

Chapter 130 Not Giving Up

Gan was dumbfounded. He pointed at the Thai assassin and asked in a trembling voice, "What happened to him?"

I looked over to where he was pointing. The assassin's eyes were wide and unseeing, and his mouth was gaping. Not in surprise, but as if he had lost control of his muscles. There was a trickle of blood on the left side of his face that quickly became a torrent. In a matter of seconds, half his face was covered in blood, all pouring out from a hole in his temple.

His hand was frozen in position, as if still aiming the gun. Suddenly, his body collapsed into a heap.

Gan and I stared at each other in shock.

However, I had seen plenty of dead bodies on the battlefield before, and came to my senses quickly. Regardless of how he died, Gan and I had to leave now. This place was too dangerous!

I had just helped Gan to his feet when I spotted something out of the corner of my eye. About twenty meters from us was a figure dressed in hip-hop style clothing. He was wearing a baseball cap and walked towards us with one hand in his pocket. He looked familiar.

"Baldie..."

I remembered. He was Baldie from the Red Lanterns. I had seen him once before.

Baldie had a cold expression on his face. His narrow eyes gave him a predatory look, making him seem even more unapproachable.

He did not bother to greet me, but he glanced at Gan and me. Then, he twisted his baseball cap around, rolled up his sleeves, and proceeded to drag the Thai assassin towards the sea by his legs.

Gan muttered under his breath, "Was he the one who saved us?"

I nodded.

Gan continued, "What did he do? I didn't see anything."

When I first met him, I had discovered that Baldie was exceptionally skilled. When Chou's men blocked Baldie's path, he had effortlessly made his way through them and into the private room.

But when Gan asked, I found myself at a loss for words. This was not a gun. He was not holding a gun.

I had good knowledge of different types of guns. In this weather and that distance, there was no ordinary handgun that could have made such an accurate shot.

I shook my head, jogged over to Baldie, and picked up the Thai assassin's other leg.

Soon, we dragged him over to the edge of the sea. I felt around his clothes and found a mobile phone. There had to be clues about where he purchased the gun in it. Besides the phone, there was nothing else on him.

Baldie stood by as I searched the body. He did not say a word, as if besides the killing, none of this had anything to do with him. No, with his expression, it seemed like even the killing had nothing to do with him. In fact, he looked like he had just been walking by, saw a dead body, and was "helping" to dispose of it.

"Alright, toss him into the waves. Tonight's tide will bring his body out to sea," I said.

Baldie did not respond. Together, we dragged the body out. The waves were huge, and we did not dare step too far into the sea. The waves and undercurrent might draw us out to our deaths.

When we were done, we were both soaked through. Baldie twisted his cap back, so that the brim covered his face.

Gan wobbled over to us. He glanced at Baldie in fear.

I patted Gan on the shoulder and told Baldie, "Bro, there's a hotel up ahead. The typhoon is too dangerous. Let's wait it out."

As usual, there was no response. However, he started walking in the direction I indicated.

Gan hesitated, seeming to want to ask me something. However, no one wanted to stand in the rain, and he bowed his head and kept walking. I followed behind.

Even though it was a twenty-minute walk, we ended up taking forty minutes to get to the hotel due to the weather.

The small hotel mainly catered to tourists. They had not expected anyone to come by, and the staff at the front desk had dozed off. When they saw the three of us, they ran over to greet us and ask me how many rooms we needed.

I figured that we would stay the night and thought we should get three rooms.

Before I could say anything, Baldie suddenly stuck out two fingers. "Two rooms."

Gan and I were both surprised when the man, who had been silent the whole night, suddenly spoke. He followed it with, "I have something to discuss with you. Your ears only."

Gan was just a normal person. His nerves would be shot if he stayed in the same room with a ruthless man like Baldie. Baldie's words were a godsend to him.

However, Gan was worried that Liu Rong would follow us here. He was under the impression that the Thai assassin had been sent by Liu Rong.

I tried to reassure him. "No one's going to come out here in this weather. Also, Liu Rong isn't that daring. After he's thought about it tonight, he won't send an assassin. Don't worry, I'm just next door."

By this time, Gan was absolutely exhausted. He had been running in the rain for almost an hour. My reassurances calmed him down, and he went to his room to shower.

I had only asked for two rooms, but the feeling of wearing damp clothes was too uncomfortable, so I got another room where I could shower.

Dressed in a dry dressing gown, I knocked on Baldie's door. When he opened it, I almost burst out laughing.

Baldie had also showered and changed into a dressing gown, but he was still wearing his wet baseball cap, its brim turned to the back.

What secrets were there in—or on—his head that he still needed to wear a cap?

Baldie noticed that I was stifling my laughter, but he seemed to be unconcerned with everything in this world. He pretended not to notice, and let me in.

"What did you want to discuss with me?" I asked.

Baldie did not respond. He switched on the television on the wall.

I was just wondering why he wanted to watch a movie with me when there was a flash from the television, and Zhao Zichen's face appeared.

Baldie passed me his phone. "Boss is looking for you."

Then, he made to leave the room, only to come back and take the keycard of the third room. "I'm going to bed," he told me.

The corners of my mouth twitched. As I looked at Zhao Zichen's extremely infuriating face, a headache bloomed.

"You again," I said.

Zhao Zichen laughed. "Chao, relax. I actually saved your life this time. And I didn't even plan to, it was a coincidence! This way, we can talk openly."

Damn it, the man had not given up yet.