

The 80s 426

Chapter 426: Strange Dream

The north wind raged violently through the night, battering against the windows with a persistent clatter. Outside, vast flurries of snow seemed to be strewn by hand, swirling tumultuously.

Qi Taiguo woke from his dreams, having just dreamt of Cheng Su crying, her visage one of profound sadness and aggrievement, though he couldn't fathom why.

He pulled the cord of the electric light to check the time, it was already midnight. It was a pity that there was no telephone in the house; otherwise, he would have made a call back home. Now, he wondered what she was doing, whether she was still reading or had already gone to sleep, and if she had covered herself properly with the blanket?

In this winter weather, her hands and feet were always ice-cold. He had been the one to warm them up in recent days. Was it possible that she was so cold she couldn't sleep well?

The more Qi Taiguo thought about it, the more it felt like his heart was being scratched by a cat's claws, an unsettling sensation he couldn't shake off. He decided to get up, groped for the cigarette pack on the nightstand, and lit a cigarette.

"Old Qi? Up in the middle of the night smoking, what for?" Gao Linbing, his roommate, roused by the noise, blinked sleepily and asked.

"Hmm, go back to sleep, just thinking about some things," Qi Taiguo exhaled a puff of smoke.

"Missing your wife?" Gao Linbing huddled in his blanket, squinting he said, "After all, you're young. You've been married for just over half a year, right in the thick of the honeymoon phase. No wonder you miss her. When I was newly married, I couldn't bear to be apart from my missus for a day, but now, ten days or half a month apart feels just the same. Over time, as old husband and wife, you stop having that kind of longing."

Qi Taiguo smiled faintly, "Go back to sleep, you're always so talkative!"

"Hm, you should too, early, we've got an investigation mission tomorrow," Gao Linbing rolled over, and before long, he was snoring again.

Qi Taiguo shook his head, the corner of his mouth curving slightly. Was it really as he said — that he only missed her because they were newly married?

That couldn't be right; it was because she kept getting better, better to the point where he couldn't help but worry.

After finishing a cigarette, Qi Taiguo turned off the light and fell asleep. In his dreams, he ran toward Cheng Su.

Meanwhile, far away in Qing City, Cheng Su was helpless in her sleep, her body felt as if bound by thousands of hands and feet, preventing her from moving or even opening her eyes, her whole being oppressively heavy, her mouth emitting faint moans.

In her dreams, the scenes were bizarre and chaotic, oscillating between the eighties and the twenty-first century where she worked in a hotel, unable to distinguish whether it was dream or reality.

She dreamt of the time she had grasped the wrist of a lady about to jump off a building. Standing at the railing, her own hands on her, she spoke words of comfort, telling her that nothing matters more than life and death and pleading with her not to act rashly.

However, that lady turned to look at her, and the resemblance in their faces struck terror in Cheng Su's heart. Her lips moved incessantly, but Cheng Su couldn't make out what she was saying.

"What are you saying? I can't hear you!" Cheng Su tried to move closer.

As she got nearer, she made out a few words amidst the howling wind.

"You are me, I am you. Do you truly wish for me not to jump? If so, you will not be able to return, never return."

What nonsense!

Cheng Su furrowed her brows, saying, "What are you talking about? Listen to me, come back over here first!"

The lady smiled eerily, removed her shoes, and stepped over the railing: "Let's go back, let's go back together!"

With a face full of terror, Cheng Su rushed forward screaming, "Don't!"

Her hand grasped the lady's, and a strong pull dragged her downwards.

In the cacophony of the winds, Cheng Su's scream suddenly ceased.

Who are you, and who am I?

Faint murmurs weaved through the whistle of the wind and into her ears.

You are me, I am you.

I am you, you are me.