

Chapter 235 Too Clever To Be Human

When I was dating Lin Fang, I never knew what she was like. It felt like I was finally getting to know the real Lin Fang.

The woman had never been delicate and pitiful, she was clever, vicious, and opportunistic!

Lin Kang's wound was not serious, but he was still running a fever. I did not have any medicine on me, so I told him to go to sleep. We would reach the shore tomorrow afternoon.

I tried to ask him where the body was hidden, but he was cautious and refused to tell me. He was usually so impulsive, but this time, he seemed to actually be thinking.

I had no choice but to give up.

After Lin Kang fell asleep, I changed into a clean set of pajamas and left the cabin. The pajamas were provided by the ship. If I wore my wet clothes out, I would attract undue attention.

I had just reached the deck when I heard the ship's big clock chime. I glanced up to see that it was midnight, and the God of Gamblers would be decided.

I ran into the casino. The atmosphere here was almost electric. Everyone was standing and looking in the direction of a stone-faced young man.

Boss Ho was standing beside him, holding his hand. "Ladies and gentlemen, our first round of competition has ended. The exciting finals will be starting soon. I have with me here—Yue, our highest scorer with twelve million in winnings, and our strongest competitor."

The young man called Yue did not seem to care about his surroundings. He looked as if Boss Ho's words had nothing to do with him.

Yue. That was an uncommon surname, but I was sure I had heard it before.

Yes, I remembered now. Gan had mentioned to me about Liu Rong's highly skilled bodyguard who had the surname Yue.

Back then, I remembered thinking that it was such a unique surname that few people had. I never expected to meet another person with the same surname here.

Boss Ho wanted to hype the crowd, so he asked Yue, "Sir, are you confident about winning our grand prize?"

Yue replied, "I need to get Mount Wuxiang."

He was actually here for my mother's painting. From his expression, it looked like the conclusion was foregone, and no one would be able to get it from him.

However, it was difficult to tell if he wanted my mother's painting or if he wanted to sell my mother's painting to Jiang Ming once he got it.

That was a smart move by Jiang Ming. Having declared his intentions at ten million, he had advertised himself out as a buyer to whoever won. He only wanted the painting anyway.

The finals were held on the fourth floor and tickets were being sold to anyone who wanted to watch.

I was definitely interested in watching. I wanted to see who was interested in buying my mother's painting.

There were six card tables on the fourth floor. I saw Jiang Ming sitting at Table 4, behind a huge pile of chips.

"That guy's really rich and intelligent," the person next to me said when they noticed me looking at Jiang Ming. "That's the guy who wants to buy the painting for ten million. I watched him play a couple of rounds and woah, his brain works so fast."

I scanned the room, but I did not see the person I wanted to see. I was a bit surprised and disappointed.

Why was Han Kun not here?

Liu Rong had said that Han Kun had always loved my mother. Even Gan had verified this. As Gan and Han Kun were in cahoots, he would not lie and discredit Han Kun.

I remembered that my mother was beautiful, but she was not some world-class beauty. Perhaps she was extremely charming and many men fell for her.

After all these years, Jiang Ming was willing to fork out big money to collect one of her paintings. But why was Han Kun, who had probably taken such good care of me because of my mother, not here?

My head ached at the thought of Han Kun. I still felt as if he was hiding a great secret from me that had to do with my parents' deaths. Maybe if I unraveled this secret, I would find out the truth about that car accident so many years ago.

In fact, the one who was preventing me from finding out the truth was Han Kun himself.

What was he afraid I would find out?

The competitors who had moved on into the finals were all rich and capable. It was now all about skill. Unlike the previous rounds where it was as noisy as a fish market, everyone now watched quietly.

According to the competition rules, the onlookers had to stand outside the yellow lines and not stand too close to the competitors.

Six tables soon became four. Jiang Ming advanced.

The young man named Yue advanced too.

I wore a hat and stood behind Jiang Ming. He did not notice me.

There was a break when the first two tables were eliminated. Jiang Ming stood up and walked over to the young man.

"Yue Mangong, gambling king of Las Vegas. Who are you here for? Liu Rong or Han Kun?"

I inhaled sharply. It sounded as though Jiang Ming was very knowledgeable about what went on in Junran. And from his question about Han Kun, did he know that Han Kun was not dead?

Yue sipped at his tea and ignored him.

Jiang Ming did not seem embarrassed in the least. He even pulled up a chair opposite him.

"You don't get along with your brother. Your older brother is helping Liu Rong, so you have to be helping Liu Rong's rival. You can't be here for Zhang Chao. Speaking of Zhang Chao, haha, I only met him once, but I understand him well. It's one thing if he doesn't know about this, otherwise, he'd be here himself."

I self-consciously ducked my head. His reading was accurate.

Yue Mangong remained silent. His expression was completely dismissive of Jiang Ming.

Suddenly, Jiang Ming spoke. "So, you're helping Han Kun. He's not dead then?"

It seemed that Jiang Ming had not known that Han Kun was not dead, and was just theorizing.

I relaxed for a split second, then became alert again. This man was just too clever to be human.

"I knew that bastard wouldn't die so easily. I didn't believe he could die so easily," Jiang Ming said, laughing to himself.

Yue Mangong did not say anything, but he now fixed his gaze on Jiang Ming.

"I'm here for Mount Wuxiang. I don't care about anything else,"

he told Jiang Ming, sounding bored.

Jiang Ming scoffed. "Han Kun wants Mount Wuxiang and so do I. May the best man win."

Yue Mangong did not even try to be polite. "You can't defeat me."

"We'll see," huffed Jiang Ming.