

Chapter 191 Go Mad

This was the deal that Zhao Zichen and I had struck. I was not interested in having too close a relationship with a gang, and since Zhao Zichen was only interested in taking down Jiang Ming, why not settle everything at one go and just kill Jiang Ming.

Baldie was able to do so, but the situation had suddenly changed. In order to save me, Chu Xiaoxiao had jumped in front of me. Baldie dodged her and ended up hitting Jiang Ming in the arm, otherwise, he would already be dead.

"I'm not interested," I said, watching Jiang Ming.

His expression froze and he went white. He murmured to himself, "That's impossible. All of Tong City knows you've been investigating me. Han Kun told you not to, but you still did it. Don't you want to know how your parents died?! That's impossible."

"I don't want to know. If there's anything, you can let my parents know yourself."

I picked up a fork from the coffee table and raised it to Jiang Ming's throat without any hesitation. He raised his hand to block it, but to no avail.

I was not sure how I felt, but I was very sure that I wanted to kill him.

Revenge for my parents or Chu Xiaoxiao... I could not tell which enraged me more. However, this bastard had ruined my life, pushing me into the abyss of despair again and again!

I wanted to kill him!

Jiang Ming shut his eyes in despair and I stabbed downwards.

Clang!

Just then, there was the sound of metal against metal. My hand went numb, and I lost my grip on the fork. It went flying.

I was startled. What was that? I turned to look and saw another fork embedded deeply into the wooden pillar next to me, the fork I was holding trapped in its prongs.

What was this power?!

Jiang Ming's life was saved, and he hurriedly crawled behind the table.

I looked out into the pitch-black garden. Even though I could not see anything, I could feel a fierce and murderous aura.

Like me, Baldie felt it too. He turned uneasily in my direction.

The old man had told me that there were many people who reached a point in their martial arts ability where they would naturally give off a murderous aura. Other people would be able to feel it from afar, and stay away from them.

Those of us who lived on the edge were especially sensitive to this type of aura. Whoever it was in the darkness who had saved Jiang Ming could not be a good person.

"Uncle... Uncle, you're here," Jiang Ming said excitedly from behind the table where he was hiding.

The second time he shouted "Uncle", I saw a bolt of something zoom past, then part of Jiang Ming's face turned red as if someone had hit him. He cried out in pain, and at the same time, a maple leaf slowly floated down to the ground. It was this maple leaf that had flown over and hit him in the face.

I involuntarily clenched my fists. This person was powerful and I might not be his match.

The wind picked up, and the shadows seemed to grow bigger. Everyone held their breath, and the only sound that could be heard was the lapping of water from the swimming pool.

Jiang Ming clambered up from the ground, panting. He took off his coat and wrapped it around his wound.

I could feel the murderous aura all around, but could not see where the person was. Even when I looked in the direction the fork came from, there was nothing there.

Jiang Ming's life was saved, but he leaned on the table in a sorry state and watched me warily.

But my attention was not entirely on him anymore. I was more worried about the master who was hidden in the darkness.

From just one simple exchange, I could already tell that this person was powerful, far more powerful than Baldie and I. How unexpected that Jiang Ming had such an uncle!

Both Zhao Zichen and I had miscalculated here. We had accounted for everything, except that Jiang Ming had such a formidable uncle.

Damn it!

Now the issue was no longer about killing Jiang Ming, but whether the three of us could leave.

I could not delay any more. Chu Xiaoxiao was badly injured and needed to be sent to hospital urgently before it was too late.

Strangely enough, I thought that Jiang Ming would take the opportunity to counterattack us, but after his uncle "showed up", he seemed to back off.

Baldie asked, "Now what?"

From this, I could tell that Baldie was admitting that he was no match for Jiang Ming's uncle.

I pushed Chu Xiaoxiao into Baldie's arms and for safekeeping.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

I picked up the gun that Chu Xiaoxiao had dropped. It was not loaded, so Jiang Ming was confused as to what I was doing. I, on the other hand, held it like the piece of steel it was and strode over to Jiang Ming.

I grabbed him by the collar and pulled him out from behind the table. He struggled unhappily, but he was no match for me.

"What do you want, Zhang Chao?" Jiang Ming barked.

If not for Chu Xiaoxiao, I would have immediately killed him to avenge my parents! However, right now, I needed to exchange his life for hers. I needed to get Chu Xiaoxiao to a hospital before it was too late.

I backhanded him in the throat and he choked, his face turning as red as a tomato.

I shoved the butt of the gun into his throat. This made it difficult to breathe, and he reached up to pull at my hands.

"Tell your men to back off and get a car for me to leave this place."

"Do you think I'm stupid? Once we leave here, you're going to kill me."

"You have no choice," I told him.

I thought Jiang Ming would back down, but he giggled madly. "Then we'll die together."

F! This bastard was a complete nutcase!

Our short exchange barely lasted two hours, and he was constantly working to turn his disadvantageous position into an advantageous position. No wonder Gan had said that Jiang Ming was very difficult to deal with.

There was no way that I was going to die together with him. If I was alone, it was something that I could do. And it was not just to scare anyone. I had been prepared to die to kill him.

But I could not do so now, because I had to consider Xiaoxiao. The day I joined the military, I was prepared to die for my country. However, I could not bear to lose Chu Xiaoxiao. If Chu Xiaoxiao died, I would go mad.

I scoffed, "I don't dare to kill you. But for every minute, I'll remove one of your fingers. You want to play, don't you? I'll play with you."

Not only was Jiang Ming not afraid, he even seemed excited by the prospect. "I only have ten fingers in total. What are you going to do when you've removed all of them? Zhang Chao, you're still not as ruthless as your mother. If it was your mother, she wouldn't threaten me, she would have removed all my fingers directly."

I was sick of him mentioning my mother. It disgusted me thoroughly.

I turned the gun around and shoved the muzzle into Jiang Ming's mouth. The gun might not be loaded, but the psychological pressure of having a gun stuck in your mouth was not something everyone could stand.