

Chapter 125 Real Identity

"Don't worry, Uncle Han. I'll head there now."

"Wait, Chao..." Han Kun hesitated, then let out a deep sigh. "Don't believe Liu Rong no matter what he says."

I wanted to ask Han Kun what Liu Rong might say to me, but knowing Han Kun, he was probably not going to tell me. There was no point in asking. However, Han Kun's words made me curious. What could make even Han Kun worry?

"Don't worry, Uncle Han. Liu Rong's sudden urge to audit and settle his account is a power play. Whatever he says will be calculated. I won't believe it."

"Alright, but I still have to remind you. Don't come down hard on Liu Rong. Besides the audit, let him be. I'll settle him when I'm back."

"Okay, I'll leave him to you."

I clutched my phone and glanced over at the beautiful woman lying next to me. I was so frustrated that I could put my fist through a wall. Why did this Liu Rong have to pick this time to make a fuss!

Chu Xiaoxiao tickled my palm and imitated my tone. "I'll wait for you."

"Then you're not allowed to leave. When I come back tomorrow morning, no when I come back later, I'll give you the time of your life..."

Chu Xiaoxiao watched as I cursed while I got dressed. She grinned carelessly at me, and it annoyed me so much that I leaped at her and groped her mercilessly. I only let her go after she begged for mercy.

As I left the suite, I was hit by a blast of cold air in the corridor which woke me up. I was not sure when it happened, but Chu Xiaoxiao and I had become so comfortable with each other. It was unlike when I was with Lin Fang, when I was always worried about offending her.

If not for this urgent matter at Junran, there was no way I was leaving her tonight. However, I knew Han Kun well. He would not be so panicked if it was not extremely urgent.

Hopefully, the matter could be settled quickly. As I drove out of the garage, I glanced up at the light from the top floor of the Lidu Hotel, where Chu Xiaoxiao was waiting for me.

The Junran Group was set up by my parents. The name of the company was a combination of my father's name, Zhang Jun, and my mother's, Ji Yanran.

Han Kun and I had spoken about it before. Back then, my father had started out in the fisheries industry. After that, he spent a small fortune and moved into the construction business. He was just in time for the economic boom, when the country was focused on infrastructure construction. The business grew, and it was at this time when the accident happened. What really helped Junran's business grow were some real estate projects that my father had decided on half a year prior. The real estate market was booming, and Junran's worth soared like an airplane.

Han Kun did not sit on his laurels. He helped the company avoid numerous pitfalls. The decisions that my father had made, and the excellent management of the Property Management Committee kept Junran flying high. Han Kun mainly maintained the relationship with the company's shareholders. The shareholders who had come on board with Junran were all people with vision, courage, and means, as well as ambition. All these years, the General Manager position at Junran had been left empty, and the majority shareholder was a layman with no business know-how like me. There were many people who wanted to take over Junran, and Liu Rong was one of them.

Liu Rong was in the construction business too. He had bought Junran Group shares then, and after my father passed away, he wanted Junran for himself. He had tried to stage a takeover several times, but had been thwarted by Han Kun.

The announcement of my identity last night must have made him realize that time was running out. This time, he was making a move when Han Kun was in Denmark! How bold!

In the busiest commercial district of the northwestern part of Tong City—right in the middle of Qinyang District, the brightly-lit Junran Plaza was the landmark of Tong City.

I had only been here twice before. Once with Han Kun, and now.

Even though it was after working hours, Junran's reception desk was working overtime. They did not know my real identity, and greeted me like a customer when I approached them.

The height of Junran Plaza was second only to Lidu Hotel, and was designed by Junran's genius designer, Shimo. The building was near the sea, and from afar, it looked like a bright ship; its glass walls reflecting the sea itself.

"How can I help you? Do you have an appointment?"

"I don't need an appointment."

"I'm sorry, you aren't allowed up without an appointment." The staff rushed forward.

I was in a hurry to save Gan, and did not have time for her. However, I realized that she was just doing her job.

"Sir, please cooperate. Who are you meeting with? I can arrange an appointment for you."

"I want to see Manager Zhang. My name is Zhang Chao. Check with him."

Manager Zhang knew who I was. One phone call was enough to verify my identity.

"But it's past working hours. I'll arrange an appointment for you tomorrow."

"It's alright, just ask him. He will give you the answer."

The staff was left with no choice but to call Manager Zhang. After a short conversation, her expression changed, and she kept nodding. After hanging up, she looked at me uneasily.

"Manager... Manager Zhang has given his approval."

I nodded and was about to leave when the phone rang. The staff motioned to me to wait.

"Good evening, Mr. Liu. Yes... But Manager Zhang said... Yes, yes. No one is allowed up? Yes."

The staff looked embarrassed as she hung up the phone. "Mr. Liu says that no one is allowed up right now."

"Liu Rong?"

"Mr. Liu said that Manager Zhang is not in the office, so you cannot be allowed upstairs. Sir, please don't make trouble. I'm just doing my job..."

She was only doing her job, and it would not make a difference.

"Alright, then I won't meet Manager Zhang. Tell Liu Rong to come down. I want to see him."

The staff sucked in a breath and pursed her lips. She took my measure and asked, "Sir, do you have an appointment with Mr. Liu?"

I spun around, calmly sat down, and crossed my legs. "No, just tell him to get down here and see me."

The staff stared at me in shock. She must know that Liu Rong was a shareholder. One look at her and I could tell that she was wondering if I was crazy to speak about their shareholder like this.

"Just tell him to come down. I'll wait here. Tell him that if he doesn't, he'll regret it."

The staff thought about it, then turned back to the phone. Liu Rong must have been annoyed at her call. I heard her apologize to him multiple times, and it was almost a minute before she hung up.

The clock on the wall showed nine o'clock. By this time, there was barely anyone left in the plaza. Only a few employees were working overtime.