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Chapter 133 Clearly a Rascal

Cheng Su and Qi Taiguo watched as this person wolfed down his food, looking like he hadn't eaten in eight hundred lifetimes.

Four flatbreads, three large steamed buns, two bowls of salty soy milk—his chopsticks were also reaching for the pickled cucumbers on the table, oh, and his other hand was grabbing for a baozi.

Facing the couple's gaze, Ning Ge lifted his head and said with embarrassment, "I'm truly starving, but sister-in-law's cooking is really good!"

It was unclear whether he was truly hungry or if Cheng Su's cooking was genuinely delightful, but he did find it rather tasty. In the past, who would've thought he'd give a second glance to something like scallion oil flatbread?

Cheng Su gave Qi Taiguo a look, and rose to go inside the room, with Qi Taiguo following on her heels.

Once the door was closed, Cheng Su asked, "So, what do you think, is there something off about this guy?"

"Not sure yet," Qi Taiguo said, pursing his lips. "From the way he talks, he's probably the son of some official, said he even knew the commander of the Northern Air Force stationed here. I'll ask around later."

"He reeks of a layabout. Even if he's the son of some official, I bet he's one who's been spoiled rotten at home. What did he do afterward?" Cheng Su was full of disdain.

Qi Taiguo grunted and said, "He claims he ran away from home to escape a marriage."

"And you believe that?" Cheng Su rolled her eyes—it was obviously far-fetched.

"Just listen for now. I don't think he's a bad guy; he wouldn't dare cause trouble here, would he?" Qi Taiguo scratched his head, also seeming unsure.

"Anyway, we've saved him and fed him; we've done our duty. Later, you just send him on his way. I still need to go deal with the opening of the little restaurant—can't be at home keeping an eye on him. Besides, there's no reason to keep him at home anyway," Cheng Su said.

Qi Taiguo nodded; she did have a point.

They stepped out one after the other to see Ning Ge still diligently eating at the table, seemingly oblivious to their departure, even calling out to Cheng Su to pour him another bowl of soy milk.

Cheng Su took the bowl and glanced at Qi Taiguo.

With a cough, Qi Taiguo sat down at the table and looked at Ning Ge. "Do you have any close friends or relatives? I can give them a call to come pick you up."

Ning Ge paused, struggling to swallow the baozi in his mouth, and widened his eyes, "Big brother, are you kicking me out?"

Cheng Su shot him a look, "By the sound of it, you're thinking of freeloading off us indefinitely?"

Ning Ge, feeling weak, clutched his chest and his head, "That's not what I mean. It's just that my head hurts, and this chest pain, I don't know if it's from the punch big brother gave me earlier that may have broken my ribs—ouch."

Qi Taiguo and Cheng Su both felt frustrated.

"I heard Qing City is rich in culture, with kind and compassionate people, and a deep history. That's why I thought of traveling here. But I never expected to get robbed and nearly lose my life as soon as I arrived, saved by the skin of my teeth, only to be beaten and more injured. This is just... unlucky to leave home!" Ning Ge wore an expression of deep misfortune.

Cheng Su looked at him coldly, "Mr. Ning, I heard you fled from a marriage. How did it turn into traveling all of a sudden?"

Without any realization that he had been caught in a lie, Ning Ge indignantly said, "I ran away from the marriage first, and then I traveled. I thought with the 'reform and opening up,' society would be friendlier, but the harsh truth is that people are callous, with no compassion whatsoever—ah. Big

brother, sister-in-law, I'm not saying you lack compassion, after all, you saved me, which is commendable. I just feel maybe I'm too naive..."

Cheng Su's face was full of dark lines as she sinisterly looked at Qi Taiguo, "Talk about being the offspring of an official, I see he's clearly a scoundrel!"