

## Chapter 75 Working Together?

“Hold it! What do you know of it!?”

Why did he bring up Jiang Ming? How did he know that I was investigating Jiang Ming? Even I wasn't so sure about whether Jiang Ming really was my parents' killer, how could he be so sure?

Capable as Zhao Zichen is, this is too much of a coincidence to be a random guess.

But he didn't answer me, and simply walked out. I flipped out of my bed and yelled after him, but he simply ignored me.

Though I knew that he was simply playing hard to get, I had no choice but to take the bait in his hand. Hopping after him, I gave chase. I couldn't help it. That bait in his hand turned out to be exactly the one thing that I needed the most.

If it weren't for that car accident, or if that bastard weren't Zhao Gongming's son, I could have broken his legs already, with the teacup in my hand no less.

“Stop.”

In merely few seconds after he went out the door, Chu Xiaoxiao's voice sounded from outside the door.

And against my expectations, Zhao Zichen backed into my ward slowly, with both of his hands raised high in the air. He was... intimidated by Chu Xiaoxiao?

“Go back in, and sit down.” In Chu Xiaoxiao's hand was her phone, still in “record” mode. She waved it slightly at Zhao Zichen, “Behave yourself now.”

Zhao Zichen tilted his head and thinned his eyes dangerously, “Girl, you knew who I am, and still you dare to threaten me with this? You know, one of these days, I just might remember what happened today and decide to return the favor.”

Chu Xiaoxiao tossed me her phone nervously. Judging from the timer displayed on her phone, she must have began recording not too long after Zhao Zichen came in.

Chu Xiaoxiao shivered in fear, but stood her ground, “You do that, and I'll make sure that the entire world knows about your identity.”

Zhao Zichen's eyes gleamed with cold ruthlessness, “Empty threat. Behind that heavy door, your phone probably didn't pick up anything anyway. And if that's the case, I'll make arrangements for your father to pick up your corpse at the morgue tomorrow.”

Zhao Zichen was all smiles and jokes a few moments ago, but now, when he became serious, the coldness in his tone showed that he was no stranger to the darker side of things. That image of the young playful doctor was gone in a flash.

Zhao Zichen turned to look at me, all friendly smiles again, “Zhang Chao, you don't want to make an enemy of me. Give me the phone, and let me delete it. Whether you have recorded anything or not, I'll treat it as if this had never happened before.”

Keeping a firm grip on the phone, I showed him the timer, still ticking away in record mode, “Then sit, and begin talking about Jiang Ming.”

His intention was all too clear. He wanted to use Jiang Ming as the bait to make me join his Red Lantern. But with or without his help, I would never do that. I would never bring disgrace to the uniform that I've worn with pride.

In all his fights, Zhao Zichen had always been the hunter, setting up traps and ploys and lying in wait as his prey took bait and fell into his traps. But it seemed today, that the hunter has turned hunted.

“You think you can threaten me with a measly recording!?! Are you mad or are you tired of living!?”

Tossing the phone back to Chu Xiaoxiao, I walked over to him and looked at him in the eye, “Careful with what you choose to say with that mouth of yours here.” I cracked my knuckles.

Immediately, Zhao Zichen flinched, and when he looked up again, it was all smiles again, “Come on, Chao, my brother, we're all friends here right? Even our fathers are good friends too. There's no need to be like this. If there's anything you want to know, all you have to do is ask. I'm sure we could work something out between us.”

It turned out that Zhao Zichen actually didn't know much about Jiang Ming personally. They are each the leader of the two biggest mafia mobs in Tong City, but they have never once seen the other face to face.

Before Jiang Ming, the person who used to be in charge of Black Dragon was someone called Ge Yunfei. He was a businessman who ran a freight company that operates on an international level with many cruise ships under his business. Though he had no special backgrounds to speak of, all others in Black Dragon honored and respected him. He was a man of his words, and a brother to all who are in need. For as long as he had breath, for as long as his company stood, he never once let his people and those who sought him for help go hungry.

“Ge Yunfei's freight business took flight and he became rich. And slowly, he got many of the Black Dragons into the ships business as well. The majority of them were almost always away at sea, doing business in trades and transport, and only a few who couldn't take the harshness of the sea stayed behind in Tong City, looking after their turf in their absence. Back then, the Black Dragon was rich, and they never used to care much for such insignificant protection fees before. In fact, they only maintained their territory and accepted protection fees from the people so that they would still remember that the Black Dragons are still around, and that they still had their back just like before.”

I commented, “The way you speak about him, he sounds like quite a good guy.”

Zhao Zichen continued. Back then, almost the entire Tong City respected Black Dragon. Even the governing authorities. Ge Yunfei was a charismatic character, and he made friends everywhere. He even knew many members of the government on a personal level. In their eyes, he was doing them a huge favor already just by keeping those street thugs in line and setting them into proper jobs and making them work for an honest earnings.

After that, Zhao Zichen's face darkened. He procured a cigarette pack and took a joint out, holding it between his teeth and struck the lighter a few times. It didn't lit, but he suddenly remembered that smoking is forbidden inside hospital wards, and put them away reluctantly.

I asked, breaking the silence, “So, is this Ge Yunfei still in charge of the Black Dragon these days?”

Zhao Zichen chuckled, bitterly, “He hasn't been for a long time.”

“Where did he go?” From what I heard, his reputation far exceeds that of Jiang Ming's, and it sounded like even Zhao Zichen himself greatly respected him. Surely he wouldn't just hand over the Black Dragon to someone like shady character like Jiang Ming.

“He's dead.”

I frowned at the unexpected answer.

After a moment of silence, Zhao Zichen went on, “He died, three years ago. After that, the Black Dragon was split in two. Some of them grouped together and renounced Black Dragon and became what you see as the Red Lantern today, and the rest of them stayed. The Old Boss, they all said that he died of a car accident, driving drunk into a running river and drowning himself to death. But I knew for a fact that it was all lies. He couldn't have been driving drunk. He had a weak liver, and he hadn't touched alcohol in years. I would know. I am the doctor who did his autopsy. Strangulation by force. He... he was murdered.”

Chu Xiaoxiao gasped, and after that, silence fell around the room.

Zhao Zichen's eyes reddened, and the muscles on his face twitched as he tried all he could holding back on the frustration and sadness. He clenched his jaws tight in silence.

Drink drive. Another drink drive accident. Like my father, yet another drink drive accident while they themselves couldn't or wouldn't touch even a drop of alcohol. There were too many similarities.

It was as if there was a rock choked inside my throat, but I forced myself and croaked, “Jiang Ming, again?”

“I don't know.” Zhao Zichen sighed, in pain and resentment, as he stared blankly at the ceiling. “My autopsy was rejected. Those bastard cops said that my report was not up to standard, and requested for the body to be taken away to another doctor for autopsy. When I received the report, it was three days later already, and it said that the cause of his death was drowning. I knew that the report was forged, and moved that the body be examined again by a trusted third party, but those bastards...! They... they told me that the body was already cremated.”

“Son of a...! They did the same to my father!”

Unable to hold back myself, I gave the cabinet beside my bed a kick. The sudden noise made Chu Xiaoxiao jump in fear. I hurriedly apologized to her.

Chu Xiaoxiao said, “The police would do something so blatantly against the law?”

Zhao Zichen laughed and croaked dryly, “You two must be thinking me out of my minds, wonder what such a young and promising upstart doctor like me could possibly be doing with getting myself tangled up in all this mafia business. It's simple, really, like a great man once said, medicine cannot cure Tong City fools. Think about it, as a doctor, what can I possibly do in all of this? All I can do is wait in helplessness while the man that I respected the most was murdered in cold blood while the government let the murderer get away with it. I couldn't even...! Couldn't even...”

He stopped, unable to continue. Swallowing his tears back down, he breathed deeply, in and out, and waited in silence as his emotions calmed.

“So Jiang Ming did him in?” I asked, after he calmed down.

Zhao Zichen shook his head, “I don't know for sure, but ever since Old Boss died, they left that seat empty. Rumor has it that they left it empty for Jiang Ming, waiting for him to come back. Ever since the Red Lantern came out from the Black Dragon, there has been continued wars and conflicts between the two. And now, Jiang Ming is finally coming back. He is one who would benefit the most from Old Boss's death. It must be him!”

I would never have thought that Red Lantern and Black Dragon had this piece of history between them. It does look like Zhao Zichen had a great deal of respect for this Ge Yunfei, so I can understand why he wanted to take revenge. Him and I, we might not be so different in this respect.

Zhao Zichen offered again, “Zhang Chao, Jiang Ming is your enemy, and he is my enemy too. I'm serious, why don't we work together in this?”