

The 80s 447

Chapter 447: Closing In

Ning Ge sneezed twice, who was plotting against him from behind? Shaking his slightly dizzy head, he took a deep breath sitting on the bed.

At dinner time, Cao Xiaojuan brought him a bowl of some messy soup to drink, knowingly cautious, he had to pretend and merely sipped it—his head felt dizzy right after!

He knew Cao Xiaojuan had a mission tonight. Watching this woman, who was intent on 'turning over a new leaf,' Ning Ge still felt a tinge of pity, and he shared a little story, "Making a mistake once is far easier than making ten."

Unfortunately, Cao Xiaojuan either didn't take his words to heart or, even if she did, she couldn't help herself.

All around was quiet.

Ning Ge looked at his watch, changed into a set of black clothes, slung his backpack over his shoulder, and opened the door.

At the Cao Family's house, besides the two fools 'sound asleep' in the next room, it was as quiet as if there wasn't a soul around.

Stepping out of the Cao Family home, Ning Ge paused, looked back one more time at the dark and desolate two cottages.

In the future, it would probably become even more desolate.

Without turning his head back, Ning Ge moved on.

That night in Master Wei's study, due to their sudden arrival, he did not find any especially useful information. It appeared Master Wei was a bit cautious, whether he would be more prudent and take his secrets with him when he left.

How could someone who could tie the villagers up in one string be without some cautious measures? Otherwise, if he just ran away and got silenced, wouldn't he be a complete fool?

Ning Ge had reason to believe that Master Wei was not foolish to that extent, and therefore, he had to intercept.

Qi Taiguo was somewhat distracted, still doubting the phone call that served as a tip-off.

Should he trust it?

If it was true, while they were here, their boss could stage a diversion and escape right under their noses—where would they even look?

The thought made Qi Taiguo uneasy all over.

Time ticked away slowly, and watching the village below, as quiet as a sleeping baby, Qi Taiguo's heart began to pound.

The north wind blew sharply.

His group was assigned to encircle the village, while two other groups were sent to ambush the involved suspects.

No, according to the informant, there were three points set for tonight.

Qi Taiguo felt unsettled, restless inside.

"What time is it?"

"Nine fifteen."

Qi Taiguo drew a cold breath; there wasn't much time left. However, the walkie-talkie on his shoulder was disturbingly silent with no orders for the ambush.

Just as he was considering whether to notify the commander, the walkie-talkie crackled to life.

Rustle, rustle, rustle!

Click, clack—the commander's voice quickly came through: "At one, take action. Old Gao, how are things on your end?"

"Ready to standby."

"Qi?"

Qi Taiguo turned his head, saying, "My group is ready."

As his words fell, another person's voice came in urgently: "Target sighted, target sighted, E plate T08034 intercepted."

"All groups, commence the roundup."

The various group leaders quickly responded.

"Start the encirclement," Qi Taiguo said in a grave tone.

The soldiers, having waited for this operation for so long, were eager, like eagles spreading their wings, rushing towards the village swiftly.

The night was deep; the snow fell silently, scattered and fluttering.

In Locust Tree Village, which had enjoyed a hundred years of peace, the old locust tree, which had stood in the village for a hundred years, shed its last leaf amid the snowstorm.