

# So Pure 1541

## Chapter 1541:Subordinate's Growth/ Misleading

"What's wrong? Yang Ming?" Huang Rongjin noticed Yang Ming's doubtful tone and asked.

"I'm fine. Thank you Second Brother." Yang Ming said, "I will contact you if something happens."

"Okay, call again if you have any questions." Although Huang Rongjin was a little puzzled about why Yang Ming asked about these things, he didn't ask much. Yang Ming must have a reason for asking about these things, but the Huang Family couldn't do much to help Yang Ming. After all, everyone's strength wasn't equal and the gap was too big. Huang Rongjin could only do his best to provide Yang Ming with some help.

After he hung up Huang Rongjin's call, Yang Ming directly called Golden Bull.

"Butler Jing? I'm Yang Ming." Golden Bull was still training in the Charles family. Yang Ming planned to send him to Africa after a while to be fully responsible for the assassin group.

"Boss!" exclaimed Golden Bull once he heard Yang Ming's calm voice.

"I'm going to assign a task to you. You must do it well." Yang Ming commanded. It was about tomorrow's success or failure. Yang Ming could not be sloppy.

It would be fine if the other party didn't use any tricks and just obediently released the hostage after Yang Ming won. But if they didn't release the hostage and caused more trouble, then Yang Ming wouldn't be polite anymore.

"Yes, boss. Golden Bull is always at your disposal!" said Golden Bull.

"You should go and arrange your manpower, then fly to Las Vegas via a special plane..." Yang Ming made a series of arrangements for Golden Bull.

"Rest assured, Boss. I promise to complete the task," Golden Bull promised after he wrote down every one of Yang Ming's orders.

"En, I'm confident in the way you do things." Yang Ming attached great importance to Golden Bull. Otherwise, Golden Bull wouldn't be placed in such an important position to focus on training.

Golden Bull was not only a powerful assassin, but also a smart manager. This was Yang Ming's ultimate purpose. It was impossible for Yang Ming and Wang Xiaoyan to manage the assassin group's affairs all their lives. When the island in Africa was developed and everything here was done, it would be time for Yang Ming to retire.

Now that Yang Ming knew that these people had ulterior motives, he would naturally not be stupid enough to go alone and gamble with them. Although Yang Ming was awesome, he couldn't defeat a group of people with guns and cannons!

Yang Ming was fearless in China because China had some of the strictest gun laws in the world. But the United States was different. There were countless guns among the citizens, let alone casinos that were deeply involved with the underworld. How could there not be any guns?

Although Golden Bull had unrelentingly organized a team to rush to Las Vegas after he hung up on Yang Ming's call, they only arrived in the early hours of the morning the next day.

After Golden Bull arrived, he was afraid to disturb Yang Ming's rest, so he just sent Yang Ming a text message. Then, he arranged his men to act according to Yang Ming's commands. Yang Ming had already made everything clear before, and Golden Bull also understood Yang Ming's intention. The night was quiet. It was just right for Golden Bull to lay low and wait.

Naturally, Yang Ming wasn't sleeping very well here. After seeing Golden Bull's text message, Yang Ming immediately called him, "Golden Bull, have you arrived?"

"Yes, boss. We are rushing to the South City Casino. Some brothers are already stationed outside the casino, some brothers are pretending to be gamblers and some brothers are mingling around in the casino. We are ready to follow Brother Yang's instructions!" said Golden Bull.

"En, I can rest assured with this arrangement." Yang Ming was very satisfied with Golden Bull's arrangement. It seemed that Golden Bull was growing and had matured a lot without Yang Ming realizing. He had undergone a qualitative change from that small assassin in a small assassin group in Song Jiang.

"Captain Wang Peng is responsible for the operations outside the casino. The men outside are all professional mercenaries, while everyone inside the casino are professional assassins. They are my men," said Golden Bull. "You can also directly contact Wang Peng, Brother Yang."

"Not bad!" Yang Ming did not expect that Golden Bull had been so careful with the arrangement. Wang Peng's men were professional mercenaries. These people were well-trained at integrated operations to quickly destroy the enemy. Golden Bull's men were good at assassination. They were hidden in all corners of the casino, so they could take down suspicious targets very easily.

"Thank you for your praise!" Golden Bull was embarrassed after being praised by Yang Ming, so he chuckled twice.

"I have Wang Peng's contact number. You should be vigilant according to my arrangements. I will contact you at any time." said Yang Ming.

"Yes, boss," said Golden Bull.

Yang Ming was very pleased after hanging up the phone. *My men have gradually grown up, and I will gradually let them go to let them continue to work boldly.*

He got up, cleaned up, and took a bath. Yang Ming looked at his watch. It was already past five in the morning.

Yang Ming was not worried at all about whether the other party would play any tricks during today's gambling. Yang Ming did not have the nervousness and excitement of others before the game.

*I already know that I will win. What is there to be excited about?*

The hotel's restaurant only opened at six o'clock. Yang Ming lay in bed and watched TV for a while. After seeing that it was almost time, he exited the room and went downstairs for breakfast.

Unexpectedly, he saw Batterton standing respectfully not far from his room. When he saw Yang Ming coming out of the room, he quickly said, "Mr. Yang, good morning!"

"Oh?" Yang Ming was stunned. He did not expect that Batterton would be waiting nearby the room. It seemed like he had been here for some time. The reason why he stood there was to avoid eavesdropping on the conversation within the room. It seemed that Batterton had been professionally trained and he was probably like this to other members of the Douglas Family as well.

"Mr. Yang, the restaurant has specially prepared breakfast for you. May I ask if you want it sent to the room, or do you want to go to the restaurant lounge?" Batterton asked carefully.

"Oh, I'll go there and eat." Yang Ming nodded. "Wait for me to see if my friend is up."

"Okay, Mr. Yang." Batterton didn't know how Yang Ming and Wang Mei were related. But they did not look like lovers, so they should be good friends.

Yang Ming knocked on the door of Room 2 next door. Soon, Wang Mei's voice was heard, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Yang Ming," said Yang Ming. "Are you awake? Let's go to the restaurant for breakfast?"

The room's door opened with a click. Wang Mei was already dressed, but her eyes were a little red. It seemed like she didn't sleep well last night. She couldn't sleep well until Zhang Bin returned safely, so she woke up early.

"En, let's go," Wang Mei nodded. "But I have no appetite..."

"Hehe, eat a little. Rest assured, today I promise that Zhang Bin and Uncle Zhang will return safely!" Yang Ming smiled and said.

"En..." Wang Mei still trusted Yang Ming's ability. When in Macau, Yang Ming demonstrated extraordinary powers. *Wasn't the man who kept bothering me easily settled by Yang Ming?!*

Wang Mei was surprised at Batterton's diligence in leading the way. With Batterton's identity, even if Yang Ming knew his boss, there was no need for him to do this so early in the morning!

Wang Mei increasingly felt the mystery and power behind Yang Ming. It seemed that there was no one he didn't know nor anything that he couldn't settle at all.

Batterton personally brought Yang Ming and Wang Mei to the hotel's VIP restaurant. It was a separate private room with a bathroom, a TV, some morning newspapers and magazines, and bright floor-to-ceiling windows that showed the morning view outside.

"Mr. Yang, please take a look. This is the breakfast menu. Is there anything you want to eat? We will prepare it for you immediately." Batterton passed a beautiful menu to Yang Ming. At the same time, he gave Wang Mei another copy, "Miss Wang, please."

Yang Ming took a brief look at the dishes on the menu. Yang Ming didn't have any diet restrictions, but he didn't particularly like Western food, so he said, "There's too much here. Just serve the first half."

It was the same for Wang Mei. As a Chinese, she didn't particularly like to eat Western food, so she nodded, "I'm fine with anything."

"It's not too much. Mr. Yang, you can eat selectively!" Batterton said quickly.

"Oh, alright. Make the servings smaller." Yang Ming waved his hand to indicate that Batterton could go and prepare.

"Okay, Mr. Yang." Batterton trotted out of the private room.

#### **Chapter 1542: Preconceived/ Dead End**

"Hehe, we have no other intentions. We just want to find a quiet and comfortable place." Klass laughed, "However, your worry is not unreasonable."

"That being the case, I think we should do it here. It's fine here," Yang Ming said plainly.

"Of course, this place is not suitable for gambling. Why don't we go to a private room on the first floor's lobby?" Klass was afraid that Yang Ming would misunderstand, so he added, "There are guests outside, so you don't need to worry, right?"

Even though Klass said this, he sneered in his heart. *Do you think we won't dare to do anything to you if we are in a crowded place on the first floor? The private rooms in this casino are all super soundproof. Whatever happens on the inside can't be heard from the outside.*

Yang Ming hesitated, then nodded, "Well, then let's do it in the private room on the first floor."

Yang Ming naturally couldn't agree too quickly. Agreeing too quickly would make Smith and Klass suspicious. Golden Bull and the rest were laying low in the casino disguised as ordinary tourists. It was impossible for them to approach the VIP room upstairs, so a private room near the lobby on the first floor was the best choice.

The reason why Yang Ming said to play in the security manager's room was to mislead them. He knew that Klass would definitely not agree to gamble here. There was no dedicated table and the environment wasn't suitable for gambling.

They had previously confirmed that Yang Ming had returned directly to the hotel yesterday and had not been out or contacted anyone since then. Hence, they had concluded that Yang Ming was unlikely to have any tricks.

Besides, they harbored malicious intentions towards Yang Ming, so they had a preconceived guilty conscience. Yang Ming had guessed their thoughts, so they agreed with Yang Ming without thinking. They were also afraid to insist on anything, in fear that Yang Ming would become suspicious.

However, Yang Ming was certain that Klass was guilty. If he argued or insisted instead, Yang Ming would not think much.

Klass didn't know that he had shot himself in the foot and made Yang Ming vigilant. It was good that he had wishful thinking, but unfortunately, Yang Ming was already fully prepared.

Smith listened to Klass's decision then picked up the phone, dialed a number, and gave some instructions. The general purpose was to change the game's venue to Private Room 3 in the lobby on the first floor, and to take Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang to Room 3.

After making the call, Smith smiled at Yang Ming, "So, is this okay? In fact, although you have a reason to worry, our casino has a good reputation!"

Yang Ming smiled plainly, but his expression was cold.

Yang Ming sneered in his heart. *Have a good reputation? If you have a good reputation, you wouldn't help Klass to detain them. Is this still a good reputation? Who would believe this nonsense?*

"Let's go. Sir, how should I address you?" Klass looked at Yang Ming in a friendly manner.

"Yang Ming." Yang Ming mocked in his heart. *He seemed to have mentioned my name to Smith after I left yesterday, but he still pretended to not know and asked again.*

"Mr. Yang, do you think we can go there now?" asked Klass.

"Let's go." Yang Ming stood up unwillingly. Smith rushed to the front to lead the way while Yang Ming and Klass followed him. Behind Yang Ming were Klass' bodyguards and Smith's attendants.

They followed Smith through the narrow corridor to the lobby on the casino's first floor. Although it was early in the morning, the casino was still lively! The casino was open twenty-four hours a day, so many gamblers came here at night. Some people had gambled until their eyes were bloodshot, while others wanted to win some more after winning.

However, in general, many people lose more than they win in casinos. Otherwise, how could casinos make money? Only a few people could win money, and few of these people would seize the chance to directly exchange the chips for money and leave the casino. But most of them would stay on. The more you win, the more you want to keep winning. In the end, all of them would lose all their money.

This was the mindset of many gamblers. The sense of getting rich quickly brought about by the wins and losses of gambling was irresistible. In the first floor's lobby, in addition to some tourists, there were also some desperate gamblers.

And those who were really rich had gone to the VIP room upstairs. These people were not gamblers and did not expect to get rich overnight. They were just pursuing the feeling of adventure and excitement. They cared little about losing money.

"Big- big- big-"

"Small- small- small-"

"Ah- I won-"

"Ah- I'm screwed-"

The casino was full of noisy sounds, and there were languages from many different countries. It was just like a big market.

However, Smith and Klass, as well as their subordinates, were clearly accustomed to it. They were people who had been in the casino for a long time, so they automatically filtered out the sound.

Yang Ming just frowned, showing a little look of disgust. In fact, Yang Ming did it on purpose. This expression was just to indicate covertly to Golden Bull that he had seen him.

Seeing Yang Ming show a disgusted expression, Klass smiled and said nothing. *It seems that Yang Ming does not often visit casinos. Even if Yang Ming is an expert, an expert that practiced at home is nothing but someone who disregards the outside world. Theory alone is not feasible without practice.*

Previously, Klass had discovered from the Nancheng Family that Yang Ming was a very good gambler. But Klass didn't take it seriously. If Yang Ming was very powerful, the boss behind him would not have allowed him to personally come and play!

As a matter of fact, he had been following his boss for six years. He was his boss's proudest disciple. His hand speed was comparable to that of his boss, so he felt that gambling with Yang Ming was very easy.

"Here it is!" Smith pointed to a VIP room not far away labeled "1F-VIP3", indicating that it was the third VIP private room on the first floor.

In fact, the private rooms on the first floor's lobby were not VIP rooms at all. They were far worse compared to those rooms upstairs and were decorated very ordinarily.

Yang Ming nodded, waited for Smith to open the door, and walked into the private room with Klass. Yang Ming seemed calm and indifferent. In fact, he had used his special ability to scope the third private room and found that Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang were safe inside. There was no extraordinary structure in the private room as well, so it was impossible for people to be hidden there. Therefore, Yang Ming entered the private room so easily.

"Bro!" Zhang Bing sat sadly beside Zhang Jiefang. For the past two days, he was scared to death. He finally understood that gambling a little was entertaining, but excessive gambling was harmful. He had almost died. He was really regretful. If he knew earlier, he wouldn't go and gamble. But there was no solution for regret, and it was useless for him to regret anything.

Zhang Jiefang had similar thoughts. He thought that it would be unreasonable if he didn't gamble at a casino while in Las Vegas. If someone asked why he didn't go to a casino while in Las Vegas, it would be a bit too shameful, right?

Originally, Zhang Jiefang also thought of just simply playing, so he took Zhang Bing with him. However, it was clear that Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang were being followed.

At the beginning, Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang had won some money. This caused their self-confidence to inflate. The more they won, the more they wanted to continue to win. The more they continued to win, the more they couldn't stop.

After a series of small wins, they finally lost. However, their previous series of wins made Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang lose their sanity, and the big loss did not wake them up. Instead, they continued to bet through the night, wanting to win back their capital and win some more.

People who had not gambled before were especially likely to become senseless. When they lost a lot, someone suddenly came to find them. This person was Klass. He told Zhang Jiefang and Zhang Bing that there was a lack of show-hands in the VIP room, and asked them if they wanted to play to change their luck.

### **Chapter 1543: A Gamble Gone Wrong/ Problematic Deck of Cards**

Yang Ming waved his hand casually. Klass nodded his head in approval as well when he saw Yang Ming had no objections.

The dealer gathered the playing cards on the table and started shuffling. Yang Ming found it a little funny that Klass was watching the dealer's movements without even blinking. This guy must have deft hands and a keen vision. He's pretty suitable to be a thief!

"Ahh— Ahh— Ahh choo—" Yang Ming felt tingly and suddenly sneezed loudly. Klass was startled and leaned backward as he covered his mouth. However, due to this, he lost track of the dealer's movements.

Of course, it was impossible to remember the position of all the cards. Klass could only remember the top few cards. In a game like Blackjack, the only usable cards were the ones on top. The ones at the bottom were completely useless.

Klass frowned. He didn't know if Yang Ming did it intentionally. However, if he did do it intentionally, wouldn't that prevent him from remembering the order of the cards as well? Or could it be that he never was able to memorize them, so he intentionally caused chaos to prevent Klass from memorizing them?

Regardless, since Klass could no longer remember it, Yang Ming wouldn't be able to remember it as well. So, Klass was only a little dissatisfied in his heart and wasn't too worried.

It's just that he was originally confident of having an eighty percent chance to win, yet now it had become only fifty percent. This inevitably made Klass feel a little unlucky.

Of course, there was no way he could ask the dealer to reshuffle a new deck of cards. That would be too fake.

The dealer finished shuffling the cards and asked Klass to cut the deck. It no longer mattered how Klass cut it since he could no longer remember the order, so he just cut it simply. However, with a slight shake of his hand, two cards slipped into his sleeves.

Klass's movements were extremely discrete and at the speed of light. People who were next to him wouldn't be able to notice it. Even a camera wouldn't be able to record and capture his movements.

However, Yang Ming had always felt that Klass was not an upright person. How could he not be wary of him pulling little tricks? But Yang Ming sat there seemingly indifferent, and his eyes were not staring directly at Klass's hands. However, would Yang Ming have to look directly if he really wanted to keep an eye on someone?

Yang Ming had long used his special ability to lock onto Klass. It was still possible for others to overlook it, but it was utterly ridiculous if he wanted to hide his actions from Yang Ming's x-ray vision.

Yang Ming had been watching Klass's movements in detail. All of his actions were like slow motion in Yang Ming's eyes. When Yang Ming saw Klass hide two cards into his sleeves, he somewhat scoffed and pouted his lips. Isn't this guy pretty bold? He hid not one, but two cards? Does he think I am blind?

He looked at the two cards in Klass's sleeves. One of them was an Ace of Spades, and the other was a Five of Diamonds. One was a big card, and one was a medium card. Although Klass selected them by chance, his luck was indeed pretty great. These two cards were extremely suitable for cheating. Regardless of what the cards in his hands were, he would have the possibility to change it to be a bigger set.

However, his good luck up this point had now ended since he had run into Yang Ming.

Yang Ming smiled faintly. I'll let you be happy for now. You will cry in a while. When the dealer asked Yang Ming to cut the deck, Yang Ming shook his head to indicate that it wasn't necessary.

The dealer nodded and asked to whom he should deal the card first.

"Mr. Klass is the host, so start with him," Yang Ming politely gestured.

Klass nodded and said nothing. It didn't matter to whom the cards were dealt first. It was impossible for a two-person blackjack to have a banker and players like regular multiplayer blackjack. For the sake of fairness, both he and Yang Ming were players. The dealer could be the banker.

Klass couldn't remember the order of the cards anyway. However, he had already stolen two cards, so he still was confident in winning.

The dealer gave Klass and Yang Ming two cards each, an up card and a hole card.

Klass's hole card was the Three of Clubs, and his up card was a Four of Hearts. This was a smaller set of cards. It was more advantageous.

Yang Ming, on the other hand, had an Eight of Hearts as his hole card, and his up card was a Seven of Spades. Cards like these were a little tough. Fifteen points, a breaking hand. If he asked for another card, he might bust. If he did not, his points would be easily exceeded by others.

Klass took a look at his hole card and a smirk showed at the corner of his lips. While he was looking at this card, he snuck a peek at both the stolen cards in his sleeve. Then, his smile widened.

After hiding the cards, Klass put the hole card back on the table and said to the dealer, "Hit."

The dealer nodded and dealt Klass a card. It was a Six of Clubs.



Klass's eyes widened. He didn't expect that he would be so lucky! His opened cards were now a Four of Hearts and a Six of Clubs. In his hand, he still had an Ace of Spades. With this, he would have twenty-one points just by exchanging his Three of Clubs hole card with the Ace of Spades in his sleeves! This was a certain killing!

As long as Yang Ming's two cards didn't form a direct Blackjack, he would win this round. Of course, Yang Ming's up card was a Seven of Clubs. It was impossible for him to get a direct Blackjack.

Klass pretended to frown. He picked up the hole card again, and then rubbed it and put it back to its original place. He had already completed the swap at this moment.

"Stand." Klass stopped.

Yang Ming was intrigued. You're playing so seriously even when you're cheating? Yang Ming shrugged and said, "Stand."

Yang Ming had seen that the next card was a Nine of Clubs. He would have busted if he asked for another card. Then, even if he were to expose Klass, it would be somewhat inappropriate if his cards were a bust.

Ha! Klass was euphoric when he heard Yang Ming say stand. Wouldn't that mean that he had definitely won? If Yang Ming had asked for another card, they might have drawn if Yang Ming also accumulated twenty-one points with the extra card. However, Yang Ming had actually stood. Could it be that Yang Ming thought that Klass's cards had already busted?

"Both sides show hands," said the dealer.

Klass smiled faintly when he heard the dealer's words. He reached out his hand to reveal his hole card. It was the Ace of Spades he had swapped in. With the two up cards on his table— Four of Hearts and Six of Clubs, it formed twenty-one points.

"My apologies, you let me win." Klass shrugged. It was impossible for Yang Ming's cards to exceed his. Yang Ming would definitely lose regardless of what his hole card was.

Klass didn't expect it to go so smoothly today. The winner was decided with just one game. He initially thought that he had to go through a fierce battle! It seemed that Yang Ming was not all that. He was nowhere near as great as the rumors made him sound. Boss was too nervous!

Klass thought that Yang Ming's life was about to be his. So, he laughed happily and proudly. He could almost see his boss patting his shoulders in satisfaction, and offering him a promotion.

"My apologies, I lost focus." Yang Ming shrugged.

"Oh, that's okay." Although Klass said this, he thought in his heart, Do you think that you can use losing focus as an excuse? Do you think that you can just pretend that nothing happened because you lost focus? Klass found it a little funny.

"There's something I forgot to say. I'll say it now." Yang Ming smiled and pointed at the deck in the dealer's hands, "There's a problem with this deck."

“There’s a problem?” The dealer was stunned. Klass was also stunned. They didn’t know what Yang Ming was implying.

Klass thought, Could it be that Yang Ming is refusing to acknowledge his defeat?

“What do you mean by this? What problems can this deck have?” said Klass with a grimace.

“If I say that there’s a problem, there’s naturally a problem.” Yang Ming laughed.

“Mr. Yang, could it be that you are deliberately looking for excuses because you are dissatisfied with the outcome of this game?” Klass was a little displeased. It wasn’t easy for him to win, so what was Yang Ming trying to imply with these words? “Alright. Since you say that there’s a problem with this deck, tell me, what’s the problem?”

“There are no Five of Diamonds and Three of Clubs within these cards. So, the result of this gamble is invalid,” said Yang Ming as he pointed at the remaining cards in the dealer’s hands.

#### **Chapter 1544: Do Not Move!/ Depressed and Sullen**

A moment ago, Zhang Bing also saw that Klass’s cards had actually made up a Blackjack. Zhang Bing suddenly felt that the sky was going to fall. Dramatic changes would take place. Would Yang Ming’s life be endangered here?

However, Zhang Bing also knew that it was not right for him to say anything. Even if he objected, the other party would not take him seriously. He could only look at Yang Ming anxiously.

But when he saw Yang Ming calmly say that he had forgotten to mention something just now, Zhang Bing knew that Yang Ming already had a countermeasure. He would not be taken advantage of by others.

Indeed, the situation suddenly changed after Yang Ming spoke. Klass, who was supposed to be the winner, suddenly became the loser. His face was gloomy and ugly. Although Zhang Bing did not know how Yang Ming could change the course of events and even know about the missing two cards in the card deck, a victory was still a victory. No matter how Yang Ming did it, what mattered was that the final result was to their advantage.

Zhang Bing was overjoyed. Yang Ming did not disappoint him. My bro is the Boss. He is simply awesome. He played with Klass without a hint of temper. This way of defeating opponents is simply too exhilarating.

“I just casually mentioned it...Correct any mistakes you make, but maintain your good record if you did not make them. Besides, I’m talking about the quality of the playing cards. What is Mr. Klass so agitated about? Is this playing card manufactured by your own family?” Yang Ming said sarcastically as he smiled faintly.

“I am only commenting. What do these playing cards have to do with me!” Klass said mockingly as his face changed. “Shall we start the game? Stop discussing the playing cards.”

“En, you are right. Then, let’s continue.” Yang Ming nodded to the dealer, indicating that he could start. “This time, you have to pay close attention to the playing cards. If there are two cards missing, you will not be able to explain yourself.”

The dealer's face changed. He knew in his heart that Yang Ming was just reminding him. Before this, he blamed Yang Ming for stealing the playing cards. But in the end, Yang Ming never touched the playing cards. Therefore, it was definitely impossible for Yang Ming to steal the cards. The dealer was still embarrassed over this. So, he directed his suspicions toward Klass, especially since Klass had a somewhat uncomfortable expression afterward. This further reinforced the dealer's thoughts. However, Klass was introduced by Smith, and was said to be a good friend of the big boss. Hence, it was impossible for the dealer to have a fallout with Klass.

So, the dealer was very grateful to Yang Ming for the reminder regardless of his previous suspicions. This time, all would be well as long as he watched Klass carefully. The dealer gave Yang Ming a warm smile and began to unpack the playing cards.

Klass looked even more gloomy after Yang Ming's reminder. However, he could not explain anything at this time. He would likely be suspected of hiding something if he tried to explain further. So, Klass let out a groan and swallowed his anger.

"Both sides, please check the cards," the dealer said to Yang Ming and Klass as he spread the playing cards on the table.

"Mr. Yang, for this round, you need to watch carefully whether there are any playing cards missing," Klass told Yang Ming. "Otherwise, it will be bad if you mention that there are missing cards again."

"Hehe, I have finished looking. There is no problem. What about you, Mr. Klass?" Yang Ming nodded with a smile.

"I have no problem too," said Klass casually.

"Well, you can now shuffle the cards," Yang Ming said to the dealer.

The dealer nodded his head and quickly shuffled the cards.

Klass stared at the dealer's hand movements without blinking. Yang Ming snickered in his heart. This guy is trying to memorize the order of the playing cards again. Of course, Yang Ming would not allow him to do as he pleased. Yang Ming rubbed his chin and then said, "Mr. Klass, tell me. How is it possible that there were missing cards in the set of playing cards just now?"

"Ah...what?" Klass was fully focusing on the playing cards in the dealer's hand. He was immediately distracted when he heard Yang Ming's question, "How would I know?"

However, as Klass was distracted, he could no longer track the dealer's hand movements. His previous efforts were useless. Klass was so enraged that his lungs wanted to explode! This Yang Ming. He always chooses to talk nonsense at the critical moment instead of earlier or later on. Dang it, it is really annoying!

"To say the least, this casino is quite large. I never thought that there would be problems with the playing cards. I managed to notice the missing cards. Any normal gambler would have lost a lot of money if they did not notice it." Yang Ming derided the casino at the same time. After all, Yang Ming was dissatisfied with the South City Casino for helping Klass. Obviously, he would not give the casino face this time.

"I'm not a producer of playing cards. How would I know?" Krass was getting impatient. This Yang Ming is really meddlesome. I have no choice but to try to steal some playing cards again for this round. If I can't, I can only depend on my luck.

Klass's spirits were very low. He definitely suspected that Yang Ming was doing this intentionally. He was thinking. This kid's eyesight is not good. He can not remember the order of the dealer's shuffling. He purposely caused this ruckus to make sure I do not remember it too. This causes both of us to be in the same boat, relying on our luck.

The dealer shuffled the cards, then placed the playing cards on the table, and said, "Please cut the playing cards."

When Klass was about to reach out, Yang Ming suddenly said, "Stop! Don't move!"

Klass was shocked. His heart had nearly fallen out. He silently scolded Yang Ming for his lack of manners. He frowned and looked at Yang Ming, "What do you think you are doing?"

"Both of us best not touch those playing cards. If any cards go missing this time, you will be considered the prime suspect!" Yang Ming seemed to be reminding Klass for his own good on the surface. But in reality, he was actually insinuating that Klass would try to steal the cards again.

"..." Klass did not expect this Yang Ming to be so troublesome. From now on, he must finally face his opponent properly without any of his previous contempt. Klass finally understood why the boss wanted him to handle this serious matter, "You don't need to remind me. I won't even touch it."

Klass's hand conveniently brushed his hair and said. "I am just doing my hair."

The dealer broke into a cold sweat at Yang Ming's words. Now that I think about it, Klass might have taken the opportunity when cutting the cards to steal two cards. In that case, I really can't afford to be careless!

Since Yang Ming said that they would not be cutting the cards, the dealer quickly seized the opportunity and took back the poker cards. He cut the cards twice and said, "Who will go first this time?"

"Mr. Yang, you decide." Klass could no longer remember the order of the cards anyway. Hence, he might as well be generous this once and let Yang Ming decide. It would also prevent Yang Ming from finding any flaws with the game when he lost.

"Hehe, the previous game was invalid. So, this time, Mr. Klass should be the one to decide," said Yang Ming with a smile.

"Okay!" Klass did not decline and said to the dealer, "Let's get started."

The reason Yang Ming said this was because he had already seen the cards. If he allowed Klass to be dealt to first, Yang Ming would be getting two tens. It would be impossible for Klass to have cards bigger than his regardless of whether Klass asked or stopped. If Klass asked for two more playing cards, he would bust.

Klass's face-down card was a nine of hearts. His face-up card was an eight of clubs.

Yang Ming's face-down card was a ten of hearts. His face-up card was a ten of spades.

Klass was to ask for the card first. He was a bit hesitant. His hand of cards was disastrous! His playing cards added up together to seventeen points. It was neither big nor small. He could easily lose this round if he asked for another card.

However, when he saw Yang Ming's face-up card was a ten of spades, Klass was troubled as to whether to ask for another card. After hesitating for a while, Klass said, "I want one card."

"Hehe." Yang Ming let out a faint laugh, scaring Klass.

"What are you laughing at?" Klass was a little annoyed. He was a little scared, and not sure whether to continue to ask for a card. What did Yang Ming's sudden "hehe" laugh mean? Is he laughing at my inevitable bust?

That can't be right. Yang Ming can only see my face-up card, but he can't see my face down card. What is he laughing about?

"My hand of playing cards is good. Can't I laugh twice?" Yang Ming said as if it was normal and looked at Klass like he was a fool.

"This ..." Klass was speechless. Is there anyone like you? You laughed when your hand of cards was good? Don't you know that beaming with joy is a taboo during gambling? Are you afraid that others will not be able to guess your cards?

However, it was naturally impossible for Klass to fully believe Yang Ming. This Yang Ming was extremely sly. In his opinion, Yang Ming's gambling skills might be terrible, but he would try to use some clever tricks to his advantage.

#### **Chapter 1545: Lost Again/ This is Called Gambling Your Life**

"Oh, you're right!" Yang Ming nodded thoughtfully at Klass's words.

"Hehe..." Klass was elated. *Does this mean Yang Ming will not take another card? Doesn't that mean I will win? Wow! Hahahahaha! Yang Ming, oh Yang Ming, you are still too green to fight with me!*

Although this hand [1] was not great for me, I still successfully turned around the situation and ended up as the big winner! Wow, Kakaka, that's great!

"This is the last game, and I don't want to lose all my previous effort. So, I have decided! I'll take another card!" Yang Ming smiled gratefully at Klass after he finished speaking.

"Ah?" Klass's jaw dropped, and his eyes widened. *He wants another card? Did I hear right? Didn't he already decide before not to draw another one? It should be that he doesn't want to. How come he is insisting that he wants another card now?*

"I thought that the cards in my hand are already very big. So, I didn't want another one. But after hearing your advice, I think you are right. This is the last hand. I have to gamble. Otherwise, I may lose everything I won before!" said Yang Ming solemnly. "This will be a bigger victory..." "

Klass felt like crying when he heard Yang Ming's words. *Does this gamble lead to a bigger victory? It seemed that my words were counterproductive? Yang Ming did not intend to take another card, but my words changed his mind?*

*Oh shucks! What's this called? Isn't this toying with people? How did Yang Ming become so smart? Is he really stupid or pretending to be stupid? Why am I such a blabbermouth? Will keeping my mouth shut kill me? I just can't keep my big mouth shut!*

In fact, what Klass did not know was that it did not matter whether he said those words or not. Yang Ming intentionally said this to make him feel uncomfortable. If he did not say these words, Yang Ming would have said that he meant to ask for another card.

If that was the case, Klass would be just as upset as to why he didn't babble his mouth to try to persuade Yang Ming.

This was what Yang Ming wanted. Let this guy be sick to the stomach [2]. Who else could he give such a bad time!

"Hmph." Klass's face did not look pleasant, but he could not change what was in front of him. His loss was a foregone conclusion. It could not be changed.

Regardless of what happened next, it was meaningless to continue to gamble. It would be boring. But Klass then thought up an idea. *If I can trick Yang Ming into continuing to ask for cards, he would eventually go bust, wouldn't he?*

With this thought, Klass regained some confidence. He smiled at Yang Ming, "Yeah, but your cards are not that big. So, maybe you can ask for another card?"

"Yeah." Yang Ming nodded and did not attempt to hide. In fact, it was obvious. Yang Ming's face-up card was a ten. It did not matter what his face down card was. His total points were already over ten. So, this Ace of Hearts must be used as a point.

"I think, in this case, you might as well request another card while you are hot," said Klass.

"Oh, you're right," said Yang Ming as he nodded. "Then, I'll get one! Dealer, deal."

The dealer gave Yang Ming another card. It was an Ace of Diamonds.

"What?" Yang Ming pretended to be surprised and looked at the card in front of him, "Why is it an Ace?"

Klass was very excited to see his plan working. *Yang Ming seemed to be easily duped. He believed what I said and asked for another card.*

"Hah, it seems Mr. Yang is lucky!" Klass smiled. "Do you still want another card?"

Klass's meaning was very obvious. Since Yang Ming was lucky, he should continue.

"Yes, Mr. Klass, you're right. My luck is great!" Yang Ming nodded and said with deep conviction.

Klass smiled with satisfaction at Yang Ming's words. But Yang Ming's following words almost made him cry!

Klass listened as Yang Ming continued, "Thank you for your reminder. No one can be lucky all the time. So, I have decided that I don't want another card."

*Klass was going crazy. Is there a problem with Yang Ming's ability to understand? I gave a clear explanation. Could it be that Yang Ming did not understand? The same thing as before happened again. It appears I can not give any hint to Yang Ming at all. This Yang Ming has a problem understanding hints. How could I explain even more clearly?*

Of course, Klass was only silently criticizing Yang Ming. Of course, he did not think that there was a problem with Yang Ming's IQ or Yang Ming's ability to understand. Otherwise, his boss behind the scenes would not expend so much effort to deal with Yang Ming.

In his opinion, he reckoned that Yang Ming misunderstood him as he was Chinese. Although Yang Ming's English was fluent, he was not able to understand subtle hints very well.

Klass did not give it much thought before as his mind was occupied with the gambling table. Both the dealer and Smith certainly did not understand Chinese. So, Klass decided to speak in English. Now, it seemed like he needed to speak in Chinese with Yang Ming!

"You are not going to think about it anymore?" Klass was a little persistent.

"Stop dealing the cards," said Yang Ming to the dealer with a smile.

"Sir, do you still want any more cards?" asked the dealer as he nodded at Klass.

Klass knew what the next card was, and knew that he would bust if he asked for it. It did not matter whether he wanted the card or not. He said resentfully, "No, stop!"

"Well, both sides please reveal your cards," said the dealer after hearing Klass's words.

When he saw Yang Ming's face-down card, Klass, frustratedly said, "I lost."

"Hehe, if that's the case, will my friend be freed?" asked Yang Ming with a smile.

"Yes. That's right." Klass was very dispirited. Initially, his plan was going well. However, Yang Ming unexpectedly won two consecutive rounds and turned the situation around.

*Well, do I need to consider forcing Yang Ming to stay here?*

"Mr. Yang, you bet for your two friends for these two rounds. Now we are even. Isn't it fair to bet another round?" asked Klass, pretending to be a gambling addict wanting to continue.

"Oh, is that the case?" Yang Ming glanced at Klass with interest. *Looks like this kid is not willing to give up!*

"Boss, don't bet with him!" Zhang Bing was worried that Yang Ming would not reject him straight away. *It is not easy to gain such an advantage. Don't lose it!*

Zhang Jiefang was anxious as well. But he didn't say anything as Zhang Bing had voiced out his thoughts.

Klass frowned when he saw Zhang Bing causing a commotion. If he knew this would have happened earlier, he would have asked someone to seal their mouths with adhesive tape. This would have prevented them from stirring up unnecessary troubles and talking nonsense.

Klass pretended he did not hear Zhang Bing and asked, "Mr. Yang, what do you think?"

Yang Ming gestured to Zhang Bing to keep quiet. He then smiled and said to Klass, "Your proposal is good. However, what are we betting this time? You have lost all your chips to me."

"*Hehe*, like I said. I am a person who loves excitement and risks!" Klass laughed. "Of course, we will gamble our lives!"

"Gambling with your life? Whose life do I use? You want me to use their lives?" Yang Ming pointed to Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang.

"*Ah...Mr. Yang, you can't be risking your friends anymore?*" Klass was bewildered. He did not expect Yang Ming to make such a suggestion! What he meant was for Yang Ming to gamble his own life!

"I am just joking," said Yang Ming calmly. "Well, since you like to gamble with your life, then let us gamble with our lives!"

"*En, it seems that Mr. Yang is also fond of gambling!*" Klass was very happy that Yang Ming agreed. He had already planned out. *For this round, no matter what, I will shamelessly seize the opportunity to decide whether to take the cards first or later.*

"*Hehe—*" Yang Ming laughed and didn't answer.

"Mr. Yang, what are we playing this time? Are we still playing BlackJack?" asked Klass.

"*Oh, let's change the game this time.*" Yang Ming stood up when he finished talking and walked towards Smith. Just when everyone was wondering what Yang Ming was going to do, there was a pistol in Yang Ming's hand.

#### **Chapter 1546: The Consequence of Not Following the Game Rules/ Meet Me Within Twenty-four Hours**

"*Cluck...*" There was a soft sound but no bullets were fired.

"It looks like I'm quite lucky. It's your turn now." Yang Ming pushed the pistol over to Klass.

Watching Yang Ming's relaxed expression, Klass was a little speechless and even thought, *Is this guy really unafraid of death? Doesn't he cherish life at all? I even boasted to him that I seek adventure. Looking at it now, who is the one who loves adventures?*

Klass frowned. He had received no text message replies on his mobile phone. *These subordinates are really useless. What's wrong with them? There is no news at all from the people of both teams. Aren't they too unreliable?*



As Yang Ming was looking at him impatiently, Klass had no choice but to pick up the pistol and aim it at his temple with a wry smile. However, the muzzle was slightly deviated away from his temple. *I won't die if I shoot like this, right?*

*At least, after I shoot, it is still possible for me to be rescued after I am sent to the hospital, right?* When Klass thought of this, he felt a little relieved. He then gnashed his teeth and pulled the trigger.

"Cluck..." There was another sound, and the bullet was still not fired.

Klass felt relieved immediately. He looked like he was about to collapse. His entire body was already soaked with sweat, as if he had just come out of a sauna.

"It's your turn." Klass exhaled and pushed the pistol to Yang Ming.

Now, two shots had been fired. There were four shots left, one of which had a bullet. Therefore, Yang Ming had a twenty-five percent chance of being shot to death. It was a very high probability!

Klass prayed in his heart for Yang Ming to die so that everything would be fine.

"Oh, okay." Yang Ming's expression surprised Klass. Yang Ming still seemed unconcerned when he took the pistol. Klass was shocked. It was understandable that Yang Ming was indifferent during the first shot previously there was a low probability of the bullet coming out. *But why is he still like that during his second shot?*

It was as if he wasn't worried that the shot would be fatal at all. *Could it be that this brat is pretending to be fearless? It doesn't look like it though!*

Yang Ming made his next move while still being calm as usual. He took the pistol, aimed at his temple, and pulled the trigger.

"Cluck..." There was another soft sound, and the bullet was still not fired.

"It's your turn again, Mr. Klass." Yang Ming pushed the pistol to Klass, "It seems like I'm quite lucky."

Klass cursed secretly. *This Yang Ming is really unexpectedly lucky. Three shots have already been fired and he's not dead yet? If I fire the fourth shot... I have a one-third chance of receiving the bullet. Looks like I am in a very risky situation!*

However, the current circumstances did not give him any other choice. He regretted finding Yang Ming to gamble. If he had known earlier, he would not have made a fuss about it. He should have let his men from the two teams ambush and kill Yang Ming as soon as Yang Ming arrived.

*However, my subordinates from both teams are so unreliable. If I had let them handle the things, who knows what the results would have been like!*

"It's me again, hehe..." Klass laughed dryly and took the pistol. After glancing at Yang Ming, Klass took a deep breath and aimed the muzzle at his temple.

Similar to last time, the muzzle was slightly deviated again. In his opinion, he was willing to suffer a little as long as he didn't die.

"Cluck..." Klass pulled the trigger, and a soft sound echoed. Klass didn't feel any pain. It was an empty shot again.

*Ha ha ha ha ha! After firing this shot, he really wanted to laugh out loud. I am really lucky! I got through another shot. Now there are only two shots left, one of which has a bullet. It seems like it will be difficult for Yang Ming to escape this time!*

"Mr. Yang, it's your turn this time." Klass returned the pistol to Yang Ming, "It's the last two shots. Mr. Yang, you should be careful."

"Is it? Aren't there two more shots? If I don't die, then you will die. So what are you so happy about?" Yang Ming glanced at Klass and said sarcastically.

*"Uhm..."* Klass was stunned for a moment. But then he realized what Yang Ming said was right. *If he doesn't die, then I am going to be the one to die. There is no reason for me to be excited. But if Yang Ming shoots first, he should have a higher chance of dying, right?*

"Mr. Yang, you are joking. How can I be happy? I'm just excited. As I said before, I am an adventurous person. There is a fifty percent chance left, so I'm feeling hyper!" Klass explained with a forced smile.

"Oh, then you may continue to be excited. If I do not die, you can be excited to death," Yang Ming said calmly.

"..." Klass really couldn't figure out how Yang Ming had such courage. There were two shots left, yet he was still not panicking. It was really strange.

Yang Ming ignored Klass. He picked up the pistol, aimed it at his temple and pulled the trigger without the slightest hesitation.

"Cluck..." It was still a soft sound. No bullets were shot out. It seemed like another empty shot.

Klass originally hoped that Yang Ming would die with this shot, but the result was disappointing. *Nothing happened to Yang Ming at all. Doesn't that mean that the last shot carries the bullet? Isn't it my turn?*

Thinking of this, Klass was suddenly filled with fear. He still had a chance to live if it was the previous gambling game. But now he would definitely die! If he fired this shot, he would be severely injured even if he did not die.

Klass suddenly broke out into a cold sweat. *I didn't expect such a result to occur in the end. Isn't this Yang Ming too lucky? He didn't even die in this situation. And now it's my turn.*

"Mr. Klass, shall I fire this last shot for you? Or are you going to do it yourself?" Yang Ming looked at Klass with a sneer. "It seems like you are very unlucky."

"This... I'll do it myself..." Klass's complexion was pale. It was unknown what he was thinking about.

"Okay, then you go ahead and do it yourself." Yang Ming pushed the pistol to Klass, "You're going to die of excitement soon."

Klass was speechless for a while. What Yang Ming said was right. He was going to die of excitement soon. But he was not satisfied. *Why? Why?* He wasn't stupid. Knowing that he would surely die if he fired this last shot, Klass hesitated.

He couldn't shoot. He could never do it. *I really don't know what my men are doing. I have still received no news up until now. Otherwise, it would be great if they rushed in now to solve the problem at this time.*

Klass hesitated, but he had a plan in mind. He slowly raised the pistol, and then aimed at his head. Suddenly, his hand moved swiftly, and the muzzle was aimed at Yang Ming. He pulled the trigger at the speed of light!

*"Cluck..."* The gun sounded, but it was only a soft sound and no bullets were fired.

However, Klass didn't notice this detail. He subconsciously thought that the bullet had been shot, so he stared at Yang Ming, waiting for him to collapse in a pool of blood.

However, Klass was disappointed. Yang Ming did not collapse in a pool of blood, and didn't even seem wounded at all. He still remained calm and composed while sitting there and looking at Klass scornfully.

Then, Klass realized that no bullets were shot out of the pistol. He was anxious. *How can this be possible? Maybe it got stuck?* He continued to pull the trigger. *"Cluck- Cluck- Cluck-"* It was just another series of soft sounds. No bullets were fired.

At this time, Yang Ming moved. His hand lifted slightly, and a bullet was abruptly shot out from between his fingers, hitting Klass between his eyebrows directly. Klass's eyes suddenly widened, and he collapsed with a groan. He was still in his shooting stance, holding the revolver on his right hand.

"I knew you would not follow the rules of the game," Yang Ming sneered. "There are no bullets in the gun. They are all in my hands."

Yang Ming knew that there were no bullets in the gun, so he did not dodge when Klass fired at him. Otherwise, with Yang Ming's speed, he could completely avoid Klass's shot.

"Catch him! Don't let him run away!" Smith, Smith's men, and Klass's subordinates were all dumbfounded by this sudden change.

But Smith was the first to respond and ordered his men loudly.

Unfortunately, just after he yelled his order, the private room's door was kicked open. Golden Bull rushed in leading some men and immediately subdued everyone in the hall except Yang Ming, Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang.

#### **Chapter 1547: The Jewellery Association Again/ Promotion and Reward**

"Where did you get this car?" Yang Ming looked at the Golden Bull's car, puzzled. It was a Chrysler Grand Caravan that had been modified and made specially bulletproof. The car was most probably not rented or borrowed temporarily.

"Hehe, boss, this is the car of the Charles Family branch in Las Vegas," said Golden Bull with a smile. "These weapons were also provided by this branch. Otherwise, it would have been very troublesome to get so many people carrying heaps of weapons across the border!"

"The Charles Family has a branch here too!" Yang Ming nodded. It seemed that it was no coincidence that the Charles Family could grow to such a large scale. Their strength was worse than the Butterfly Family, but they made up for it in other ways. Establishing multiple network points was enough to fill the gap.

"Yes, Las Vegas is a city with a relatively large business volume. The Charles family generally receives assassination missions aimed at some big names and powerful people. These people often come here to play, so there are more opportunities to attack here," explained Golden Bull. "Boss, where do you want to go?"

"Douglas Vast Hotel," said Yang Ming. "You just need to send us there, and then stand by once you return."

"Okay." Golden Bull nodded without hesitating.

After Yang Ming finished talking to Golden Bull, he got in the car with Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang. Although Yang Ming had shown his dominance today, he was still not ready to tell Zhang Bing about certain matters. These things could only be said slowly over time. The shock given to Zhang Bing today was already very overpowering.

Golden Bull asked his men to go back first, then he sent Yang Ming and the others back to the Douglas Vast Hotel personally.

"Boss..." Zhang Bing tried to speak but kept stopping. This had already happened multiple times while he was in the car. The incident today had a huge impact on him.

"Zhang Bing, what are you trying to say? Just say it directly. There is nothing to hide between us." Yang Ming also saw that Zhang Bing seemed to have something to say, so he asked with a smile.

"Boss, did you just... kill someone just now?" Zhang Bing hesitated, but still expressed the concern in his heart.

"Oh... Is this what you are worried about?" Yang Ming was somewhat speechless after listening to Zhang Bing's concern. But Zhang Bing was an ordinary person. It was normal for him to worry about these things. There was nothing wrong about it.

Although Yang Ming and Klass were betting on their lives, it was one thing to kill oneself due to the lost bet, and it was another thing to be killed by others. So it was normal for Zhang Bing to be worried that something would happen to Yang Ming.

"Yes, boss. Although you were betting lives with him, you were the one who killed him in the end... Plus, there were so many people present. What if they call the police?" Zhang Bing said worriedly.

"Hehe, call the police?" Yang Ming laughed. "Smith isn't that stupid. What they did was a violation of the rules in the first place. Furthermore, they bet on their lives in the casino. If this news really comes out,

their casino will not be able to operate anymore. Do you think the Regulatory Department will allow them to do this? ”

Zhang Bing pondered on Yang Ming’s words carefully. Yang Ming was right. But he still felt a little uneasy, “But...”

“Relax. After reaching a certain level in upper society, they will not use ordinary means to solve a problem. After suffering a loss this time, they will either give in or seek revenge,” said Yang Ming. “But you don’t have to worry as they are targeting me, not you. You and Uncle Zhang were just used by them.”

“Ah!” Zhang Bing already felt that something was wrong previously. Smith and Klass didn’t have to put so much effort just for Zhang Jiefang and him. Then, when Yang Ming appeared, he contested with Klass in a very formal way. This made Zhang Bing feel that things were unusual.

But after hearing Yang Ming’s analysis, Zhang Bing came to understand that the person they were actually targeting was Yang Ming, not himself.

“Boss, who are these people? How did you provoke them? Why do you even have enemies abroad?” Zhang Bing asked, surprised.

“He— How would I know?” Yang Ming smiled bitterly. In fact, he never understood why this behind-the-scenes boss always had to fight against him. Even with the current situation, Yang Ming was still very clueless.

Zhang Bing thought the same. From Yang Ming’s current situation, it seemed that he was unclear as to what these people wanted. If Yang Ming knew in advance, he would not gamble with them patiently. Instead, he would directly instruct his men to rush in and save them.

“Be careful then,” said Zhang Bing.

“I don’t really care. But you should be careful!” said Yang Ming. “You are a person close to me. This identity is likely to be used by some people with ulterior motives. Just like this time, they might try to find me through you. So if it is not necessary, just stay in Song Jiang in the future. After all, I have been in business there for a long time, so no one will harm you. Our people are everywhere.”

“I got it, boss. Rest assured, I will try to keep a low profile as much as possible in the future.” Zhang Bing understood the general situation. He did not want to trouble Yang Ming. In this crucial period, he would naturally be careful whenever possible.

Zhang Bing didn’t know what had happened to Yang Ming today. Yang Ming was nagging and talking to him endlessly like an uncle. Nonetheless, he knew that Yang Ming was not speaking without thinking. Yang Ming would not just say something meaningless.

“Alright, take a good rest after returning to the hotel. Don’t go out and leave the rest to me.” Yang Ming patted Zhang Bing’s shoulder, then said, “This lady, Wang Mei is not bad. She did not leave you in your time of difficulty. But you need to manage Sisi and your side properly.”

“Relax boss. I know what to do!” Zhang Bing nodded.

Zhang Jiefang had been sitting beside him. He was calmer than Zhang Bing. Although he saw Yang Ming kill someone in front of him today, he was not as worried as Zhang Bing.

He could also see that Yang Ming was battling against the man behind Klass. This was a very high-level battle. They didn't care about the life and death of their men, and the purpose of the man behind Klass was to kill Yang Ming. So they had formed a state where both parties couldn't coexist. Naturally, no one would call the police.

It was just like how Yang Ming didn't choose to call the police. However, Zhang Jiefang had also learned a lesson this time. This time he and Zhang Bing were targeted partly due to their closeness with Yang Ming. But from a different perspective, it was impossible for the other party to take advantage of this if he wasn't addicted to gambling to the point of being unable to stop. After all, these events happened as a result of his own doings.

"By the way, Uncle Zhang, how did you come up with the idea of going to the Nancheng Casino?" Yang Ming had been thinking about this since before. This Nancheng Casino had obviously joined hands with the boss behind Klass and planned it beforehand. It was not a last minute idea.

In other words, why did Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang choose the Nancheng Casino? There were many casinos in Las Vegas. Even the Douglas Vast Hotel had a small casino.

"This... The organizer of the International Jewelry Association gave each member a chip redemption voucher worth five thousand dollars. Zhang Bing and I thought that it would be a waste if we didn't play, so we went there," Zhang Jiefang explained embarrassingly.

"The International Jewellery Association?" Yang Ming froze for a moment. All ins and outs of the whole matter finally made sense! *It's the International Jewellery Association again.* Previously, the behind-the-scenes boss's men bribed the International Jewelry Association's people to move the International Jewelry Exhibition to Song Jiang so that they could take action. They even involved the Ming Yang Security Company to harm Yang Ming.

This time, it was the International Jewellery Association again. In other words, the five thousand dollars voucher this time was probably the behind-the-scenes boss's idea. He sent these vouchers through some organizers of the International Jewelry Association.

After all, five thousand dollars was not a small amount. Who wouldn't want to take advantage of it? So Zhang Jiefang went to the casino with Zhang Bing.

"Why, Yang Ming? Did you know about this?" Zhang Jiefang asked when he saw Yang Ming in deep contemplation.

"They were the ones making trouble at Song Jiang's jewelry exhibition last time. Uncle Zhang, I believe you know what happened then, right?" said Yang Ming.

"Oh, of course I know what happened last time. The precious jewels were stolen. So they are actually the culprits." Zhang Jiefang also understood why Yang Ming mentioned this.

**Chapter 1548: Before He Attacked/ The Family Who Are Rushing to Die**

“This...” Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang were both so surprised that their jaws dropped! The decoration of the top floor was completely different from the decoration of the lower floors! The top floor could only be described as a splendid palace!

They didn’t expect this hotel to have such a luxurious floor previously. There were flashy lights, elegant design, noble furnishings, and luxurious furniture... An aristocratic atmosphere pervaded the whole area. It was like a scene out of a dream...

Above the corridor was a large piece of plexiglass, through which one could see the scenery in the sky directly. It would definitely be a beautiful sight to watch the starry sky from here at night.

This luxurious, God-like treatment stunned both Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang. Usually, they could only see hotel facilities of this class on the Internet and TV. They had never experienced it themselves. This kind of thing was too distant from them.

Now, they could confirm that the relationship between Yang Ming and the hotel owner was not only close, but very close indeed. No ordinary person could get three top-end luxury suites easily.

“Zhang Bing, you and Uncle Zhang are in room two. Go back and take a rest first. I am in room one. If there is something, just call me over the intercom I.” Yang Ming also noticed Zhang Bing and Zhang Jiefang’s shock, but he did not say much.

“Okay, boss!” Zhang Bing nodded. He couldn’t wait to see what the inside of the rooms looked like.

Yang Ming took out the room card to open the room one’s door, while Zhang Bing knocked on the door of room two. Not long after, the door opened, and Wang Mei’s excited high-pitch scream came from inside ...

Yang Ming smiled slightly and did not disturb them. He entered his room. Meanwhile, Golden Bull entered room three.

After Yang Ming left, Smith did not dare to delay. After all, Klass had died in the casino. He had to report to the behind-the-scenes boss immediately.

Although the Nancheng Casino was the main business of the Nancheng Family in Las Vegas, they also owned other businesses. They were involved in multiple industries here such as catering and real estate. Therefore, it was not possible for the person-in-charge of Las Vegas to be in the Nancheng Casino at all times. In his opinion, Smith had internal support and Klass had strong foreign aid for today’s affair. Wouldn’t it be easy to kill a foreigner?

So he didn’t worry about it at all. Govisik was sitting in a spacious and bright office and was reading a proposal in his hand. With the Nancheng Family’s support, he was likely to be elected as a parliament member of Las Vegas City this time. Although he already had considerable power in the city of Las Vegas, and he was also the boss behind the Guillotine Gang which was one of the three major underground gangs, who wouldn’t want to grasp more power?

If he could get this parliamentary status, Govisik's power would further expand. Perhaps he would even be recognized by the top people in the family and be promoted to a higher position. It was even possible that he could become one of the elders on the family's council!

The phone rang suddenly. Govisik frowned. All his thoughts had been devoted to collaborating with people during this period in order to win the parliament member position on his first try.

"Hello, Govisik speaking," Govisik answered the phone.

"Boss, I'm Smith!" Smith said carefully.

"Oh, Smith, how are things going with Klass? Is it going well?" Govisik was dissatisfied with Smith interrupting his thoughts. But, the family master had ordered him to cooperate fully with Klass after all. So Govisik naturally would not take it lightly.

Govisik knew that Klass's strength was not weak, and he had strong support. Govisik simply had to cooperate with him, but it was still necessary to show minimal concern.

"Boss, I have something to report about this to you..." Smith hesitated, and said in a frustrated tone.

"Oh, is Klass satisfied?" Govisik's mind was not focused on the matter, so naturally he did not hear the frustration in Smith's words. He never thought that Krass could possibly fail or even die. Not to mention Smith's cooperation, even the two teams brought along by Klass alone were very powerful. One team was dedicated to attacks and assassinations while the other was dedicated to special operations. If these people couldn't get things done, it would be mind-blowing.

"..." Smith couldn't help but sigh when he saw that his boss had not figured out the situation. But he still had to report truthfully, "Boss, Klass is dead."

"Oh, let him die then... What? Wait, what are you talking about? Klass is dead?" Govisik suddenly became goggle-eyed when he heard Smith's words. He asked Smith in disbelief, "Smith, what are you joking about? How could Klass be dead? "

"Boss... actually this is the case..." Smith didn't try to hide it. He narrated the events of Krass and Yang Ming betting on their lives from the beginning to the end.

"You mean Yang Ming killed Klass by hand?" Govisik felt a little strange. *What about the men Klass brought? Why didn't they attack? Did these people just disappear?*

"Yes... boss. Yang Ming killed Klass..." Smith said, "Moreover, he also said something ruthless. He asked the family master of the Nancheng Family to meet him at the Douglas Vast Hotel within twenty-four hours. Otherwise, we will bear the consequences!"

"Hmph! Such arrogant words!" Govisik didn't take Yang Ming's words to heart. In his opinion, this Yang Ming was just a weak man with no background. After killing Klass, he simply said these ruthless words as he had become overconfident.

"Yes..." Smith had already transmitted the message anyway. The boss would make the decision. It had nothing to do with him.

"I got it. That's all for now." Govisik frowned and hung up.



*Klass is dead? This made Govisik very annoyed. Although this person does not belong to the Nancheng family, the family master of the Nancheng Family personally asked me to cooperate with him.*

*Although the family master did not request me to protect this person, I am naturally responsible since this person was killed in my territory!*

*Crap. Trouble comes to me at such a critical moment! Govisik running for the parliament election was obviously not possible without the support of the Nancheng Family. If he didn't handle this sudden event properly, the family master would definitely have a bad impression of him!*

*What's wrong with this Klass? He brought so many people and was still killed by others. Is he a fool or what? He already knew from Smith's narrative previously that after Klass entered the casino, both of Klass's teams did not appear from the beginning to the end. In other words, Klass was killed before he could unleash his power.*

*What a fool! He has so many men but he still chose to pretend to be capable by himself. Isn't there something wrong with him? Govisik was speechless by Klass's approach. He obviously didn't know that Klass's men did not appear because they were subdued by Yang Ming's men earlier. He thought that this situation was Klass's fault as he did not coordinate well and tried to show off alone by not bringing his men in with him.*

*However, regardless of whether Klass is a fool or not, he died here. I can't just sit still and do nothing. Even though I am not responsible for it as it was all his fault, I still need to explain it to the family.*

*"Yang Ming... Crap! This kid got me into trouble. I must not let him go!" Govisik whispered Yang Ming's name in his mouth. No matter the grudge between Yang Ming and Klass, I can't let Yang Ming leave here alive since he killed Klass in my territory!*

*"Is it the Douglas Vast Hotel?" Govisik formed a cold smile at the corner of his mouth. Hmph, this kid even dared to say his place of residence. Seems like I don't need to waste effort looking for him. If that's the case, let him wait for death in the hotel!*

#### **Chapter 1549: Caique Gloats at Other's Misfortune/ What Are You Looking For**

*"Gather some men?" Yang Ming said dismissively, "I appreciate your kindness, but I will handle it myself."*

Yang Ming naturally understood Batterton's thoughts. Batterton wouldn't be able to say these words if he didn't have Caique's support. But Caique knew Yang Ming's strength and understood that Yang Ming didn't need his help at all. The purpose of ordering Batterton to say this was just to express his friendliness.

*"Ah... Okay. So what should I do now?" Batterton didn't know why Yang Ming was so persistent. Nancheng Casino's power is not weak. Even if I gather my men, I may not be their opponent. Can Yang Ming go against Govisik by himself?*

In fact, Batterton was not willing to offend Govisik because Govisik's power in Las Vegas was obviously greater than that of Douglas Vast Hotel. Batterton didn't want to provoke him.

*Since Yang Ming doesn't want me to participate, it is clear that he is excluding me from this matter. So regardless of the outcome, I will have nothing to do with it.*

Thinking of this, Batterton felt very grateful deep in his heart. He felt that Yang Ming was a good person. At least he was lenient.

"Who called you? Call him back and tell him that three hours have passed and twenty-one hours is remaining. Ask their family master to come and meet me within these twenty-one hours. Otherwise, they will bear the consequences," Yang Ming told Batterton.

"This..." Batterton listened to Yang Ming and was dumbfounded for a moment.

"You don't have to worry that he will target you. Just tell them that I asked you to convey this message when you looked for me!" said Yang Ming.

"Mr. Yang, I'm not really afraid of him even though our Douglas family is not as powerful as their Nancheng family in the city of Las Vegas. However, if you make me pass on these words, it will definitely infuriate him..." Batterton expressed his concern tactfully, "Mr. Yang, I don't know how good your skills are, but there is a saying that goes, 'few are no match for many'. You are alone, and there are so many of them... I'm afraid that there will be an accident!"

"Hehe, it will be fine. You can just do as I said!" Yang Ming knew that Batterton simply said this out of kindness, and was not looking down at him. However, Yang Ming had a plan.

Seeing Yang Ming's resolute attitude, Batterton had no choice but to agree before hanging up the phone. Batterton hesitated for a while, and then decided to call the family master, Caique.

*Although Caique said before that I can take full charge of handling the matters here, Yang Ming does not need my help at all. If something happens to Yang Ming, it will be hard for me to explain to the family master!*

So after pondering about it repeatedly, Batterton decided to call Caique and report to him what happened here.

"Hello? Batterton, how is it going?" Caique saw that it was a call from Batterton and answered it without hesitation.

"Family master, I want to report something to you!" Batterton said carefully, "It's like this. Mr. Yang said that he doesn't need any help from me, but he asked me to pass on a message to Govisik."

"What is the message?" asked Caique. Caique had foreseen that Yang Ming wouldn't need his help. It would just be a matter of seconds if Yang Ming wanted to exterminate his Douglas Family. Why would Yang Ming need his help? It would already be great if Yang Ming didn't think that he was blocking the way!

"Mr. Yang asked me to tell Govisik to tell their family master to come and see Mr. Yang within twenty-four hours. Otherwise, they will bear the consequences!" said Batterton.

“Oh

? Really? *Hahahaha!*” Caique couldn’t help but burst into laughter when he heard this.

“Family master, what are you laughing at?” Batterton felt a little strange. *Isn’t Mr. Yang a friend of the family master? Why is the family master laughing mockingly at Mr. Yang?* In fact, Caique was laughing mockingly indeed, but he was not laughing at Yang Ming. Instead, he was laughing mockingly at the Nancheng Family.

“*Hahaha*. It’s hilarious. The Nancheng Family is going to be destroyed soon. It is funny that these fools still don’t know what kind of person they have offended. How pitiful! how sad!” lamented Caique. “I would apologize quickly if it was me. How dare they even send people to provoke him? *Haih*, it can’t be helped that they have pea-sized brains!”

“Family master, what are you talking about?” Batterton was bewildered and confused by Caique’s words.

“Nothing. It’s just that the Nancheng Family is doomed. You don’t have to worry so much. You just do whatever Mr. Yang said!” Caique commanded.

“Yes, family master. I understand now!” Batterton dared to carry out Yang Ming’s task after getting the affirmation from Caique.

After Caique hung up Batterton’s phone, he said to the several family elders beside him with a smile, “I’m not sure how the Nancheng Family provoked Yang Ming, this malefic comet [1]. I guess they are probably doomed!”

“*Haha*, is that so? That’s good news indeed!” One of the elders was so delighted that he roared with laughter immediately after listening to Caique’s words! His grandson was previously in a conflict with a son of the Nancheng Family. As a result, the elder had no choice but to bring his grandson to apologize to the Nancheng Family because they were so powerful. Plus, he even paid a huge sum of money to settle things.

Although the elder taught his grandson a lesson, he held a grudge against the Nancheng Family at the same time. When he heard that the Nancheng Family had actually provoked Yang Ming now, he was overjoyed! *Indeed, justice always prevails. Although I dare not provoke the Nancheng Family, some other people definitely dare to! And Yang Ming can definitely afford to provoke them. Perhaps this will be the end of the Nancheng Family.*

Several other elders naturally knew the grudge between this laughing elder and the Nancheng Family, so they all laughed together. After all, the Nancheng Family and the Douglas Family crossed each other in many businesses, and they had a competitive relationship. After the Nancheng Family was wiped out, the Douglas Family would naturally be one of the beneficiaries.

“Family master, I think we should maintain a good relationship with Mr. Yang. Then if any family dares to provoke us in the future, we can use the name of Mr. Yang as a shield!” suggested an elder.

“Don’t talk nonsense!” Caique glared at him, “Do you think Mr. Yang is a man who works as a hitman for others? Don’t be whimsical or else you will cause unnecessary trouble!”

The elder felt that Caique's words made sense after hearing them. *If Yang Ming knew that we used his name to teach others a lesson, he would definitely find our family and get even with us first.*

"Family master, I was just saying it casually..." The elder quickly shut up.

"Okay, our relationship with Mr. Yang is considered fine now. Although there were some misunderstandings in the past, I contacted Mr. Yang several times and gave him some benefits. It can be seen that Mr. Yang is not an ungrateful person!" Caique said, "Take for example what happened to Batterton this time. Mr. Yang spared him. In fact, he didn't embarrass Batterton! Actually, he was courteous to us, Douglas Family. At least our relationship now is pretty harmonious. That is enough!"

Caique's words made the elders nod in agreement.

After Batterton hung up on Caique's phone call, he called Govisik.

"Mr. Batterton, how is it? Is there any news? Is that person currently staying in your hotel?" Govisik had been waiting for Batterton to call back. He had already contacted the Guillotine Gang's boss. They would send a team of people to catch Yang Ming later!

In fact, the Guillotine Gang's boss was just a spokesperson for Govisik. Govisik was just hiding behind the scenes.

"Mr. Govisik!" Batterton smiled bitterly, "I was about to tell you about this! After my inquiry, that Yang Ming you mentioned is indeed staying in our hotel. I was afraid that he would run away, so I sent some men to surround his room first. However, he seemed to realize my intentions, so he told me that he would not even attempt to escape. Besides, he also asked me to pass on a message to you, saying that there were only twenty-one hours remaining out of the twenty-four hours. He asked the family master of your Nancheng Family to come to the hotel to meet him within twenty-one hours. Otherwise, you will bear the consequences!"

Batterton was afraid of Govisik interrupting him, so he finished what he had to say in one go. He had already fabricated the excuses previously. It would be a bit abrupt to directly pass on Yang Ming's message, so he used the previous excuses.

### **Chapter 1550: Send the Message/ Happiness and Displeasure**

"I..." Naturally, Mike wouldn't say that he was looking for a gun. However, seeing the smiling man in front of him, Mike did not dare not to answer his question. After all, he was a demon who could kill someone in the blink of an eye.

"Are you looking for this?" Golden Bull lifted his right hand. Suddenly, a gun appeared in his right hand.

Mike was startled. After looking at it thoroughly, he realized that the gun in Golden Bull's hand was the gun that he had lost! He did not know when or how the gun ended up in Golden Bull's hands.

All of a sudden, Mike's facial expression became unsightly, and he became very pale. Deep down, he was clear that Golden Bull had gotten close to him without him knowing, and had taken his gun away. And yet, he didn't even realize it!

If Golden Bull wanted to kill him, he would be a corpse by now like those underlings on the ground.

"I took it while taking care of them," Golden Bull said ostentatiously as he looked at Mike.

Golden Bull had learned this from Yang Ming. This was also one of Yang Ming's most used tactics. Golden Bull heard it from Wang Xiaoyan, and thought that it looked cool, which was why he started mimicking it. He aimed to become an expert like Yang Ming one day, so he was always mimicking Yang Ming's tone and way of doing things.

More cold sweat appeared on Mike's head. How did I offend such a person? Didn't I just ask him a question? Did he have to kill all of my underlings? Mike had forgotten that he was the one who gave the order to seize Golden Bull first.

However, even if he didn't ask anything, Golden Bull would also not let him off the bat. Mike was just thinking too much.

"You... What do you want to do?" Mike was a little afraid now. Although he was a small captain of an underworld gang, he wasn't someone that was not afraid of death. He was scared of dying.

He was now doing very well, and had even gotten Headless Wolf's trust. If he died, it would all be for nothing. At that time, who would even remember someone like him? One of his capable underlings would replace him, and he would then become history. As time passed, he would be forgotten by everyone.

"Relax, I won't kill you now." Golden Bull looked at Mike in contempt, "I want to bring you to see my leader."

"Your leader ..." Mike wasn't a fool. Even if Golden Bull said that he wouldn't kill Mike now, he didn't say that he wouldn't be killed later. But what terrified Mike even more was the fact that Golden Bull wasn't a leader, but merely an underling.

If he's already this powerful, then what kind of person is his leader? Mike's confidence crumbled. If I knew this was going to happen, I wouldn't have volunteered to carry out this mission that requires capturing someone!

Originally, I thought that capturing a foreigner would be a very simple task. If I sent ten burly guys to stand there, the person would definitely be afraid.

In the end, the ten burly guys ended up on the floor dead before they could even speak, and I am the one afraid now.

And after all these happenings, the person that I wanted to capture has not even appeared yet... Mike really wanted to cry. I'm really unlucky. Why was I so enthusiastic?

"You'll see him in a while!" Golden Bull was a man of few words, and his tone was still very cold. Golden Bull remembered the relationship between Yang Ming and the hotel, so he knew that the lift at the top floor should already have been locked. No one would be able to come up anymore. Because of this, Golden Bull wasn't afraid that anyone would see the corpses in the corridor.

As Golden Bull was talking, he carried Mike and walked towards Room One.

Zhang Bing in Room Two did not notice the events in the corridor. After all, Golden Bull's took action quickly, and the commotion he made was very small. Right now, Zhang Bing, Zhang Jiefang and Wang Mei were glad that they had returned safely, and did not notice whatever happened in the corridor.

Golden Bull carried Mike like he was a little chick. After reaching Room One, Golden Bull knocked on the door. The door opened almost immediately. This time, Mike finally saw Yang Ming, the person he wanted to capture.

After Yang Ming opened the door, he turned around and walked back into the room. Golden Bull carried Mike and followed him. After they reached the center of the room, he threw Mike on the floor.

"Brother, I didn't do it on purpose. I'm just a small fry, a useless character. Everything was arranged by our boss, Headless Wolf. He asked me to go capture someone, so I had to do so! Please don't vent your anger on me! I couldn't help it!" Mike had already thought it through in an instant. Other than kneeling and begging for forgiveness, there was nothing else he could do. Let alone how strong Yang Ming was, just his underling alone was already very scary. He could kill ten people in an instant. What kind of speed is this?

A wise man doesn't fight against impossible odds. Since he could not defeat them, he would be a fool not to plead for forgiveness. It was never too late for revenge. If I successfully return alive, only then shall I make a decision. If I lose my life, then what use is there thinking about other stuff?

Because of this, Mike decided to give up his pride. He didn't care about his image anymore, and started to kowtow. After all, image and pride was nothing. From Mike's perspective, his life was more important than everything.

"Get him up. Don't dirty my carpet." Yang Ming waved his hand at Golden Bull. He didn't want his carpet to be stained with blood. Although this wasn't his house's carpet, it still wasn't a good omen as he was staying here.

"Yes!" Golden Bull responded, and carried Mike up, "The leader didn't ask you to kowtow. Stand here obediently!"

"Ah! Yes yes!" Mike said carefully and immediately straightened his body. He never expected that his kowtow would cause displeasure to others.

"Enough. Don't do unnecessary things." Yang Ming frowned. He looked at Mike with slight contempt, "I won't kill you."

"Ah? Thank you! Thank you!" Mike was surprised, and immediately said happily.

"What about those men he brought?" Yang Ming ignored Mike and asked Golden Bull.

"They have been taken care of," responded Golden Bull.

"Okay." Yang Ming nodded. He then told Mike, "Take those corpses back with you. Tell your boss Headless Wolf to pass the message, 'There's only eighteen hours left', on to Govisik."

"Yes, yes. I'll surely pass on the message!" Although Mike didn't understand what Yang Ming meant, it was very apparent that Yang Ming was allowing him to leave. He naturally agreed to it very quickly. He would do anything he was told to do as long as he could keep his life.

“En, Golden Bull. Find some bags to keep the corpses. Let him find a trolley to take them away,” said Yang Ming to Golden Bull.

“Yes, leader!” Golden Bull lifted Mike up, and walked out of Yang Ming’s room. After that, he threw him out the door, “Wait for me here. I’ll find a bag.”

“Yes, yes!” Mike quickly nodded. After he saw Golden Bull walking further away and into the elevator, his mind started becoming very active. Golden Bull has left, and Yang Ming isn’t watching me. I can run away now. Should I run or not?

His current situation was very suitable for fleeing. However, Mike was a little hesitant. From Yang Ming’s words just now, it was obvious that Yang Ming was allowing him to live. Even if he didn’t run away, he wouldn’t die. However, if he did run away and was brought back here, everything would backfire if Yang Ming and Golden Bull decided to change their mind.

To avoid causing unnecessary problems, Mike decided not to run away.

After all, Yang Ming said that he would let me go. That means that I’m guaranteed to stay alive. Yang Ming had no reason to lie to him. It was very simple to just kill him off. There was no point in lying to such a small fry.

With this thought, Mike waited there while feeling relieved. I guess waiting for a while doesn’t matter. After all, I can be said to be righteous if I were to carry those corpses back, as I did not abandon them. At that time, I can give an explanation to Headless Wolf.

After a while, Golden Bull returned with a few polypropylene knitted bags. Golden Bull was satisfied when he saw Mike waiting there. He threw the polypropylene knitted bags to Mike and said, “Bag the corpses yourself.”

“Yes, yes!” Mike took over the bags and started to bag the corpses. He didn’t care anymore, and folded the corpses if he could not shove them in. Who cares? Let me shove you in first.