death, that doesn't necessarily mean that Li Rui is comfortable with maintaining peace; he's already teamed up with Shen Wuben so quickly, and it seems like he's planning to make a move against Qin Fang...

"Brother Da, keep an eye on Li Feng for me recently, pay more attention to his whereabouts, I need it!"

If you are unkind, it's only natural that I won't be too polite.

Li Rui's identity is special, and it's not easy to make a direct move against him, especially since there's a secular disciple from Shaolin Temple, Shen Wuben, by his side now.

Although I haven't contacted Shen Wuben yet, just from Monk Wukong's strength, it's not hard to see that the ancient monastery Shaolin Temple has a very strong foundation. As a secular disciple who descended the mountain, Shen Wuben's strength might not be as good as Monk Wukong who singlehandedly entered Wooden Men Lane, but it wouldn't be weak either.

Moreover, for Li Rui to sit securely at the top of Ninghai Underground, to say he doesn't have very strong protective forces by his side, Qin Fang would never believe it.

Just because Li Rui is off-limits doesn't mean Li Feng is too...

There's a score to settle from last time, so let's bring up the old and new grievances together this time!

"I've always been in contact with Black Panther, and Li Feng's whereabouts have always been under our control..."

Chen Da obviously thinks a bit more long-term than Qin Fang. Initially, Qin Fang didn't kill Black Panther, but let him act as a mole, and this message was also passed to Chen Da.

Chen Da has also figured out the conflict between Li Rui and Qin Fang, knowing that since Li Feng has hired someone to assassinate Qin Fang once, there will definitely be a second time, so he has been secretly watching.

Usually, if Li Feng doesn't do anything special, he won't say much to Qin Fang, but once Li Feng takes action, especially against Qin Fang, Chen Da would immediately arrange for people to eliminate the danger, and if the situation escalates beyond his control, he plans to report to Qin Fang for handling.

Unexpectedly, Qin Fang also wanted to make a move on Li Feng now, so Chen Da's previous arrangements had come into use.

"Oh... Where is he now?"

Qin Fang was slightly surprised but very satisfied with Chen Da's arrangement. He can't anticipate every issue from afar, each has their own expertise, and when it comes to reconnaissance and protection, Chen Da is obviously more professional.

"Elite Salon!"

Chen Da immediately contacted Black Panther and learned this result. At the same time, he figured out exactly what Li Feng was currently doing, "He's gambling..."

"Gambling... tsk tsk, looks like even the heavens want to lend me a hand this time!"

Hearing this, Qin Fang couldn't help but reveal a smile, Li Feng was truly heading right into Qin Fang's line of fire.

"Let's go, we're heading to Elite Salon..."

Since it's time to make a move, the sooner the better. Shen Wuben might show up any moment, so it's better to deal with Li Feng first as a warning to Li Rui.

...

Elite Salon.

"What's the matter? Can't afford to play anymore? Then just roll aside..."

Li Feng was gathering all those chips to his side while not holding back from mocking other gamblers who had lost money, flaunting his arrogance.

"Only winning this little money and you're arrogant... Can't afford to play? We men can afford to play big, just afraid you don't dare to continue gambling..."

A skinny young man in his thirties, dressed in designer clothes, didn't shrink back from losing money, but instead spoke provocatively.

Just by his gaze, it was evident that he scorned Li Feng's smug arrogance, and while speaking, he even pulled out a checkbook and quickly signed out ten million.

"Here's ten million, just afraid you can't come up with it..."

Swoosh~~

Initially, when Li Feng was being loud, not just the gamblers, but others also found him distasteful. Elite Salon is the highest class club in Ninghai, patronized by very prestigious people, even if they gamble, there's never been anyone as brash as him.

If you were to talk about which clubs had more of these kinds of people, aside from places like Maple Valley that new rich like to visit, Bihai Pavilion might have more.

But unexpectedly, today even Elite Salon had such people, and many felt it was quite undermining.

However, as it didn't concern them directly, they naturally wouldn't go looking for trouble. Although Li Feng was annoying, it wasn't worth offending him for no reason, as no one knew the background of this young man...

The gamblers in Elite Salon were not just gambling for money, so generally, the bets weren't very large, but Li Feng's arrogance triggered someone, and suddenly someone put out ten million as their bet, things got serious...

Things got serious, and naturally, the fun got bigger. Initially, there weren't many onlookers, but now the crowd grew instantly, all smiling as they watched the previously arrogant Li Feng, waiting to see if he dared to accept the challenge.

"It's just ten million..."

With so many eyes on him, Li Feng's face began to change - honestly, he really couldn't produce ten million. His status in Li Family was average, and especially after the last murder case, his already low status became even more tragic. If not for his highly powerful and influential elder brother, he would probably still be in jail being harassed by a bunch of desperate inmates.

Elite Salon, he hadn't been here before, mainly because Li Rui knew his brother's temperament and feared he would accidentally provoke someone. After Li Feng was released on medical parole, his temper seemed much better, and Li Rui then got him a VIP card for Elite Salon, letting him come here to play when he was free.

The first two times were quite ordinary; Li Feng had some drinks, gambled a bit, his luck was mediocre, and he stopped after losing a bit, but today his luck seemed extraordinarily good, really killing all directions; his previously arrogant character resurfaced, and he started speaking without thinking, leading to the current scenario.

Asking him to put down ten million now would definitely not be possible. But as the Second Young Master Li, Li Feng could not show weakness, especially facing this opponent who he had heavily defeated just a moment ago... He still retorted very stiffly.

"Since you have it, dare to gamble with me... How about it?"

The gambler still had a provocative look, though he verbally expressed belief that Li Feng could produce such an amount of money, his demeanor was filled with irony and scorn, as if looking at a beggar.

"Hmph, just a loser... Gambling with someone like you lacks any challenge!"

Li Feng was also quite agitated by the other side's provocation, and he really was keen on accepting this challenge. At this table of gamblers, if you were to say who had the worst skills, it was definitely the gambler challenging him now, gambling with him was almost a guaranteed win, whether the cards were good or bad showed on his face.

But this place isn't his brother Li Rui's territory Bihai Pavilion, to gamble he must put up a corresponding stake; empty words are easy, no money means shit, nobody will give a damn about you!

"No challenge? I think you just don't have the money..."

The young man opposite him immediately sneered coldly, full of disdainful mockery, further fueling the fire, Li Feng wanted to explode but felt suffocated.

"Brother Jiangnan, you got that wrong, how could the mighty Second Young Master Li not have money? Just a mere ten million, that's just pocket change... Isn't that right, Second Young Master Li?"

Just then, a clear, sonorous voice came from behind the crowd, the crowd automatically parted to open a pathway for the person walking in - it was none other than Qin Fang.

"Qin Fang!!"

Seeing Qin Fang all of a sudden, Li Feng's face immediately turned a shade of purple-green, his eyes burning with rage.

This man, Qin Fang, his former classmate, once looked down upon as a poor nobody by him, had stolen his goddess Tang Feifei away from him and even used plots and schemes to frame him, causing him to endure an undeserved catastrophe—spending several months in that rotten jail though not suffering much, but it brought endless humiliation to him, Li Feng!

How could there possibly be a warm welcome with such deep hatred?

"What can Second Young Master Li advise?"

Yet Qin Fang seemed completely oblivious to Li Feng's angry and tear-him-apart glare, still wearing a casual smile, speaking provocatively.

"Hmph..."

Although Li Feng wished he could butcher Qin Fang into pieces, in such a public setting, he couldn't act on it, not to mention with his slight build, Qin Fang could smack him into an idiot with just a slap—although this Li Feng originally wasn't much different from a moron.

Qin Fang didn't say much, just subtly gave a look towards Chen Jiangnan.

"So it's Second Young Master Li, nice to meet you... But speaking of which, what about our bet? Surely, the mighty Second Young Master Li won't hesitate to put forth a mere ten million, that would be too petty!"

Chen Jiangnan caught on, immediately smiling at Li Feng, the tone much more mellow than before, not as bluntly mocking, but the words still implied a sharp altercation.

The surrounding onlookers didn't find anything wrong with what Chen Jiangnan said, after all, it was Li Feng who had started this mess in the beginning, even if Chen Jiangnan's words were a bit harsh, it was still understandable; even if Li Rui was very influential, he surely couldn't confuse this issue...

Chapter 988: Betting Agreement

"Who says I can't produce it! It's just... It's just that I didn't bring my checkbook today!"

If this had happened on any other day, Li Feng would have just retorted to Chen Jiangnan's sarcasm verbally and not actually let it get to him.

But right now, standing before him was Qin Fang, a formerly destitute guy he had looked down upon, and Li Feng absolutely could not swallow his pride nor afford to lose face.

Otherwise, it would mean a complete defeat to Qin Fang. Even if Li Feng ultimately took Qin Fang down, the shame he suffered in front of Qin Fang would be an indelible stain in his life.

"Oh, is that so?"

Chen Jiangnan laughed playfully, yet his eyes did not show much change.

"It seems Young Master Li seldom comes to play at the Elite Salon. It doesn't matter if you didn't bring your checkbook, see over there... With your reputation, borrowing thirty to fifty million wouldn't be a problem at all... Rest assured, the lending here is legitimate, unlike some places, and the interest rate is just slightly higher than the bank's..."

Chen Jiangnan also pointed to a small room not far away. It was the Elite Salon's casino office where one could apply for some simple betting loans.

Everyone has times when they're short on cash, especially gambling enthusiasts. When you're engrossed in the game and suddenly realize you don't have enough money, you could borrow some there to tide you over.

Naturally, loans require interest. The interest rates at the Elite Salon aren't high, certainly not like those insinuated by Chen Jiangnan about the Bihai Pavilion, which are essentially usurious rates—after all, its backstage owner, Li Rui, is the boss of the Ninghai Underground, and of course, they would charge interest.

The amount of loan here also depends on the borrower's identity and the level of the VIP card. A regular VIP card could only borrow up to a few hundred thousand, a slightly higher level could borrow over a million, and even higher could loan tens of millions... The highest level could even borrow up to one hundred million directly.

Of course, such scenarios are unlikely. This place is just a small casino, providing recreational activities for its members. It's very rare to loan out millions, with only one or two instances in several years.

Hearing Chen Jiangnan say this, Li Feng couldn't help but feel tempted, considering that his VIP card was processed by his elder brother, Li Rui.

Li Rui's status is extraordinary. The card he held was the Platinum Card, second only to the ultimate Diamond Card, with only ten issued in the whole Ninghai, and to let Li Feng enjoy himself to the fullest, he had gotten Li Feng the same Platinum Card.

The Elite Salon wasn't worried about anything; as long as Li Rui didn't fall, Li Feng could do whatever he wanted in the Elite Salon...

"Hmph, just you wait..."

Li Feng was tempted and thinking of his luck today, which had been so good, and his opponent's skills were incredibly poor. It would be too much of a pity to let such a golden opportunity to win money slip away.

So Li Feng left with an assertive threat and headed towards that office, evidently planning to borrow some money for an emergency.

With his Platinum Card, even borrowing thirty to fifty million was no problem; the Elite Salon wasn't afraid he wouldn't repay the money. If they couldn't get it from Li Feng, they could always go to Li Rui!

Considering Li Rui's status and power, he wouldn't default for just thirty to fifty million...

"Qin Fang, this time for your sake, I've completely offended the Li brothers. You can't just leave me hanging and ignore me after crossing the river..."

As soon as Li Feng left, Chen Jiangnan immediately complained to Qin Fang. All this was strategically arranged by Qin Fang. Before coming here, Qin Fang had specifically asked Chen Jiangnan, and upon learning that Chen Jiangnan was at the Elite Salon, he asked him to stall Li Feng, preferably at the gambling table.

Whether to lose or win money didn't matter; if he won, it would be Chen Jiangnan's, and if he lost, it would count as Qin Fang's...

Ever since cooperating with Qin Fang last time and making a decent profit, Chen Jiangnan had been thinking about collaborating with Qin Fang again. He had learned a bit about the lithium battery company through Tang Cheng and knew it must be Qin Fang's doing, regretting that he was too aggressive before. Perhaps if he had taken a more sustainable approach, he might now have a chance to benefit from it.

But there was no proper opportunity, and then Qin Fang tasked him with this, considering that he might offend the Li brothers. Yet, in today's society, it's the timid who starve and the bold who thrive.

While Li Rui was undoubtedly assertive, Qin Fang was no weaker. With Tang Cheng and Ning Weiqiang also involved, it was uncertain who would win or lose in a struggle between them.

With this in mind, Chen Jiangnan felt he should take a chance and thus immediately executed Qin Fang's request, holding Li Feng back until Qin Fang arrived. Together, they gave Li Feng a further push behind his back...

"Rest assured, you know what kind of person I am; I won't let you lose out!"

Qin Fang smiled. Chen Jiangnan had initially made Qin Fang quite wary, but upon further thought, he realized that Chen Jiangnan was aware of his own background and would not do anything too outrageous.

And since Chen Jiangnan had gone all out to help this time, Qin Fang really couldn't let him suffer a loss...

"The money is here, how do you want to bet?"

While they were talking, Li Feng came out of the office with a smile on his face, clearly having borrowed the money—of course, this was within Qin Fang's expectation.

In the Li Family, Li Feng might not hold a high status, but Li Rui took very good care of this younger brother. Li Feng used to frequent Bihai Pavilion, which was under Li Rui's control, and it was difficult for anything to happen to him there.

But this place is the Elite Salon, and even Li Rui wouldn't dare to do anything too outrageous here. It's just that Li Rui probably didn't anticipate Qin Fang using this fact to prepare to take down Li Feng this time.

"How should we play? Anything works! Do you think I, a man, would be scared..."

Chen Jiangnan had already made up his mind, he had already offended the Li brothers, so there was no need to be discreet. Just now, to make Li Feng happy, he had deliberately acted dumb and lost quite a bit of money to him. Now Li Feng had a much larger stake, and of course, Chen Jiangnan wanted to take some of it back first.

"However, it's too dull just for us two to play, let's find a few more to join..."

But Chen Jiangnan knew he was just a supporting role. When Qin Fang arrived, he could disappear, as the real protagonist was still Qin Fang.

"No problem. Am I, the young master, scared of you?"

Li Feng noticed that when Chen Jiangnan said this, he specifically glanced at Qin Fang beside him, seemingly intending to pull Qin Fang in as well.

In fact, Li Feng himself had considered using the goading strategy to instigate Qin Fang to gamble with him. Now that he was on a winning streak and Qin Fang held a deep grudge against him, it was impossible to take him down directly, but it's completely fine to win a big sum of money from Qin Fang...

It's just he himself didn't know that, when he was squatting in jail, Qin Fang alone had massacred several gamblers in the Elite Salon, including Qiao Zhenfei.

"Brother, why don't you join in?"

Li Feng agreed, and that was exactly what Chen Jiangnan hoped for. Although he suspected Li Feng would accept, he didn't expect him to agree so readily. He understood that the grudge between the two was probably quite substantial.

"This... I'm not very good at this!"

Qin Fang, however, seemed hesitant, as if he was trying to decline.

"What's the matter? Qin Fang, are you afraid to gamble? Or don't you have the money... Should I, the young master, lend you some?"

Unexpectedly, the stupidity of Li Feng far exceeded Qin Fang's estimate. Although Qin Fang had guessed that Li Feng would use the goading strategy, the words he said made many onlookers hold back their laughter.

It seemed that not long ago, someone had been mocked in this manner, and now that phrase is being used to provoke someone else, which is truly laughable.

Yet the person in question seemed quite proud, without any sign of embarrassment. Perhaps in his view, the laughter of others was not directed at him, but at the embarrassed Qin Fang.

"Since the second young master Li has said so, Qin shall humbly participate..."

Upon hearing Li Feng's words, Qin Fang "bit his teeth" as if he had made up his mind, and decided to sit down and start gambling.

Those who had witnessed the gambling event a few months ago instantly realized that Qin Fang was about to slaughter a fat sheep, but those unaware of that incident felt Qin Fang was the big fat sheep instead.

Swoosh swoosh swoosh.

Regardless of who the big fat sheep is, the bets were set, so everyone had to be ready with their stakes. Qin Fang signed a cheque for ten million and exchanged it for chips quite readily.

Looking at Qin Fang's relaxed demeanor, Li Feng felt such hatred!

In his view, the only reason Qin Fang could come up with so much money was all thanks to him climbing up the social ladder through Tang Feifei's connections, a position that should have been Li Feng's.

The more he thought about it, the more enraged Li Feng became, cursing Qin Fang nonstop in his heart.

"Let's begin..."

With the chips of the three players ready, the gambling naturally began. The table was set up, and the casino had also specially arranged a croupier.

"Hold on, add me in too, how about that?"

Just as the three were about to start, another man suddenly spoke up, causing a slight surprise among them.

Qin Fang was no exception. Looking at this man who suddenly spoke up, he appeared to be older than the rest of them, well into his thirties, perhaps even older and sporting an unfamiliar face—many who saw him found him quite strange.

Faced with such an unknown participant entering the game, Chen Jiangnan and Li Feng almost instinctively wanted to refuse...

Chen Jiangnan did so because he was merely a bystander, and Li Feng did not want to add more variables, especially since the man seemed to have the air of an expert, which made him rather nervous.

Chapter 989: Just Want to Play with You!!

"I myself don't have any objections, just not sure about the other two..."

Qin Fang was surprised at first, but his eyes soon took on a playful look, and his tone became much more composed; he spoke with a faint smile on his face.

"Then I have no objections either..."

Naturally, Chen Jiangnan always looked to Qin Fang for guidance—although he couldn't fathom the sudden participant's true intentions, since Qin Fang had no objections, he naturally didn't either.

Qin Fang had said long before that if he won, he kept his earnings, and if he lost, it all counted on Qin Fang's head, so Chen Jiangnan was under no pressure at all.

"No objections..."

Though reluctant at heart, seeing his love rival Qin Fang expressing no objections, Li Feng couldn't really say much in protest. He couldn't let himself fail at this critical moment, so he could only hunch over and gruntingly agree.

"Many thanks to the three of you. My name is Fan Jin, from Hong Kong..."

This man named Fan Jin was very polite as he introduced himself, taking a seat at the gambling table and converting ten million in chips. With that, the four players, each with ten million in chips, were ready to start.

Although he was from Hong Kong, he spoke Mandarin very fluently. Had he not revealed his origins himself, the others would never have guessed he was from Hong Kong.

Due to Fan Jin's background, the four decided to play the Hong Kong-style five-card game, also known as All-in, which is very popular in Hong Kong and Macau. Comparatively, it is played much less in the inland areas.

The casino was completely neutral, the croupier was arranged on the spot, and the four gamblers could request a change at any time if they were dissatisfied.

To ensure fairness and prevent cheating, the gamblers were not allowed to touch any of the cards before the deal, and even after the cards were dealt, they could only touch the cards in their own hands.

Qin Fang didn't care about this at all. Regardless of whether he touched the cards or not, he was cheating undetectably. Even if someone was suspicious, they wouldn't suspect him.

Though the stakes were as high as ten million, the minimum bet per round was not high, requiring only ten thousand. If one were to play slowly, ten million could last a very long time.

However, anyone who has played All-in knows that once you have a strong hand, betting all-in can quickly escalate, and losing everything can happen in just a moment.

The croupier began to deal the cards, one open card, one hidden card...

Li Feng's luck seemed to be very good; his open card was an Ace, and so was his hidden card, although he didn't show much overt excitement.

"Let's start with a hundred thousand to test the waters..."

He tossed out a hundred thousand chips, speaking in a very calm tone.

"PASS!"

Fan Jin, sitting next to Li Feng, received a King as his open card and another King as his hidden card, but he just passed without so much as a glance.

A flicker of surprise crossed Qin Fang's eyes, but he didn't show much astonishment, as if it were perfectly normal and reasonable.

"PASS!"

Qin Fang's hand was not strong, and faced with Li Feng's pair of Aces, there was no comparison. He simply chose to give up directly—no need to prolong the fight.

"I'll call the hundred thousand..."

Chen Jiangnan's cards were good, so he naturally followed, but in the end, he failed to win against Li Feng, who won several hundred thousand off him. This guy Li Feng seemed to get off to a good start, joy written all over his face.

The second round started quickly...

Qin Fang's cards were still bad, Li Feng's were still good, Chen Jiangnan's were bad as well, and Fan Jin's were barely passable; he called Li Feng twice and ended up with a small loss of several hundred thousand.

Third round, fourth round, fifth round...

Consecutive rounds saw Qin Fang ending first with a PASS, while Li Feng seemed to be on a winning streak. His hands were consistently good, and even if they didn't start that way, they quickly improved as the game went on...

After the first five or six rounds, Li Feng had only lost to Chen Jiangnan once and won all other rounds, accumulating over two million in winnings. Chen Jiangnan and Fan Jin each lost around a million, while only Qin Fang had not been defeated by Li Feng.

This was what puzzled Li Feng the most; the person he truly wanted to defeat wasn't Chen Jiangnan, who had mocked him earlier, but rather Qin Fang. Yet, Qin Fang's cards were consistently terrible, so he couldn't even take a shot at him.

But his opportunity soon appeared...

"After folding so many times, you finally make a stand: one million..."

This time Qin Fang's open card looked very attractive—an Ace. As for his hidden card, nobody knew, not even Qin Fang himself had looked.

It seemed that after a series of frustrating rounds, Qin Fang came out swinging with a fierce move, throwing out a million in chips as he said.

"PASS!"

Upon seeing Qin Fang place a bet, Chen Jiangnan naturally had no need to lock horns with him. He couldn't be bothered to look at his hole cards; they weren't good anyway, so he just gave up right away.

"I'll call your million, and raise you another million..."

Li Feng truly hated Qin Fang to the bone. Even though Qin Fang's cards were strong, his weren't weak either. He had a King in hand and an Ace on the table, so by all accounts, he was not outmatched by Qin Fang at all. He decided to be ruthless, not only calling the bet but raising it...

"I'll call!"

What surprised Li Feng was that the next player, Fan Jin, completely ignored his presence and directly called the bet.

"It looks like all three of us have strong hands this round... I'll call!"

Qin Fang just smiled indifferently. He had seen Fan Jin's cards – a pair of Queens, indeed quite strong. Anyone would call with such a hand, there was nothing particularly remarkable about it.

However, recalling how he gave up a pair of Kings in the first round, there was something intriguing about that. But this was something only Qin Fang understood in his own mind, and he would not take the initiative to reveal it.

The third card was dealt, Qin Fang received a 10, while Li Feng got a Jack, and Fan Jin also a Jack. In terms of hand ranking, Qin Fang was still leading for the time being.

"All-in..."

But this time, Qin Fang seemed tired of the game of raising and calling bets, simply pushing all his chips forward and going all-in.

Whoosh~~

That was certainly high stakes, and many spectators couldn't help but exclaim, Qin Fang's cards were not particularly outstanding and certainly didn't hold an obvious advantage, yet he suddenly went all-in. This was decidedly a risky move.

The most crucial point was, from start to finish, he had never looked at his hole cards.

"All-in..."

Li Feng, looking at Qin Fang's expressionless face, felt very hesitant. He didn't have much confidence in his hand, but the sight of Qin Fang's indifferent attitude really annoyed him.

Considering his own luck had been incredibly hot today, while Qin Fang had folded five times in a row, indicating terrible luck, Li Feng felt there was no reason he should lose to Qin Fang.

Resolutely clenching his teeth, he pushed all his chips forward. Now the pot was up to twelve million. It was another raise.

"OH, SHIT! You guys are tough... PASS!"

Seeing Qin Fang and Li Feng go head-to-head, Fan Jin looked quite frustrated, directly flipping over his hole card with a smack, revealing another Queen, and had no choice but to fold reluctantly.

"Let's continue..."

Qin Fang couldn't be bothered to say much, although he felt something was off about this Fan Jin, definitely not someone who would simply give away money, but couldn't put his finger on it. For now, he chose to ignore him.

He pulled out his checkbook and signed a check for over two million to raise the stakes again, matching the bets. The croupier then immediately dealt the cards.

The fourth card, Qin Fang got a Jack, and Li Feng a Queen.

The fifth card, Qin Fang got a King, and Li Feng an Ace.

With this, Qin Fang's hand showed an Ace, King, Jack, 10, while Li Feng's hand was an Ace, King, Queen, Jack. It seemed that Li Feng now held the advantage on the board. The most crucial point was the hole card.

"Li Feng, it looks like we'll have to see who the final victor is with this last hole card. If mine is a Queen, that would give me a straight unless the hole card is a 10. So, whoever ends up unlucky... If your hole card isn't a 10, I win... however, I'm betting that you called early because your hole card is definitely not a 10!"

"Qin Fang, are you so sure that your hole card is a Queen?"

Li Feng was not willing to show weakness and retorted sarcastically... but, in doing so, he indirectly admitted that his hole card wasn't a 10.

Li Feng understood the logic well—if Qin Fang's hole card was a Queen, then he would lose this round. But Qin Fang hadn't looked at his hole cards at all, and he didn't believe that Qin Fang's hole card must be a Queen.

Now, with three Queens already out, only one Queen was left in play. Considering there were 52 cards in the deck and only about a dozen cards had been dealt, with thirty-something, nearly forty cards remaining, would it really be such a coincidence that it was the last Queen?

Gambling, especially poker, is often about playing the probabilities, particularly with games like all-in, blackjack, and twenty-one. Generally, the pros are masters of calculating odds.

However, under the current circumstances, it seemed like Qin Fang's chances of winning were quite slim. As long as Qin Fang's hole card wasn't a Queen, even an Ace would still result in him losing to Li Feng.

"Then let's raise the stakes even higher, do you dare to call?"

While speaking, Qin Fang pulled out his checkbook as if he intended to keep raising the bet, yet his gaze held a teasing look at Li Feng, as if mocking him for being a poor beggar.

"Why wouldn't I?"

Everyone could laugh at Li Feng, but he felt there was one person least qualified to mock him, and that was the man before him, Qin Fang. Without a second thought, he immediately shot back.

Chapter 990: A Big Pit

"It's not a matter of daring or not, I'm just afraid the stakes are too high for you to handle..."

Qin Fang had a faint smile on his face, his expression seemingly considerate. However, his well-meaning words were likely not interpreted as such by Li Feng's ears.

It's said that hatred is the easiest thing to cloud a person's mind. If one isn't particularly sharp-witted, they might not even see things clearly when push comes to shove.

Qin Fang's tactics were not at all subtle attacks; onlookers had already spotted the friction between Qin Fang and Li Feng, which had been brought to a head at the gambling table.

"Just raising the bet, is it? No matter how much you raise, I'll follow..."

The more intense the conflict, the more thrilling the gambling game became.

By now, Chen Jiangnan had already bowed out early, and Fan Jin had quit quickly, leaving only Qin Fang and Li Feng facing off.

The current stakes were already substantial; each person had laid down 12 million, which definitely qualified as high-stakes gambling. This was not Macau or Las Vegas, where such large bets were common; it's rare to see such high stakes, especially between two young men.

What does being young represent?

It mostly signifies being a second-generation rich kid, whose money isn't self-made but hard-earned by their parents or grandparents, and they squander it.

This simple squandering could be anything, like buying luxury cars, which is all too common. But to gambol so openly with such large stakes, as they were doing now, was incredibly rare.

However rare it might be, the conflict between the two had intensified to the point of near mutual annihilation, with Li Feng, who seemed even more prone to anger, brazenly issuing such a bold declaration.

"Since that's the case, I won't hold back... Let's raise it by another 38 million, making it a neat 50 million!"

Seeing Li Feng in this state, Qin Fang was not to be outdone. He immediately scribbled another check, instantly elevating the stakes to 50 million. His casual demeanor suggested that he treated the money as if it were nothing of substance.

"Ga..."

Qin Fang's move was especially harsh for Li Feng, piercing right through his weak spot almost instantly.

Li Feng may act tough, as if the amount of money is just a simple number to him, but to put it plainly, he was just pretending; he didn't actually have enough to cover a fraction of the 50 million stake...

In his view, Qin Fang's ability to sit here and gamble with him must be due to the Tang Family's influence, having transformed from a poor boy worth nothing.

He also knew about Qin Fang's venture in Ninghai – Fang Feixue, which was just a restaurant. Although business wasn't bad, it hadn't been open for very long; making a few million at most would have been an impressive feat. Adding occasional pocket money from Tang Feifei and Tang Cheng, he reckoned Qin Fang could muster up a fortune of ten million at best.

Now with bets on the table already exceeding ten million, Li Feng figured Qin Fang must have invested his entire fortune.

With this in mind, he believed that no matter how much Qin Fang raised the stakes, it couldn't be too outlandish.

Yet unexpectedly, Qin Fang opened with 38 million, elevating the bet directly to 50 million, which was far beyond the few extra millions Li Feng had anticipated.

"Can you really afford that much? That check must be fake..."

The more he thought about it, the less possible it seemed. Even if Qin Fang was making money swiftly, surely he couldn't have earned 50 million in just six months since getting involved with Tang Feifei?

Of course, in Li Feng's eyes, Qin Fang was nothing but a poor boy fancied by Tang Feifei. From any perspective, he could not compare to Li Erxiao – Li Feng himself. Even he doubted that he could earn that much money, so naturally, it was impossible for Qin Fang.

If Qin Fang couldn't afford it, then he obviously couldn't pay such an amount, but now, Qin Fang had written a check, so that check... must be fake!

"A fake check? Haha..."

Qin Fang laughed upon hearing Li Feng's words. He had used a bank draft from a Swiss Bank which, though seldom used in China, was certainly recognized in a top-tier club like Elite Salon. The checks Qin Fang used could only be issued by those with a deposit of over 10 million Euros at the Swiss Bank.

Over 10 million Euros roughly equates to 100 million RMB in deposits – not assets. Many people present might have assets ranging from 1.5 billion to several billion, but few would likely have 100 million in unmoved funds at a Swiss Bank.

And yet, the young man before them had done just that. Many were wondering just how much money Qin Fang had, or how substantial his assets were. However, it was clear that the 50 million bet was certainly within his means.

"Mr. Li, there's no problem with this check... You can choose to fold or to call..."

Given a gambler's concern, the casino naturally had their people verify Qin Fang's check, which was soon confirmed as authentic. The croupier, following the rules, reminded Li Feng accordingly.