

The 80s 141

Chapter 141 Who is He Exactly

Asking to borrow money was a humiliation Ning Ge had never experienced before in his short career, and it was just for ten yuan. Yet, now, he truly did not even have ten yuan on him.

When he had escaped, it had been in a rush; how could he have prepared everything? And in the process of escaping, crossing mountains and fighting, he had lost everything he could have carried on him.

And the most important thing...

Avoiding Cheng Su's gaze from not far away, Ning Ge picked up the red telephone in front of him and dialed a familiar number.

Beep, beep beep...

On the other end of the telephone line, nobody picked up until Ning Ge was about to give up, then someone answered, a somewhat heavy voice coming through from the line.

"Hello, it's me," Ning Ge spoke in a deep voice, his head slightly bowed, hiding the shameless demeanor he usually had, replaced by solemnity. If Cheng Su and Qi Taiguo were around, they would undoubtedly be shocked and start to wonder who he really was.

Upon hearing Ning Ge's voice, the person on the other end of the phone paused, as if surprised, and asked, "Why are you calling this number? What's happened?"

"I've been exposed, and I've managed to escape," Ning Ge replied succinctly in a lowered voice, his eyes casually scanning the surroundings.

"Are you hurt?"

"Minor injuries, nothing serious."

"What about the item? Did you get it?"

Ning Ge's expression grew even darker as he said, "I hid it in a secret place. I'll go back for it once things cool down in a few days."

"Any problems? Do you need backup?"

Ning Ge pursed his lips and said, "No, I am in a pretty safe place right now." What could be safer than being in a military area?

After a moment of silence on the other end, the voice said, "Be careful," and hung up the phone.

Beep beep beep.

After hanging up the phone, Ning Ge fell silent for a while before saying to the grocery store owner, "Boss, give me a pack of cigarettes."

Taking the pack handed to him by the owner, Ning Ge tore it open and lit up a cigarette. He took a drag and asked, "How much is it in total?"

The owner looked at the telephone for the time and the number dialed and quoted a price.

Ning Ge handed over the Great Unity yuan he had borrowed from Cheng Su and, while the owner turned away to get the change, he picked up the phone again, pretending to dial, and then set it back down.

He leaned against the door, smoking, watching the noisy and bustling farmers' market, his face slightly darkening as he thought about his recent ordeals.

It wasn't that he was shamelessly clinging to Cheng Su's family; he had a compelling reason to do so. When escaping, he had concealed the object. It was uncertain whether those people had discovered it, and he had to retrieve it.

And having tumbled down from the Water chestnut Mountain, it was unclear whether they thought he was dead, whether they were still searching for him there, or, perhaps, scouring Qing City for his traces?

Ning Ge exhaled a puff of smoke, his gaze reaching out towards the distant Water chestnut Mountain, his expression unreadable and intensely solemn.

The military area was the safest place; he could only stay there for now.

"Young man, here's your change," the owner handed over a few yuan. Ning Ge, without looking, grabbed it and put it in his pocket as he walked away.

The owner sat back down and, as if struck by a thought, muttered to himself, "Did I calculate it wrong?" He checked the telephone for the number again but found that the number that had been visible just a moment ago was no longer in the records.

"No way, it's broken already? I spent several hundred yuan on this new phone!" the owner cried out.

Walking ahead, Ning Ge's lips curled up slightly in a smirk.