

The Hidden Billionaire

Chapter 303 Never Too Much Deception in War

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Why would they come here?

After the last time I came here to view Mount Wuxiang, I had not come here again.

I found another payphone to call Ayu. "Are you sure about the address? They're really at 258 Shandong Road?"

"Yes, 258 Shandong Road. That's what Brother Baldie said."

I glanced up at what seemed like a light in a room upstairs. The area was dark and the shops were all closed, so the light from Woodfire Wonton was particularly unexpected.

What did this mean? Could Woodfire Wonton be Rock's benefactor?

It did not matter whose side Woodfire Wonton was on. What mattered was Old Yu.

Mount Wuxiang was currently in Old Yu's possession because I trusted him. There was no conflict

of interest between us, so I could entrust the painting to him.

However, if Old Yu was now entangled in the production and distribution of illegal weapons, we would be on opposite sides.

There was hidden talent inside Woodfire Wonton. It did not look as imposing as Lady Of The Night, but the walls were impassable. Old Yu alone could keep everyone inside from leaving, and outsiders from entering.

Sneaking upstairs was no use. A skilled person was very sensitive. Old Yu would be able to tell if a rat entered Woodfire Wonton.

"Oi, what's going on? Where are you?"

"I'm loitering outside. I'm worried that someone will notice me and check up on me."

"You've got good instincts. Alright, keep in touch."

Since there was no point in sneaking in, I went up to the main door.

I would be able to tell whose side Woodfire Wonton was on judging by the waiter's reaction.

"Yo, table for one? Upstairs or downstairs?"

There was not much business at night. The waiter had been lazing around playing games on his phone, and he was calm when he saw me.

"You're open so late?"

"We're open twenty-four hours." The waiter licked his lips and glanced out the door. Seeing that no one was there, he turned to me and said, "Old Yu said to bring you upstairs."

I froze in shock. "Old Yu? Really?"

Why would Old Yu ask the waiter to pass a message to me when the whole Tong City was

buzzing with news of my death?

Was this some sort of game?

Even if it was, if Old Yu stood opposite me, I would not be able to defeat him.

Anyway, why not go upstairs to see what Zhao Zichen and Rock were up to.

"Where's Old Yu? Upstairs? Doesn't he live here?" I asked.

The waiter looked at me as if I was crazy. "Do you know what time it is? Old Yu is already asleep. How can an old man stay up all night like us? This way."

I followed him up to the second floor. After some hesitation, I asked, "How does Old Yu know that I'm alive?"

"Aren't you alive and well?"

"Didn't you hear the rumors from the past two days?"

"What rumors? We're open every day. We don't have time to find out what's going on outside. Sit in the private room next to them. Old Yu said to use the cover of night to silence the opponent.

You do the killing, he does the burying," the waiter said, drawing his hand across his neck in a cutting motion.

I caught hold of his hand. "That's enough. Murder is illegal. I'm just going to observe. Old Yu doesn't know about the rumors saying that I'm dead, but he knows I'm confronting these two?"

"Who knows? The old man babbles all the time," replied the waiter.

Speechless, I followed him into the private room next to them.

You could eavesdrop on the next room's conversation from here. In addition, the waiter switched

on the television in the room, showing what was going on in the next room. It was a bit excessive.

"I'm going back downstairs, take your time."

The monitor had images but not sound. The waiter had just placed the remote control down and was about to leave when something happened on the screen that left us both dazed.

Zhao Zichen had walked around to Rock's back and had clapped him on the shoulder. They looked very friendly. Then, Zhao Zichen pulled out a dagger and stabbed Rock in the waist from behind.

Rock put a hand to his waist and staggered to his feet. With his free hand, he pointed at Zhao Zichen. There was no expression on Zhao Zichen's face as he picked up a wet tissue from the table to wipe his hands.

From Baldie's shocked expression, he had obviously not seen this coming.

The waiter and I rushed into the room. Zhao Zichen did not seem surprised to see me.

"What's going on?!"

Zhao Zichen replied, "I've got the address and format of the transaction. Tomorrow, I'll go straight to one of Rock's factories. His subordinate will bring me to the location. Are your men ready?"

It took me a while to recover. He had been acting! He had actually been acting.

The knife was still lodged in Rock's side. He grabbed hold of it to remove it.

"You shouldn't do that. I stabbed you in the kidney. The knife is currently holding the wound close and you're not bleeding much. You can carry on like this for a while. If you remove the knife, no one can save you."

Rock's lips were white; either from blood loss or fear.

"You were acting? How could you! Zhang Chao, do you believe he was acting? He didn't hesitate to shoot you."

My heart thumped loudly at the mention of that incident. That was what made me think that he was not acting.

Zhao Zichen actually laughed bashfully. "There can never be too much deception in war. My acting was too good."

I clapped him on the shoulder and when he was not paying attention, punched him in the stomach.

"Idiot," I grumbled.

Baldie pretended not to see. He had been fooled by Zhao Zichen too, and probably wanted to punch him too.

I told Rock, "You weren't the only one fooled. Baldie and I were deceived too. Being defeated by a master actor like this isn't really a loss. Let it go."

Actually, even if Zhao Zichen had not put his plan into action, Tsai Xiaobing would definitely be able to get the information on tomorrow's transaction tonight, and Rock would be none the wiser.

Zhao Zichen was terrifying. He had convinced us all that he had turned traitor, and even his closest brother thought that he was getting ready to manufacture weapons.

Rock was such a dolt. He was no match for Zhao Zichen.

Right now, he was whimpering in fear. Surrounded on all sides, he had nowhere to run and no way to beat us.

He had probably never felt so small before.

"I should have known that you and that Tsai Xiaobing were here for the guns. I was too cocky. Gongsun warned me not to get involved with you, but I saw that you were the heir to Junran... But you're only out for my blood! And you, Zhao Zichen. You're lower than maggots in a cesspit! I treated you like a brother and you tricked me!"

While the knife would not kill him yet, it greatly limited his mobility.

The waiter had brought a chair in and started munching on the melon seeds on the coffee table while watching the show. He did not seem to care that someone was dying, and he even offered the melon seeds to Baldie.

Zhao Zichen held me back and walked up to Rock himself. "Speaking of being out for your blood, do you remember Sun Qiaoqiao? You know her name, don't you? Don't tell me you don't know a girl's name after you gang-raped her."

Rock struggled to back away. "What? Are you here to avenge Sun Qiaoqiao? That's just an excuse, you Red Lanterns have wanted to take on our Black Dragons for ages. Zhao Zichen, you're a villain. You're willing to work with the police for your gang. You've broken the code and deserve to die."