

Crazy 35

Chapter 35: How Many Cues do You Want to Hit?

The Key Case Investigation Unit had a certain rule: every investigator was required to have a tracking system on their phone so the leaders could know their position at any time. This way, if there was any danger while investigating cases, the leaders could respond in a timely manner.

Zhang Jingfeng was obviously not an exception. Li Beini quickly found his location, but unexpectedly, Zhang Jingfeng was not at home, but at a local pool bar. That sneaky, dishonest rat, who, despite agreeing to help with the investigation, was casually playing pool!

“It’s fine, leave this to me!” Zhao Yu told Li Beini. “You can go first. Investigate Li Xinhua’s new evidence, and let me know if something comes up!”

“Senior, what are you going to do to Zhang Jingfeng?” Li Beini was a little worried, “He is an official investigator, you can’t touch him! Please reconsider whatever you’re thinking of doing!”

“Your senior isn’t that stupid, don’t worry!” Zhao Yu laughed. “Don’t worry, he’ll definitely help me investigate! Whether he can find the information or not, it’s not up to me!”

Once he split up with Li Beini, Zhao Yu quickly arrived at the pool bar. It was noon, so there were not many people. There were only two pool tables in use out of the eight.

Zhang Jingfeng was standing in front of one of the tables, rubbing the end of his cue stick with chalk as he considered his next shot. The person Zhang Jingfeng was against was noy Liang Huan, but Zhao Yu knew him anyway. He was a young police officer in the Police Dispatch Department who apparently had exceptional pool skills.

Seeing someone closing in on him, Zhang Jingfeng raised his head. When he saw Zhao Yu, he paused. The tip of his mouth raised as he started laughing.

“Oh? Little Zhao? What brought you here?” The man was truly shameless. He did not even mention that he was supposed to be helping Zhao Yu.

“Nothing brought me here, except a fire!” Zhao Yu smiled gently, pointing at his own chest, signifying his heart was on fire—he was angry.

“Hahaha, it’s just official business, what’s the rush?” Zhang Jingfeng continued to smile as he talked. “No matter how big the fire is, can’t affect you that much, right? Hahaha...”

Seeing Zhang Jingfeng’s wild laughter, the young officer also started laughing alongside him.

“Zhang,” Zhao Yu stopped smiling and spoke coldly. “You know why I’m here. One word, help or not, just tell me straight up!” Zhao Yu knew that Zhang Jingfeng was waiting for him to mention benefits, but he simply refused to bring it up.

Zhang Jingfeng’s smile faded away. He looked like he was pondering something. Then, as if he finally had decided, he started laughing again, “Zhao, look at you! Help or not, we’re all good friends here. What’s

this problem worth? Come let's play a few rounds first! Hit a few shots first!" Zhang Jingfeng was clearly unwilling to help Zhao Yu—if he did not hear anything about his benefits, he would not bring up helping Zhao Yu. What was one to do?

With their stances clear, Zhao Yu no longer withheld anything. He first looked around with some reservation, then glanced sideway at the pool table, and asked coldly, "Okay, so...how much are you guys playing for?"

"Hehehe!" Zhang Jingfeng laughed. "I couldn't tell, but apparently you're an expert! You know how we live paycheck to paycheck already, so not too much. Usually a cue for fifty bucks! How about it?"

"A cue for fifty?" Zhao Yu feigned interest. "Then, how many shots can I take?"

"What are you saying?" Zhang Jingfeng's eyes bulged, "However many shots you want. Oh, so what you're saying is that your pool skills are pretty good? You want to make some bank off of me? Hahahah..." Zhang Jingfeng laughed for a good reason. His pool skills were exceptionally high, and even in the neighboring area, it was hard for him to find a match.

"Okay! You said it!" Zhao Yu pointed at him with his finger. "One cue, fifty, and I can make as many shots as I want?"

"No prob!" Zhang Jingfeng shouted at the service desk. "Boss! Set the table for us, today I'll have a go with my bro here!"

The boss was a burly man. Hearing the call, he hurried over to set the table.

Unexpectedly, Zhao Yu blocked him, and grabbed a cue. Then, under everyone's shocked gaze, he slammed it straight against his thigh. The sturdy cue broke in half with a thundering sound!

Ka-cha!

"Fifty!" Zhao Yu shouted loudly. He then grabbed the next one, swinging it through the air as if he were drawing symbol. Then he broke another, making the same sound.

"One-hundred!"

Ka-cha!

"One-hundred fifty!" Zhao Yu's thigh started to hurt, so he flexed his elbow, throwing the cue roughly into the side of the pool table. With a loud "Ka" sound, the cue split in two yet again!

"Two-hundred!"

Only when he yelled "two-hundred" did the stunned crowd finally react. "You wanna die?!" the boss yelled, stepping forward to restrain Zhao Yu. But Zhao Yu simply turned sideways and punched him. The impact of the punch was strong, hitting his face like a thunderclap, and when the boss lowered his head in recoil, he slammed into the pool table. The huge force caused him to bounce backwards and fall heavily onto the ground. He lay face up towards the ceiling.

Zhang Jingfeng and the young police officer were in complete shock, unable to even take a step.

Zhao Yu exhaled as if nothing had happened, as if he were simply doing cardio. To him, he truly had not worked out this hard in a while.

“Zhang!” Zhao Yu did not even blink, “Hitting shots really isn’t that exciting! How about we throw balls too!” As he spoke, he picked up a pool ball, and smiled, “How about a ball for twenty? Good?”

“What?!”

Not even waiting for the Zhang to process what he had said, Zhao Yu flexed his shoulder and threw the ball straight up, causing a chandelier to smash to pieces! With a loud sound, the glass shards fell to the ground, scaring everyone.

“Go!” Zhao Yu reached for another ball, and threw it straight at the window. With a loud sound, the glass shattered. Then, he threw a ball straight at Zhang Jingfeng, scaring him to shudder and retreat backwards, but he lost his footing and fell on the ground.

Zhao Yu’s movement was actually fake—he had only pretended to throw the ball. Seeing Zhang Jingfeng fall, he grinned and threw the ball for real. The ball whizzed past Zhang Jingfeng’s ear. With a whoosh sound, the ball flew by, scaring Zhang Jingfeng into holding his head as he yelled in shock.

Woosh...

Zhao Yu continued. The balls were slamming next to Zhang Jingfeng one by one, not actually touching him.

“Okay! Okay! Stop! Stop!” Finally, Zhang Jingfeng could not take it anymore, and raised his hands in defeat, “I’ll go look! I’ll search! Okay?!”