

Chapter 159 True Colors

I believed that Gan and Uncle Han were friends, and Gan did not expect Uncle Han to die. Even if they were not friends, they were in the same boat together. If something happened to Uncle Han, Gan would be in trouble too.

That was a problem. From Uncle Han going to Denmark, going missing, to his body being found, then the discovery that the body was not his... This series of events struck me as strange. However, I could not put my finger on it.

"Don't be mistaken. It's not that I don't want to hear good news about Han." Gan had noticed me scrutinizing him. "I'm just thinking. Liu Rong wants us to think that Han is dead, but we don't have any evidence that Han isn't dead. Moving forward, we need to plan better."

I nodded. "Liu Rong is trying to shake up the management level. He wants to sell the small companies to get rid of those who oppose him. If Uncle Han is really alright, Liu Rong knows about it and he will move quickly."

Gan replied, "That's right. We'll pretend we don't know about it, and plan accordingly. When Liu Rong shows his true colors, we will deal with him. Come with me to the office this afternoon. Request to close the accounts as a majority shareholder. Liu Rong can't reject your request. Once the accounts are audited, we can catch him."

Liu Rong was a shareholder of the company. He had someone in the senior management of the company, and his branch company was under the Junran Group. He must have done something to the accounts.

Anyone with a business would know that someone in Liu Rong's position could never have no problems with his account. But the matter could not be made public; we had to catch him off guard.

"Alright. How about now?"

I stood up to go, and Gan said, "You go first. I'll be right behind you. If we go to the office together, someone will notice."

It seemed logical to me. I did not think that Gan would be so careful, and I laughed. "Gan, you're like a secret agent. When I come in, the staff even exchanged code words with me."

"This place has been here for a while. It was already here when your father was around. We would always come here to discuss important matters."

The weather had gotten much colder. Gan put on his jacket and we prepared to leave.

At that moment, I reached out to nudge Gan's shoulder, warning him not to move. Then I gestured that he should not go out.

"What is it?" Gan asked nervously.

I frowned. "There's someone outside."

"That's normal. This is Woodfire Wonton. If there's no one, it wouldn't survive."

I muttered, "He's coming towards us."

I had just said that, when a shout came from outside, "Damn you, Zhang Chao. Get out here. I know you're in there! Our matter isn't settled yet. Come here!"

Jin. This guy was showing up again, still as stubborn as ever.

I had previously broken his arm, and he was clearly still unhappy with me. I had not expected that he would come here to look for me.

"Damn it. If he sees you here too, he'll tell the world," I told Gan.

If word of our meeting got to Liu Rong, he would be on high alert when I got to the office.

I glanced around. This might only be the second floor, but asking Gan to escape out the window was impossible. Now what? Jin was tough. This flimsy door would easily be kicked in.

"It's okay, he can't come in." To my surprise, Gan remained very calm. He did not look worried at all.

I thought that Gan might not know what Jin was capable of. His gang was not one to reason with me or knock on doors. Jin's foot would definitely open the door.

Maybe if I left first and Gan remained in the room, he could stay hidden even if Jin and I fought.

I had made up my mind and was about to open the door when Gan caught hold of my arm. "Are you in a hurry? I told you that he can't come in. If he tries, he's dead. Listen carefully."

I did not understand what Gan was getting at, but he pointed towards the door and shushed me. After Jin was done shouting, it was followed by the chilling and desolate yowl of an erhu. It sounded like an accompaniment to Jin.

"Bloody old man. Get out! Don't make me hit you! Stop playing and git!"

It was the white-haired old man. Jin was trying to scare him and might even hit him.

I wanted to go out and face Jin, but Gan refused to let me go. He pulled me back to drink tea with him. "Put aside your impulse. There will be a good show today."

I was speechless. A good show? It was a blind old man and a bunch of kids outside. Was this going to be front row seats to "Brawl At The Old Folks' Home" and "Combat In The Kindergarten"?

"Don't go, there's a show to watch."

"Uncle Gan, if I want to watch, I still need to be outside."

"Just stay in here and listen. You might get hurt if you go out."

Why was this so mysterious? Gan did not look like he was joking, so I sat down and served myself some tea.

We heard the old man say, "From whence do our guests come?"

He spoke in Tong City's dialect. It had an old-fashioned cadence and sounded like lines in a play.

"None of your business, old man. I'm being nice today and I won't bother you. I'm looking for Zhang Chao. Zhang Chao, get out here!"

Just then, I heard Jin walking in our direction. At that moment, there was a shriek like an explosion from the erhu. It felt like my ears were being stabbed, and was incredibly uncomfortable. I thought that the old man had been hit and had produced the terrible shriek on his erhu. With a roar, I rushed out of the door.

I might not be a hero, but I would never let an old man get beaten up in my place. This time, Gan could not hold me back.

I ran out and was stunned by what I saw.

Jin was rolling on the floor clutching at his chest, while everyone stared in shock.

The old man was still sitting on the stage, fiddling with the strings of his erhu. The kids were quietly sitting at attention. They had stopped playing their game and were staring at the Black Dragon members who were frozen in shock.