

The Hidden Billionaire Chapter 17

The Hidden Billionaire Chapter 17 Revenge

The familiar teasing from Xia Genghuai almost took me back to the classroom in high school.

After a big hug, he laughed, "Tell me you've earned money rightfully, young man."

"Don't worry, sir. Every penny is made honestly, just like you."

"Enough of that! Ha-ha. You even talk differently now."

I didn't remember much about our high school life. It wasn't pleasant enough to recall anyway. I had thought those stories would never be brought up again because of the awful experiences back then.

But as we drank and chatted about the funny teachers and beautiful girls at that time, I gradually felt more comfortable talking about it.

Between the hiccups, Xia Gehuai fetched his briefcase and took out a thick folder

"Here you go. This is what you wanted," he passed it to me.

"You said it was classified and that you had no access to it, didn't you?"

Without authorization, it was impossible to gain access to classified files. I'd learned that in the army, so I was in real confusion now.

Following a loud burp, he continued, "That's why I thought it was odd. I see no reason why the report of a traffic accident is confidential. It's very rare and strange."

"Could it be that it's a criminal case, and you are not a detective?"

"No way. The accident happened years ago. Even if it was classified then, the restrictions should have been lifted by now. What's happening is unusual, so I was wondering if there was something special about the case itself. However, a traffic accident is nothing noteworthy. It leads me to think that maybe it's related to other critical or serious cases that are not open to the public yet."

Although the system in the military was similar to that of the police, I was not familiar with the details. So I poured him one more drink and asked him to brief me.

“For example, if Zhang Jun was undercover and the related case wasn’t closed yet, or if his case involves national security, that would explain this dilemma,” added Xia Genghuai.

Undercover? I didn’t think so.

Although I could barely recall the days I spent with my father, he seemed to be around us a lot in my memory. He wouldn’t have time to undertake tasks like that.

Xia Genghuai continued, “That’s why I got you this. I thought if my guess was right, there might be records of his other cases, which might be more accessible. And bingo! Here they are.”

He pointed at the folder in my hands.

I put the glasses and dishes away, making room for the files inside.

There were at least eight files, mostly reports of minor offenses like fistfights. Nothing exceptional could be found.

When I was just about to put them back into the folder, I spotted a familiar name—Jiang Ming.

Individuals involved: Zhang Jun, Han Kun, Jiang Ming...

Instantly, the idea that this could be the person Zhao Gongming mentioned flashed through my mind.

“Help! Help!”

Abruptly, a scream broke the silence. I looked up and saw a woman running into our room.

She was panicked and in a mess, dashing to Xia Genghuai almost without any hesitation.

“Help me! Please!”

I grabbed the files and stuffed them into the folder. They were the most important thing for me right now. If there really were anything fishy in my father’s accident, I would better keep my investigation a secret.

“What happened? Tell me about it; I’m a policeman.”

“I’m being attacked, ” she said while sobbing.

“Don’t worry. As I said, I’m a policeman, and I’ll protect you.”

Before he could finish the sentence, a peal of scornful laughter was heard from outside.

“Ha-ha-ha. Who is bragging? Oh, a drunk policeman? Hong, that’s your last straw? Seeking protection from cops? You are a joke!”

Bang!

The door was broken with a huge noise. It was certainly not my lucky day as troubles kept coming my way like being drawn to a magnet.

A dozen men rushed in, followed by even more.

Xia Genghuai, alert and tense, stepped back.

The woman named Hong, however, calmed down after hearing his boisterous comments. She fixed her clothes and lit a cigarette.

“It’s not good,” Xia Genghuai whispered to me.

“What?” I was nervous and fidgety. Was it a mere coincidence or not? They came when I was just starting to look into the accident.

“Fights between gangsters. These men are from the Black Dragon, and Hong—whom I saved before—is from the Red Lantern. We’d better stay away from this. Keep quiet, and I’ll get you out of here,” said he.

If this happened on any other day, I would not leave so easily. No gangster fights were allowed in my place.

But today, I needed to protect the files. They were my clues to the truth

I stayed close to Xia Genghuai and walked out slowly with my head low. But suddenly, my arm was seized.

“Isn’t this Zhang Chao? What a lovely coincidence!”

I looked up and met a pair of fierce eyes. Liu Hu! What bad news.

He seemed excited. He should be since he had been dying to get his revenge against me.