

Life Changing 60

Chapter 60 Ma Jong's Rage

"So, what are you doing at my house this early in the morning?"

It seemed like Bai Chen did not pay much attention to Qian Bei's words.

Qian Bei smiled and said, "You're heading off to school, right, big bro?"

"Right." Bai Chen nodded without hesitation.

"The thing is, big bro, our school is closed today, so I'm here to tell you early in the morning."

"School's closed? Where did you hear that? I had no idea of this." Bai Chen frowned suspiciously.

Qian Bei got out his phone and showed Bai Chen a message.

"The teacher sent out an announcement via Facebook. Take a look."

Bai Chen blinked. Not long after, he nodded with understanding. "So, the teacher got into an accident, which is why we don't have to go today."

"Yes, I know you don't have a phone, so I'm here to let you know," said Qian Bei.

Qian Bei really thought of Bai Chen as his boss. Otherwise, he definitely would not have rushed to his house this early in the morning to tell Bai Chen that school was closed today.

"Thank you for telling me, or I would've been there for nothing." Bai Chen felt really thankful to Qian Bei because he might have travelled to school in vain if this guy had not come here to inform him.

"It's no big deal, big bro. This is nothing compared to when you saved me," Qian Bei said. He could not help but think of the time when Bai Chen took care of Ba Guan's gang.

Having thought of that, Qian Bei could not help but feel respect towards Bai Chen for his strength.

Bai Chen smiled a little. "I can't give you anything even if you compliment me."

"And I don't need anything. By the way, are you free today?"

"Where are you inviting me?"

Bai Chen knew that Qian Bei was going to invite him somewhere, based on what he said. He did not know where though, which was why he asked.

"I'm inviting you to go play video games at my place," Qian Bei said while pushing his glasses up. "Wanna come?"

Bai Chen pondered this by himself a little before nodding. “Yeah, sure. We don’t have class today anyway.”

“Great, let’s go. My car is parked in front of the business district.” Qian Bei’s happy face was on display before he escorted Bai Chen out.

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The time passed until noon. Big news broke out in Xing Zhou City. Someone had found the body of a mysterious man murdered in a wood next to the entrance of the Xing Seng Business District.

The police officer responsible for this case suspected that it was an assassination, but it was the assassin himself that had lost his life. The homicide left people in the district quite scared.

“Damn it! Who the hell killed Hu Tong?”

Inside a room at a luxurious hotel in Xing Zhou City, Ma Jong was enraged. He slammed a remote control against his underling’s face until his mouth was full of blood.

The unfortunate guy cried with pain, but he did not say anything more because he feared that he would be hit again by Ma Jong.

Ma Jong had clearly seen the news. What happened enraged him very much!

Other than himself, there were two of his underlings in the room, so there were three people in total.

After releasing some of his anger, Ma Jong took a deep breath. He then slumped onto the sofa.

“You two, who do you think killed Hu Tong?” Ma Jong asked his underlings in a tolerant manner. If the third, second, and first in rank of the White Tiger Gang heard of this news, he would have to pay a high price for this, because Hu Tong was no ordinary man. He was the best assassin in the gang.

“I think it was probably the kung fu guy that you sent Hu to kill,” the underling, whose mouth had not been hit by the remote control, said.

“The kung fu guy!” Ma Jong’s eye twitched. How could he have forgotten this? He’d wiped this from his memory completely—the fact that he’d sent his underling to order Hu Tong to kill the kung fu guy had been reported to him by Dong Gou.

If he had known Hu Tong would be killed, Ma Jong would have never said yes to Ba Guan’s request. The trade-off was just too detrimental.

His close relationship with Ba Guan was nothing compared to how much Hu Tong was worth.

But Ma Jong could only think to himself that, ‘I should let bygones be bygones. There is no way I can fix this matter. I have to avenge Hu Tong; otherwise, the upper echelons will give me hell!’

Having realised this, Ma Jong did not hesitate or wait around. He quickly gave orders to his two underlings.

“You lot. Go and gather about ten of our men. No, that’s too many. Just gather eight. With you two, that will be ten. Tell them to get their guns ready. I’m going to take you to avenge Hu Tong today!”

“Yes, Boss!” Ma Jong’s two underlings could not afford to be sluggish. They quickly ran out of the room to gather the other gang members.

After the two underlings had left the room, Ma Jong took out his mobile phone and dialled a number. That number was Ba Guan’s.

He wanted to get Ba Guan here to ask about where Bai Chen, the ‘kung fu guy’, lived.

Soon after, Ba Guan picked up the phone and said that he would be there as fast as he could.

Barely ten minutes later, Ba Guan arrived. He lived near where the hotel was, so it was not odd that he would arrive at Ma Jong’s room within ten minutes.

“It’s good that you’re here. Now, tell me where he lives right now.”

When Ba Guan arrived, Ma Jong did not mince words. He asked his question directly.

“He’s probably home because the school is closed today,” Ba Guan thought a little before replying. His face was still bruised in the spot where the gun had hit his face.

Ma Jong nodded. “Good then. I’ll take you to kill him today!”

“Are you for real, Boss Ma?” Ba Guan could not help but feel excited at Ma Jong’s words.

Ma Jong grinned coldly. “Of course. I’m going to take you to kill that bastard today. That little shit is over!”