

## Chapter 67 Taking Action

In my head, I had a little if-then scenario worked out, that if she says this then I would say that, and so on and so forth. I wanted to see if I can find out a little more about this supposed “rich man” whose car she went inside. But, as soon as her tears began falling, all my plans went to pieces.

“Fangfang, I... I don’t know what came over me, I’m... I’m an idiot. That’s not what I mean, I just...”

“If you don’t like me, just say it out loud as it is. I swear, I’m not the type of undignified woman that would cling to you like some stray tramps. I gave up Chen Yuzhou for you. For your sake, I even went as far as to make an enemy of my childhood friend. Do you think I’m the type of woman that just take any other men? And which men out there could possibly be better than Chen Yuzhou...”

But he was never faithful to you, I muttered inside me. But, Lin Fang was right. From her perspective, if she was in it for the money, she wouldn’t need me at all, and she wouldn’t have to give up Chen Yuzhou either.

She began to walk away towards the door, and I began to panic. I didn’t want her to misunderstand me like that. So I reached for her with my hand, and I reached her, but something got caught, and another intense pain shot through my body.

“.....!”

“Don’t get up, quick, lie back down onto the bed!” Lin Fang looked terrified, and immediately came back to my side to give me a hand.

“Fangfang, please, listen to me. I’m not doubting you. I was wrong. Hit me.”

Lin Fang looked at me for a while, then finally a smile bloomed and came back to her face. Lowering her face to mine, I felt the softness of her lips pressing lightly into my cheek, “Oh, Zhang Chao, how could you be so silly?”

I regretted it. I regretted pressing her about this. It looked like what that Qingqing said wasn’t to be completely trusted either. Actually, it made sense, since it does seem that she had always been rather jealous of the attention that Lin Fang had been receiving. It wasn’t all that far fetched that perhaps she’d use this chance to humiliate Lin Fang in front of others.

But from this exchange, judging from how Lin Fang had acted, this wasn’t what she was worried that Chu Xiaoxiao might say either. So, just what was going on between Chu Xiaoxiao and her? But in any case, it does look like I’ll have a better chance of getting some useful answer if I asked Chu Xiaoxiao instead.

Days went by rather quickly while I lounged around on the hospital bed. Every day, there was nothing I need to do except for eating and drinking and sleeping. I wasn’t actually hurt that badly. In the doctor’s words, Death came at my direction in full speed with his culling scythe drawn in full swing, only to rush right past me onto whichever poor sob that was his actual target. Though I had a huge cut on my stomach area, but that cut miraculously didn’t harm any of my internal organs. So right now, all that was needed for me was to wait until the cut heals, and then I’ll be able to be out of this place.

My body had always been strong, and I recovered quicker than most people. Truthfully, it was actually rather boring lying in bed all day, especially since Lin Fang couldn’t come visit me everyday. Though, I wouldn’t want her to even if she could. Before I put Chen Yuzhou away for good, I don’t want to see her too much. I don’t want to risk her being harmed on my account.

Chu Xiaoxiao on the other hand, visited me frequently. Every time she comes, she almost always had some sort of soup with her. According to herself, those soups supposedly had various kinds of “medicinal” properties that were meant to “boost and assist” my recovery. Whether or not they actually worked aside, she was a terrible cook. I am a man who had spent years serving my country on the battlefield, and those soups tasted horrible even to me

When Han Kun caught winds that I had been injured, and was potentially fatal, the first thing he did was giving Big Lon a good talking to, until that poor man’s face was blue with fear. Then he said that he will be booking flights to come back from Denmark as soon as he can so he could take care of this for me. It took a lot of convincing, but in the end, I was finally able to talk him out of it. But he made me promise that I must wrap up this thing I had going with Chen Yuzhou as soon as possible, and as clean as possible. And that if I can’t, he’ll personally come back and get rid of the Chen’s himself.

One day, I lay on my bed by myself in boredom, without anything to do on my hands. A few days ago, I could still struggle to lay on my sides to join the other patients in my ward in a few games of cards. But, as soon as they finally realized that I was The Famous Zhang Chao that was all over the news and media, none of them would play with me, or even talk to me again for that matter.

So, without anything better to do, I took my phone and opened it to the same discussion thread that Xia Genghuai gave me last time.

Since the day of the accident, I haven’t visited that site again. It has been a few days already, so I wondered how that discussion thread had grown.

But unexpectedly, that thread was gone completely. At first, I thought that it might have been pushed down the list as newer discussion threads were created, but after searching around with all the keywords that I could think of, there was no trace of that thread to be found at all.

Just as I began feeling irritated at not being able to see the direction that thread took, on the front page, a new thread titled “ZHANG CHAO’S SECRETS, HIGHER POWER AT WORK? SILENCING COMMON FOLK’S ONLINE PRESENCE WITH A FINGER SWIPE!” written in capitals, and was flashing red.

I felt my scalp tightening.

At times like this, discussion threads of this type was very detrimental to me. If the majority of the populace on the internet feel that I’m a good for nothing filthy rich boy, they wouldn’t be inclined to stand on my side.

This thread was probably planted by Chen Ruhai’s people. The fact that the title was flashing red in the discussion forum means that it was a very active discussion thread, which means that, whatever its content was and whether they were true or not, its ideas had already been seeded firmly into people’s mind. Even if I could delete this thread as I willed, it would do nothing to lessen the impact that it has already achieved.

More than a little vexed, I tapped the thread open to see just what it said about me, and whether or not Chen Ruhai really was as good as he said he is as to being able to dig out my true identity.

And as expected, this was simply another fake thread that Chen Ruhai built around rumors that he cooked up himself. It was completely inaccurate as far as the truths surrounded me go. There were many claims without proof, and some were simply downright lies. The entire discussion that followed all commented on how fake and made up they were. It went on for quite a few more pages, and as I was just about to write it off as having wasted my entire afternoon, one particular reply popped up.

‘..... isn’t this Zhang Jun’s little boy?’

Someone wrote on it, and this person knows my father.

Immediately I opened up this person’s information page.

Account Name: 138\*\*\*\*213

Judging from the user name, this was obviously only a temporary account. And when the information page came up, as expected, there was no useful information on it.

Not many people knew my father, and even fewer knew that Zhang Jun was my father. And from the tone of the text, it was rather unlikely that this person was my aunt, or anyone of the Junran Group, or Han Kun, or Zhao Gongming. Just who is this person?

Scrolling down, all the way to the bottom, I didn’t see anyone else mention my father’s name. I felt a little disappointed, but then I realized it, even if no one asked, I could ask myself.

I registered a temporary account, and immediately made a reply to that comment.

\*\*\*\*\*: How did you know? Are you one of Zhang Chao’s family or something?

As soon as I replied, I regretted sending it out. It was too abrupt and too upfront. I might have ended up scaring that person away.

Just as I was thinking of deleting that reply and rewrite another one, that person replied.

138\*\*\*\*213: We used to be in the same company. Zhang Jun was my boss.

This man really was one of my father’s old acquaintances.

I contemplated on the idea of perhaps asking this person to meet up with me in person. If I wanted to know more from this person, I’ll have to think about how to reply him carefully.

But as I took my time considering, that reply was immediately buried under a mountain of replies.

Anonymous User: Boss? So that Zhang Chao really was one of those rich boys.

Rainbow Jade: Didn’t they all say that the Zhang’s were a piss poor bunch? Say, does anyone have any info on how to go about applying to become one of the Chen’s “online workers”?

138\*\*\*\*213: Zhang Jun was murdered some ten years ago. From what I heard then, his little boy has lived a pretty rough life ever since....

Though it was quiet all around, when I saw that reply, I felt as if a bomb had been set off inside my head. My hand shook, and my phone fell through my stiffened fingers.

I reached and grabbed, over a few times, before I was finally able to pick it up. I wanted to reply to that thread again, but as I went into it again, suddenly, it brought me to a blank page instead, telling me that the entire discussion thread has been axed.

But I remembered that last bit well, that person said that Zhang Jun was murdered some ten year ago.

Murdered!

So what happened to my parents was never an accident. I knew it! Just like I had thought! And it must be related to that Jiang Ming somehow!

Then my phone rang.

I took the call by reflex. It was only after I took the call that I found that it was Han Kun who called me.

“Chao, what are you doing now?”

Most of the time, Han Kun had always referred to me as Master Zhang. It wasn’t often that he called me directly by my name. I felt a little odd.

“I was sleeping just then.”

“Oh, I see. I didn’t disturb you from your rest did I?”

“It’s alright, I was already awake when you called.”

“I see. That’s fine. Say, have you been on the internet much these days?”

I took a silent breath, “Not recently, why?”

“Nothing. It’s just that, there were quite a few bad rumors about you circulating around the internet. I don’t want you wasting your mind on those trivial matters. Definitely not good for your recovery. For now, focus on getting back into shape first.”

“Alright.”

From how timely he had called, Han Kun must have been the one who took that thread down, or pulled strings to have it pulled down. Which means, that Han Kun also knew that what happened to my parents wasn’t an accident at all. He knew that they were murdered! So why hasn’t he look into it!?

I couldn’t just sit around and wait anymore. I need to know, right now, just who this Jiang Ming character is. I must, and I will, get to the bottom of my parents’ death! And if this Jiang Ming had a hand in it...

I kicked off my bed cover and jumped out of bed. My wound has mostly healed up, I just had to refrain from making any sudden and strenuous movements, like walking too hard and too fast.

“Where are you going? You should be resting!” Before I reached the door, the door opened by itself and revealed a Chu Xiaoxiao behind it, along with a bowl of soup in her hands.