

Genius 991

Chapter 991: A Big Pit_2

"The check is real?"

This time, Li Feng was completely dumbfounded.

He had adamantly asserted that Qin Fang's check was a fake, certain that Qin Fang couldn't produce fifty million, but now, reality harshly slapped him in the face, leaving him utterly stupefied.

And the croupier's statement was like adding fuel to the fire, turning Li Feng's face entirely green with envy.

Yes, it was he who had agreed that Qin Fang could raise the bet, and even said that Qin Fang could raise it by any amount. Therefore, the upper limit of the bet had naturally shifted from the original ten million to now having no upper limit.

But now that Qin Fang truly placed the bet, Li Feng couldn't even think of backing out. He was left with only two choices—fold or call.

If he chose to fold, it would mean losing this round, and he would lose everything he had won – the more than two million plus his original capital of ten million – all in one go to Qin Fang. Qin Fang wouldn't even need to reveal his hole cards to win instantly.

If he chose to call, he would have to at the very least match Qin Fang's recent bet of thirty-eight million, making up the fifty million bet total...

Without a doubt, as things had unfolded to this point, Li Feng could be said to have no way out, and overall, his chances of ultimately winning were higher. If he gave up now, that would be a huge loss.

Not to mention that the ten million of betting capital was borrowed from the casino, and the money was to be paid back. Even though the interest wasn't high, just the principal alone was already more than Li Feng could bear.

"Alright, I'll call..."

As the saying goes, more lice than you can scratch, more debts than you can worry about... whether it's a million or five million, it's all borrowed anyway. The higher the stakes, the greater the potential winnings.

If Li Feng won this hand, not only would he be able to pay back the borrowed money immediately, but he would also earn a clean fifty million...

This was definitely a gamble worth taking!

"Sorry, Mr. Li, based on your VIP card level, ten million is already the highest amount we can lend you... we can't lend you any more..."

The casino's financial manager hadn't left yet and seemed to understand that Li Feng intended to borrow money. When Li Feng tried to borrow the funds to match the bet, the casino's financial manager immediately courteously refused.

Every member of Elite Salon could borrow a certain limit of money from here, but depending on the VIP card's level, the borrowable amount differed.

Borrowing ten million was definitely a privilege only available to high-level members, but similarly, the casino had a strict limit and was not lending indefinitely. Going beyond this limit was beyond the financial manager's authority to decide.

Moreover...

"That Fan Jin seems to be quite something!"

As Li Feng was preparing to borrow money, Qin Fang unexpectedly noticed that Fan Jin had given the casino's financial manager a certain look, and as a result, the outcome was entirely different.

How exactly Elite Salon operated remained unclear even to influential figures like Tang Cheng and Ning Weiqiang; they only knew that the owner behind the scenes had a very influential background.

Just like when Li Rui unified the Ninghai Underground, for venues like Elite Salon, he naturally wanted to get involved. However, the end result was that he didn't gain any advantage and had to retreat elsewhere—setting up Bihai Pavilion in opposition to Elite Salon...

Exactly what had happened was perhaps only known by Li Rui himself. Nonetheless, it wasn't hard to deduce from this that the background of Elite Salon was definitely very strong.

All these had little to do with Qin Fang. He came to Elite Salon merely for leisure and had no intention of meddling with its affairs.

However, seeing Fan Jin's subtle gesture, even though Qin Fang was not particularly concerned with the intricacies here, he vaguely felt that Fan Jin seemed to have a connection with Elite Salon.

Of course, exactly what the connection is, that's not something Qin Fang could guess.

"What? Not lending anymore..."

Li Feng's face turned pale as well; he didn't expect the situation to come to this juncture only for it to fall through. He had limited funds on hand, and the reason he could bet so big was only because the Elite Salon had lent him this money to keep him afloat. But he hadn't expected that just as he was on the cusp of a big victory, he would have to cease due to insufficient capital...

"Li..."

Seeing such a scene, Qin Fang naturally did not wish for the matter to end so simply. Ten million was not a small sum, but it was far from enough to cause Li Rui a heartache, and there was still a significant gap from his initial estimates. Therefore, Qin Fang opened his mouth, ready to adopt an alternative method.

"Mr. Li, right? Actually, I'm very optimistic about your hand this round... but under these circumstances... how about this, I'll give you ten million, and you sell me this hand, how about it?"

However, before Qin Fang could finish speaking, someone else unexpectedly spoke up first. It turned out to be none other than Fan Jin, who had just been making eyes at the financial manager.

And this one statement made Qin Fang's gaze slightly more somber... There was no doubt, this was not what he wanted to see.

Buying this hand for ten million, given Li Feng's current predicament, was absolutely like manna from heaven—Li Feng was coerced by reality to fold, and the more than ten million he bet would vanish into thin air.

If Li Feng accepted Fan Jin's offer, he would have at least ten million in hand, which he could use to pay back the Elite Salon right away, as if he had never participated in this gambling round...

Thinking of it that way, Li Feng actually came out somewhat ahead—

But why would Fan Jin be willing to fork out such a large sum to buy this hand?

It was because the likelihood of winning now was greater; Fan Jin could afford this much, and getting this hand was like exchanging ten million for fifty million—any fool would know who came out ahead.

Although Li Feng was not the sharpest tool in the shed, he understood Fan Jin's intentions—was he supposed to give up such a good opportunity to make money so easily? Not so fast...

Thus, Li Feng appeared extremely hesitant, unsure whether to accept or decline...

"Or how about this, I'll lend you thirty-eight million for now... though the interest, naturally, will be a little higher!"

Seemly seeing Li Feng's hesitation and indecision, Fan Jin did not press him, but shifted to another proposal, one that seemed to make Li Feng's eyes light up instantly.

Even Qin Fang, upon hearing this, let out a sigh of relief, after all, his adversary was Li Feng, not Fan Jin, whose identity and background were both shrouded in mystery.

During the conversation, Fan Jin snapped his fingers and immediately someone approached him. After whispering a few words, the young man left for a moment and soon returned with several documents in hand.

"Mr. Li, this is a loan agreement. In Hong Kong, these are all very standardized, please don't mind..."

While everyone was wondering what the documents were, Fan Jin explained with a smile that he was from Hong Kong, where everything was done according to the law, much more so than on the Mainland. This clarification made it more understandable to the crowd.

"Okay, I'll sign..."

Compared to the previous condition, this one clearly aligned more with Li Feng's interests, and the contract also appeared to be quite formal. Even though he hadn't seen a Hong Kong loan agreement before, this one seemed to have no issues as far as he could tell. The only thing he found somewhat unsatisfactory was that the interest was indeed a bit high, even 50% higher than that of usurious loans.

Of course, if he were to borrow usurious loans from the outside, nearly forty million in funds was not an amount many lenders could afford.

Although the interest was a bit high, after some thought, Li Feng gritted his teeth and nodded, swiftly signing his name on the agreement.

With fifty million right in front of him waiting to be won, what did that little bit of interest matter? If worst came to worst, he could win Qin Fang's money and immediately pay off the loan, saving quite a bit on interest...

Chapter 992: Joining Forces to Bury Li Feng

"It seems that Fan Jin is a fellow trickster..."

Qin Fang had been watching coldly from the sidelines all along, in no hurry to urge Li Feng to call his bet, just quietly observing this dramatic change, and even more stably than anyone else.

However, just as the scene on the opposite side was about to settle, a strange smile suddenly appeared on Qin Fang's face, and he sighed slightly in his heart.

Previously, he had been unable to figure out what purpose Fan Jin had for suddenly joining this gamble. Was it really just for the love of gambling?

Now it seemed that wasn't the case at all; he was here to deal with Li Feng, just like Qin Fang...

As for what grudges Fan Jin had with Li Feng, or with Li Rui behind Li Feng, or even with the Li Family, that was not something Qin Fang could know.

At least from the current situation, not only did Fan Jin not cause any trouble for Qin Fang, but it seemed he even secretly lent Qin Fang a hand. Now Qin Fang also understood why Fan Jin had purposely flipped over that Q as his hole card earlier, clearly intending to make Li Feng feel that his odds of winning were high...

The reason why Qin Fang had been so wary of Fan Jin was that he had used his Scouting Skill on him the moment he first saw him. He discovered that among Fan Jin's skills, there was a clear label—Thousand Skills LV5.

Without a doubt, Fan Jin was a card sharp, and not just any card sharp, but one far more skilled than the siblings Ye Huan and Ye Ming whom Qin Fang had encountered in Jincheng before. Even in terms of cheating skills alone, Qin Fang was no match for him.

Of course, in the art of gambling, Qin Fang's Cheating Skills combined with Advanced Scouting might not necessarily lose to Fan Jin's LV5 Thousand Skills...

But all this way, Fan Jin had played by the rules, not using any cheating techniques at all, betting like a normal person relying on luck, and not seeming too bothered when he lost. So his entire purpose was here from the start.

"Li Feng, time is almost up. Are you calling or not? I can't wait much longer..."

Since Fan Jin's purpose wasn't to gamble but to trap Li Feng, like him, Qin Fang didn't mind helping him a bit and immediately scoffed at Li Feng sarcastically.

"Call! Why wouldn't I call..."

Hearing Qin Fang's mockery, Li Feng was immediately enraged, signing the contract without hesitation, and Fan Jin also lived up to his promise, handing a cheque of thirty-eight million to Li Feng, so he had money to call the bet...

"Alright, I've called. Open up the cards... My hole card is an A, unless yours is a Q, there is no way I can lose!"

Now that he had the money, Li Feng was naturally not as tragic as before, immediately becoming spirited, and with a defiant flick, he revealed his hole card.

"Hehe, Li Feng, did you see my hole card? Are you so certain that my hole card isn't that last Q?" Qin Fang said this with a faint smile, while he also flipped over that untouched hole card to take a look...

When Qin Fang saw the hole card in his hand, his expression immediately changed!

"Haha... How about that? I knew it wouldn't be a Q!"

Seeing the change in Qin Fang's expression, Li Feng immediately burst into laughter, even reaching out to collect all the bets on the table to his side.

However, he was so pleased that he failed to notice the change in expression of the spectators standing behind Qin Fang. Every one of them had a strange look on their faces.

From their angle, they could clearly see Qin Fang's hole card, precisely the Q that Li Feng said had only a slim chance of appearing. The reason their expressions were strange was that they also saw the change in Qin Fang's expression and understood right away that Qin Fang was simply playing with the pitiful Li Feng across the table.

Poor fool Li Feng had no idea what was really happening, still busy gathering chips, preparing to cash out and leave swiftly.

"Uh... sorry about that, I suddenly remembered something and couldn't help but space out. My apologies! Li Feng, I'm afraid I'm going to disappoint you. My hole card is actually a Q..."

It was only after Li Feng had almost finished collecting the chips and cheque that Qin Fang, as he had claimed—snapped back from his daze, apologizing awkwardly while turning over his hole card onto the table.

"Gah..."

The action of Li Feng collecting the money froze instantly, his eyes went completely straight, dumbfoundedly looking at the hole card Qin Fang had placed on the table, which was exactly the Q he thought had only a small chance of appearing. The five cards formed a straight, though not a flush, but it was enough to beat Li Feng's pair of Aces!

The spectators standing behind and beside Li Feng were also very surprised; like Li Feng, they had felt Qin Fang's sudden stiffening of expression when he saw the hole card and instinctively thought that Qin Fang's card was clearly not a Q. But the final outcome was exactly the opposite of what they had imagined...

They were not fools like Li Feng; recalling the process of the betting between the two men, they immediately realized that Qin Fang had been toying with Li Feng right from the start.

Poor Li Feng, such a fool, being led by the nose by Qin Fang the entire time without knowing it, still believing he had achieved the final victory...

Chapter 993: Joining Forces to Bury Li Feng_2

"Thank you, Li Feng, you are really too generous ... I hope you can be just as generous next time!"

Victory is already assured, so Qin Fang naturally no longer needed to be polite with Li Feng. Although he stayed seated, Chen Jiangnan immediately understood and, like a devoted lackey, promptly moved the pile of chips and checks in front of Li Feng over to Qin Fang.

"You..."

At this point, Li Feng truly wanted to vomit blood in frustration, if only that could relieve his feelings... But right now, he clearly didn't have the inclination to do so because he was buried in debt.

The ten million from Elite Salon didn't matter much, paying that back later wouldn't be an issue; the interest was quite low, and even after ten to fifteen days it wouldn't accrue by much.

The problem was the loan agreement he had just signed, borrowing thirty-eight million from Fan Jin, a Hongkonger whose background he wasn't very clear about—and at such a high interest rate.

"Well... Mr. Li, although I'm reluctant to bring up your troubles, I must say this about the money: I hope you can repay it quickly. Otherwise, the interest... We have a contract. If you default, I'll have no choice but to bring in a lawyer from Hong Kong to sue!"

The more Li Feng worried, the worse things turned. Just as he was considering negotiating with Fan Jin about the money—relying on the fact that his elder brother, Li Rui, was a big name on Ninghai Road, hoping that Fan Jin would give him some respect.

Money, he would definitely pay back, but he hoped that the interest wouldn't be too steep...

Unexpectedly, Fan Jin didn't even give him a chance, rubbing salt in his wound. While ostensibly advising him to repay the money sooner, it sounded more like he was pushing him towards a dead end...

"Pfft~~"

Having lost fifty million, Li Feng was already in extreme pain. He had no idea how to explain this bad debt to his elder brother Li Rui.

But Qin Fang, who won his money, made him seethe with hatred. No matter what harsh words Qin Fang said to him, he could grit his teeth and bear it, well-determined to ultimately take out Qin Fang and get the money back into his hands...

But this high-interest loan from Fan Jin was a different matter; it was a veritable death warrant... Even higher than exorbitant interest rates, if Li Feng tried to delay, he would owe even more...

This cycle, coupled with the highs of winning and the lows of losing money coming almost back-to-back, proved too intense. Pressured by Fan Jin in this way, Li Feng felt a choking sensation in his chest and a reverse rush of blood surged, prompting him to open his mouth...

"Really, the way this blood spurted out, it does have the spirit of gut-wrenching frustration..."

This scene, although Qin Fang anticipated Li Feng would be extremely upset, the spewing of blood was rather brutal.

Since he and Li Feng were already sworn enemies, there was no need to be polite anymore; he immediately sprinkled more salt on Li Feng's wound, jokingly muttering to Chen Jiangnan nearby.

The onlookers, due to their age, might not understand what that spewing blood represented, but both Qin Fang and Li Feng, being young, had seen that classic comedy film depicting the heroic blood-spitting expression—

Thus, Li Feng spurted even more blood... It nearly turned into a fountain—only it wasn't water but blood spewing out.

"Ah, who would have thought that casually playing cards could lead to blood vomiting, truly an extraordinary thing in this world..."

At this point, there was no need for Qin Fang to continue playing. Li Feng had lost fifty million to him, giving him a small profit which would definitely make Li Rui feel the pinch for a while.

But that wasn't the most crucial part—what really surprised Qin Fang was the way Li Feng violently spewed blood, making his already frail body even weaker. This time, he probably wouldn't be surprised if it led to an early demise.

This was definitely an unexpected boon from this move!

Since it was time to deal a harsh blow to Li Rui, surely the scene before them was more fitting, more on the mark!

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"Xiao Hei, where is the second young master?"

Outside the Elite Salon, Black Panther was loitering with his underlings when a phone call came in. Seeing the name displayed, Black Panther shivered involuntarily but still answered the call obediently. From the other end of the phone, these words came through.

"Young Master Rui, Young Master Feng is playing inside Elite Salon, we can't even get in..."

Black Panther said cautiously.

Elite Salon is a high-end club. Although Black Panther has a bit of notoriety in the underworld, he's still a small-time thug, not someone who can show his face in high society, and definitely doesn't have the credentials to enter.

So his response was quite appropriate, though he vaguely guessed that Li Feng was definitely going to face misfortune tonight... perhaps even major misfortune.

Li Rui could surely contact Li Feng directly. Yet now he's calling Black Panther, it's possible that something has already happened to Li Feng.

"Damn, should I run away now, or else..."

The more Black Panther thought about it, the more he felt he couldn't stay in Ninghai any longer. Once Li Rui gets furious, even though this matter wasn't directly related to Black Panther, there's no guarantee Li Rui wouldn't vent his anger on him.

"Hm? You guys keep an eye out there, if you see the second young master, tell him to contact me..."

Li Rui was clearly unsatisfied with Black Panther's response, but he didn't see any issue with it either. He was very aware of the exclusivity of Elite Salon; even Li Feng wouldn't have the qualifications to enter if it wasn't for his intervention, let alone the likes of Black Panther.

Yet he's been unable to reach Li Feng's phone. It might be because Li Feng was busy with women and didn't hear the phone, but that doesn't mean there shouldn't be any reaction for this long.

What's key is that he's recently collaborated with Shen Wuben to confront Qin Fang; based on his understanding of Qin Fang, he knows Qin Fang wouldn't just sit and wait to be attacked and would likely take action.

And his brother Li Feng has the deepest grudge against Qin Fang. It's not that he guessed Qin Fang would directly target Li Feng; he's worried Li Feng might fail against Qin Fang and instead be captured by him...

"Young Master Rui, something bad has happened...the second young master is in trouble!"

Before Black Panther could even hang up, he saw the personnel from Elite Salon carrying out an unconscious and blood-spewing Li Feng, immediately screaming into the phone.

"What? What exactly happened?"

Li Rui was also startled upon hearing this, and immediately roared into the phone at Black Panther, a coldness rising in his heart.

He, Li Rui, was very clear about the nature of Elite Salon. Even he himself would have to behave properly there; anyone daring to cause trouble in that place would meet a dire end.

Upon hearing that his brother Li Feng was in trouble, Li Rui's first thought was that Li Feng must have done something extremely inappropriate, and the people from Elite Salon dealt with Li Feng...

But then he thought of another possibility—that Qin Fang had made a move against Li Feng!

Regardless of which was the case, neither was something Li Rui wanted to see. Although he, Li Rui, has strong influence in Ninghai Underground, he couldn't do anything against Elite Salon...

However, similarly, if it was indeed Qin Fang who did something to Li Feng, he, Li Rui, also couldn't act too outrageously. For one, Tang Cheng wouldn't give him such an opportunity, and secondly, Shen Wuben, his current collaborator, would absolutely not allow him to take any actions extremely detrimental to Qin Fang—at least not until Shen Wuben acquired that precious item!

However, since the incident has already happened, regardless of the reasons, he couldn't just ignore his brother. He immediately put aside what he was doing and headed towards Elite Salon, only he had the clout to take Li Feng out from their hands...

Chapter 994: The Wine and Meat Monk

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Li Rui was getting anxious on his side, worried about Li Feng. But if he knew that Li Feng had borrowed a high-interest loan using his name, Li Rui, to gamble, he would probably wish he could strangle Li Feng to feel assured.

These things naturally didn't concern Qin Fang. He didn't expect Li Rui to be unaware of the fact that it was Qin Fang who had instigated this, as the two sides had long been adversaries. This time, even if they were to tear off their veneers of civility, it wouldn't really matter.

At this moment, he was chatting with Fan Jin from Hong Kong...

Li Feng had played such a distressing trick that there was naturally no need to continue the gambling. The three remaining players directly left the gambling table.

"Mr. Qin is indeed a young and promising talent. Fan is truly impressed! Orchestrating strategies behind the scenes and securing victory from a thousand miles away..."

Fan Jin was a very amiable person, nothing like the "Huang Shiren" who had salted Li Feng's wounds.

"Mr. Fan is too kind. Qin was just a bit luckier..."

Qin Fang replied indifferently with a smile, simply attributing his victory over Li Feng to good luck. He had just met Fan Jin, and although they had just collaborated against Li Feng, both had their own gains - it was purely a matter of mutual benefit.

"Luck is also a part of strength..."

Fan Jin did not argue, only stated with a smiling face, making Qin Fang even more uncertain of his true intentions.

"Perhaps..."

Seeing that Fan Jin didn't seem intent on discussing matters frankly, Qin Fang could only chuckle and play it off. However, he thought of what Fan Jin had done just before and kindly reminded him.

"However, Mr. Fan, Qin would still like to remind you that Li Feng's brother, Li Rui, is not a simple character in Ninghai. You must be very careful... don't end up with nothing and, worse, with any injuries!"

This was not entirely a well-meaning reminder; Fan Jin's background was definitely not simple, with inexplicable ties to Elite Salon. He probably wasn't afraid of Li Rui.

Therefore, Qin Fang's words also contained a certain provocative flavor, whether Fan Jin could tell was another matter.

As Li Feng spat blood ceaselessly, Elite Salon couldn't just do nothing; they couldn't let Li Feng bleed to death in Elite Salon. People carried Li Feng out, ready to send him to the hospital for treatment.

With his aim achieved, Qin Fang naturally saw no need to stay any longer. The most crucial point was—he was not willing to encounter Li Rui in such a setting for the time being.

So, Qin Fang bid Fan Jin farewell and left Elite Salon as well. As for Chen Jiangnan, he leisurely went home—today's incident had blown up, and it might not be safe to stay in the city district; it was better to go to Tiger's territory.

"Leader, this Qin Fang... what do you make of him?"

As Qin Fang left Elite Salon, Fan Jin was in the highest office of Elite Salon, where everything outside was clearly visible, and one could vaguely see Qin Fang driving away.

A black-robed beauty with a perfect figure and exquisite face stood behind Fan Jin and asked respectfully.

This woman, known to many regulars at Elite Salon, was none other than Elite Salon's general manager—Zhuo Yan, a woman touted as the Black Widow!

She was a very special woman in Ninghai's high society, with many men hoping to have her beneath them, yet not a single one succeeded.

On the contrary, those who dared to have inappropriate thoughts about her might be found dead from sudden cardiac arrest or cerebral hemorrhage the next day.

Once or twice might be considered an accident, but three or five times, it points to a problem—hence Zhuo Yan naturally earned the nickname "Black Widow".

First, it suggests Zhuo Yan is the nemesis of men, and anyone interested in her is destined for a dead end. Second, it indicates her ruthlessness—the sudden deaths of those people having no relation to her, now that's absurd!

Of course, being the general manager of Ninghai's Elite Salon, a top-tier club, is already a highly illustrious position. Even though Elite Salon is not under her name, she calls the shots there, which is no different from owning it.

But now, this powerful woman in Ninghai stood respectfully beside Fan Jin like a subordinate, showing just how extraordinary Fan Jin's identity must be.

"Good, very good..."

Fan Jin watched Qin Fang's car driving away, wearing a faint smile on his face as if in admiration, "For the following matters, you handle as you see fit... If necessary, you may make contact with this young man!"

"Yes, Leader!"

The Black Widow, Zhuo Yan, had a glint of unusual light in her eyes, but upon hearing Fan Jin's words, she immediately agreed very respectfully.

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Of course, Qin Fang was completely unaware of these developments. Although he knew that Fan Jin's identity was definitely not simple and had a great connection to Elite Salon, the exact nature of these connections was unknown to him.

Chapter 995: The Wine and Meat Monk_2

He is too busy with his own affairs, where does he have the spare time to meddle in these unrelated trifles?

Driving along the road, Qin Fang was also pondering how to proceed next. After all, he made Li Feng suffer a lot tonight, and with Li Rui's personality, he definitely wouldn't just let it go.

He is not worried about Li Rui harming him; since Li Rui is cooperating with Shen Wuben, Shen Wuben definitely wouldn't do anything to him, Qin Fang, before obtaining the Buddha Bone Relic.

But waiting for the enemy to come knocking isn't Qin Fang's style; he's contemplating how to make the first move—

Shen Wuben became a monk from the Inner Temple of Shaolin Temple, so his strength must be at the Master Level. Qin Fang has greatly improved recently and has been thinking about fighting against Master Level Fighters!

Of course, if he could kill a Master Level Fighter, that would definitely be a significant amount of Experience Points gained, bringing him closer to reaching the Master Level.

So far, the number of Master-level Experts Qin Fang has encountered is limited; Cai Pingyuan is his master, Shangguan Tianling is already dead, Song Qingshan is his top hitman, and Monk Wukong, needless to say, possesses the Reed Crossing River Technique. Unless he uses a gun, Qin Fang probably couldn't even touch his clothes.

Counting them, it seems the only Master Level Fighter he could possibly confront is Shen Wuben, whom he has yet to meet...

"I really hope you show up soon..."

Thinking of the long experience bar that needed to be filled, and how pitifully little Experience Points he usually gets, Qin Fang really hoped Shen Wuben would appear sooner.

"Eh? Isn't that..."

However, as Qin Fang drove by a small street, his gaze suddenly froze because he caught sight of a vaguely familiar figure.

Strictly speaking, Qin Fang didn't really know him; they had only met once.

But just a fleeting glance was enough for Qin Fang to recognize him.

Who was it?

It was Monk Wukong that he had just been worrying about!

Qin Fang wasn't clear whether this monk bore good or ill intentions, but for now, it seemed he had no malice.

Since he saw this person, Qin Fang naturally also wanted to make contact with him, not to resolve any disputes, but simply to make a friend.

Of course, if he could learn the Reed Crossing River Technique from Monk Wukong, Qin Fang would be more than eager.

He found a place to park his car, then headed straight towards Monk Wukong.

"Master seems to be in high spirits..."

When he was still a few meters away, Qin Fang already called out with a laugh.

With Monk Wukong's cultivation, he had vaguely sensed Qin Fang's approach when he was still ten meters away, but since he didn't feel any malice from Qin Fang, he naturally wasn't too guarded.

At this moment, Monk Wukong was sitting by the lake, appearing especially serene and tranquil, much like a high monk who had attained enlightenment. However, next to him were a few bottles of beer and some snacks like soy beef, soy pork knuckles, chicken legs, chicken wings, etc., completely ruining that aura.

"Patron Qin! Better to meet by chance than by appointment; how about joining me for a few drinks?"

Monk Wukong didn't feel awkward and, while gnawing on a soy pork knuckle, he gestured with an unopened beer bottle towards Qin Fang.

"Then I won't be polite..."

At the beginning, Qin Fang was quite surprised.

The first time he met Monk Wukong, seeing him in such a transcendent manner, although friend or foe was not clear, Qin Fang still had great respect.

But unexpectedly, not long after, upon encountering him again, he saw this monk from the Buddhist Sect appearing like he had descended into the mortal world, boldly eating meat and drinking beer—this was totally the reincarnation of a Flower Monk!

If this Monk Wukong were to go to a nightclub and call a few hostesses to open a room, Qin Fang's jaw would completely drop...

No matter what, Qin Fang, as an outsider, didn't think it was appropriate to say much. He had heard that although a so-called high monk from the outer temple of Shaolin Temple was old, he definitely had a notorious reputation. It was said that he was even accidentally arrested by the police during an anti-prostitution raid...

Compared to that monk, the one before him seemed like a small witch meeting a great sorcerer.

Qin Fang did not hold back either; he took the beer handed to him by Monk Wukong, flicked his finger lightly, and with a pop, the bottle cap immediately burst open.

Bang~

Monk Wukong also held up his beer and clinked it with Qin Fang, then gulped down the entire bottle in one go, as if he were drinking water.

Qin Fang did not hold back either; he tilted his head back and downed the entire bottle of beer, which had little effect on him.

"Quite refreshing..."

Monk Wukong, seeing Qin Fang act so boldly, seemed to find a kindred spirit and couldn't help but praise him.

"The Grandmaster flatters me; you are truly the refreshing one..."

Qin Fang waved his hand, merely not wanting to show weakness, and immediately laughed.

"Hehe, don't compliment me! I'll get scared listening to that... You must be cursing in your heart, calling me a Flower Monk who doesn't abide by the monastic rules!"

Monk Wukong said nonchalantly, but his latter words clearly had a pointed meaning.

Qin Fang was slightly startled upon hearing this, gently shook his head, and smiled bitterly. It seemed Monk Wukong could see through everything.

It was probably said about the one before him: "Meat and wine pass through the intestines, but Buddha stays in the heart."

"I was indeed being petty... Here, this bottle is my apology to the Grandmaster!"

Qin Fang burst into laughter. Monk Wukong was obviously no ordinary person, so Qin Fang felt no need to be ceremonious with him, immediately grabbing another bottle of beer to apologize with.

He himself was not a petty person; he most enjoyed associating with those of bold spirit. Although Monk Wukong was a monk, his magnanimity surpassed that of most worldly people.

Since he was not an ordinary monk, Qin Fang couldn't treat him like one, especially since Monk Wukong was also a real Grandmaster-level expert.

"Cheers!"

Monk Wukong was generous too. Once the conversation started, it became easier to bond, and he immediately joined Qin Fang in drinking the beers joyfully.

In Dragon Country, beer holds a very special status and has even gradually formed a kind of "drinking culture," although this culture has gradually deteriorated.

However, it is undeniable that beer is indispensable in friendships.

After several bottles, Qin Fang and Monk Wukong became much closer, and even the slight hostility Qin Fang initially felt towards Monk Wukong completely disappeared.

It wasn't that Qin Fang was too unguarded. It was because of the copious amount of beer, and Monk Wukong had not shown the slightest hostility toward Qin Fang from the beginning, which remained unchanged even after drinking so much.

Looking at the monk's Justice Points, Qin Fang was also startled. It had reached a terrifying three hundred plus...

Qin Fang's previous Justice Points were in the negative. It was because of the Ring of Justice that he remained in the Righteous Guardian Faction. This time, he rescued about thirty people from Cao Chun, which directly refreshed Qin Fang's data, finally making his Justice Points positive, but only about sixty or so.

He possessed the Ring of Justice, which reduced Justice Point consumption by half and doubled acquired Justice Points. Rescuing more than thirty people only amounted to so little, though it compensated the negative amount, the total was only about one hundred or so.

But Monk Wukong acquired his Justice Points normally. With over three hundred Justice Points, it can be imagined how many people Monk Wukong had saved, at least two hundred or more...

Not to mention anything else, just for being such a kind-hearted monk, Qin Fang already greatly admired and respected him, and he guessed that he couldn't commit petty deeds.

Moreover, if Qin Fang had to give Buddha Bone Relic to someone, it would definitely be to Monk Wukong, who drank and ate meat with him.

Chapter 996: Deceiving the Subordinate

Of course, Qin Fang still had some other questions.

For instance, Monk Wukong had to pass the Wooden Men Lane of Shaolin Temple before he could come down from the mountain. Previously, he should always have been on the mountain. How then could he have saved so many people?

The answer to this question was obviously not something Qin Fang could know, and although the two were sitting together drinking and eating meat now, Qin Fang could not ask it.

Whether there are other possible methods of gaining Justice Points, Qin Fang was also temporarily unclear about. Maybe in the future as he gets closer to Monk Wukong, he might ask; as for now, maintaining a non-hostile relationship was already quite good.

"Patron Qin, now that we are seated, there is something I would like to remind you of... My senior fellow brother has ill-intentions, and if not necessary, it would be best for you not to venture out alone!"

Perhaps it was this session of drinking and eating that brought the two of them slightly closer, which made Monk Wukong look at the tranquil lake water with great concern as he spoke.

Was it genuine concern from him, or from a heart of compassion? At least, Qin Fang definitely appreciated this sentiment... Perhaps previously he was very cautious and wary of Monk Wukong, but now, he no longer had such wariness.

"May I know what brought the Grandmaster down from the mountain?"

Qin Fang did not raise any objection to Monk Wukong's words but instead asked with a smile on his face. This monk was not simple; if truly he bore no ill intentions towards Qin Fang, befriending him would definitely be beneficial.

"Buddha Bone Relic..."

Monk Wukong was not one to beat around the bush, directly stating his purpose for coming was the Buddha Bone Relic in Qin Fang's possession, with no attempt to hide it.

"Then why has your senior brother, Shen Wuben, come?"

Qin Fang asked in a calm manner, continuing the conversation.

"Also for the Buddha Bone Relic..."

Monk Wukong continued to drink and eat meat as he calmly responded.

"Since both of you come from Shaolin Temple, are fellow disciples, and are both here for the same treasure, why then do you both adopt such drastically different approaches?"

Qin Fang himself was somewhat puzzled; he did not understand the relationship between Monk Wukong and Shen Wuben, nor the contradictions between their masters, so one desired to steal and the other wished to protect, leaving Qin Fang unclear about what was key in their differing approaches.

"I have already informed Patron Qin of my purpose. Since the Buddha Bone Relic has fallen into Patron's hands, you must be destined to have it. In our Buddhist sect, we value the law of cause and effect, and it should not be forcibly taken..."

Monk Wukong adopted a bit of a mystic's attitude, speaking very doctrinally, it almost seemed to make sense. Essentially, he was abiding by the Buddhist law of cause and effect and would not insist on taking it forcefully — but his brother, Shen Wuben, on the other hand, intended to forcibly take the Buddha Bone Relic, and he was here to protect this sacred Buddhist item.

"Grandmaster, in that case, if I were to entrust the Buddha Bone Relic to you to return to Shaolin Temple, wouldn't all problems be smoothly resolved?"

Qin Fang's expression was calm, a hint of peculiarity flashing in his eyes as he asked very calmly.

However, once he said this, his gaze kept watching for any changes in Monk Wukong's expressions; this was a test for him to see whether Monk Wukong was feigning his intentions, had a hidden agenda, or truly came to protect, providing the perfect opportunity to probe...

Yet, the reaction from Monk Wukong surprised Qin Fang immensely; he continued to drink and eat, as if he had not heard Qin Fang's words at all.

After a long while, he then leisurely said, "Patron Qin, I have already stated it clearly. Although I came for the Buddha Bone Relic, I don't insist on possessing it; now that this sacred item is in your hands, naturally, it belongs to you... If you truly wish to gift it to this humble monk, I, on behalf of Shaolin Temple, would be greatly thankful to Patron. But if Patron wishes to keep this sacred item, this humble monk will also do his best to ensure Patron's safety..."

With this, Qin Fang was somewhat astonished.

"Are there really such good people in the world?"

Doubts began to surface in his mind. Although most people are good, someone of this extent is extremely rare.

He was about to give the relic to Monk Wukong, but from what he sensed, it seemed Monk Wukong did not wish for that to happen at all, almost as if he preferred that the Buddha Bone Relic stayed in Qin Fang's hands.

"Hehe, without hiding from Patron, this poor monk is speaking from the heart. Having finally left the monastery, if you make me return so soon, I would absolutely detest you! Back in the monastery, I would curse you by drawing circles every day..."

Just when Qin Fang was puzzled, the originally righteous face of Monk Wukong suddenly became sleazy, and he leaned in close, whispering in Qin Fang's ear.

"..."

If before, Qin Fang thought Monk Wukong was a really good person, now he was just speechless. It seems like this monk also went stir-crazy in the temple, and having come out once, didn't want so quickly to return to suffer in the temple again...

Looking at Monk Wukong's current style of acting, drinking wine and eating meat, a true meat and wine monk—now Qin Fang understood why he acted this way.

"Master, since it's like this, why not stay by my side? This way you can protect me closely, wouldn't you feel more at ease? I assume you also know that I own a restaurant, whose dishes are the best in Ninghai. If Master doesn't mind, you can go there anytime to enjoy food... with both vegetarian and non-vegetarian options available!"

This meat and wine monk was a bit older than Qin Fang, but his Cultivation was terrifying, especially since he possessed the Reed Crossing River Technique, which made Qin Fang envious.

However, this movement technique secret was a Shaolin Secret Transmission, and it seemed this meat and wine monk wasn't the very conservative type of monk but rather open-minded. Although such monks might give people a rather bad impression, Monk Wukong clearly didn't care.

If he kept him by his side, maybe one day, if he was happy, he might share some practice insights with Qin Fang and teach him the Reed Crossing River Technique, which wasn't entirely impossible.

You see, Qin Fang didn't need the complete movement technique manual; just teaching a bit of the basics or a hint of the essence would allow Qin Fang to learn by analogy, improving his Skill Proficiency step by step to perfect this set of movement technique and eventually evolve it into the most complete movement technique secret...

Thus, Qin Fang planned to hook up with Monk Wukong this way.

Since Monk Wukong temporarily didn't want to return to the temple, the sole reason for him to stay was naturally to protect Qin Fang's safety and the Budda Bone Relic. Having Monk Wukong by his side was certainly a win-win strategy...

Shen Wuben was indeed very strong, but now that Monk Wukong had arrived, having even passed Shaolin Temple's Wooden Men Lane, his strength was surely much greater than Shen Wuben's.

This opponent aside, from Li Rui's side, Qin Fang could wipe out how many with just a flip of his hand, not to mention that he had someone like Song Qingshan, a super fighter, by his side.

As for letting a fox into the henhouse...

Qin Fang didn't really care about this; keeping things under his own watch, he could detect any sneaky moves at any time, which was far better than plotting behind his back.

He had the Scouting Skill, and once Monk Wukong harbored any malice, he could detect it at any moment; Monk Wukong wouldn't even think of playing the Secret Passage Chen Cang game with Qin Fang...

"Patron Qin, are you serious with these words?"

Hearing Qin Fang's words, Monk Wukong, who was expected to ponder a bit, instead immediately showed eagerness and asked urgently, seemingly very worried that Qin Fang was joking.

"Absolutely true!"

Qin Fang nodded. What he said was, of course, the truth.

He wasn't afraid that Monk Wukong would betray him secretly; as long as Monk Wukong harbored hostility towards him, the bombs in his Props Box were enough to send this terrifying Grandmaster-level Expert straight to meet the Buddha in heaven, maybe even directly blowing out the Reed Crossing River Technique manual...

Being too far away from Monk Wukong, even if he had bombs, it might not be possible to hit him, but if he followed closely, as soon as Monk Wukong showed any sign of betrayal, Qin Fang could take the chance to eliminate him, which would be much more convenient...

"Since that's the case, this Poor Monk shall respectfully comply..."

Seeing that Qin Fang wasn't joking, Monk Wukong immediately beamed and nodded in agreement, "However, I have one condition; I will only protect Patron's safety, but I will not commit crimes, arson or murder on Patron's behalf... of course, exceptions are made for evildoers!"

Though Monk Wukong had broken quite a few of Shaolin's strict rules and precepts, he still had some bottom lines, and helping Qin Fang kill innocents was something he would not do.

In fact, if Monk Wukong saw Qin Fang killing good people, he might even take action against Qin Fang—seeing his three hundred-plus Justice Points would tell!

"Of course..."

Regarding this condition, Qin Fang naturally wouldn't refuse; he's not a bloodthirsty person, even though he is an assassin, the future King of Assassins... but the ones who died under his hands were not innocent people!

Actually, Qin Fang really wanted to ask—if Shen Wuben made a move against him, whether to kill Shen Wuben or not. However, thinking about it, Qin Fang still chose not to ask, guessing it would also be a dilemma for Monk Wukong.

Shaolin Temple was an ancient great sect, and though Shen Wuben and Monk Wukong had different purposes, fratricide was a big taboo, and most likely Monk Wukong wouldn't want to see Shen Wuben killed.

Qin Fang wasn't in a hurry about this; whether Shen Wuben should be killed or not depended on Shen Wuben's actions. If it wasn't the kind of utterly reprehensible extent, Qin Fang didn't want to act too harshly, given that behind him was the huge Shaolin Temple...

Of course, if indeed it was necessary to act ruthlessly, Qin Fang would do it without letting Monk Wukong see—probably Shen Wuben also wouldn't wish to encounter Monk Wukong!

Chapter 997: Venture into the Deep Mountains

Just like that, over the course of a meal, Qin Fang tricked Monk Wukong, an expert even more formidable than Song Qingshan, to his side.

This wasn't really deception, but rather a mutually willing cooperation, fulfilling each other's needs...

Monk Wukong was relatively easy to accommodate, being a monk, he had originally planned to reside in a Buddhist temple in Ninghai, and with his identity as a disciple of Shaolin Temple, it was easy to arrange.

However, after reaching an agreement with Qin Fang, his place of residence naturally had to be arranged by Qin Fang, so without hesitation, Qin Fang threw this task to Mouse Qiang.

Now, Mouse Qiang's status was no ordinary matter, after the time when Qin Fang's people cleaned out Eighth Elder's turf and severely slapped Li Rui in the face, Tiger also took advantage of the victory and directly occupied the territory, and out of respect for Qin Fang, Mouse Qiang had become the boss of this area.

And since Qin Fang's Fang Feixue was also in this area, throwing Monk Wukong to Mouse Qiang to handle was naturally the most suitable arrangement.

Not only that, but Qin Fang also specifically instructed Fang Feixue to treat Monk Wukong well and to consider him a distinguished guest!

So, before Monk Wukong even did anything for Qin Fang, he first enjoyed treatment akin to that of the Buddha...

Why say he hadn't done anything?

Because just as things settled down, Qin Fang had to leave Ninghai once again, going out of town on business.

"Don't worry, the old lady will be fine..."

Qin Fang tenderly comforted Wen Yan as he embraced her shoulders.

The news just received was that Wen Yan's grandmother was seriously ill and seemed not long for this world; all the old lady wanted was to see her granddaughter one last time. It was said she had been struggling, muttering about not being able to see her granddaughter's wedding day...

Speaking of which Qin Fang actually felt quite ashamed, Wen Yan had been with him for a while, and their relationship had always been lukewarm; Wen Yan's presence had become increasingly inconspicuous, even among the trio of Tang, Xiao, and Wen, she always seemed to be the least important.

But Wen Yan herself never had any complaints, nor did she ever ask for anything, until this incident occurred, and she hesitated for a couple of days before discussing it with Tang Feifei, and only then did it reach Qin Fang's ears.

The sisterly bond among the trio of Tang, Xiao, and Wen was quite strong, being the first small group among Qin Fang's women, having gone through many hardships together, their affection was even deeper.

Upon knowing the situation, Tang Feifei immediately told Qin Fang and strongly requested that he accompany Wen Yan back to her hometown. Although Qin Fang and Wen Yan were only nominally boyfriend and girlfriend, without a substantial relationship, it made sense to go and bid farewell to the elderly lady as it was only proper.

If it wasn't for the fact that Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue's identities were inappropriate, the two of them also wanted to go together.

Wen Yan was not from Ninghai but from Jiupan City in Yanggui Province of the vast Southwest. Though she grew up in a city, her old home was located at the foot of the vast mountains.

Yanggui Province is an economically underdeveloped province in Dragon Country, especially in the mountains, which are quite backward with very poor conditions.

However, this wasn't a problem for Qin Fang, who had grown up enduring hardships, and wasn't someone who couldn't handle adversity...

Monk Wukong had just come out of the mountains and was enjoying the hustle and bustle of the city. Although he promised to protect Qin Fang's safety, he didn't want to go back to the mountains and suffer so soon and naturally did not accompany Qin Fang.

Of course, it was also because Shen Wuben hadn't made a move against Qin Fang yet, and it was absolutely safe for Qin Fang to leave for now, as Monk Wukong could also get information on Shen Wuben himself.

"I'll go with you guys..."

It was Song Qingshan who took the initiative to offer to accompany them; the Flying Eagle Sect was located in the mountains of Yungui, and although the place Qin Fang and company were heading to was not close, it was still much closer than from Ninghai.

Song Qingshan's joining the trip not only was for protecting Qin Fang's safety but also because he was planning to visit his Sect after the task was done, as he had mysteriously disappeared a few months ago due to amnesia, probably worrying the entire Flying Eagle Sect...

Qin Fang naturally would not refuse, Song Qingshan had spent much more time in the mountains than him, having such a person by his side would definitely be of many benefits.

This time, Shen Liang did not accompany them, staying behind with Chen Da and others to watch for Li Rui's counterattack, as just then Tang Cheng went with his special forces to the Jincheng Military Region for joint military exercises between two military regions, going on a mission to the southern border...

Without Tang Cheng holding the fort, Tiger alone definitely wouldn't be able to withstand Li Rui's counterattack, Qin Fang had just made a move on Li Feng, and Li Rui was furious, and with Qin Fang away, there was no telling when Li Rui would make a move on Qin Fang's assets, Qin Fang could only rely on Chen Da and the others, naturally, the more people there were, the better!

A party of three took a direct flight from Ninghai to Yanggui Province, then transferred to a car bound for Jiupan City...

Qin Fang and Wen Yan were naturally the protagonists of the trip, while the pitiful Iron Claw Divine Eagle Song Qingshan became their hapless bodyguard and driver.

"Hello, Uncle and Auntie..."

When Qin Fang met Wen Yan's parents, he greeted them somewhat awkwardly. To his surprise, Wen Yan's father turned out to be a martial artist as well – though with limited cultivation, only at Level 3.

"Xiao Qin, I'm really sorry, there has been an issue at home, and we have to ask you to accompany Wen Yan back..."

Wen Yan's mother is actually related to the Songs, sharing the same surname, and is a middle school teacher, who is knowledgeable and reasonable, endearing herself to Qin Fang.

"Auntie, Wen Yan's grandmother is also my grandmother. With such a significant event, how could I stand by and do nothing? If there's anything I can help with, just let me know..."

Qin Fang immediately said so, very courteously. He felt somewhat guilty towards Wen Yan, and even more so towards her parents.

"It's fine, let's not stand on ceremony. Let's go back and talk about it..."

On the other hand, Uncle Wen, Wen Yan's father, seemed quite satisfied with Qin Fang, especially after discovering that Qin Fang was also a martial practitioner. His eyes lit up with enthusiasm.

Qin Fang heard that Uncle Wen's profession was the same as Ning Yumo's – a policeman – currently working at the Jiupan City Criminal Police Brigade as the deputy captain.

In his younger years, Uncle Wen had encountered some martial arts experts and developed a particular interest in martial arts. Hence, he sought out a master and began his cultivation. Unfortunately, his master was not truly skilled, leaving Uncle Wen's progress quite limited.

Yet he had gained some degree of fame, and he was fearless even against special forces soldiers. It was said that he ranked among the top three fighters within the police system of Jiupan City.

Perhaps influenced by her father, Wen Yan had been interested in martial arts from a young age. As a girl, she wasn't suited to wielding knives and guns, and without a master to teach her, it remained just a hobby.

It was only when she went to university that she became the external relations head of the Martial Arts Association, where she met Qin Fang, which led to where they are now...

"Xiao Qin, Wen Yan's grandmother lives in the mountains, so the conditions might be quite rough..."

Now that the elderly woman didn't have much time left, if it weren't for Wen Yan and Qin Fang's visit, her parents would still be in the mountains with her. Naturally, they couldn't stay in the city for long. After picking up Wen Yan, they were ready to head straight into the mountains.

"Uncle and Auntie, don't worry, I also come from the countryside, I'm not afraid of hardship..."

Since the old lady had always doted on Wen Yan, Qin Fang naturally couldn't let his own reasons cause any delay. He promptly indicated that he had no objections and proceeded to enter the mountains with the Wen family of three.

Song Qingshan closely followed them, silent all the way. He was not the talkative type to begin with, and since this matter didn't concern him directly, he was even less inclined to speak.

Yanggui Province is an underdeveloped region in the southwest, situated on top of the Yungui Plateau. The mountains here stretch for thousands of miles, and it's one of the few remaining places with primitive forests.

Wen's mother, Auntie Song, belongs to an ethnic minority, and also one with a relatively small population, all residing in these mountains.

This area is home to a mix of different ethnic groups, with the Miao ethnicity being the largest, along with others including the Tujia, Dong, Yi... Nearly more than half of the country's fifty-six ethnic groups can be encountered here.

The conditions in the mountains are rather backward, with many areas lacking even decent roads. Although the country has reformed and opened up for decades, according to Auntie Song, children in the mountains still go to school just like they used to, walking tens of miles through mountain roads to reach their schools... After school, they walk tens of miles to return home.

Years have passed, and there hasn't been any significant improvement. Therefore, those who have left the mountains are often reluctant to return.

The poorer it is, the more backward; the more backward it is, the more barbaric its people...

It is said that the Dragon Country's feudal society persisted for thousands of years before leaping into socialism, a considerable step indeed. Many ethnic minorities, however, have made an even greater leap from slave society or even primitive society to this level.

With such a large step, people's awareness may not necessarily keep up quickly. Many ethnic groups deep in the mountains don't even know who's in charge on the outside.

The deeper into the mountains, the more apparent this situation becomes: extremely poor, very backward, and even stuck in tribal rule – quite backward, ignorant, barbaric...

In such tribes, the chief is the highest authority, the sacrificial priest is sacred. Falling ill means seeking out the priest or a witch doctor; as for traditional Chinese medicine or Western medicine on the outside... They have never heard of it.

Even the most basic aspects of life depend on hunting wild animals in the mountains or growing some simple crops for subsistence.

Although Auntie Song's tribe is not as barbaric, it is just slightly better off by a small margin.

Chapter 998: Stealing the Wife!!

Qin Fang and his companions set out from the city, driving into the mountains. Upon reaching the foot of the mountain, they could only disembark and proceed on foot. There was a public bus route into the mountains, but it only ran once every three days. They couldn't wait that long, so they chose to go by foot.

Qin Fang had originally planned to buy or rent an off-road vehicle. However, Auntie Song and Uncle Wen merely gave wry smiles and declined the suggestion, causing Qin Fang a slight frustration.

In Qin Fang's view, since there was a bus service into the mountains, even if the road was in terrible shape, the performance of an off-road vehicle should surely be much better than that rickety bus.

But only when actually walking on this road did Qin Fang truly grasp just how terrible it was—perhaps not even a Hummer would withstand it.

This could hardly be called a road; there wasn't a single intact spot on the ground, just fragments of rock—and not small ones at that, with many the size of a fist and very sharp edges.

The mountain path twisted and turned. Lush mountains lay ahead, and beside it might be a deep cliff. Walking on the narrow two-meter-wide path, they occasionally had to brush past ox carts and donkey carts...

With roads like this, it was pointless to drive any vehicle. A sharp rock could easily puncture a tire, and the whole car might plunge off a sheer cliff, leaving no trace of the dead.

Their destination lay deep in the mountains, hundreds of miles from the base. Walking speed would take more than a day, so they had to rest overnight in the mountains before continuing the journey to reach their destination on the second day.

The Wen Family Couple had no issues—Auntie Song grew up in the mountains, and although she had lived in the city for decades, she visited her hometown annually, making this part of the journey not too difficult for her. Uncle Wen was a policeman and a martial practitioner. He had once chased fugitives for hundreds of miles, so this rugged terrain was nothing to him.

There was no need to mention Qin Fang and Song Qingshan. For them, although the mountain paths were not entirely flat, it was almost similar. Their strong True Qi and enduring energy made the journey even easier than for the Wen Family Couple.

The only one truly suffering was Wen Yan, who had rarely ventured into the mountains since birth. Although active, the lengthy trek was a torment for her.

It wasn't that she was unwilling to enter the mountains, but rather that some of the local customs were quite inhumane. Auntie Song, coming from the mountains, did not want her daughter to be treated the same as the women there.

If it weren't for the fact that the elderly at home were in poor health and really wanted to see their granddaughter, she wouldn't have wanted Wen Yan to set foot in the mountains.

"Come on, I'll carry you on my back..."

Seeing Wen Yan struggle, Qin Fang couldn't help feeling distressed. He stopped and offered to carry her. After all, with such a long way to go, this was the only way to keep going.

"Okay!"

Wen Yan did not refuse and obediently nodded, promptly lying on Qin Fang's back, allowing him to carry her lithe form forward.

"Xiao Qin..."

Auntie Song watched this scene, opened her mouth as if to say something, but Uncle Wen beside her tugged on her clothes and shook his head, indicating that she should hold back her words.

"Auntie Song, what's the matter? Is there a problem?"

Although Uncle Wen had stopped her, Qin Fang's hearing was exceptional, and he inquired curiously.

"Sigh, in these mountains, women have a low status and men's authority is paramount. Carrying a woman like this... For now, carry her, but as soon as we're near any tribe, quickly let Wen Yan down, or else—someone might try to take her by force!"

Auntie Song said with a bitter smile, looking at her husband.

Clearly, the tribes deep in the mountains were backward and their thinking rigid. Some practices seemed utterly unreasonable to outsiders.

For example, carrying a woman on the back was not allowed by many tribes. If a man did so, he would lose all status within the tribe, and the woman would face severe punishment—sometimes so severe that she might be subjected to group humiliation by the tribe's men...

Of course, that was a long time ago, and things have slightly changed now.

In some tribes, men are allowed to carry women, but only if the man is the woman's father or brother. If seen by the tribe, it signifies that the woman is to be married, and the male members of the tribe can take her as a wife through bridal raiding...

If he's lucky, he'd take her as his primary wife; if not, she might end up as the Seventh or Eighth Concubine...

(Please note this is part of the plot, fabricated by the author for creative purposes and not to be taken as fact.)

So, when Auntie Song saw Qin Fang carrying Wen Yan, that's why she wanted to say something. Otherwise, why would Uncle Wen, Wen Yan's father, bear to watch his precious daughter suffer on the mountain path?

"Don't worry, Auntie Song; no one can take her away!"

Hearing Auntie Song's explanation, Qin Fang and Song Qingshan looked at each other and smiled, unconcerned. With their capabilities, unless the mountain tribes had Grandmaster-level Experts, no one could touch them.

Naturally, to reach the Grandmaster level one would usually be quite aged, well into their seventies or eighties, halfway into the grave—who would then bother to snatch a bride?

Chapter 999: Stealing the Wife!!_2

Not to mention, Grandmaster Level is terrifying, but if Qin Fang really gets angry and directly bombs them, these mountain people are very backward and probably don't even know what a bomb is.

They are ignorant of bombs and naturally won't take extra precautions. These bombs, personally made by the Bomb Madman Cao Chun, are extremely powerful. If people are gathered together, it would be easy to kill hundreds at a time.

Of course, Qin Fang isn't that cruel. These weapons of mass destruction are mainly for deterrence, not actually for killing people.

"Xiao Qin, you still have to listen to me..."

Auntie Song obviously wasn't completely reassured, thinking that Qin Fang, having not seen the barbarity of these mountain people and unaware of their ferocity, spoke so lightheartedly. If it came down to it, he might not hold up.

Nevertheless, the group still had to hasten their travel, continuing to walk forward. Naturally, they saw many mountain people along the way, who, seeing Qin Fang carrying Wen Yan, pointed and discussed amongst themselves.

These tribal people didn't speak Mandarin but the local mountain dialect or tribal language. Qin Fang couldn't understand a word, but Auntie Song could, and the look on her face grew increasingly worried.

The mountain paths became rougher, and the "road" gradually ceased to look like a road, signaling their deepening venture into the mountains, leaving behind the civilized world outside.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh~~~

When they were still about ten miles away from the tribe where they planned to spend the night, several individuals were walking on a small mountain path. Suddenly, a series of rustling sounds were heard, and roughly a dozen arrows shot from the cliff beside, directly blocking the way forward for Qin Fang and his group.

Not only that, but soon about ten people appeared with Miao Knives and bows, quickly descending from the cliff, blocking Qin Fang and the four others back and forth.

"It's people from the Gelan Tribe..."

Auntie Song's face turned slightly pale as she whispered mostly to her husband, Uncle Wen.

"Han people?"

The leader was a young man in his twenties, with dark skin and bizarre patterns painted on his face, resembling a Native American. His clothes were ragged, but the ornaments hanging were quite valuable, seemingly made of pure gold.

He was expected to speak the incomprehensible local dialect, but surprisingly, he also spoke some simple Mandarin, albeit with a very strange accent.

"Gelan's play... You are people from the Gelan Tribe, right? I am friends with your tribe leader, Baru..."

Uncle Wen immediately stepped forward, first spoke in the local dialect, then started conversing with the young man in Mandarin.

"Do you know my father?"

The young man was also stunned, looking at Uncle Wen with a very puzzled expression, obviously not quite believing him. "How come I've never heard him mention this Han friend of his?"

"He might have forgotten, but you can definitely go back and ask him. We are in a hurry here, please let us pass..."

Hearing this, Uncle Wen's expression turned a bit strange, not expecting such a bad attitude. He did know the chief of the Gelan Tribe, who had once left the mountains to see the world and coincidentally got arrested by Uncle Wen during a prostitution raid...

"Okay!"

The young tribal leader seemed quite easy to talk to. Seeing Uncle Wen speak so confidently, he immediately nodded in agreement without any suspicion.

"You can go, but she... must stay!"

Just as the group was about to move, the young tribe leader followed up, "I happen to need a wife, I'll take her back... Tsk, this woman is really nice, almost as good as my sister Zhuoma! A perfect match for me!"

The young tribe leader almost directly pointed at the sorrowful Wen Yan lying on Qin Fang.

Wen Yan is an exceptional beauty, and compared to the girls in the mountain tribes, she has a more urban elegance, along with stunning looks, which had the young tribe leader smitten at first sight.

If Wen Yan was walking on the ground at that time, even though he felt attracted, he couldn't do much; at best, he could follow them to their destination and then personally bring gifts to propose marriage—

But unexpectedly, Wen Yan was being carried on Qin Fang's back, and according to the mountain customs, he could kidnap her, so he immediately went to the tribe to gather people for the kidnapping.

"Young Tribe Leader, this is my daughter, she is of the Han people, not a mountain person, the mountain rules do not apply to her..."

Uncle Wen was naturally frowning; he knew the mountain rules well, but didn't expect this young tribe leader to be fooled, even trying this trick on him.

During this conversation, his hand had already reached his waist; he was worried that something might go wrong in the mountains, so he brought a gun with him, ready to use it in self-defense if pushed to the limit.

"Once you're in the mountains, you must follow the rules of the mountains..."

But this young tribe leader wouldn't just let them go easily, his eyes almost glued onto Wen Yan, not quite blinded by lust, but his gaze was inescapable.

"What a saying, 'Once you're in the mountains, follow the mountain rules'!"

Qin Fang had been coldly observing the whole time, originally thinking things could easily pass, but unexpectedly, this boy had taken a liking to his woman, which quite upset him.

But he didn't know the rules of the mountains, not wanting to make things too much of a mess... But unexpectedly, this boy was just too clueless and kept pressing on.

"Do you have an objection? Then ask my knife first..."

The young tribe leader glanced at Qin Fang, seeing him as nothing but a tender-faced pretty boy, completely incomparable to their rugged mountain men, his eyes filled with disdain, and while speaking, he shook the Miao Knife in his hand, expressing sheer contempt.

"Brother Qin Shou, it looks like someone is disrespecting us, let's teach him a lesson!"

Since the team leader was so foolish, Qin Fang naturally didn't need to be polite anymore; he immediately grinned and signaled to Song Qingshan, who had been silent next to him.

Although Song Qingshan had recovered his memory, their relationship remained the same as before; Qin Fang still called him Brother Qin Shou, mainly out of habit, which was hard to change all at once.

Song Qingshan wasn't a petty person; although he had some minor dissatisfaction about the situation, the name was just a tag. He wasn't even sure if his last name was Song; changing a name wasn't a big deal.

"Leave it to me..."

Song Qingshan nodded, gave a simple hum, and with a slight movement, instantly rushed towards the young tribe leader.

As he moved, a faint golden light shimmered around his body, the signs of the activation of the Grandmaster Level Thirteen Taibao Horizontal Training Golden Bell Cover, which was absolutely impervious to blades and swords.

It might not withstand firearms, but against these cold weapons, it was more than sufficient.

"Xiao Qin..."

Auntie Song, who was anxiously watching, saw Song Qingshan make his move, and immediately called out to Qin Fang in extreme nervousness.

In the mountains, violence was not the solution to problems; sometimes it could make things even worse, as in this situation where, if not handled properly, they could end up making enemies with the entire Gelan Tribe.

Uncle Wen felt similarly; being a policeman, he dreaded mass incidents, especially involving minorities, which troubled them the most.

But the current situation also greatly displeased him; this young tribe leader was too clueless, actually trying to kidnap his daughter, making him furious.

But as furious as he was, he didn't dare to escalate too much, so seeing Qin Fang letting Song Qingshan take action, he was very anxious and had already pulled out his gun, ready to help if necessary...

Chapter 1000: Easily Taken Down

"Don't worry, nothing will happen..."

The Wen Family Couple was naturally very worried. The other party was not alone; there were as many as fifteen or sixteen people, and they were not unarmed—they were either holding sharp Miao Knives or bows and arrows.

Although this threat was far less intense compared to firearms with live ammunition, it was still an extremely powerful lethal weapon in these mountains.

Looking over at Song Qingshan's side, he was actually unarmed and went straight towards the opponents.

"He's quite bold, let me meet you..."

The Young Tribe Leader, seeing Song Qingshan rushing towards him, didn't seem too surprised. People in the mountains have simple thoughts, carrying somewhat the mentality that whoever has the bigger fist has the reason.

Moreover, he was here to kidnap a bride; the possibility of snatching the bride without any resistance was almost impossible...

In his eyes, Qin Fang was Wen Yan's brother, and Song Qingshan, who had been standing by the side, might be his rival for the bride... Seeing Song Qingshan taking the initiative to attack, his face lit up with joy, he signaled to his men beside him, and also charged towards Song Qingshan.

Tucking that sharp Miao Knife at his waist, it seemed he didn't want to take advantage, wanting to defeat his competitor fair and square...

"Ah ha..."

The Young Tribe Leader let out a strange roar, and his slightly dark muscles surged like coiling dragons, embodying both strength and beauty.

"Hmph..."

However, such strength might be meaningful against others, but facing Song Qingshan—it was absolutely like an egg striking a rock.

One could hear Song Qingshan letting out a cold chuckle, he didn't even use his proudest Great Strength Eagle Claw Technique, but simply threw a straightforward punch.

The speed was not fast, the angle was not tricky, just a straightforward Black Tiger Heart Technique...

The Young Tribe Leader didn't see any tricks, and didn't take Song Qingshan's punch seriously, directly meeting it with his chest. At the same time, his hands made some other movements, his palm turning into a hand blade, raised high, and slanted down towards Song Qingshan's throat.

It seemed he intended to fight Song Qingshan head-on, and with such a violent strike, he planned to directly knock Song Qingshan unconscious... When people in the mountains kidnap brides, they make a big commotion, but generally try not to harm lives.

The thinking in the mountains is backward; men are the pillars of the home and the tribe, losing one is painful for the whole tribe. If killed by someone from another tribe, it could easily lead to large-scale conflicts between the two tribes...

"Sss..."

Uncle Wen, seeing the fight between Song Qingshan and the Young Tribe Leader, was a bit surprised himself. He was somewhat trained in martial arts, and although he couldn't perceive the sophistication of Song Qingshan's move, he could vaguely feel Song Qingshan's strength; the Young Tribe Leader was like a child in his hands.

He couldn't help but inhale slightly, his eyes becoming even more astonished.

"Go~~"

Song Qingshan didn't expect the young man in front of him to act so recklessly, daring to be completely undefended against a grandmaster-level expert like him—it was simply courting death...

Regardless, if he wanted to get through this situation, he had to subdue these people first...

One could see Song Qingshan utter a soft shout; as his fist reached the Young Tribe Leader's chest, it immediately turned into an eagle's claw, grabbing the animal skin cloak the Young Tribe Leader was wearing, easily lifting him up.

Then, with a slight shake of his arm, the Young Tribe Leader was sent flying like a severely kicked football, directly flying towards the crowd behind him.

"Ala Ala..."

The tribal people of the Gelan Tribe were all dumbfounded watching this scene, utterly shocked. Their Young Tribe Leader, second only to the Chief in strength, was thrown away with a single move, which was utterly beyond everyone's expectations.

Fortunately, they had some reflexes, seeing the stout body of the Young Tribe Leader flying towards them, they immediately put away their weapons, several people trying to catch him first...

Bang~~

It happened so suddenly, their reaction too hasty; by the time they tried to catch him, the large body had already fallen, landing right in the middle of several equally burly tribesmen, pressing them down...

"Ala Ala~~"

This scene naturally surprised and angered the people of the Gelan Tribe; some of them, with bad tempers, uttered unintelligible dialect, which Qin Fang and the others couldn't understand, and all raised their bows and arrows, aiming at Song Qingshan, standing like a powerful giant.

"This toy is useless against me..."

Song Qingshan, after slightly exchanging a glance with Qin Fang, let out a loud laugh and then charged toward the archers again.

Speaking a different language in these mountainous tribes is already troublesome, let alone reasoning with them here where only strength can make them submissive.

Swoosh swoosh swoosh~~

Originally, the tribal villagers were already astonished by the immensity of Song Qingshan's strength. When they saw him attacking, they naturally couldn't just stand by and started shooting arrows.

Bows and Miao Knives are essential weapons for every tribesman, fundamental for survival in the mountains, otherwise how could they fight the venomous serpents and fierce beasts or hunt wild animals for food...

It can be said that every man in these mountain tribes is a born warrior—however, this notion belongs more to ancient times; in modern days, it only shows their primitivity and barbarism.

Arrows flew toward Song Qingshan like rain.

Each villager was an excellent archer, and they only targeted Song Qingshan without attacking Qin Fang and his group who were not far away.

But—

Song Qingshan remained serene, not even blinking.

Clang clang clang~~

The arrows pouring on Song Qingshan struck as if hitting an extremely hard steel plate, causing no damage but producing sounds like metal collisions.

The only damage was perhaps that Song Qingshan's clothing got pierced by the Sharp Arrows, leaving numerous holes due to the angles...

Everyone was dumbfounded, even forgetting to continue shooting arrows.

Generation after generation, these people lived in the mountains relying on their knives and arrows. They had never been afraid or terrified, even facing fierce and robust beasts like tigers, wolves, and Xiong Xiazi, and among them were warriors who had killed such beasts...

Yet now, their strongest weapons aimed at a human failed to even scratch the skin or draw a trace of blood—completely out of their comprehension.

For a moment, all of them were stunned.

However, Song Qingshan evidently was not going to stop; his steps shifted slightly, and he appeared in front of them. With hands like eagle claws, with a light grab and throw, those villagers flew up in the air like rocks and all fell towards where the Young Tribe Leader had fallen.

Then, it turned into a show performed by Song Qingshan. His movements were extremely fast, catching one every few seconds and throwing them down, then catching another and doing the same...

For a while, the sky was filled with flying people, and they were all heading in one direction—

Thump thump thump~~

The sounds of their landings followed one after another. In a short time, about a dozen people were piled up into a small mound, and the poor Young Tribe Leader, who was just helped up, was knocked down again, ending up pressed at the very bottom without the strength to move...

"Ouch... Ouch..."

These people, pressing on each other, combined with the collisions from their falls, suddenly filled the air with tragic cries, as they looked at Song Qingshan with immense fear, uttering such tragic cries.

"All done, let's go!"

Having dealt with these people, naturally, there were no more obstructions. The surrounding villagers who originally came to watch the spectacle also looked at Song Qingshan with frightened expressions, no one daring to cause further trouble now.

"Let's not hurry..."

At that moment, Qin Fang suddenly had an idea, immediately walked up to the Young Tribe Leader, "According to the rules of the mountains, since you tried to rob and failed, now you are my prisoner, don't pretend to be dead, all get up..."

In fact, Qin Fang didn't know any mountain rules at all, but since these people had unreasonably caused trouble, it couldn't be so simple to just let them go, especially the Young Tribe Leader who was thinking about getting more people from the tribe to raid.

"Get up now..."

Since Qin Fang wasn't the one who had taken action, his words didn't carry much weight. Although the villagers were very scared, they looked quite doubtful. But Song Qingshan didn't have the patience to dilly-dally with them and let out a ferocious roar.

Swoosh swoosh swoosh~~

Seeing this, the villagers who were just wailing in pain immediately got up agilely like spry monkeys, looking as if they had not been hurt at all.

In fact, they weren't really injured; Song Qingshan had controlled his strength well. The main reason these people pretended to be dead was being terrified by Song Qingshan.

Fighting against more than a dozen wasn't a big deal, but Song Qingshan's invulnerability, with so many Sharp Arrows failing to hurt him, had genuinely frightened these people.

"What... what do you want to do?"

The Young Tribe Leader also got up from the ground; he couldn't be tough at this time, but remembering his status, he tried to muster a firm stance.