

Chapter 72 Might Not Come Back

I used to think that gang wars and mob fights are not too different from what was portrayed in movies, a bunch of hot blooded youngsters swinging pipes and knives at each other causing mayhem and chaos. But this, with what was going on between the Black Dragons and Red Lanterns, really opened my eyes to some realistic aspects of the mafia mobs that the movies couldn't capture.

Take the Red Lanterns for example, though Zhao Zichen was young, that slithering bastard was as slippery than the devil himself, a wolf disguised and hidden underneath layers and layers of sheep skins.

These Black Dragon simpletons never had any chance against him from the very beginning.

Smart bastard, that Zhao Zichen, too smart. And that father of his, now I'm certain that he had his own agenda in all this, getting me involved and making me protect his son. There must be more that he isn't saying to me. I swear, I will get to the bottom of this in time.

After the Black Dragons left, under Ye Debiao, the security guards regained functions once more, and began restoring order to the hospital.

Zhao Gongming summoned Ye Debiao over, and commended him for his bravery, embarrassing and making the big man blush in bashful pride.

When they finished, I started towards Zhao Gongming, to drag him somewhere to ask just what his real intentions are with this whole bodyguard thing, but a voice called me out from behind.

"Savior!"

I stopped and turned to the direction of the voice, and there was a man kneeling on the ground, thanking me and almost worshiping me. This really caught me off my guard, and for a while it was all I could do just standing there and accept his thanks in stunned astonishment. Only when he stood up, did I realize that he was the husband of the pregnant woman just then.

"Please, there is no need for this. It wasn't me who saved your wife, it's that security captain over there. You should thank him instead."

"You both are our saviors! If weren't for you, my wife would never have been able to get help in time! Just then, she had finished delivering the child, a baby boy. On behalf of my entire family, I thank you from the bottom of my heart!"

"That soon?" It didn't feel like too much time has passed.

Zhao Gongming came over, "When the woman was finally able to get inside the delivery ward, the baby had already began to come out. Before she came, her water broke already, and that little episode agitated her, putting her into a state of stress, so the child came out a lot sooner than expected. You and Ye Debiao did well."

Ye Debiao was as simple and honest as he appeared to be. Hearing that Zhao Gongming's praises again, he blushed and stammered, "I, umm, no, it was... umm, I mean, I was just doing my job, but this man, he is a real hero, stepping in and risked his life for that poor woman."

I never thought of myself as a bashful person before, but with so many people singing my praises left and right all around me, very soon my face also became just as red as Ye Debiao's is.

Zhao Gongming gave me an encouraging look, and then announced, "Everyone, give this old man a few minutes and hear me out. Look at him closely, does his face ring a bell? His name is Zhang Chao. I'm sure that you must have heard his name sometimes somewhere these few days, remember?"

I wasn't sure exactly where Zhao Gongming was going with this. I was usually not in the habit of putting myself under the spotlight in front of all these people.

"Zhang Chao? That name does ring a bell somewhere. Was he that boy who gave that Chen Yuzhou a huge blunder some times back?"

"Yes, now that you mentioned it, I remember now. Everyone was talking about him on the internet, and all those terrible things that he did..."

"He looks like a good enough sort to me, seeing him up close in person. Those people on the internet are probably wrong."

"And none of them mentioned how cute and good looking he is. I must take more photos..."

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I was speechless.

Zhao Gongming chuckled, and continued, "Zhang Chao is one of my good friend's little boy, God rests his soul in heaven. Over these few days, I believe that most of you must have already knew about all those terrible rumors about him that were circulating on the internet. It pains my heart every time when I see those terrible lies. But what can I do? I'm nothing than a lonely old man. When I saw those things, I don't even know where I could even begin to help my friend's boy. Zhang Chao had always been a good boy. His parents died young, but he didn't fall into self pity or hatred. He worked hard, hard enough to get himself into the forces. For over five years, by his sweat and blood, he fought for our country, for our people. He isn't the type of person that those people on the internet said he was. You saw with your own eyes today. So please, if you see those terrible things about him on the internet again, please help him out and put in a few good words for him."

"Alright, this does it! Zhang Chao, we won't believe those things again."

"That's right! We believe in you!"

"Though we can't do much, but our hearts are with you. Drag that Chen Yuzhou down from his tall seat and give him a good whipping!"

Emotions swelled up within me. I never needed anyone's support or recognition, but seeing and hearing so many people encouraging me on still moved me and filled my heart with warmth and gladness. Anyone would, if they were in my shoes.

With so many people behind me, Chen Yuzhou is nothing!

But Zhao Gongming, this old fox, what could he possibly be plotting about this time? Was he really just doing this to right what was wronged against me? Or was there something else that he was after?

He had me fooled so utterly and completely last time. This time too, something just doesn't feel right about all of this.

I turned back again to talk to him, only to find that he had already slipped away unnoticed.

Zhao Gongming returned to his office, and instructed his secretary to close the door behind her.

"Director, I thought you would at least have a few words with him."

Zhao Gongming sighed, "He is no fool. He should have begun to see the oddities now. In time, when he realized a few more things, he'll come. But before then, I'd rather not invite troubles myself. It's alright, Chi, just let me have some moments to myself, and if he comes looking for me later, just tell him that I'm not here."

"Of course..."

On her way out, as soon as Secretary Chi opened the door, I stood right outside the office door and greeted her with a smile. She laughed awkwardly, and began to say something to cover up her nervousness.

"It's alright, save your excuses. I already heard everything. Go on and give me some alone time with Uncle Zhao now, we have some catching up to do."

Ignoring his secretary's unwillingness, I shoved past her and closed the door on her, and locked it.

"Zhang, Zhang! Don't, you can't...!" She began banging and slapping the door outside.

"Don't be so worried, I won't be rough with him or anything."

Turning back around with a smile, Zhao Gongming awkwardly, and reluctantly, motioned with his hand to tell me to take a seat, doing his best to act the part of a kind uncle still.

"Uncle Zhao, let's do away with all the lies and disguises. What's going on?"

I sat myself squarely down on the sofa. Zhao Gongming began tentatively.

"You know, your Uncle Zhao..."

"Uncle Zhao, before you say anything, I should let you know that I've been a recon specialist for five years. In the special ops, I've learned... all kinds of things. If you lie to me, I'd know."

I took a worn looking teacup off a display shelf at the side, and tossed and played with it in my hand. For some reason, after artworks became a little richer than the average population, they all liked to put fragile things like artworks and antiques on display, to show off their wealth. To be honest, I had no idea how valuable this teacup in my hand was, but as I tossed and juggled it, the look on Zhao Gongming's face told me that this wasn't just any random old teacup.

So I caught the teacup, and waved it at him. Zhao Gongming smiled stiffly, "Careful with it, it's a little pricey..."

I steeled my grip, and that teacup crumbled into pieces in the palm of my hand.

"Uncle Zhao, I believe I asked you a question."

With a pained look, Zhao Gongming began to say something, but didn't. The look on his face switched back and forth between anger and fear and regret.

After a while, he sighed in resignation, "Zhang, let Uncle Zhao be frank with you. Ever since Zichen got himself mixed up with the Red Lanterns, I was worried sick about him, day after day after day. With that mouth of his, I have no doubt that he'll be able to talk down any one of them in a verbal dispute, but those people, they fight for real, with fists and knives and guns! I'm afraid that one day, he just might not come back again, if he goes on like he is now."