

The 80s 434

Chapter 434: A Den of Robbers

Flowers bloom in twain, each on its own stem.

Cheng Su and Ning Ge, along with the others, hadn't anticipated that a small storm was brewing and would soon sweep toward their jam factory. One was recovering from illness, while the other was—well, courting a girl.

Speaking of which, Ning Ge, following his new 'girlfriend' Cao Xiaojuan, arrived at her home to find a man squatting by the door, puffing on a water pipe. He looked to be in his fifties, with hair greying at the temples, and whether from hard work or another cause, his age was difficult to discern.

Upon seeing Ning Ge, he paused, a flicker of caution darting across his eyes, which then shifted to appraisal.

"Girlie, why're you back, and who's this?" he asked Cao Xiaojuan.

Blushing, Cao Xiaojuan responded, "Dad, this is my boyfriend, Ge Ling." She gave Ning Ge a tug.

Ning Ge stumbled slightly and plastered on a smile, saying, "Uncle, hello there, I'm Ge Ling. Just call me Little Ge."

Father Cao, also known as Cao Guigen, eyed Ning Ge from head to toe, then foot to head. Ning Ge feigned discomfort as he handed over a gift he carried to Cao Xiaojuan, then pulled out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offered one to Father Cao.

Cao Guigen glanced at it and took one, and Ning Ge immediately took out a lighter to help him light it.

"Where are you from?" asked Cao Guigen.

"Uncle, I'm from Rong City."

"Oh, what sort of work do you do?" Cao Guigen's gaze landed on Ning Ge's tuft of yellow hair.

Ning Ge's face flashed with impatience, and he covertly nudged Cao Xiaojuan's elbow, pretending not to notice that Cao Guigen saw his subtle gesture.

Getting the hint, Cao Xiaojuan said, "Dad, let's go inside and talk. We've come a long way and are tired."

"Go on in then. Your mom's inside," Cao Guigen said, nodding toward the interior.

"Let's go." Cao Xiaojuan pulled Ning Ge by the hand to enter.

As Ning Ge passed Cao Guigen, he gave a quick side glance; he was dressed shabbily like an old farmer.

Cao Xiaojuan's mother was a plainly dressed woman around fifty years old too. She seemed surprised to see her daughter bringing someone home and gave Ning Ge a thorough look.

"Mom, why are you staring at people like that?" Cao Xiaojuan asked, somewhat embarrassed and fearing that Ning Ge would be displeased, sneaking a look at him.

Ning Ge acted as if he was dying of thirst and chill, merely holding his tea to sip and warm his hands.

"How'd you come across this guy? He doesn't look very honest," Aunti Cao whispered to her daughter on the side while examining the gift that was brought.

"We met at the place where I work," replied Cao Xiaojuan, blushing.

"Can you trust him? Is he not Gui Touzai?" Aunti Cao cast another glance at Ning Ge, her voice even quieter.

Cao Xiaojuan's expression changed slightly, and she instinctively looked at Ning Ge; he was still intently drinking his tea, not lifting his head once.

"Mom, why talk about this now?" Cao Xiaojuan was becoming frustrated.

Though Ning Ge wasn't looking over, his ears were pricked up; being trained, he caught bits of the mother and daughter's whispering carried by the wind.

Gui Touzai, also known as an undercover agent, but he was not working with the police, nor was he sent by them.

And the ones who could speak such words, heh.

He lifted his tea cup to shield the sneer at the corner of his mouth. This family, the daughter with her pretty and demure looks, the man of the house simple and honest, the lady of the house equally kind—how could anyone know that they were a nest of bandits, murderers, and thieves?

Just as Aunti Cao was about to speak again, a cough came from the doorway; Cao Guigen walked in, turning his gaze toward Ning Ge.