

Ancient 46

Chapter 46 - 20 Return to School Day_2

This way, there won't be any traces left.

It was already 5:30 in the afternoon after staying so busy. Today was the return-to-school day, and soon it would be time to head back to campus.

At sunset, Su Youzhu was already done with her makeup and came out dressed in her school uniform.

As soon as the young woman emerged, she glanced toward the room next door, looking around warily.

She looked at the clean, tidy bedroom without any strange odors, particularly the empty trash bin, and fell into contemplation: "Cleaned up pretty well."

Gu Jianlin was sitting at his computer desk browsing Deep Space Network, confusedly asking, "What?"

Su Youzhu didn't answer but instead glanced around with a blank expression. She curiously asked, "Where did you hide your stuff?"

"Huh?"

Gu Jianlin's mind was full of question marks.

About five minutes later, the sound of the door lock turning was heard—it must have been Mom and Uncle Su coming back.

Gu Jianlin and Su Youzhu exchanged a glance, entering combat-ready mode in perfect synchronization.

The door opened, and the couple came in carrying bags upon bags, mostly specialty goods from their hometown in Jiao Xi.

Mom was forty-two this year, but with her good upkeep, she looked like she was in her thirties. Dressed fashionably, she was a pretty, modern aunt.

She currently ran a nail salon, which brought in substantial income.

Uncle Su, on the other hand, was a manager at a foreign enterprise. In his early years, he was reportedly in the military, with a meticulous and stern personality.

As for his attitude toward Gu Jianlin, it was overwhelmingly fond.

After all, Gu Jianlin had excellent grades, no bad habits, a disciplined lifestyle, and even managed to work part-time to support himself.

The military-background Uncle Su seemed to see his own youthful self reflected in Gu Jianlin.

However, the two sisters were a different story—they both were problem children. Rumor had it that they'd been disciplined countless times growing up.

"Xiao Lin, Zhuzhu! Get out here, come on. Brought you some snacks from home—make sure you take them back to school. You'll be gone for a week again, and the food at your school cafeteria, well, not even a dog would wag its tail at it." Mom stepped inside and hollered, hands on her hips.

Uncle Su headed straight to the kitchen. When he came out, he was holding a broom in his hand.

"Youzhu, come here! Bring me your homework, let me see it."

Su Youzhu obediently pulled out her notebook and dutifully handed it over in the living room.

Gu Jianlin followed behind her, glancing at the broom in Uncle Su's hand and secretly clicking his tongue.

"Hmm."

Uncle Su checked through the homework, revealing a satisfied expression. He then turned and asked, "Xiao Lin, she didn't copy yours, did she? Let me remind you, though she's your sister, she's not a biological one. You shouldn't spoil her too much."

At that moment, Gu Jianlin noticed the girl next to him shooting a look in his direction and quickly said, "Accusing her of copying would be unfair. She's been studying quite diligently these days—all her answers were done step by step under my supervision."

Though Su Youzhu kept a blank expression, she visibly let out a subtle sigh of relief.

At this point, Mom took out a rolling pin from the side and placed it on the table, smiling brightly.

Gu Jianlin's body stiffened involuntarily.

"Zhuzhu, tell me, your brother hasn't been running around irresponsibly the past couple of days, right?"

Mom squinted, her gaze dangerous despite the smile.

Su Youzhu glanced at her brother, calmly replying, "No, he's been tutoring me with homework the past two days."

Mom and Uncle Su nodded in satisfaction, feeling their parenting efforts were yielding results.

"Very good, very good. Get to school now. Xiao Lin, if I have a free moment, I might call up one of your dad's old college classmates—you remember that uncle with the last name Nie, right? His niece even took the same tutoring class as you, didn't she? Anyway, don't you dare run off again, especially to the police station."

Mom hefted the rolling pin and issued the command.

Gu Jianlin: "Ah, alright, alright, yes, yes, I got it."

"Youzhu, take better care of your brother—he's just recovered. Study hard at school, the exams are coming up. Learn from your brother properly, and if there's anything you don't understand, ask him. Don't make the teachers call us in again, got it?"

Uncle Su sternly warned, "Or I'll break your damn legs."

Su Youzhu: "Ah, yes, yes, right, right."

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Half an hour later, a taxi sped through the streets.

Gu Jianlin was sitting in the back seat, gazing at the surging traffic under the night sky and the dim coastline.

"Pleasure working with you."

He let out a long sigh, "Finally dodged a bullet."

Su Youzhu, seated beside him, murmured, "You really go all out. Even took off your bandages?"

Gu Jianlin coughed dryly. Fortunately, his bangs were long enough to cover his forehead and conceal most of the marks.

"Should we stop by the pharmacy to get some medicine and reapply it?"

Su Youzhu asked casually.

Gu Jianlin replied, "No need, I bought some in advance—I'll deal with it myself later."

Su Youzhu didn't say much else and leaned against the car window, staring into space.

Just then, her phone vibrated—a call from an unmarked number.

She thought it might be the delivery driver and habitually answered, "Hello?"

Gu Jianlin faintly heard a pleasant yet slightly nervous female voice on the other end of the line.

"You... Youzhu? How have you been lately? Mom's very—"

The call was abruptly cut off.

Su Youzhu hung up expressionlessly and immediately flagged that number as spam.

Gu Jianlin's mind stirred, "Was that your biological mother?"

Su Youzhu glanced at him dismissively, her voice cold, "What biological mother? I have only one mom. The person just now dialed the wrong number."

Gu Jianlin thought to himself: that's some blatant lying—how could someone accidentally call and say your name?

Still, everyone has their own secrets.

He himself was someone who visibly carried a lot of burdens.

Hardly in a position to point fingers at others.

Tonight was the last day of Qingming vacation, and the roads were packed with cars stuck in traffic.

By the time they arrived at Peak City High School No. 2, they were already fifteen minutes late for return-to-school.

Gu Jianlin and Su Youzhu rushed out of the taxi carrying their luggage.

The school's rule was to reshuffle classes every year, and in their senior year, they were now in the same class.

Their homeroom teacher, Old Wang, was also the school's dean and infamous for his strictness.

His signature War Cry had made students across the city shudder with fear.

If you got caught by him, it was pure bad luck.

When the siblings stored their luggage in their dorms and hurried to the teaching building, everyone in their class was already present.

However, at the classroom door, neither the familiar short, chubby, furious silhouette nor the War Cry were found.

Instead, a stranger—a young man wearing glasses—stood at the door, smiling at them.

"Late, are we?"

The man adjusted his glasses and smiled, "I'm the new Mr. Lu. Your Mr. Wang is on leave, so I'll be your substitute for a few days. Young lady, head inside. Young man, stay here and explain why you're late."

Su Youzhu froze. As a troublemaker, and with her light green short hair, she expected to be the one singled out.

She turned to give her brother a pitiful look, then walked into the classroom.

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a moment. For some reason, this voice sounded a little familiar. He scrutinized the man in front of him.

"Haha, you've got a sharp sense."

The man tugged at his face—peeling off a piece of human skin to reveal a familiar half-face.

"It's me, Lu Zicheng."

Gu Jianlin was dumbfounded, "How could it be you? What about Old Wang?"

"I'm here on a mission for your school."

Lu Zicheng grinned, "As for your former homeroom teacher, yes, he's legitimately on leave."

Gu Jianlin frowned, "Really? That's a bit too coincidental, isn't it?"

Lu Zicheng shrugged, "Of course, I asked him to take a vacation. I had someone negotiate with the school, giving him a week of paid leave—with his salary tripled during this period. He gladly accepted. Your homeroom teacher is quite the oddball. Before he left, he even joked he might as well eat some crap since taking this money felt unsettling..."

Gu Jianlin: "..."