

Chapter 150 Exercise Restraint

I listened as they spoke about how they and my father started the business. Back then, the economy was opening up, and everyone wanted to do business. In a stroke of genius, my father started up a fisheries business together with them. The business grew exponentially, but they were unlucky and became the target of gangs, who wanted protection money.

"And we weren't willing to pay. We followed Zhang Jun from Xiayuxiang to the city. We were the troublemakers of Xiayuxiang, how could we let the gangsters of the city bully us? So, we started our own security team! Haha, those were exciting times!"

"Yes, those gangs were all fooled by us. They didn't get their protection money and needed to pay medical fees at the hospital every day. Jun had so many tricks up his sleeves!"

"Ah, if we hadn't offended the gangs then, perhaps Jun wouldn't have encountered that accident..." said someone, and the happy discussion stuttered to a stop.

I pretended not to hear them, keeping my face straight.

I was very sure now that my parents had not died in an accident! This was a shock to me. But even if I asked them now, they would definitely not tell me anything. They followed Han Kun's lead. If Han Kun told them no, they would never tell me. I could tell that my father had held an important place in their hearts, and they had also wholeheartedly accepted me as the heir. However, I did not dare challenge Han Kun's position in the company. After all these years, Han Kun had established an impenetrable wall around himself.

"Dear uncles, thank you for your help today. If not for you, I really would not have known what to do." I changed the topic.

I was going to investigate this matter in secret. I could not let Han Kun find out about it.

Gan discreetly let out a sigh of relief. He thought I had not heard.

"Young Master, you don't need to stand on ceremony with us. We're all old friends of your father who worked hard together. We were closer to Zhang Jun than his own family!"

"Yes! Even closer than his family!"

I felt a prickling at my eyes, and my heart stirred. My father had such loyal and inseparable brothers. There were no regrets with such brothers in your life!

I found their mood infectious and quickly asked Gan to introduce them to me.

"Right! This guy is Mao Kai, he's the vice-president of the company. He's from the same hometown as your father and came with him to the city."

Everyone roared in approval and Mao Kai waved. "As a vice-president, I'm merely decorative. I'm only here because of Zhang Jun. Now that you're back, Chao, I can lay down my burden."

He looked to be in his forties, quite young-looking with an oval face. He had a faint scar along his eyebrow. When he said that he was a troublemaker in Xiayuxiang, he might not have been joking.

When he finished, the uncle named Lee teased him, "Yo, don't you know how to exercise restraint in front of the younger generation? All this talk really makes you sound like an uncle. However, if you don't want your shares, give them to me. If you don't want your position, give that to me too."

The crowd laughed and Mao Kai shoved him away, laughing. "Screw you."

Gan wiped at his eyes, full of mirth. "This is your Uncle Lee, Lee Fengcheng. Coincidentally, he was in the military too. You'll have much in common to talk about."

Lee Fengcheng looked like an honest man. His face was round and his nose was red. Waving his hands, he insisted, "I was just a cook. Chao was a proper special forces soldier!"

"Uncle Lee," I said, "You don't know how envious I was of the cooks. Food is so important."

Lee Fengcheng laughed openly. Then, a sharply-dressed man with well-combed, slick-with-mousse hair stood up and nodded at me. He looked to be almost sixty.

"Nice to meet you, Zhang Chao. My name is Zhou Jifa."

"Mr. Zhou was your father's teacher," Gan introduced him to me.

No wonder. He had the look of a scholar about him.

Gan continued, "When your father first started the business, he had no money. Mr. Zhou sold a house to support your father."

I had been wondering why this old-fashioned old man was together with them when he looked to be so out of place. However, even though he seemed to be so old-fashioned, they all respected him, serving him water, and tidying his documents.

I bowed deeply to Mr. Zhou. He deserved my gratitude.

To my surprise, Mr. Zhou said, "You don't need to thank me. Your father already did. The money was worth it."

The person sitting next to Zhou Jifa yawned and stretched. "Mr. Zhou has a sharp eye. You don't know, but the shares that Mr. Zhou buys always go up in value. He's a stock market genius."

Zhou Jifa looked embarrassed. He nudged his glasses upward and said, "If you had listened to me in class, you would have the same knowledge I have. Qin Hao, you and Zhang Jun were smart, but you both hated studying..."

Qin Hao raised his hands in mock surrender. "Oh Lord, I'm already in my fifties and my teacher is still scolding me. Mr. Zhou, I was wrong, please punish me."

A slight smile appeared on Mr. Zhou's strict face. "Then you can write your own name down fifty times."

Everyone laughed, even Mr. Zhou.

I greeted every single one of them. It was a wonderful feeling. It was rare for these brothers to stick together throughout the years.

"How about Uncle Han? Is he from the same hometown as you?" I asked.

Han Kun told me little about himself. He looked friendly, but always had a mysterious air about him.

"Han Kun was your mother's childhood friend," Mao Kai said casually.

I froze, inadvertently recalling what Liu Rong had said in the restroom. That Han Kun had always loved my mother, and so he did not investigate my father's accident. If so, why did he not take revenge for her?

These people trusted Han Kun completely. I dared not ask further, but instead, I asked if they had any news from Han Kun.

At this, everyone's expression froze.