

Collapse 120

Chapter 120: Sawing For Better Health_1

The conversation ended quickly. Gu Mian had no idea what Zhao Guanhai did the next day.

The next part of the conversation came through the phone. It was still Zhao Guanhai's voice, but it seemed some time had passed since the last exchange.

"My son has been away at school for a year now. SIGH... I gave him my cell phone and got a broken one that Old Man Liu wasn't using, but he hardly ever contacts me. It feels like such a waste to have this phone plan; it deducts money every month..."

Then, a familiar voice came through the speaker—it was the young man from before, though his voice was somewhat hoarse this time.

"You're saying you got a phone plan, and you're upset about the monthly fees, all just to wait for your college-bound son to call you? Why don't you call him?"

"I have, but every time I call him, he seems quite impatient. He hangs up after just a few words."

"Did you tell him about your manual labor job?"

Zhao Guanhai hesitated. "I wanted to tell him after his college entrance exam, but he's rarely home these days. I heard he's been out with a bunch of friends... Once, when I wasn't working, I secretly followed him and found him hanging out with some street toughs..."

"I don't know when he started going astray. I rushed out and scolded him. He didn't say anything then, and after that, I hardly saw him anymore."

"I don't know where he lives. Our town is small, so I searched for him in every internet cafe. Sometimes I'd spot him, but he'd turn and bolt as soon as he saw me. I never even got a chance to talk to him."

"When it was almost time for school to start, I knew he'd be leaving by train, so I waited at the station for days and nights. I finally caught him, but we barely spoke. I just gave him his tuition money and the phone."

Zhao Guanhai coughed a few times.

The young voice came again, "Did you call and tell him?"

"He doesn't like taking my calls. Whenever he answers, if I talk for more than a moment, he hangs up impatiently. Sometimes the call disconnects while I'm mid-sentence."

"Then why don't you take the train to him and explain it in person?"

After a few seconds of silence, Zhao Guanhai's voice continued.

"Actually, I did. I saved up some money, bought a train ticket, and went to visit him secretly.

"Their school is truly magnificent. I'd never seen one so beautiful and so big; I got lost as soon as I walked in. I didn't know where his classes were or which dormitory he lived in. I didn't dare go inside, so I just asked around at the school gate. But before I could ask many people, I ran into him.

"He was far away from me. It seemed he had a girlfriend and was walking out of school with her. He didn't see me.

"I just stole glances at him. My son has grown taller; he's not skinny and small like he used to be. Girls like him now.

"But then I discovered the girl was cheating on him; she had other boyfriends. I saw her go into a hotel with another man after she parted ways with my son. I was frantic and ran to tell my son, but he didn't believe me.

"Later, I found the girl and explained things to her, and then she broke up with my son."

The young voice came again, "You're really committed to playing the villain, aren't you? Planning to do it for life?"

"SIGH. My son doesn't want to hear my explanation, and I can't just watch him keep making mistakes. COUGH, COUGH..."

Zhao Guanhai coughed hard again.

"You need to rest properly these next few days. Look how exhausted you are. What will you do if you get sick from it? After all these years of manual labor, have you ever even been to a hospital?"

"Doesn't medical treatment cost money? Besides, even if they did diagnose me with an illness, I wouldn't be willing to spend money on treatment. It's better not to go."

"But it looks like you really are sick from overwork. You should rest."

Zhao Guanhai seemed to contemplate for a while. "I'll find some light work for the next couple of days..."

"You're really risking your life for money."

Zhao Guanhai let out a dry laugh. "I keep all my money on one card. I wrap it up tightly and write 'Money saved for my son' on it. I also keep my diary with it. I'm shy and have never been good at saying sentimental things to anyone, so I write down what I want to say and hide it under my bed with the card."

"When Xiao Lei comes back, I'll take out the card and diary and give them to him. HEH HEH HEH..." READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [NOVELFIR\(e\).net](http://NOVELFIR(e).net)

The call ended abruptly.

Gu Mian waited a few more seconds, but the phone in his hand no longer made any sound.

Zhao Guanhai had hidden a card and a letter under his bed.

But so far, they still seemed to have no idea which room Zhao Guanhai lived in.

"If the rooms we are living in correspond to all stages of Zhao Lei's life from birth to adulthood, then which stage does the room Zhao Lei lived in represent?" Gu Mian turned his gaze to Zhao Lei's door.

Fatty hesitated somewhat. "Could the room Zhao Lei lived in be the one his father lived in?"

Thinking about it now, it seemed quite likely.

The furniture and furnishings in Zhao Lei's room were very old, not at all like what a young man in his twenties would have.

The two agreed and turned towards Zhao Lei's room.

But who would crawl under the bed remained a problem.

The bed in Zhao Lei's room was low to the ground, less than half a meter high. Someone could crawl underneath, but the space was very tight, making movement difficult.

Gu Mian tried to flip the entire bed over, but perhaps due to the instance restrictions, the bed seemed nailed to the floor. No matter how hard he and Fatty strained, they couldn't lift it.

"Doctor, if you go under, I'll be a little scared out here on my own," Fatty trembled as he spoke, looking as if he were preparing to crawl under the bed himself.

But even if he wanted to, the space under the bed might not accommodate him; his bulky frame probably wouldn't fit.

Besides, even if he did manage to crawl under, what awaited him was unlikely to be a clue, but rather a pale ghost face.

"This bed can't be lifted; it's clearly designed for someone to crawl under! Anyone could guess what's in there!" Fatty mumbled. But even though the trap was blatantly obvious, they had to spring it.

While complaining, he asked Gu Mian, who was next to him, "Doctor, do you think it's better for you to crawl under or for me to?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Fatty suddenly noticed Gu Mian, who was beside him, pick something up. Then, he heard Gu Mian's voice, "No need for such trouble."

He stiffly turned his head to the side. Unknowingly, Gu Mian had picked up a chainsaw.

Presumably, if there really was a ghost under the bed, it was probably eagerly waiting for the next victim to dive in headfirst.

But it must never have expected to be greeted by a chainsaw coming down from above.