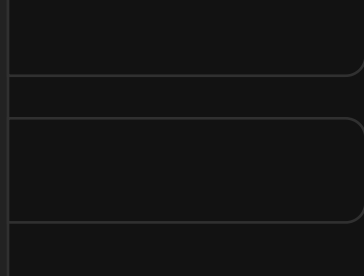


Chapter 291 Matters of the Martial Arts World



Looking at Han Kun, I felt the situation was bordering on ridiculous.

Han Kun faked his death first, then I faked my death. And most ridiculous of all, we bumped into each other.

I was worried that Han Kun might recognize me, but Xing'er was highly skilled and I did not even recognize myself. However, Han Kun's gaze

was very strange. It was as if he really did recognize me.

Chu Huai'en did not want to lose face in front of an outsider, and growled, "Xiaoxiao, this is Uncle Han Kun. I invited him here for you and we haven't had dinner yet. Let's eat before talking about other things."

Chu Xiaoxiao was openly hostile. I had told her about Han Kun and she knew that he had faked his death to fool me. She did not have a good impression of him.

With her temperament, she was definitely not going to show any respect to anyone and would turn away and walk off. However, Chu Xiaoxiao did not do that today. She rolled her eyes and nodded.

I felt she must have something up her sleeve and was worried about what she might do. There was no way she could beat Han Kun.

I tottered after Chu Xiaoxiao, but as we turned around, Han Kun and pressed my shoulder from behind. I glanced over to see him staring intently at me.

Oh no, had I really exposed myself?

"Little brother, I heard your surname is Ji?" Han Kun asked.

I knew that Han Kun's information network was fast, but had not expected it to be this fast. The news had come from Lady Of The Night's bar in such a short time.

It was one thing for other people not to be familiar with the Ji family, but Han Kun was different. He was childhood friends with my mother and knew more about the Ji family than anyone else.

I was afraid that I would let the cat out of the bag and dared not reply.

To my surprise, Han Kun did force me to answer. Instead, he smiled and patted me on the shoulder. "Let's eat."

Then, he walked past me to the dining room. I stood there stunned. I was sure that he recognized me.

Han Kun was very knowledgeable and was no stranger to the secret techniques of martial artists. Since the Ji family was one of the big families, and Han Kun and my mother were childhood friends, he was almost one of them. He must know about the Cai School's disguise techniques, but why was he not exposing me?

I felt immensely perturbed. Chu Xiaoxiao saw me standing there and asked what was wrong.

I was Ji Luan now and not Zhang Chao. I could not tell Chu Xiaoxiao about my doubts, so I had to pretend that nothing was the matter.

Despite the rumors of bankruptcy, Chu Huai'en spared no expense in Han Kun's honor. They drank champagne together, while Chu Xiaoxiao and I kept our heads down, lost in our own thoughts.

"Xiaoxiao, you need to thank Uncle Han for today. He is here for you. Come, toast him."

Chu Xiaoxiao replied icily, "The person who saved me is Brother Ji. Brother Ji, I toast you."

Chu Xiaoxiao raised her glass to me.

Chu Huai'en looked like he was going to blow up from embarrassment, but Han Kun laughed. "Didn't you hear this man's surname, Brother Chu? He's a Ji. Xiaoxiao should toast him."

Indeed, Chu Huai'en had not noticed. At Han Kun's reminder, he scrutinized me in surprise.

I had learned how to lie in the army and how to redirect an enemy's interrogation. It did not mean that I liked to lie though. I had made up Ji Luan on the spot and knew nothing about the Ji family besides its name. It could all be over in a few words. Right now, I might look calm, but I was very nervous on the inside.

Chu Xiaoxiao was confused. She was unfamiliar with the matters of the martial arts world.

Han Kun explained, "The Ji family is the most prestigious of the nine families. However, they have been in seclusion in the mountains for many years and stepped away from the martial arts world. I have links with the Ji family. What is your father's name?"

Ugh, how was I going to come up with that? I only knew my mother's name. I did not know anything else about the Ji family.

Now, I had three pairs of eyes on me. One wrong word and my cover would be blown. Han Kun's gaze in particular made me especially nervous. I always felt that I could not hide from him.

However, there was no way I could reveal myself. This Uncle Han was no longer the elder that I trusted. Tong City was full of danger and if word got out that I was still alive, Xia Genghuai and Baldie would be in trouble.

I replied, "Brother Han, before that, I would like to ask you something. You were on such good terms with my aunt. Now that her only son is dead, why aren't you the least bit sad? And if I'm not mistaken, there was news of your demise earlier on."

This was something I wanted to ask Han Kun for a while. Today was a good opportunity for Ji Luan to question him.

The Ji family was big, and my mother could not be the only child. It was normal for a nephew to exist. Since the Ji family had been in seclusion for many years, even Han Kun could not have interacted with them for years.

These were not things that Zhang Chao could ask. No matter what game Han Kun was playing, he had been kind to me.

Chu Huai'en looked awkward, but Han Kun raised his glass calmly. "How could I not be sad?"

Huh, I could not see a single hint of his being sad.

"Zhang Chao was Ji Yanran's son with Zhang Jun," Chu Huai'en said, "You were already very nice to take care of your love rival's son, Han."

I felt as if I had asked a very humiliating question. I felt annoyed, but I could not show it.

But Han Kun did not pick up from where Chu Huai'en left off. He toyed with his glass and admitted, "I had been very sad, but I'm no longer sad after seeing you, Ji Luan."

Damn, he had definitely seen through me. In a moment of panic, I dropped my chopsticks. Chu Xiaoxiao glanced at me suspiciously and murmured, "Are you alright?"

Han Kun continued, "Brother Ji, you're here for Mount Wuxiang. If even the Ji family secluding in the mountains has made a move, how can the other families not? A new problem arises before the last one is solved, and even more challenging than the ones preceding. How is there time to grieve when the martial arts world is in chaos?"

He swirled his glass and knocked back the rest of the alcohol.

Then, he sighed. "Zhang Chao died at a bad time. Don't you think, brother?"

I nodded awkwardly, but I had been brought rudely back to earth.

I had made a miscalculation. I had not considered everything, and I had forgotten about the importance of Mount Wuxiang.

Yue Mangong had warned me. Mount Wuxiang could not disappear, be thrown away, be destroyed, and could not fall into anyone's hands.

This was a blank holy book. If someone wrote something on it, it would become Old Ge's last words. They would believe anything, even if it was written that Mickey Mouse would be the leader of the alliance.

It was not because they were stupid, but because they had been fighting with each other for too long. Following Old Ge's last words was the best solution, and anyone who went against his last words would be opposed.

While Mount Wuxiang was in my hands, the martial arts world had been peaceful. Now that news of my "death" was circulating everywhere, how could they restrain themselves?!

It looked like I would need to deal with Chen Yuzhou and Rock as soon as possible. Today was already the twenty-sixth. Only two more days until Rock went down.

The past few days had made it very clear. The entire system in Tong City was broken. I thought that Xu Xiang was the only corrupt police officer in the Public Security Bureau, but even Commissioner Qi was no saint.

However, Commissioner Qi and Xu Xiang were separate issues. They were not working together.