

Chapter 73 Grudge

Zhao Gongming continued, "That's why I asked you for help. I wanted the Black Dragons to know that he has someone tough like you watching over him, so that maybe they'll think twice when they go to him looking for trouble, but... I never thought that he'd be able to cause this much trouble! No doubts the Chen's will definitely go to town with what happened today. I was thinking that perhaps I could put Zichen down to be a candidate for the next Cardiology Department Head, but I guess it won't be happening anytime soon."

This surprised me. Zhao Gongming didn't know Zhao Zichen's real identity.

And what's more surprising was that Zhao Gongming thought that Zhao Zichen couldn't handle himself in a fight. Just how much of a failure of a father is he, misunderstanding his own son that much?

"And these people today, they came to sabotage Zhao Zichen's reputation specifically. Haven't you noticed? They didn't actually do anything apart from yelling his name and hacking and smashing things all around."

"That they did. Thank goodness they left all of a sudden, otherwise I really wouldn't know what to do. Thank you for that, my boy Zhang. You won't hold it against your Uncle Zhao for this will you?"

I wasn't paying attention to Zhao Gongming. Something else caught my mind.

That blonde didn't just leave all by himself. He was called away because his turf was invaded by the Red Lanterns.

And, the Red Lanterns won't move a muscle without Zhao Zichen's nod. So rather than the Red Lanterns, it was Zhao Zichen who did this.

As soon as Blondie brought his people out of Changlong Street, the Red Lantern moved in and occupied it. And that Blondie even made arrangements himself with the local law enforcements to ignore all of the calls around the vicinity at that time, and that provided the best cover up for the Red Lanterns as they took over Changlong Street.

It seemed like a timely coincidence then, but taking a step back and putting all that happened together, it all fit in too well to be just a coincidence.

And if it was planned, then whoever that orchestrated this whole thing really is too smart, frighteningly smart.

I shivered at the thought, and finally, Zhao Gongming's voice trailed back inside my ears, "... Chao, you won't hold this against your Uncle Zhao will you?"

I came back to my senses, "You already knew that I won't really hold it against you, that's why you went ahead and did this in the first place isn't it? Enough about that. You managed to raise that sly fox of a son, I'd be a fool to believe that you're so stupid as to not know what's really going on. Uncle Zhao, let's lay it all out in the open. I want to know about Jiang Ming, you're going to tell me about him, and you're not going to let Uncle Han know that you've told me about him."

The way to deal with those smart types was to simply be as straight to the point as you can. Playing their games and somehow thinking that you can beat them at their own games was nothing but a waste of time.

The expression on his face changed, "And what are you going to do after you know about him?"

"To tell you the truth, I suspect that Jiang Ming had a hand in my father's death."

As soon as I said that, Zhao Gongming sprung to his feet, so suddenly and forcefully that his golden framed glasses almost slid off.

He stared at me, the usual glimmer of intelligence in his eyes replaced with vicious violence. I was startled, not because I thought he might hit me, but at what could have made him so angry as to lose his demeanor like that.

Zhao Gongming didn't say anything, and simply looked at me. Then after a while, he walked back to his desk, opened a drawer, and took out an ashtray from it and set it down violently on his desk.

"Help yourself."

Zhao Gongming tossed me a joint. I took it in my hand, and sniffed it briefly. I asked, "Uncle Zhao, I'm right aren't I? Jiang Ming really is involved in my father's death isn't he?"

He snorted, but without his usual confidence, "Bullshit."

"Look at this cigarette, it was so old that it even began to grow mold. I know my cigarettes, and I know just how good this is, and yet you simply kept it inside your drawers? How many years has it been since you quit smoking? And if I really had been wrong, why would what I said made you anxious to the point that you broke out the smokes? All I'm saying, is that, I've been a recon specialist in the special ops for five years, and you're not fooling my eyes. I did my part and helped Zhao Zichen once, and it's time that you return the favor."

Reluctantly, Zhao Gongming ripped the cigarette away from his mouth, and stuffed the ashtray back inside his drawers.

"I don't know." Zhao Gongming said, "Chao, I really am telling the truth. None of us knew whether or not it was the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"Both Han Kun and I had the exact same suspicion back then. It was all too sudden. The official police report wrote that your father was driving under the influence of alcohol at the time of the accident, but all of us who knew your father knew that your father never drank alcohol. Not even one drop. He couldn't have been driving drunk."

Realizing that I've been clenching my fists hard, I made a point to relax it and set it back down onto my knees. Closing my eyes and opening it again, I nodded.

"So after his funeral, both Han Kun and I felt that something was amiss, and we both went to the police department and requested a look at the autopsy report."

"And what did it say?" I asked, a little too quickly.

Typically, these reports don't lie. Because they had no need to. At the end of the day, whether to close a case or not was up to the investigating officer's decision, and the forensics team operates independently of them. These two units answer to different people, and neither should be able to influence the other.

Which is to say, if this person was somehow able to influence the investigating officer to close the case, there would be no need for him to also buy the silence of the forensics team as well.

Zhao Gongming breathed out heavily, in vexed exasperation, "Nothing."

"It said nothing? That's impossible."

"No, nothing, as in, there never was any autopsy reports in the first place. When Han Kun and I caught winds that your parents passed away, the police already cremated your parents' corpses. When we got there as soon as we can, they only gave us your parents' ashes. Then we requested to see the investigation report, and did you know what they say? They had the guts to tell me that they had somehow 'lost' the report..."

I was speechless.

If it was really a simple traffic accident as people have claimed all these years, why go to such lengths to hide it?

One of my greatest regrets in my life since I was young was that I was never able to see my parents one last time, but I would never have thought, that this was something that someone had intentionally caused.

Zhao Gongming's eyes reddened, and croaked, "If it really was a simple drink drive accident, why are they in such a hurry to get rid of the bodies? None of it made any sense!"

I tried to swallow, but found that there was nothing in my mouth to swallow. My throat was dry, as if a fire was burning inside my chest.

I continued to ask, "Then what happened after that?"

"After that, I wanted to get to the bottom of this. The first one that Han Kun and I suspected was Jiang Ming. Back then, your father and Jiang Ming had a personal grudge. Your mother used to be Jiang Ming's fiancée, but then your father came and she married him instead. Jiang Ming valued his face above all else, and swore in open public that he'll make your father pay. After that, every time those two meets, fights ensued, both verbal and physical. In the beginning, there was nothing your father could do against him, but as years went by, your parents started a business together, and it grew stronger and more secure than ever, until there isn't anything Jiang Ming can do to harass your parents anymore. Until the day your parents passed away, it almost seemed like Jiang Ming was cursed with bad luck, both in his career and in his life. Once, his own father even disciplined him in front of everyone in public."

I said, "So you suspected that Jiang Ming staged this to have my father killed out of spite?"

This isn't hard to imagine.

Between Chen Yuzhou and I, there was never really any substantial hatreds and grudges in the past. At least, not to the point where we wanted the other to die. But now, over Lin Fang, things quickly developed and escalated to where we are now.

And what my father did, was literally ripping his fiancée away from him for his own. There was no way that Jiang Ming wouldn't hold it against him.

"That was what Han Kun and I thought. We both worked together and tried to investigate the truths behind this. But back then, I was nothing more than a little no name doctor, and Han Kun also wasn't yet the master lawyer that he is now. Without your father's guidance and protection, there was very little what we could do. We sought and searched for clues or hints everywhere, though more often than not what we faced was disappointments after disappointments, but I never gave up wanting to get to the bottom of this."

I didn't believe that, "Really? From what I can see, you've given up already."

Zhao Gongming exclaimed heatedly, "It wasn't me! It's Han Kun! I've always done all I could digging up everything I can find about that night. I always believed that report must still be hidden away somewhere out there, and I did all I could to try to get my hands on it! But one day, Han Kun suddenly called me, and told me that we couldn't go on looking into this anymore, and that neither of us had what it takes to go deeper down this rabbit hole!"