

GUARDIAN

Chapter: 94

Guo Changcheng was a bit dispirited. He looked like the unfortunate homeless who lived overnight in the waiting hall of the train stations. When he climbed into the driver's cabin, in Chu Shuzhi's mind, there was only the word "a mess" to describe him.

"You didn't find her?" Chu Shuzhi asked despite the obvious.

Guo Changcheng solemnly nodded.

Chu Shuzhi fell silent for a moment, then tentatively asked: "But there's also the possibility that I thought wrongly. They might have taken the train, or stayed in the district for a while. How about we go back first?"

Guo Changcheng quietened for a while. Staying up through the night made his already not-so-bright mind seem a bit slow, and then he roughly rubbed his face and quietly said: "I'm sorry Chu ge, how about... how about you drive back first. I'll wait until I find them, then I'll get a cab back by myself."

"Get a cab? You squatting here overnight, are you planning to freeze to death outside?" Chu Shuzhi thought about it, then said, "You don't have to worry. Despite agreeing to the words of the ghost it doesn't matter. It's just an Earthbound spirit with hardly any abilities. I can still straighten them up."

Guo Changcheng still stubbornly shook his head. He had just planned on pushing open the cardoor and getting out. Right in the moment when he had his back turned toward Chu Shuzhi, the hand that Chu Shuzhi had kept tucked in his pocket all this time suddenly shot out, and with a “smack”, stuck a sheet of a seal on the collar at the back of Guo Changcheng’s neck.

“What are you? Why are you attached to a person’s body?” Chu Shuzhi coldly asked.

In that moment, Guo Changcheng felt that his own four limbs seemed to be suddenly weighed down with lead. He wanted to turn his head to ask Chu Shuzhi what was going on, but his neck became rigidly straight, and couldn’t twist no matter what.

His conscious soul seemed to float out of his body. From a third perspective, he looked at his own laughable body and Chu Shuzhi, with a hostile expression, behind him. Chu Shuzhi’s brows were furrowed, his head raised to look at Guo Changcheng’s spirit floating in mid-

air—that was definitely a mortal’s soul, and it was 100% compatible with the body, without a single fault.

Or you could say that the spirit that he smacked out with a seal was truly Guo Changcheng himself.

“So, you are indeed Guo Changcheng?”

Guo Changcheng floated in the air and wanted to say: “Chu ge what are you doing.”

But he opened his mouth, and seemed like the mute button was pressed on him.....no, it was literally like he entered an air-

tight realm where sound could not travel. He made a noise, but could only hear his own voice through his body; it left his mouth but couldn't spread out at all.

At that moment, Chu Shuzhi reached out with a hand and removed the seal on Guo Changcheng's body. Guo Changcheng felt a huge rush of pressure, and an emaciated hand directly pushed down on his soul. That kind of feeling was very strange. Guo Changcheng couldn't help but shudder, and then in an instant, that kind of floating feeling from before was gone and his body was weighed down so much that he was a bit unused to it. Guo Changcheng shakily turned his head around, and straightaway was met with Chu Shuzhi's analytical gaze.

Guo Changcheng just had a bit of a slower reaction time. Right now, he also understood that just then his soul had left his body, and in his understanding, "soul leaving the body" and "death" didn't have much of a difference—

In other words, Chu Shuzhi nearly smacked him to death with that single sheet of a seal.

Guo Changcheng cowered into himself, with his back tightly pressed against the other side of the car door in somewhat terror. With his heartbeat at the top of his throat, he weakly asked: "Chu-Chu ge, this-what does this mean..."

“Are you human?” Chu Shuzhi asked.

Guo Changcheng looked at him, staring without knowing what to say. He didn't know what kind of question that was, feeling as though he did something so horrible, so unreasonable and unacceptable by the world to the point where someone would yell at him and say he's "no human". But after mentally recounting in detail for a moment, he realized that did not occur at all. Surely, he couldn't have committed crimes in his dreams?

“Let me say it like this, do you have any recollection of your parents?”

Guo Changcheng nodded.

“Sorry, I know what went on in your family, you are grieving too,” Chu Shuzhi apologized without an ounce of sincerity. “But I must get this problem clear, are your parents your biological parents? How can you prove those are your biological parents?”

Chu Shuzhi was a person without a particularly high emotional intelligence, specifically shown in how he didn't actually know how to properly talk in a civilized manner. Sometimes, he considered himself very high-and-mighty, and was too lazy to speak.

If this question was given to Zhao Yunlan instead, if one dared to give him attitude on the spot, it wouldn't even be strange for him to have given them a hard smack. But Guo Changcheng was only a softie, after hearing this sentence, he only felt a bit unsettled in his heart, but didn't have even the slightest expression of losing his temper. He even thought about it in detail, replying in all seriousness: “My uncle, my grandfather when he was young, and

I looked especially similar. My paternal grandfather had slightly high blood pressure, which he passed down to my dad. Right now, I have some slight early signs of high blood pressure... I feel like they should be my birth parents.”

“Then have you had any ancestors that practiced monasticism?”

“Ancestors?” Guo Changcheng paused, stunned. “I don’t know what my ancestors did, I can only think back to 3 generations ago, at the most go up to the time of the Second Sino-Japanese War. No one knows the events that preceded that.”

Chu Shuzhi did not linger on this issue—even if Guo Changcheng’s ancestry really did have some kind of special blood, the last three generations had all been mortal humans, so the extent that the blood had thinned to was obvious, and was not the defining factor... Then the last possibility was that he was some person’s reincarnation.

But that was just a normal mortal’s soul, even with the eyesight of the Corpse King, he still was not able to see anything that was different or unusual.

Right at this moment, the lights of a bus swept over from the opposite side of the road. Guo Changcheng grabbed right onto Chu Shuzhi’s arm: “Chu ge, bus! Bus!”

Chu Shuzhi hesitated, and let go of his suspicions for the moment: “Alright, off you go.”

Guo Changcheng, as though suddenly relieved from immense pressure, clumsily half-fell, half-rolled out and ran off. Who knew why there would be such a coi

ncidence, a bus that came from the province the girl was from just passed by, and this bus was the same again. Guo Changcheng waved his hand to stop it. He hopped on the bus and showed off his ID to the driver, and then used a voice identical to that of a news reporter to regurgitate the lines that he memorized to request to check the passengers within the bus.

Sometimes during the annual New Year's there would also be the occasional random checks. The driver was especially calm and turned his head around to yell at the fully packed bus full of passengers: "Everyone wake up! Wake up! Could everyone cooperate for a moment, they're checking IDs!"

Chu Shuzhi originally sat a long way away in the car, but at this moment for some unknown reason there was a twinge in his heart. Many people who practice monasticism would have these kinds of feelings. He got out of the car and walked over, just in time to see a small and thin young girl about 15 or 16 years of age as she followed behind Guo Changcheng and exited the bus. She wore athletic sports wear clothes, with her head almost lowered down to her chest.

Chu Shuzhi: "She's the one?"

Guo Changcheng nodded, and even added a sentence: "The person who took her away is still on the bus."

His words hadn't settled in the air when they heard a single "bang" sound. A person jumped off the bus and ran off. Actually, there

e were hardly any evidence if you were to say he kidnapped and sold off young girls. After all, the girl was sitting nicely on the bus, and followed the person out of her own free will. But it was most likely that that person did something to be ashamed of. As soon as he heard those words he panicked, not even stopping to carefully choose his path.

Who would've known that he didn't even run two steps before he suddenly tripped over something underfoot, and he randomly fell over spectacularly. That person picked himself up and attempted to continue running, after two more steps he randomly fell over spectacularly again. He fell thrice and only then did Chu Shuzhi, the unprofessional 'civilian' who was slowly wandering over, haul him up by the collar, seizing him and clasping an ice cold object onto his wrists.

...Of course, because of the extraordinary nature of the job, the Corpse King never used handcuffs, and because he wasn't familiar with this handcuffing business, he almost didn't clasp it on properly.

As Chu Shuzhi turned his head around, he just happened to see Guo Changcheng standing to the side as he spoke softly to the girl, saying that she should not have ran away from home on her own accord. At the same time, he had forgotten the girl's mother had already turned into a ghost. He dialed back the phone number from earlier: "Hello Auntie, don't worry, your child has been found. Tomorrow I'll find someone to help send her back."

He finished talking, naturally handing the phone to the young girl: "Because of you, your mother lost her mind in desperation, call

ing me in the middle of the night to beg me to find you. Says something to her.”

The young girl was right in the middle of the rebellious stage. To her, even though she recognized him, Guo Changcheng was only a little teacher playmate who came to assist with teaching in the summer holidays during middle school. Her attitude wasn't particularly good either way, with a very 'couldn't care less' and not submitting to discipline look. Guo Changcheng nagged on and on and said a long string of things that likely went right out her ear, until she heard that sentence and her entire being froze.

The girl abruptly lifted her head and looked at Guo Changcheng, as though she wanted to yell an accusation of “you're a liar” towards him, but the sentence reached her mouth without a single word leaving it, and as though guided by a ghost or spirit, she unconsciously took the phone with her two trembling hands: “...Hello?”

The person on the other end of the line fell silent for a while, the familiar accent of the countryside once again reaching the ears of a loved one through radio waves, across the two dichotomies of light and dark. She really did hear her late mother's familiar tone in the phone: “Cui-er.”

The daughter's tears suddenly came down with a 'whoosh': “Mom!”

In the phone, her mother said: “Don't cry, Cui-er, don't cry. Listen to Teacher Guo's words. Come back tomorrow, ok. You went so far, Mom can't keep up with you. I panic within my heart when I can't see you...”

The young girl who wore an old school uniform finally stood at the entrance of the main road that led into Dragon City. Pained wailing that could not be described in words resounded within the entrancing scenery of the nighttime.

Chu Shuzhi was not good at dealing with that kind of situation. He originally wanted to grab the person and leave first, and subconsciously glanced towards Guo Changcheng once more, but he saw the shining “fire light” within the heaviness of that merit once again.

The “fire light” seemed to be even brighter. There was a split second where Chu Shuzhi thought something on Guo Changcheng’s body was lit aflame. He firmly rubbed his eyes and when he looked again, it had already gone and disappeared.

Fire light....

In spite of Da Qing having mentioned before that that was the great merit from heaven when Nuwa created man, Chu Shuzhi couldn’t help having some negative thoughts. He finally couldn’t hold back any longer and pulled out his phone, dialing Zhao Yunlan’s phone number again—Chu Shuzhi already called it a few times when he was waiting in the car for Guo Changcheng. Those few times were all “in an out of service area”, but only this time, that turned into “phone has been turned off”.

Did this mean Zhao Yunlan had already returned?

Chu Shuzhi couldn't resist lighting a cigarette, and felt as though he had become softer. As soon as he thought of this, he suddenly had a bit of an idea.

On this night, they guarded the entrance of the highway until 4:30 AM, virtually pulling an all-nighter. In Shen Wei's memories, Shen Wei and Zhao Yunlan also wandered the whole night.

At the top of Mount Penglai, after Shen Wei finished asking, he didn't wait for Zhao Yunlan to reply, but immediately said: "I won't allow you to think about it, you must answer me now."

Zhao Yunlan paused, raising his head to look into Shen Wei's eyes. After a long while, he reached out a hand to grasp onto Shen Wei's wrist: "How much longer can the Great Seal last for? Are the remaining days enough for me, this tiny mortal, to live through half my life, nurse my aging parents, and send them off?"

In that moment, Shen Wei almost didn't understand what he meant. Shen Wei's face was snow-white, and his lips were also the same. The only tiniest bit of color all seemed to gather in the blood vessels of his eyes. His mind was completely empty with nothing in it. There were only the two answers that he himself had spoken, continuously looping back and forth in his mind.

As for one of the two sentences that Zhao Yunlan didn't voice out straightaway, it completely surpassed Shen Wei's comprehension ability. He didn't realize what Zhao Yunlan had said for a moment.

Who knew how much time had passed before Shen Wei clutched onto Zhao Yunlan's shoulder and half crouched down, as if just awakening from a dream: "What... you-you say it clearer, what do you mean?"

Zhao Yunlan touched his hair, reached out with a hand to stroke the top of it for a bit: "Your heart is so heavy. Your schemes are also so heavy.... Ah, you're really hard to raise. Let's go, we're going home."

Shen Wei's eyes widened and stared intensely at him for a second. Suddenly, he lunged forward, and swept him up into his arms in one movement. Then, in a rush of spinning skies and rolling earth, Zhao Yunlan felt a familiar touch underfoot. A crisp, sharp sound travelled to his ear; it seemed like one of them landed incorrectly and accidentally knocked off the little tea cup that sat on the bedside table, and leftover water at the bottom of the cup spilled all over the floor.

But no one paid any mind to it.

Shen Wei roughly pinned Zhao Yunlan on the bed, almost brutally ripping open his clothes.

"Hey, wait!" In one grab, Zhao Yunlan clasped onto Shen Wei's hand, "I'm not drinking your blood."

"To me, it's like receiving a mosquito bite."

“What are you saying, that’s certainly not it for me.” Zhao Yunlan reached out with a hand and gave him a shove, then went to feel for the bedside lamp, but his two arms were rapidly caged down.

Shen Wei licked his Adam’s apple. Zhao Yunlan let out a low sigh in somewhat impatience: “Enough, stop messing around.”

“Even if I dug out my entire heart, I still wouldn’t die straight away. At least I would live longer than the Great Seal,” Shen Wei said lowly, his heated breaths brushing against Zhao Yunlan’s collarbones again and again, “Actually, at that time I thought about it. If I ripped out my heart and gave it to you, would the effect be a little better? I was just afraid it would really frighten you, so I only showed you the process of extracting blood.”

Zhao Yunlan fell silent for a while, then dryly said: “Much gratitude to you, for still remembering that I’m easily scared.”

Shen Wei nestled in closer and delicately kissed the corner of his mouth, the straight tip of his nose rubbing this way and that on Zhao Yunlan’s face. His fingers were tangled with Zhao Yunlan’s, so that their half-

naked bodies were tightly pressed together: “All of that was nothing... Yunlan, there’s only these few decades left. Let’s be like mortals and spend our lifetime together, ok?”

In the darkness before dawn, the gazes of the two met. Subsequently, it was like Shen Wei was enchanted by it, and a kiss lightly landed on the other’s lips—

landed and became an extremely gentle lingering kiss.

But Zhao Yunlan was not the slightest bit cooperative. After he came back to his senses, he sharply pulled away in the blink of an eye, a hand slipping inside Shen Wei's clothes as he circled his waist in both hands: "Spending a lifetime is very good, but I need to reclaim my position as the man of the household."

As he finished speaking, he clamped down around Shen Wei's waist and lifted him towards the side, having planned to use the momentum to flip them over and push him down, then... nothing happened.

That person completely seemed as though he weighed thousands of kilograms. Zhao Yunlan remembered that he had clearly lifted Shen Wei up before; he definitely had the weight of a normal human, one where he was able to lift with two hands!

Didn't you fucking say to be like a mortal? Was it really necessary to pick on a mortal like this!

The moral of this story informed us that despite being covered in sheep's skin—
even if the sheep's skin was capable of blushing—
it still couldn't change the fact that he was intrinsically a wolf.