

## Chapter 236 Find Out the Truth

"Yue Mangong," Jiang Ming shouted at the young man who was beginning to walk away. He chased after him angrily.

Yue Mangong had no intention of stopping, and Jiang Ming circled around him to block his way.

"Name your price. I'll pay any amount."

Yue Mangong sidestepped Jiang Ming and kept walking, not replying him.

Jiang Ming swore angrily and continued to block his progress.

"This painting is worthless to you. Why are you fighting me for it? Our families have no bad blood. How much can you earn from Han Kun for this? I'll pay you three times more."

Damn, what kind of drama was Jiang Ming acting out? It seemed like he would be willing to pay whatever price Yue Mangong set.

Jiang Ming might be depraved, but he was no fool. Was he really willing to pay any price because he loved my mother so much?

If so, how could he be the prime culprit in my parents' deaths? Had I been mistaken from the start? Was Liu Rong right, and Han Kun the most suspicious person?

No, that was impossible!

Jiang Ming was depraved. He admitted himself that he was almost successful at raping my mother, but she fought back and injured him. Perhaps he went insane and decided to commit murder.

Yue Mangong continued to ignore Jiang Ming.

Jiang Ming saw red. He rushed over to grab Yue Mangong by the shoulder with one hand and swung his other fist at his head.

Yue Mangong was tall, skinny, and looked weak. The surrounding women screamed and backed away. No one had expected that violence could emerge from a high-class casino.

To everyone's surprise, Jiang Ming's punch did not land. Yue Mangong caught his fist mid-punch.

"You only have one hand left," Yue Mangong said coldly, "Treasure it."

He was so fast that even I did not see him move. He was clearly skilled.

Jiang Ming was left red and embarrassed. He breathed hoarsely and continued to ask, "Yue Mangong, why are you helping Han Kun? When did your family become so shameless for money?!"

Yue Mangong finally showed some emotion. He narrowed his eyes and replied, "I'm not doing this for money. I'm doing this for the painting."

"Nonsense. What do you want with the painting?"

"I want it the same reason you do. Why do you want it?"

"I admire Ji Yanran and want to collect her work. If you're not here for Han Kun, why are you fighting me for it? Do you admire Ji Yanran too? Haha, you weren't even born twenty years ago."

Yue Mangong actually smiled at that. I thought he was naturally stone-faced and emotionless, but he could actually smile.

Of course, this pretty boy looked very handsome when he smiled.

Yue Mangong told Jiang Ming, "Uncle Jiang, you should act your age. I need to get this painting. I don't care about whether it was admiration or business twenty years ago. That's none of my business. I want what's in the painting. If Uncle Jiang only wants to collect this artwork. I'll donate the painting to you once I've gotten why I want."

In the painting? What was it?

Had my mother hidden something inside?

I stared at Jiang Ming. If he agreed to Yue Mangong's terms, whatever was in the painting was not important. If not, he had been lying and wanted whatever was in the painting.

I did not know what my mother had left in the painting, but since she had left it behind, it was mine and I wanted it.

Jiang Ming's expression was so cold that ice crystals could start forming. "Alright, alright, we'll see."

When they walked away, brushing past each other, Yue Mangong suddenly spoke up, "Uncle Jiang, if you admired her, why did you kill her? That's absurd."

Jiang Ming glared at him, stuck his hands in his pockets, and stalked away.

Ever since I had grown suspicious of my parents' accident, I had no real proof and everything was conjecture.

In the beginning, it was Zhao Gongming who told me that Jiang Ming was my parents' greatest enemy when they were alive. That was why I began to suspect Jiang Ming.

But when I wanted to investigate him, Han Kun stopped me from doing so, and I became even more suspicious of him.

Later, Zhao Zichen showed me a copy of the accident report. This report was so secretive that even Xia Genghuai did not have clearance to read it.

I grew even more suspicious of Jiang Ming, but I never had concrete proof that he was the killer.

I was so convinced not because I was easily duped, but because I had complete trust in Han Kun! Zhao Gongming and Han Kun were old friends, so I believed what Zhao Gongming said. Even though Zhao Zichen was calculative, there was no need for him to lie to me about this.

My trust only lasted until I discovered that Han Kun had been lying to me all this while.

It was one thing for Han Kun not to inform me when he returned to the country, but an entirely different thing when Liu Rong said that Han Kun had caused my parents' deaths.

In the past few days, I had been struggling to believe that Han Kun was involved in my parents' deaths. More evidence was piling up that linked Han Kun to that accident over a decade ago.

Until now.

Yue Mangong was so straightforward, but Jiang Ming did not say a word, not even a simple rebuttal. There was no other explanation, Jiang Ming was the culprit.

I steelled myself. Since the person who knew the truth was here, I was going to find out the truth tonight. I flipped out the Swiss army knife I kept on me at all times and flagged down a waiter for a glass of wine. I chugged it, wiped my mouth, and headed towards Jiang Ming.

But I had only taken a few steps when a hand clapped down on my shoulder. I chose to ignore it and not turn around, but I found myself unable to move.

"Young man, don't be impulsive."

There was no room for discussion, as the owner of the hand pulled me back. His voice seemed familiar. I was sure I had heard it before.

I was pulled back to a sofa and pushed down into it. That was when I saw an old man wearing sunglasses sit down next to me holding a cup of tea.

I immediately recognized him. He was Old Yu, the erhu player from Woodfire Wonton.

Damn, what was this old man doing here?

Before I could open my mouth to ask, Old Yu smiled. "You must be wondering, what is this old man doing here?"

Damn... Could the old man read minds?

Old Yu continued, "And now, you must be wondering, can this old man read minds? I might be wearing sunglasses, but my heart isn't blind. You are anxious, young man. Everything is written on your face. Beware of being used."