

## The 80s 300

### Chapter 300 The Skirt was Stolen

In this residential compound, because of the design of the houses, most rooms have flat windows without protruding balconies. Cheng Su's home was no exception, with only two windowsills extending out a slight bit, which was extremely inconvenient for drying clothes. A few items could be managed, but any more than that and there wouldn't be enough space.

Thus, like everyone else, Cheng Su and her family would hang their laundry out on the bamboo poles specially set up for drying clothes in the large compound courtyard.

The vast courtyard was filled with bamboo poles crisscrossing every which way. Some were strung with ropes to serve as clotheslines, while others were propped up by bamboo sticks, creating a spider's web of lines.

By nightfall, what had been bursting bamboo poles during the day were mostly empty, except for some freshly hung laundry dripping with water, which obviously didn't belong to Cheng Su's family.

After searching all around, Cheng Su and Qi Taiguo couldn't find her pink, knee-length dress embroidered with orchids.

That dress had been made by Cheng Su during the summer. Not satisfied with the current fashion designs and having the means, she had ventured to a tailor shop to have it custom-made. The design was her own innovation, stylish yet not too extravagant for the time, certainly considered fashionable for the era.

Cheng Su remembered clearly; after all, it was only after summer had passed that she had washed a bunch of clothes to put away, and that dress was among them. But now, it was missing?

Qi Taiguo's face darkened as he asked Cheng Su again, "Are you sure it was there? Could you have remembered it wrong?"

Cheng Su glared back at him, "I'm only twenty, not yet at the age of senility. I remember perfectly well. Didn't you have any recollection when you hung the clothes out?"

Recollection. The dress.

Qi Taiguo pursed his lips, thinking for a moment; there seemed to have been two or three dresses, but Cheng Su had so many that he couldn't recall if that particular one was among them.

"How could it have disappeared?" Seeing the displeased look on Cheng Su's face, Qi Taiguo quickly suggested, "Maybe someone took it by mistake. Should we ask around?"

Cheng Su scoffed coldly, "My dress is unique in the entire compound because it was custom-made to my design. How could someone mistakenly take it? That's quite illogical! Ask whom?"

Qi Taiguo chuckled awkwardly, hesitating to use a certain word, "There's another possibility. Like me, collecting my wife's laundry, we soldiers are careless with these things. Who knows what clothes our wives have? It's conceivable to take the wrong item without realizing."

Cheng Su continued to scoff, "If you don't know where your own clothes are hung, how do you know which are yours just by your wife's word?"

Qi Taiguo was at a loss for words.

Cheng Su was right, the courtyard below was a common area. When people dried their clothes, they did so conscientiously to one side for easy collection later. They wouldn't just hang items haphazardly unless there was truly no space left. But only the person who hung the clothes knew exactly where they were because otherwise, in a public area like this, who could tell which clothes were theirs?

If it weren't for Qi Taiguo himself hanging the laundry last night, he wouldn't know which pieces to collect. Even if he recognized one or two, he probably wouldn't be able to gather everything. Unsure of which were his, dared he collect them?

"So, what do we do?"

"What do we do?" Cheng Su snorted, "It's obvious someone's hands aren't clean, even stealing clothes. You still say we're all relatives in the same compound. I'd like to see them do it and admit it!"