

## Chapter 296 Bad Luck!

Baldie got the hint. He growled at me, "I'll kill you if you try that again."

Then, he turned to the security guards who had shown up. "Keep a hold of him."

I did not resist, lulling them into a false sense of security. They just pressed my shoulders down and made me kneel.

"Damn you." Rock spat a mouthful of blood at my face furiously. "How did I insult your ancestors? Am I that fun to bully?! So what if your surname is Ji? I don't care what your surname is, I'm going to kill you!"

Rock looked miserable. His left eye was so swollen that he could not see and he had some broken teeth, rendering him unable to close his mouth properly.

"Ji Luan, we have no grievances. What's this about? If you don't tell us, we can't just let it be even if you are a Ji," Zhao Zichen spoke up, frowning.

Rock swore. "F, who cares. I'm going to kill and bury him."

My heart flew up to my throat. Not because he was going to bury me, but because he was searching around for his phone.

I shouted, "If you have no grievances, why did you get people to arrest me?"

At this point, Baldie had already silently left the room. I was not sure if he could get the software running and decided to buy him more time.

I quickly added, "If you want Mount Wuxiang, you shouldn't sneak around. Why did you use underhanded methods like getting the police to falsely accuse me?"

I had made this up on the spot, and Zhao Zichen looked mystified.

However, Rock was different. He did not care if he understood what I was saying. After all, he did not know what was going on most of the time. His immature brain only had one solution for everything: Violence.

After I yelled back at him, Rock forgot that he wanted to make a call. He glanced around, then picked up a wine bottle from the table. "I'm not going to let you continue."

He swung the bottle at my head. Glass shards covered my head and blood trickled down.

My head had been ambushed by him not two days ago. Now that he had hit me again, it hurt very badly and left me dizzy. However, I counted my lucky stars that it was an empty bottle. If the bottle had liquid in it, my disguise would be ruined and it would all be over.

Rock held the broken bottle under my chin. It dug uncomfortably into my skin.

Ugh, could Baldie be any slower? If he took any longer, someone was going to slit my throat.

Rock thought that I was powerless to resist. He cackled and crowed, "The Ji family? I'm not even afraid of God, why would I be afraid of one of you?"

Creak... Just then, someone opened the door to the private room. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Baldie come in.

I had been acting weak, but now I could not help but grin at Rock.

He was startled by me. My head was covered in blood and I was being held down, but my grin was no less predatory.

It was as if the person with the broken bottle to their neck was him and not me.

I threw my head up violently, then used the motion of the security guards pressing my shoulders down to slide downward and between Rock's legs. By the time Rock realized what was going on, I was already behind him with an arm around his neck.

The security had not expected me to move so fast. Rock could barely understand how I could turn the tables so easily.

I grabbed Rock's wrist and brought the broken bottle to his own neck.

"No, don't", Rock whimpered, "Mercy."

He was already an ugly man. After being beaten up by me, he looked worse, and now that he was weeping, the sight of him was unbearable.

Zhao Zichen raised his eyebrows at Baldie, who immediately leaped at me. I grabbed Rock and Rock grabbed me, and while the three of us struggled together, Baldie gave me a look. I realized that he had returned the phone, and loosened my grip on Rock while pretending to be overpowered by Baldie.

Rock had certainly been unlucky lately. I had punched him the day before, yesterday, and now today.

Zhao Zichen helped him to the side, where he sat panting on the sofa and questioned his life decisions.

"Damn, why am I so unlucky?" Rock was wary to come near me. He glared at me from afar.

It must be humiliating to be a gangster like him. He would be the butt of jokes if this got out.

"Damn it. I can't stay here, Zhang Mei's isn't safe. Forget it, I don't want to play anymore. I'm leaving. This Ji fellow is yours, Master Zhao. I don't want to get beaten up by him. Damn, I must be unlucky to meet someone like him."

I wanted Rock to leave, but it seemed that Zhao Zichen did not want him to go.

Rock was about to stand up when Zhao Zichen put his hand on Rock's leg.

"Wait a minute, Boss Rock. Don't you think this person is a bit odd?"

My heart sank when I watched Zhao Zichen narrow his eyes slyly at me. What was he up to?

"Odd how? He only looks annoying to me. I really want to kill him, but I can't win him and I don't dare to kill him. It's very frustrating."

Zhao Zichen stood and walked over to my side. He looked down on me measuredly, "Ji Luan, you're really odd. You say that your surname is Ji. I have a few questions for you. First of all, when did the Ji family go into seclusion?"

I knew the answer to that, but Zhao Zichen's expression made me uncomfortable.

I snorted. "How is anything that happened more than twenty years ago your business?"

Zhao Zichen laughed. "That's true. Then do you know why your Ji family went into seclusion?"

"Why should I tell you?" I shot back.

Zhao Zichen kept smiling. Spinning around, he strode with purpose to the coffee table and picked up a filled cup. His actions filled me with dread.

"If you don't tell me, I'll tell you. For several generations, the Ji family only had one child. By the time of Ji Yanran, she was the only person in her generation. After she married Zhang Jun, the Ji family had pretty much ended. The whole family then left their native Hangzhou and moved into the mountains to pay penance. They used to be arrogant and had accumulated many enemies. Worried that their fortunes would not hold and their descendants would be bullied in the future, they decided to seclude themselves before it happened.

Rock shouted, "Then how could the Ji family still have him?!"

Zhao Zichen laughed. "Yes, how could the Ji family still have him? I think it's weird too."

How was I supposed to know that? Oh my God. No wonder Han Kun looked at me so strangely. He was childhood friends with my mother. He must have known the situation.

However, I could not confirm if it was true, or if Zhao Zichen was making it up to trick me.

Without a word, Zhao Zichen sneered and poured the contents of a teacup slowly on my face. I could feel something melting on my face and the mask on my face shrinking.

"It's you, Zhang Chao," Zhao Zichen smirked.

Rock was dumbstruck. It took a while before he mumbled, "Oh my God, it's you! Aren't you dead?"

Zhao Zichen shot a sharp glare at Baldie. "You lied to me."