

The 80s 452

Chapter 452: The Mysterious Person Calls Again

Qi Taiguo returned to his room, leaned against the headboard, and unfolded the small roll of paper that had fallen out of Zhao Wei's boot, looking at the names and contact numbers written on it, his hand clenched into a fist.

A piece of paper didn't mean much, and even if submitted, it wouldn't constitute any evidence, but the fact that it had appeared in Zhao Wei's possession was worth pondering.

Should he turn this in? But then again, could he truly trust the commander?

Qi Taiguo pursed his lips, somewhat uncertain.

The bathroom door clicked, and Qi Taiguo quickly stuffed the note into his trouser pocket, as Gao Linbing walked out, drying his hair.

"Damn, finally took a good bath, tomorrow I can finally go home and cuddle with my wife." Gao Linbing cursed casually as he flopped back on the bed with a long sigh.

He turned his head, noticed the thoughtful expression on Qi Taiguo's face, and called out, "Still thinking about that matter? In fact, Old Shen is just making an issue out of it, and you were just considering the overall situation. And at your point, couldn't two or three group leaders control the scene? But now that Big Head has run off, it's a different story!"

"In the end, it was our army who lost soldiers," Qi Taiguo said faintly, "And two were disabled."

Gao Linbing's expression darkened slightly, he sat down, pulled out a cigarette, threw one to Qi Taiguo, and lit one for himself, taking a fierce drag and said, "Who could have expected these people to be so extreme?"

Qi Taiguo lit the cigarette in his mouth and exhaled deeply.

The two smoked in silence.

"You swept two points, your merit won't be small!" Qi Taiguo said, looking at him.

"Look at you, talking about merit. Whether or not there's merit, that's easy to say, we are all serving the country; it's just a shame that the task wasn't completed perfectly," Gao Linbing sighed.

Far from being perfect, he probably had to take responsibility too.

Qi Taiguo cast his eyes downward.

The door was knocked on, and Gao Linbing went to open it. A sentry was there to summon Qi Taiguo, saying that Commander Shen requested his presence.

With a look of concern, Gao Linbing gazed at Qi Taiguo. It was so late, was this about accountability?

Qi Taiguo, however, was indifferent, picking up his jacket by the bed and walking out. Whatever was coming would come; he was ready.

Having left the hallway and passing the reception area, he was suddenly called again.

"Commander Qi, please hold on, there's a phone call for you!" The receptionist lifted the receiver.

Qi Taiguo glanced at the wall clock; it was almost three in the morning. Who could be calling him?

Thinking of the earlier call that had tipped him off, he felt a movement in his heart and took the phone, saying "hello."

Sure enough, the caller was the person who had called him before, and at that moment, Qi Taiguo's gaze turned sharp.

"Commander Qi, what did you find in Master Wei's boot?" the voice on the phone asked.

He even knew about that? Qi Taiguo's gaze became even more enigmatic, and he asked in a lowered voice, "Who are you, exactly? Did you kill him?"

Laughter came through the receiver, "Are you stupid? If I wanted to kill him, I wouldn't have tipped you off. Now, tell me, what did you get from him?"

Qi Taiguo fell silent, not answering.

That was classified information; there was no way he could just reveal it so carelessly.

"Let me guess, was it someone who's been in contact with Master Wei? Someone from within your military?"

Qi Taiguo's face changed slightly—he could guess even this much. Just who was this person, and how did they know such confidential matters!

"What exactly do you know?" Qi Taiguo's voice was barely audible.

This mysterious person was too enigmatic, having first informed him of Zhao Wei's escape route, and now implying they had inside knowledge. This mystery caller—just who were they, and how did they know so much!

An outline flickered through Qi Taiguo's mind, that silhouette seemed somewhat familiar.

