

## Genius 99

### Chapter 99: Pretending to be the Big Bad Wolf\_1

"Great tolerance for alcohol! Brother Qin, I won't say much else, just for that bold spirit of yours, if ever you run into any tough situations, you may always come to Brother Hu. I will definitely give you face!"

That night, Qin Fang did not return to school but was taken out for drinks by Scarface, Brother Hu, and a few of Brother Hu's trusted brothers.

Even though the people at the drinking table were all absolute tests of alcohol endurance, the active-duty special forces Scarface, the former special forces soldier Brother Hu, the well-known enforcer on Ninghai Road Li Dong, and Big Bear, all had incredibly impressive capacities for alcohol.

But even these men were taken aback by Qin Fang's tolerance, forced to give him a thumbs up. It was truly frightening; drinking 65-degree liquor straight from the bottle had even Tiger and his crew scared stiff.

They say soldiers are fierce when it comes to drinking and they mostly prefer strong liquor. Despite Tiger's success and access to all kinds of fine drinks, he still preferred potent spirits such as Erguotou and Laobaigan, and he wouldn't stop until he'd down a bottle or two each time.

Yet today, he seemed to have met his match, or should I say, he didn't even have the courage to challenge Qin Fang and was downright subdued by Qin Fang's presence.

The dining table is certainly the best place to bridge gaps. Just like that, over a few drinks, any strangeness between Tiger and Qin Fang gradually faded. Almost considering Qin Fang a brother in life and death, Tiger assured him with a slap on the back. Li Dong and the others also expressed similar sentiments, soon calling Qin Fang by names such as "Younger Brother Qin" and "Brother Qin." This made Qin Fang feel that his drinking was not in vain.

Considering he had been drinking that night, Qin Fang declined Scarface's offer to drive him back, not willing to risk being caught by traffic police mid-way or encountering accidents, preferring to spend money on a taxi ride home despite the pain it caused him.

The journey from Ninghai City District to the University Town should have been quite calm, but in reality, it was anything but peaceful. Mainly because at night, with fewer cars on the road and the roads being quite spacious, it became a perfect spot for Ninghai's rich kids and hoodlums to race their cars.

Although these races didn't happen every day, there would be at least one or two a week, often involving significant gambling, which Qin Fang occasionally heard about and learned some details from Ning Weiqiang.

Ning Weiqiang had participated in one or two of these races; the wins and losses weren't too bad, just tens of thousands, nothing that bothered Ning Weiqiang much.

However, Qin Fang seemed to have bad luck today. Sitting in the taxi, with the alcohol taking effect and his stomach churning, he soon found that people were racing ahead, and that section of the road had been occupied by the racing gang.

"Damn, what bad luck!"

The taxi driver slapped the steering wheel in frustration, cursing angrily and helplessly.

The last things a taxi driver wants to encounter are—traffic jams and... traffic jams.

The former is the normal kind, which, although not a natural disaster, is an unavoidable stroke of bad luck.

The latter is what was happening at that moment, purely caused by human factors.

You really can't afford to provoke these people. If you dare drive in before their racing is over, heaven knows if you'll be able to exit whole. Better not be hit; just the fright would be overwhelming.

And if you get blocked, then the problem is even bigger. A beating is certainly inevitable, like... not far away, on the roadside, a group of five or six was already beating up one person.

"Hey... Driver, I'll get out for a moment; wait for me!"

Initially, Qin Fang did not want to meddle in the affairs of these petty hoodlums. Their fighting had nothing to do with him, but when he saw who was being beaten up, he couldn't help but feel a surge of surprise.

The cab driver was quite amiable. He had already noticed that Qin Fang had drunk a fair amount and was indeed worried that he might vomit in the car. Seeing that Qin Fang seemed unable to hold it any longer, he immediately agreed. He didn't think Qin Fang would run away. In the middle of nowhere, without a ride, whether heading to the university town or back to the city district, relying purely on his legs would be ludicrous.

"Stop!"

However, Qin Fang did not do as the driver imagined, exiting to vomit; instead, he charged straight towards those who were beating someone up, while shouting loudly.

Qin Fang's shout startled the group of aggressors. They turned around and saw a young man, no older than themselves, coming towards them. The petty hoodlums approached Qin Fang with an unfriendly look on their faces.

"Kid, sticking your nose into other people's business will bring you bad luck!"

The ring-laden leader with pierced lips spoke with a voice as airy as his mouth.

"What's up? Thinking of hitting me? I bet you don't have the guts!"

Qin Fang took a deep breath and then forced himself to remain calm as he spoke, his eyes glancing towards the person who was being beaten up. The latter was beginning to regain his strength and looked back at Qin Fang with a surprised expression.

"Oh, looks like we've got a tough guy here! Bro, which crew do you roll with?"

Seeing Qin Fang speak so boldly, the guy with the fluffy hair didn't dare to act rashly, and his tone softened a bit.

"I'm just a good guy..."

Qin Fang grinned, showing off his pearly whites, "But I just came back from drinking downtown, and who was I drinking with... Seems like it was Brother Hu, Brother Dong, Brother Bear!"

The guy's expression changed immediately upon hearing this. Anyone who hung around Ninghai Road knew that the southern area of Ninghai City was Brother Hu's territory. Although these guys who often raced cars weren't from the south, this was still Brother Hu's turf. If Qin Fang really knew Brother Hu, and they laid hands on him, they would definitely end up in a very ugly situation.

"Kid, who are you trying to scare? Someone like you, drinking with Lord Hu?"

"Exactly, just look at you! You think you're worthy?"

Before the guy with fluffy hair could utter a word, his henchmen began to show their fangs and even heckled, influencing the guy's thoughts. Qin Fang didn't look particularly impressive, so it seemed unlikely that he knew someone as powerful as Brother Hu.

"Kid, if you're so brave, repeat what you just said!"

Qin Fang, however, couldn't be bothered with him and instead strode over to a fatty dressed like a travesty of a gangster, grabbed him by the collar, and spoke with a chilling tone.

Despite his gaudy appearance, this kid was all talk and no muscle, and it happened that he also had the foulest mouth. With a forceful tug from Qin Fang, the kid was lifted off the ground. Though his toes were still touching the floor, he turned a shade of purple, entirely subdued by Qin Fang's move, and that surely hurt his pride.

"Kid, you dare lay hands on someone?"

"Looking for a beating, huh? Guys, beat him up!"

"Let go of Little Four!"

As soon as Qin Fang made his move, the other thugs erupted in anger, each one eager to get their hands on Qin Fang.

"Stop!"

The guy with fluffy hair actually had some insight; not to mention Qin Fang had easily subdued one of his underlings, demonstrating decent fighting skills. And the fact that Qin Fang dared to grab one of his men in front of so many people spoke volumes about his courage. "Bro, what are you trying to do here?"

"Nothing much, this guy is my friend. I'm taking him... As for the fact that you guys were beating him, I don't mind that. In fact, I've been wanting to hit him myself!"

Qin Fang pointed to the man who was slowly managing to stand up. That man was none other than Brother Baldhead, who had competed with Qin Fang in a drinking bout half a month ago thanks to Li Feng. Little had Qin Fang expected that in just half a month's time, Brother Baldhead would end up so pitifully.

"Bro, if you just take him like that, where does that leave my face? How am I supposed to explain this to my brothers?"

Hearing Qin Fang suggest backing down, fluffy hair's interest was piqued, and he involuntarily leaned forward. His underlings gathered around, too, looking ready to strike at any moment.

"Oh? You want an explanation? Sure... I'll have Brother Dong give you one, how's that?"

Qin Fang released the gangster-like scarecrow and then pulled out his latest-model Apple phone, ready to place a call.

"Don't bother, I believe you, I believe..."

The guy's eyes were sharp, and being so close to Qin Fang, he first noticed that despite his shabby attire, Qin Fang had the latest Apple phone. Then he saw the list of contacts with impressive names, and he went soft on the spot.