

The Hangover

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The Hangover - ch 1+2

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\(≧▽≦)/ Let's get the drinking started! **NSFW!**

01

Who the hell in their right minds invented the Moon Festival?

In my opinion, it was more than enough having one day—New Year’s Eve—when you gather together under the name of ‘reunion’ and the elders corner and interrogate you about your life and future.

The Dragon Boat Festival is bearable. Occasionally, you could pass for a case of food poisoning after eating too many *zongzi*, but you can’t use this excuse too often since the Moon Festival is only less than half a year later. If not, they would say, ‘What a patriotic stomach you have—always knowing to act up during the

major holidays. What are you, [Lin Daiyu](#) reincarnated?’

Thus, without fail, as it approached the end of August this year, the [Gates of Hell](#) hadn’t even closed shut when my old lady started calling me like the Grim Reaper trying to fill his quota on souls. Three times a day, once every meal, one after another—I don’t even think [Yue Fei](#) suffered as much as I did!

With no other choice, I agreed to attend the family party on August 15th (remember, this is the Lunar calendar). It’s just a dinner, I thought. I just had to chow down some rice porridge and flash a smile here and there. A couple of hours would past in the blink of an eye. No biggie.

As it turned out, I should have just slapped my innocent and naïve self unconscious.

When I arrived at the address of the restaurant my old lady gave me, the hostess led me to the reserved section for ‘The Family of Wu’ with a dazzling smile. The moment I stepped into the private room and saw the battlefield that lay before me, I thought to myself, *shit*. I so desperately wished that I was only a passerby who had gone into the wrong room.

With my old lady in the lead, my old man at the end, and a bunch of uncles and aunties in between, they hustled me over like the lion [plucking the greens](#). After I got pushed into a chair, every second felt like a year [underground](#).

Some small talk here, some season’s greeting there, roasted meat to my left and white wine to my right—my eyes started to lose focus and drift all over the place. Every grinning face that flickered past looked about the same. Actually, they were all relatives who had adored me since I was little and I was happy to see them—if only the same old topic didn’t get replayed from their wrinkly lips.

“Xie, you’re not young anymore.”

“I guess twenty-five isn’t young but it’s not exactly old either,” I remarked.

“Look at you, all handsome and successful.”

“I agree with the first part but not so much the second,” I noted.

“You haven’t even held a lady’s hand yet. Don’t you think that’s a little embarrassing?”

Don’t think I won’t hit you just because you’re old!

As if asking a billion, ga-jillion questions would get me a wife and a kid. I ain’t as good as Lao Yang when it comes to materialization!

Anyways, just as I was feeling that my EQ was struggling to keep up, my phone started to ring in my shirt pocket. I flipped it open and checked out the caller ID—it was Uncle Three.

Uncle Three had never been on good terms with the others in the family so he would never show up at these parties. I, on the other hand, was so grateful for the first time in my life from hearing my uncle’s voice that I could weep.

I was wrong. I have a potty mouth, calling you a sly old fox all the time. I’ll slap myself ten times as punishment.

Forgive me and just rescue me from this hell hole, please. I will even jump between you and a [zongzi](#) when we are underground next time.

Uncle Three seemed to have read my mind through the phone. After some chattering, he told me that he and some robber pals got a table at Full Moon House. Fats and Panzi are both there, he said, and the moon cakes and booze are all ready to go. They were just waiting for me.

I rejoiced for the ready-to-use scapegoat that lay before me. I couldn't let it go to waste so I immediately brought Uncle Three up, saying some business-related things came up and he wanted to discuss them with me. This couldn't have fooled Uncle Two—fortunately he didn't attend. Obviously, my old lady and old man weren't thrilled so I grabbed a few of the pictures of the matches my enthusiastic relatives found for me and stuffed them in my pant pocket. I laughed along with them, saying that I would seriously consider settling down, while secretly crossing my fingers behind my back. No matter what, getting out of that room was of utmost importance.

Maybe I tripped on a step later and hit my head or something, but there seemed to be a large blank space in my memory. At least, I had no idea how I had gotten back home and how I was lying on my own bed now.

The first sensation I experienced when I opened my eyes was: Owww. I mean my head hurt. I had wanted to lift my head up but it was as if my head was filled with lead. I had only managed to move half an inch before dropping back on the bed.

Let me rewind. It didn't seem like my bed. My head was turned to the side as I started evaluating my current situation. I was lying face down so logically it

should be the mattress under me, but the sound that I had made just now from my jaw hitting it was quite sharp. The thing that my cheek and ear was pressed against was actually slowly rising and falling, too. I didn't remember buying a massage table though.

This woke me up eight-tenths of the way, although my head still hurt a lot. I squeezed my arms and thighs together and it became apparent that I was hugging a cylinder-shaped object. Naturally, I thought of the beanbag that I usually held when I slept.

I let out a sigh of relief from touching the familiar object. I squinted at the scene to my left. It was my room all right: the windows I had closed before leaving; the light beige curtains that were letting in a bit of light; the wooden floor boards glowing gold from the sunshine; the human-length beanbag cushion on the floor—

Hold it right there! My beanbag is there! Then what's this in my arms?!

I lifted my head up so abruptly that I could almost hear my brain hitting the crown of my head and then falling back down. Consequently, I lost my vision for a few seconds. After my optic nerves reattached themselves, I saw a pair of eyes mere inches away in the 12 o'clock direction watching me.

Bangs, black bangs, hung in front of those eyes. Below them were one nose and one mouth (No fucking duh! As if there would be two noses and three mouths?).

Due to the severity of the impact, I momentarily could not match the facial features to a person I recognized—kind of like how you can't identify the actor when you are too close to the TV screen. The only thought going through my

head was: 'I never bought no massage table! And I bought a beanbag, not some blow-up doll. So what the hell is this?!'

The person whom I suspected to be a blow-up doll sighed, "Wu Xie."

I jerked like a machine that had just been plugged in. His voice and the way he had said my name along with his face suddenly became three-dimensional to me.

[P-p-p-pokerface?](#)



02

I gasped with surprise once I saw that it was him, and he blinked his eyes as if to tell me he was alive. This blink caused quite a disturbance in its wake. I was so startled that I sprang up from him and the moment the blankets were lifted, the sunlight shone unobstructed onto his bare naked chest.

Bare. Naked.

I recalled the cool, smooth sensation on my cheek just a while ago and an ominous feeling loomed over me. I looked down only to discover that both of us were half-naked!

Immediately, purely out of instinct, I snatched over the blankets around my shoulders and wrapped myself in it. I stared at him fixedly with only my head sticking out.

Without my weight on his chest, Pokerface moved his upper body a little and swung an arm back behind his head, looking completely laid back as if he was watching something entertaining.

In my extremely awkward position, I wiggled my thighs together only to discover that we were both naked down there too.

My head was already killing me and now I felt like I was having a stroke. I didn't even want to begin to think about what part of him I was straddling.

"Erm. [Xiaoge](#), wh...wh...." The cat got my tongue. Finally, I managed to get a complete but very stupid sentence out. "Where are our clothes?"

For just a second there, I spotted the corners of his lips twitch. However, he didn't say anything and only turned away to look at a spot in my room.

I followed his gaze over to the laundry basket in front of my bathroom. Two wrinkly pant legs were hanging out of it—those were the khakis I had worn last night all right. I peered in between the holes of the basket to see that it was packed full. It appeared Pokerface's were in there as well.

At the same time, my sense of smell suddenly became more acute. An odour that strangely reminded me of vomit had not been very noticeable but now it filled the whole room and of course, my nose.

Quickly, I covered my mouth. The smell of alcohol rushed up into my mouth along with the odour and I almost barfed.

Oh, shit. Shit. Crap. Crap. Shit. Shit. Crap...

I had been gazing up at the moon from the cab I had been in on the way to meet with Uncle Three at Full Moon House yesterday. The sky was clear, almost cloudless. The moon was so close and round that I wouldn't have been surprised if I saw [Chang'e](#) flitting across with a bunny in her arms.

I probably had too much to drink, I thought to myself, so that I'm having such lame thoughts. I looked for the room number Uncle Three gave me as soon as I got to the restaurant. I pulled open the door, went in and turned around to close it. Only after I turned back around and took a step forward do I see the situation. The moment I did, I backed up and—*bang!*—knocked the back of my head hard against the door frame.

Four pairs of eyes saw my idiotic behaviour.

The one on the farthest left was Uncle Three who was still in the middle of pouring a drink. Next to him was Panzi and Fats was squished in beside him while the seat beside Fats was empty. What surprised me the most was that next to the empty seat, the rightmost seat, sat Pokerface.

Strictly speaking, at this time, I had already experienced the fright of seeing Pokerface without any warning beforehand, but the extent of the fright of seeing him sitting at a dinner table couldn't even compare to that of seeing him in bed.

“Comrade [Innocence](#), did you run into a ghost or something on the way here? It's Xiaoge. Don't tell me you don't remember Xiaoge.” Fats raised his glass and waved it towards Pokerface.

“Shut up, Fats. Or else you're gonna run into some yourself! I was just...” I quickly tried acting normal and coughed several times. I tugged at my collar and walked over to the table.

There were only five chairs around the table. Pokerface edged forward a bit to make room for me. I shuffled in sideways and took the seat in between him and Fats. After I settled in, I stole a glance at Pokerface and thought, why is he here too? On the other hand, he just did what he always did—pin pointing inanimate objects with his eyes. This time his target was a beam in the corner of the room. He was probably evaluating its sturdiness for a hypothetical earthquake.

At this time, Fats pushed a glass of beer to me. I picked it up, finishing, “I was just surprised to see Xiaoge here too.”

I said this in Uncle Three's direction. But why didn't I just ask the party in question? Why was I so socially awkward?

“I didn't know Xiaoge was going to come. I called you first and then I remembered I had some things to discuss with Xiaoge, so I dialed his number, he picked up, I told him our plans here tonight and he ended up getting here before you.”

He called me first, and then Pokerface? To be able to connect these two things together, I figured Uncle Three was kind of high already. His fingers were shaking when he poured his drink and alcohol spilled out several times. Panzi who was beside him quickly guided him back.

“See how considerate Xiaoge is? He came and didn’t forget about gifts.” Fats kept pounding my back hard as though to stop my heart from beating while motioning towards the box of moon cakes surrounded by a tableful of dishes with his other fat hand.

I thought, he’s already giving us respect by coming here so why would he need to bring gifts? But, I took a look at the colourful gift-wrapped moon cakes labelled with their corresponding fillings, and then I took a look at little Pokerface who was so unnoticeable he could almost blend into the background—I really couldn’t put those two phenomena together.

Maybe the aura of inquiry coming from me was too strong, because Pokerface said nonchalantly, “It was a gift.”

His voice was low, so low that only I could catch it. Immediately, I realised he was giving me an answer. I shut my mouth and swallowed the other question that I almost blurted out.

It was a gift? From whom?

But strictly speaking, it had nothing to do with me. It was normal to exchange gifts during the holiday seasons. I was only curious. Just the fact that Pokerface could be contacted through mobile phone was more unbelievable than seeing Chang’e flying in the sky.

I mean, in order to contact Pokerface... This was a picture that I often had in my head: you would write a letter, tie it to the leg of a pigeon, let it go and not expect a reply for at least ten days or half a month; or, if you are even braver, you would wander around some of the graves he might appear in and if you really were lucky enough to run into him, you would be sure to win the lottery that day my friend.

The *baijiu* really did a number on me, so much so that for the rest of the night, my sense of taste and my thoughts were completely filled with these pointless imaginations and the wine, food and moon cakes.

I didn't know whether I should be thankful that I got there too late or too early. Basically, everyone except Pokerface was pretty much drunk. I glanced at the amount of empty bottles by the side of the room and thought to myself, I'd probably be lying with those bottles if I had been here since the beginning.

Uncle Three was the type that would become a tape recorder on repeat after a few drinks. He would talk about the same thing over and over again and never get tired of it. Most of it was about [Wenjing](#), too. It didn't matter if you had heard it or not, you had to pep up every time or else he would get furious.

Fats was already more brawn than brains to begin with and after he drank he became even more unreserved. No one paid attention to his ridiculous bullshit, naturally, but I actually saw him hook his arm around Panzi's neck and popping a smack on his face on several occasions. I couldn't help but feel relieved for Fats: Panzi would have KO'd him if he were sober. But now the two of them were snuggling with each other. Panzi must have drunk his fair share, too.

Although I had drunk with these guys before, usually we had to go to work underground the next day, so we never over-drunk so as to not delay our schedule. Today, however, we had no restrictions so the clerks just kept bringing

different kinds of liquor in through the door. Once we got going, we had to drink bottoms-up every round.

When it came to beer, I was the type to feel stuffed when I drank to a certain point but once I overcame that point then I would go into this light, weightless zone where a dozen glasses do not do any damage.

Throughout this process, I paid attention to Pokerface beside me from time to time. At first, I could only take peeks out of the corner of my eye. I watched as he ate whatever went into his bowl and drank whatever was in front of him. After a dozen glasses or so, he started to look sleepy but he didn't actually fall asleep. His face was still about as white as paper, unlike Uncle Three and Fats who looked like they had high blood pressure and who were very much like two cooked crabs with their bright red faces and necks.

Maybe he just doesn't have any capillaries in his face? I thought to myself. I became more courageous after drinking and I started leaning forward, the back legs of my chair leaving the ground, and stuck my face almost right into his.

If Pokerface was sitting in his own home tonight with no one at the dinner table, he would probably still be doing the same thing as he is now, right?

I mean, he came all this way... Not that I know where he lives or how he got here. Anyways, he came all this way to accomplish what is really just a transplant through space and time—copying whatever he might have done at home and pasting it to this room in Full Moon House.

I didn't think us Crab Crew was bringing him much joy.

Pokerface was Pokerface no matter where he went. I couldn't help feeling bad for him just from looking at him. I kind of wanted to poke that face of his that looked about the same whether it looked sleepy or not, and see if I could make it smile.

“Oi, Lil' Wu! Lil' Wu, what're ya doin'? You're drunk, aren'tcha?” I heard Fats' voice coming from somewhere faraway, but hearing his boisterous voice made me furious.

I retorted in a raspy voice,

“You...talkin' 'bout me? Lemme tell ya, I've ne'er been drunk. Not in those college drinking fests, not now!” I swung my hand in the air as I said this, as though swatting a fly in front of me but failing to hit it.

“Not drunk, ya say? Then get yer ass sittin' up straight and drink up! Don't get all up against Xiaoge! Are you in heat or wha'?”

Fats' words woke me up. I focused my eyes to discover that the closest thing in front of me was Pokerface's shirt button. It turned out that somehow I had been right up against him for some time already. I wanted to sit up straight right away. I tried to but my body wouldn't listen to me. It was limp just like a pile of sludge. I couldn't budge no matter how hard I tried.

I saw Fats holding up a glass in front of me. I saw it but I couldn't reach it for my life. The world was spinning around me as though I was in those tea cups in the amusement park.

The chest I was leaning on moved. Pokerface raised his hand and it went across

my vision to take the glass that was full to the brim. Three seconds later, an empty glass appeared on the table.

Just as I was still staring dumbly at the glass, Fats started hollering again, swearing and clapping from time to time. I thought to myself, why is everyone else other than berserk Fats so quiet?

I took a glimpse. Uncle Three was sprawled out on the table, I'm not sure whether sleeping or passed out, while Panzi was trying to wake him up with the little strength he had left after the booze.

As for how we managed to make it down to the first floor and pay the bill, honestly, I can't remember.

The restaurant had had plenty of customers like us and had already got a few cabs waiting for us before closing shop.

"How many cabs do you need, sirs? And where are you headed?"

That was all I heard through the alcohol buzz and I couldn't even tell who uttered it.

I tilted my head to look beside me. Uncle Three was so drunk he was toppling all over the place while rambling on in some archaic language. I hadn't really seen Uncle Three this drunk before. Panzi wasn't walking straight either but he managed an upright posture in order to hold Uncle Three up.

As for me, if I'm correct, I was originally hanging on to Fats, but when he heard those words, he started mumbling about going back to his own hotel and maybe

calling a good masseuse to give him a nice massage. As he said so, he opened the door of the first cab he saw and tossed me in the back like a bag of flour.

I could faintly see between the car and car door a restaurant employee helping Panzi get Uncle Three into the car in front of mine. Panzi tucked his legs in —*slam!*—and they were gone.

I let myself fall over into the car as my head spun and whirled about. I thought the door would shut when I lied down but all of a sudden something started pushing me farther in. I look up to find that Pokerface had come in.

He slammed the door shut after taking his seat and quickly spewed a string of words to the driver. I stuck my fingers up and reconstructed the words in my giddy mind.

I-isn't that my home address?

Here is the character list from the second book in the manhua adaptation (translated by ayszhang). Note, Menyouping = Pokerface.

Main Characters



Wu Xie

Antique shop owner, born into a grave robbers family and has gotten himself in the business in a blunder.



Menyoping

Does not speak much, is of unknown origins but has an astonishing set of skills and abilities.



Wu Sansheng

The third uncle of Wu Xie's, very experienced grave robber of the southern faction.



Fats

Grave robber of the northern faction, untrustworthy personality, likes to cause trouble



Panzi

Works for Wu Sansheng, ex-military, loyal and compassionate



Chen Wenjing

Wu Sansheng's lover in his youth

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and here is a little gif <3 the one in the blue is Xiaoge~



ayszhang says: That's all for today~ ;)

3+4

The Hangover - ch 3+4

Translator: ayszhang

Proofreaders: Artemis, Gwen, LSL, Luzo & Red



Read on to find out what happened after they got on the cab!

NSFW!

03

To be honest, I wasn't too surprised that Pokerface knew my address. With his abilities, I reckon he could get the address of the American president if he wanted to, let alone that tiny house of mine. What I was surprised about was that I somehow had gotten stuck to him like a piece of caramel candy ever since Fats started to go berserk, and the fact that he hadn't flipped the table and called it quits. He actually stayed until the end of the party and even got in the car with me.

While I was focused on this feeling of surprise, the cab driver slammed on the gas and started racing down the street, fearless because there was no competition on the streets this late at night. He practically drifted as he turned each corner, making me bounce in between the car window and Pokerface. I was

petrified! What if we got into an accident?!

Pokerface paid for the cab and got off when we finally made it home. The moment he stepped out, he turned around to grab me by the shoulder and I got yanked out by his incredibly powerful grasp. Just as I hit the ground, I took a few steps forward to catch my balance and my head started spinning again. I could barely stand so I quickly crouched down.

I heard the revving of an engine behind me and the cab left. I was balled up like a mushroom on the side of the road with my knees tucked tightly in. I was trying to wait for all my brain functions to recalibrate before standing up again.

I heard footsteps passing by me and stopping in front. A sense of pressure loomed down from above. It appeared that the person had crouched down as well and put a hand on my back.

Pokerface? He hasn't left yet?

I peeked out between my arms to see a pair of semi-worn Camper shoes. It was his all right. I wanted to look up but my head felt so heavy so I kept rubbing my forehead to alleviate the aching. However, at that moment, my stomach churned, causing me much discomfort.

I was half-joking when I had said I'd never been drunk since university. I had been drunk all right, but not once had I been as drunk as this time. At least I had been able to walk by myself. Normally, the one passed out on the ground wasn't me and I often had to take care of the ones who were. Thus, I completely understood how annoying and disgusting it was to take care of a drunken bastard, yet I was that bastard. I was conscious but my limp hands and feet just wouldn't listen to me.

Pokerface didn't rush me or push me but rather stroked my back with unbelievable patience. I couldn't help thinking that he must have had previous experience taking care of drunk people.

Who was fortunate enough to have him do that?

Fortunate. Hah, that was actually what I thought.

"Keys," he said while tapping me after what seemed like a minute. Or maybe it was an hour.

"Huh?" I looked up.

Keys? Oh right, keys. That's how you get the door open.

Without much more thinking, I started rifling through my pant pocket with the astonishment of Columbus when he discovered the New World.

Keys, keys, keys. Where are you? I hear you tinkling so why can't I pull you out?!

He probably didn't want to wait until the sun rose for me to find my keys so he let out a quiet *tsk* and reached into my pocket. In less than no time, he fished a string of keys out.

Once he got the keys, he got up and went to the door. I was still where I had been, listening to him inserting the keys with precision and getting the outer

door and the inner door unlocked. The pair of Campers came back and then I was lifted up under my arms and dragged towards the house.

Throughout the process, all I saw was the asphalt road, the doorstep, the doormat, and then the wooden floor, and when this thing that was called a sofa came into sight, my vision experienced a blackout. By the time I realised, I was already lying flat on the sofa.

The metal door closed with a bang. The pitter-patter of Pokerface's footsteps resonated in the house. I thought he would just leave after tossing me into my house. After all, his mission was complete. But it turned out that Pokerface was a good person and it seemed he was determined to see the whole thing through. His shadowy figure moved away and then approached. I felt my limp self being pushed upright off of the sofa. I squinted at his face but it was blurry.

"Water." Something cold and hard was placed against my lips along with his simple utterance.

I moved my gaze down. He had passed a glass of water to me. I didn't think too much since he was the one who gave it to me and tilted my head back with the edge of the glass against my lips.

Once again, it turned out that it was hard being a good person.

The thought hadn't even occurred to me when I was gulping down the water, what devastating results would ensue drinking more liquids when your stomach is already filled to the brim. By the time I realised this, the water had already slid down my throat, and when I opened my mouth to say 'No!' I ended up making an 'urgh' sound which was followed by a cascade of vomit.

Pokerface was quick to shrink back after grabbing the glass, but not quickly enough: nearly half of the barf sprayed onto him. Even though I did my best to cover my mouth, needless to say, the rest welled out of my mouth and dripped onto my body.

Damn, I just changed the sofa cover last week! I cried in my mind.

However, that wasn't the most urgent thing at hand. Getting my own clothes dirty was fine—it was my own damn fault—but Pokerface...he...

Honestly, my head cleared up quite a bit after puking and I recognized what a stupid thing I had done. I lowered my head while covering my mouth and stayed there in fear of the aura of death that stood before me.

But I couldn't just keep it lowered. I mean, he brought me back home, paid for the cab, poured water for me and even had such an atrocious thing done to him. I had to apologize for my actions, right?

Tentatively, I glanced up. Pokerface was standing upright, and surely, his white shirt had become dark yellow. I was too afraid to look into his eyes because I was afraid daggers would come flying out at me. First, I rehearsed my emotions and when I lifted my face, I had a lost-puppy look on it. "Xiaoge, I-I'm so sorry."

Only the night light was on in the living room. In the dark, I saw his tightly balled up fist by his leg. I felt grateful all of a sudden—all the incense I had burned for those bodhisattvas were worth it—because he probably would have cut me in half if he had his [black iron sword](#).

However, that hand disappeared from sight with a zoom and the next second

it grabbed me by the collar and I was dragged up from the sofa.

Pokerface pulled me close to him. "Where is the bathroom?"

His voice was one octave lower than usual which made me shudder. I pointed my shaky hands towards the second floor. "In my room...there's one."

The moment I finished enunciating 'one,' I felt this menacing force coming for me and I closed my eyes instinctively as I thought it was a punch. However, my body suddenly spun around and my feet left the ground. Accompanying the overwhelming shock was the realisation that I was being carried horizontally!

Wh-wh-wh-what the hell?!

Pokerface just carried me like he would a baby chick. He peered towards the second floor and his feet quickly followed. My arms swung and dangled in the air.

I was scared stiff, literally, and felt utterly embarrassed. He was taller than me but if I took a picture with him, I would definitely take up more of it! It wasn't like I wanted a large frame. However, this contrast didn't seem to bother him. He practically fled up the stairs.

There was only one room on the second floor. When we arrived at the door, it was half-open but Pokerface kicked it open with a bang so loud that I thought my door was probably broken. But rather than worrying about the door, it was a better idea to worry about my fate.

He scanned the room. The door to the bathroom was to the left hand side and

he found it very quickly. He first took a few steps in, stood me upright on the floor and opened the bathroom door, shoving me in with a swipe of his arm. This shove knocked me straight into the bathroom, making me trip over my own feet. The bathtub suddenly enlarged before my eyes. My knees buckled and my body limped over. I collapsed over the edge of the tub.

Sprawled out on the tub, my mind was still a mess and was not going to settle down any time soon. As I was using my remaining bits of logic to determine what to do next, the door behind me clicked open after being closed for less than a minute.

Almost instinctively, I turned to look. I could make out Pokerface coming towards me through my blurry vision. He was almost nude, the only article of clothing left being a pair of square-cut briefs.

He drew closer and closer. My mind had cleared up quite a bit but I still wasn't sure how angry he was. Erring on the safe side, I slumped back onto the edge of the tub, letting my arms go limp and closing my eyes to pretend to be a man on his deathbed.

He wouldn't beat up an unconscious guy even if he was furious, would he? I kept wishing in my head. Even though he usually looked very cold, I wanted to believe that he had a compassionate heart.

He stopped beside me. I wondered what he had thought after seeing a full-grown adult playing dead by a bathtub. However, he didn't say much as he lifted me up by the arm and turned me to face him.

I shut my eyelids but my eyeballs wouldn't stop pulsing. I hoped he didn't notice.

Compared to the menacing air from earlier, the Pokerface in front of me seemed to be gentler—although I had my eyes shut and couldn't see a thing. He let me lean on his shoulder while he pushed my arms up high and then he reached for the bottom of my V-neck shirt, pulling the garment all the way up.

I think it was tossed away after the sleeves left my arms since I heard the shuffle of cloth against the ground. I took this as the absence of danger so I opened my eyes a crack. He was very close to me so I couldn't tell if he was mad.

Then I felt his icy cold fingers sliding down along my abdomen and unbuckling my belt.



Kylin: This is really the last time I'm doing this.

I was thinking that Pokerface didn't seem to be able to stand these filthy clothing staying a second longer either on me or on him. That was why his anger decreased by half when he got rid of his. Thus, I didn't make any delays and just

stood there compliantly as he took off my pants along with my belt and dropped it on the floor with a clank.

But I could no longer stay quiet once he started to pull on my underwear.

“Erm, Xiaoge?” I grabbed his wrist alarmingly and asked nervously. What was he doing?

He still kept a straight face while tugging on the waistband with a finger. “You want to shower with it on?”

Ohhh. A shower! I see now! I must be really out of it right now.

I couldn't help reprimanding myself in my head.

Wu Xie, oh Wu Xie, why were you measuring his corn with your bushel? Why was I so nervous just now and why am I so relieved now?

We were just two fellows so it wasn't a big deal to show a little skin. Also, it wasn't like we hadn't before—we did in the [undersea grave](#), although we didn't show nearly as much as this time. Therefore, I still pushed on his hand, indicating that I could do it myself. I held on to his shoulder with one hand and clumsily pulled my underwear down my leg to my ankles with my other before kicking it aside.

I was completely naked by the time I stood up straight again. I had no idea what to do with my hands and where to look, but Pokerface didn't waste any time. He turned me around and led me to step in the tub.

I felt like he was my own designated handicap railing, standing there for me to hold on to while I cautiously stuck out my feet one at a time and stepped into the tub.

The surface was a bit wet and the pools of moisture were cool to the touch. I had just found my footing in the tub when my mind split into two. I tried to reach for the shower head with one hand while turning to look at Pokerface because I was wondering why he was still standing outside. Through this pull and push, my body started tilting in a weird angle. My feet slipped—bam!

For a moment, the world was black. When light returned to my eyes, what I saw were the light bulbs attached to the ceiling flashing and twinkling, while I was on my butt in the tub and my spine ached immensely.

My first reaction was to turn to look at Pokerface. I saw him massaging his temples, seemingly at his limit. I thought, if I were him I probably would have butchered me. I mean what a troublesome person!

I struggled to get up but Pokerface lowered his hands and took his briefs off without hesitation. Next, he stepped into tub and looked down from above.

The view was quite, uh, majestic.

While my mind was wandering, Pokerface had already hauled me up. I came up too quickly which made me feel lightheaded and lose my centre of gravity so I fell on him.

He held me up with one arm and did something else behind me with the other.

I heard the shower head being picked up and placed into its holder that was screwed into the wall.

The shower was turned on too—splash—and water started pouring out onto us.

“Stand properly,” he commanded.

I had been leaning lazily on him but once I heard him, I quickly straightened my posture as though every cell in my body felt danger, and became stiff like a plank even though I was still feeling extremely dizzy.

My hair soaked up the water very quickly and hung down in front of my face. I watched Pokerface through them. His face was covered by strands of hair too. Water droplets hung off of the ends and made him look not angry but as if he was saying ‘What am I going to do with you?’.

He reached under my arm with one arm to work on something. I glanced over to find that his hand was full of shampoo and it came back to rub the shampoo into my hair.

I had thought that the shampoo was for him so I didn’t expect him to wash my hair first. Habitually, I closed my eyes, if not it would have hurt a lot if the water and lather went into my eyes.

Pokerface began to massage my scalp with such even pressure I almost fell asleep. However, his hands moved down towards my temples. He applied a bit more pressure and drew circles around them. A very soothing feeling washed over my mind and helped to sober me up.

As he massaged me, I thought to myself, from what I have seen through our interactions, he doesn't seem like the type to know how to care for others. At least he doesn't know how to take care of himself, does he?

My thoughts started to wander and for some reason I thought back to the [carcass cave](#). I recalled that after we had left the cave, Big Kui had fainted from fright while Pokerface had, too, from the blood loss. I changed his bandage once while he had been unconscious and when I had seen the wound I was stunned. The cut was so deep that I could see the fat layer! He had been so reckless that it seemed as though he had not been cutting himself but some other person. I wondered whether he would even treat the injury or just let it flow freely and get infected while being completely oblivious if no one had been there to look after him.

My head was hanging low. I blinked my eyes a few times and several drops of water got shaken off, allowing me to see what was in front of me: Pokerface's collarbone. There was a distinct dip where the bone connected to his sternum.

A confusing image flashed through my head. This area had once been dyed red with blood and also had a tattoo of what might have been an animal. Although the tattoo hadn't appeared for long, it had left such a striking impression that I couldn't forget about it even if I tried to.

"Xiaoge," I leaned my head against the fair surface that had nothing on it so far. "Where's the [qilin](#)?"

His hands stopped moving. "What?"

The water was still running. It streamed through my hair and onto him, leaving

lots of white lather.

Huh, what did I just say?

Drunk people had horrible memory and would forget what was just said a second ago.

“Qi...Ki. Lin.” Cream?

I was fairly sure that I was spouting nonsense. My linguistic capacities were a complete mess. But after I said it, I discovered that Pokerface’s skin was indeed very smooth, kind of like cream. I nuzzled my face in his neck and the fact that I was just being a nuisance did not even occur to me.

Clunk. The water stopped coming from behind. I felt Pokerface placing his hand on my waist after turning the tap off.

Why? Why has he turned the water off? Is he leaving?

He held me by the waist with one hand and put the other up in front of my face, sticking a few fingers up. “How many fingers, Wu Xie?”

I squinted at his slender, long fingers, pressing my face closer and then drawing it back. They became a few shadowy outlines in my dilated pupils. It looked like there were four...or maybe only three? Then I blinked my eyes and it became five, six, seven, eight...

This made me even more confused, so I impatiently let out a ‘tsk’ and tackled

his hand.

“Kylin.” Okay, I finally got it right.

That was not what I had wanted to say but it was what I wanted to say then. Qilin, cream, Kylin—I wondered if he ever noticed that his name sounded like a lot of things.

With his hand in grasp, I moved it downwards towards my stomach where my manhood was just starting to awaken.

For those who haven't read the original, here is the manhua depiction of the scene where Kylin cut his hand and used his blood to drive away the carcass bugs and overpower the female corpse, making it kneel down. This is the first scene where we witness the powers/abilities of Kylin and because of it Kylin also has the nickname of 'Bug Spray,' because bugs/evil critters are afraid of his blood.

Note: Wu Xie is the one with a band-aid on his cheek, Uncle Three is the one with the moustache and Panzi is the one with a bandage around his head. Also, remember to read from left to right!





ayszhang says: The last chapters of this short story will be released tomorrow!
^o^ Thanks for reading and we look forward to your comments! <3

5+6+7

The Hangover - ch 5+6+7

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Two naked men in a shower --> ???

NSFW!!!!!!

(You don't want any one else catching you reading this post!!)

05

I clearly felt that Pokerface shuddered when he touched my erection. He looked at me while I giggled back at him.

When I think about it now after I have woken up, I wish I could have just hit my head against the porcelain walls. They say that the tipsy world is the most wonderful. What they mean is that while some sensations are impaired, others are amplified.

For instance, a person who is usually conservative would be more open when

they are tipsy, and even give in to their impulses. Self-restraint decreases and courage increases while the feelings and desires stay intact. The only thing missing completely is this thing called shame.

So even though I now think that Pokerface was surely taken back by my shameless behaviour, I thought at that time that it was only reasonable: we were two naked adults with little distance between each other. Also, the body in front of me was very attractive to me, so it was only normal that I had a biological reaction.

However, I had completely overlooked the fact that he was a man and I was also a man. This was in and of itself not normal at all!

But, Pokerface wrapped his hand around the place I signaled for him to touch and narrowed his eyes as he watched me. He looked casual as if it were a natural thing, but for some weird reason, I felt like a frog that had been targeted as prey by a serpent.

Out of nowhere, a strange thought popped in my head: Does he know how to? Or should I say, does he know what this sort of reaction entails?

You must know that Pokerface was a man to me but also a man with many mysteries. What I knew about him was as unclear as looking through a thick veil of fog. It was like how I couldn't picture him with modern technology such as cell phones. Likewise, I couldn't imagine him doing something any other adult man would do on a daily basis—masturbating?

It was absolutely astounding that I could actually process that many thoughts in such a disconcerted state. It was almost like my soul escaped my body and floated in midair, watching the two of us, analysing us and commentating?

But it turned out that all my worries were unnecessary?

Pokerface was a man and had the common sense of any other man. I discovered to my surprise that he was superb whether he was doing it himself or to another person?

First, he tightened his grip around my waist before holding my erection and stroking it up and down. I was a bit scared at first because it hurt a little when my foreskin got pushed back. But very soon, the blood vessels inside seemed to have gotten used to his grip and unfurled, an indescribable pleasure spreading from them to the rest of my body.

I hooked my arms around his neck, breathing a little hard. I kept rubbing my lower half on him, yearning to go deeper into his palm, as if I wanted him to know how badly I wanted to be intimate with him.

The hair by his neck brushed softly on my face—it felt very nice. Although I would count the strands of hair draping on his collar whenever I had stood close behind him in the past, my attention would quickly go back to what was ahead of us because a zongzi might just burst out from nowhere. Unlike now, I couldn't focus on smelling his scent. It wasn't the dank smell of graves but a light sort of smell—kind of like vanilla.

My breathing hastened and I couldn't stand very well. Pokerface seemed to have noticed too because he turned and pressed me against the other end of the tub, cushioning my back and pushing my hips up with an arm.

With the wall for support, he put more effort into his stroking. Up, down, up, down—he reached the base of my member several times, making me shudder as if I were electrocuted.

“Ah, don't.” I tried to stop his hand but it was absolutely impossible. His movements were very powerful, not leaving me any chance to escape. I couldn't help but feel that I had it coming for myself.

So I did my best to shove back his looming shoulders with my head lowered. I saw that the head of my member was getting flushed with blood and leaking with white juices. At the same time, I discovered that his manhood was the same as mine, already proud and erect. My immediate response was to grab it but he acted before me, using his knee to constrain me so that I didn't have any room to move. Then he sped up with his hands.

I let out a moan as a needle seemed to pierce through my head and I blacked out.

When blood started flowing to my brain once more, I was leaning on Pokerface's shoulder, panting as if I had just run a marathon. Cum was still shooting out onto his abs and mine. The shower that we took completely went to waste.

His erect rod was still poking me and half of my weight was still on him, but another series of thoughts were going through in my head.

Wh-what the heck just happened?

It was as if all the fragmented memories were completely reshuffled

I remembered that I had just come out from the private room where the family union was being held. I also remembered the license plate of the cab that had driven me to Full Moon House. I had seen some people after I got there. Four blurry faces surfaced in my head. They looked familiar but also like strangers.

Glass after glass of an orangey-yellow foamy liquid had been pushed in front of me. I had no recollection as to how and how much I had gotten into my stomach. I had probably fallen asleep and woken back up several times. Also, there had been a warm body beside me the whole time, keeping me from falling over my seat.

Is the source of that warmth still here?

I had been sitting in the speeding cab, being knocked around. It was not there when I hit the cold car window, but it was back when I fell to the other side.

I had a delusion at one point that I had been alone at home after getting off the cab and returning home. I had drunk some cold water and puked all over the sofa chair, which was all fine because no one else had seen the embarrassment.

However, the person in front of me started moving once more. He was holding me with his arm. I recalled the force that had dragged me into the house and up to my room. I couldn't have done that by myself.

Then, my chin was lifted up. A pair of black eyes and furrowed brows was looking at me straight ahead. Oh, it was him all right. He had shown the same expression when I threw up on him and when I tripped in the tub.

I started giggling again. Judging from his expression, he was probably thinking, this guy must be losing his mind. I reached out and hugged him tightly.

The release just now made everything feel so unrealistic. I closed my eyes, thinking that all this was an illusion. I reopened them to find that he was still in my arms. My passion was dripping down his body and the sight was just so satisfying.

I asked myself, what could I do to ensure that this satisfying feeling doesn't disappear? You must know, he could disappear from right under you even if you were no less than ten inches away from him. This had been the case in the tunnel leading into the [palace of doom](#).

I was really afraid that the next time I reached out I would get nothing but thin air again. This fear enveloped me while his hard member was still flanked against me. It made me truly feel his existence.

My knees buckled in, but I knew it wasn't from spaghetti legs. He wanted to bend down too but I stopped him. I held onto his muscular thighs and knelt down to the ground. His meaty pillar towered before my eyes.

This is...because of me?

Reaching that realisation, my heart filled with joy—I can't think of a better way to put it. I didn't think too much as I faced the muscle that had swollen up

because of me, opened my mouth and took it in.



Kylin: No sex? Is it that time of the month?

Wu Xie: Wh-what the hell are you talking about? I... I hurt my hip. *And it was all your damn fault!*

06

My teeth had just scraped him when I heard a grunt from above. Then, I was pulled back by the hair.

“Wu Xie.” Pokerface’s voice was full of restraint. I hadn’t heard this tone very often. “No teeth.”

I looked up after pausing in confusion to find him watching me. It hit me that our situation was extremely awkward: I still had his erection in my mouth and I couldn’t go anywhere. Additionally, I realised that he was completely right about it.

My teeth were sunken into his meat. I doubt any man would want to have his private part chewed on like a wiener. It would hurt more than anything in the world! I suspected that my IQ had taken a fall when I fell in the tub.

Yet, I had no idea what to do and just froze in place while my head tried to operate. I couldn't help but exclaim at times like this that being inexperienced is such a sad thing.

I heard Pokerface sigh. First, he moved my head so that my mouth left him, and then he bent his knees and crouched down in front of me.

I must have caused him a lot of pain just now and this made it hard to look him in the eyes. I had thought that he was going to blame me but while I was still fretting, he took my right hand and held the index and middle fingers.

I gazed at him, puzzled as to what he was trying to do. I watched as he lifted, pulled and stuck my two fingers into his mouth. I did a double take and something went *zoom* in my spinning head. I felt as though I had a fever. His soft lips were puckered around my fingers, shielding his teeth, and I even touched his squishy tongue.

Instantaneously, a light bulb seemed to have lit up above my head. He kept sucking my fingers for a couple more seconds before his eyes opened fully. He took my fingers out and looked at me as if to say 'Now, do you get it?'

Afterwards, he stood up and backed up to the edge of the tub, taking a seat. I was strung along in the same direction by the arm, forced to crawl on my knees to where he was sitting.

Suddenly, I felt like backing out when I was faced with his erection again. I thought to myself, that was merely impulse just now; I didn't evaluate the situation at all. I was definitely going to choke if I tried to fit that sizable thing in my mouth.

However, Pokerface didn't give me time to have second thoughts. Seeing his member with its head held high, I knew he was most likely at his limit. He reached out for my head, opened his legs and pressed my head straight down towards his groin without hesitation.

The round, smooth tip hit the back of my throat. I couldn't stop myself from dry coughing but my mouth was stuffed and there was no room for me to breathe. Immediately, several tear drops rolled down my face.

I quickly pushed at his legs, trying to put some distance between us and not be completely submissive. He was well aware of my intentions and instead of releasing his grip on the back of my head, he started to manoeuvre me between his legs at a steady rhythm—in, out, in, out...

Under such a forceful pressure, my body was tense and didn't listen to me at all. In the beginning, I scraped his meat very hard several times with my teeth. He has amazing pain-tolerance, I thought. It was painful just from thinking about it. But, his hands didn't stop. There was nothing else I could do so I closed my eyes and did my best to imitate his puckered lips, sealing my lips around his member and making sure they were the only things sliding around it.

Gradually, he got used to it and I relaxed a bit. His grunts had been suppressed so that I could barely hear it, but by now they were leaking out, sounding more like light panting. Hearing it made me feel itchy, restless and aroused.

But I had to remain in a kneeling position and the hard rod kept assaulting my mouth, making my facial muscles extremely sore. I tried to pull away several times to catch my breath but the grip on my head was relentless and didn't release me.

Every time it pushed me forward, my eyes would flutter open to see the dark area between his legs. I then shut my eyes for good. I felt that the ramming attack was getting stronger and stronger. I didn't think I was going to last much longer and started making whining sounds with my vocal chords.

Then, there were not one but two hands on my head clutching onto my hair. I felt as though my scalp was going to get uprooted. The strength of the ramming increased to the point it was going to make a hole in my throat. Juices seeped out from his tip—a bit bitter and a bit salty. My brows were so tightly crinkled they could bleed. I squeezed his thighs with my hands, praying it would be over soon.

Finally, the two hands holding my head froze as he let out a nearly inaudible moan. Everything around us stood still—except for his cum. It burst into my mouth like a pizza pocket. Fluids gushed into my mouth and completely stuffed it. However, he didn't show any signs of letting me go, so I was forced to swallow some.

The moment he released his grip, I pushed and sent myself sprawling on the ground coughing violently. The hand that had left my head was cupped before me and scooped up whatever I hadn't already swallowed.

The amount that flowed out of my mouth was almost like half a quart of milk. It just kept going...

I wiped my mouth while feeling astonished for actually not choking to death. Only then did I feel a bit sulky, thinking he should be satisfied by now, but when I looked up, I almost had a heart attack.

Wh-what? Why is it still standing proud? It doesn't look like it's going to go away. It's as if nothing happened just now!

I even rubbed my eyes. A lot of foamy water had dripped down my face so it might have been that. However, reality was right in front of me: only the white froth still stuck to its tip proved of its recent release. This dealt an even heavier blow to my esteem.

Any man would know that it takes some buffering time to get another erection after a climax. Even if you were a fucking sex god, you would still need at least fifteen, twenty minutes. This is backed by medical evidence.

So that's why I took a glimpse at his buddy and then at mine who still wasn't showing signs of recovering from its release earlier—just who was the abnormal one here?

Maybe he was trying to stop me from making wild assumptions and hurting my self-esteem again, because he suddenly grabbed me by the right arm and hoisted me up from the tub. He then turned me around so that I was facing away from him and pulled me back down.

A string of question marks raced through my head like a stampede at a derby.

What is he trying to do?

But this question was answered almost immediately. My spine seemed to freeze over when my butt touched his rock hard member.

The hand of his that was sticky with cum was also working away on my bottom. After the sudden realisation, I was honestly more than half-way sober; it was more effective than any hangover medication. Thus, knowledge in that area rushed forth in one big wave. As my butt cheeks were spread apart and my hole got wetter and wetter, the alarm bells blaring in my mind became louder and louder as well.

Isn't this something that should be done between lovers? Okay, I admit my standpoint on these issues is pretty orthodox. Although we jerked each other off just now but that was just giving vent to lust. It's not exactly the same as sticking yourself into another person, is it?

I had my back to Pokerface therefore I couldn't see his expression at the time. It was just that, with my cognition back in full throttle, I still didn't think he was the type to be so loose and careless. He was something that almost equaled abstinence in my mind.

Let's just say the previous bit was solely on me.

On the other hand, the blunt pain coming from my behind started spreading—he was really going for it!

The pain is not what I need to consider presently, although it is important, but could it be that his actions mean he...

Want me?

Honestly speaking, I don't remember whether I only thought this in my head or actually said it out loud. I heard a soft chuckle nearby as one of his arms reached around my waist while the other rested on my shoulder.

He was breathing really close to me. Each inhale and exhale kept tickling my neck. I remember that he nibbled lightly on my earlobe before tightening his grip on my shoulder and waist and pressing me down towards him.

“Owwwwwww!”

This was the last thing that I remember saying. It was so ear-splitting that I was grateful I lived in a single house, or else my neighbours would have called the police when they heard me.

Afterwards, darkness swallowed me, kind of like after a fuse blows in the electrical box.

Then, when I came to again, I had somehow been transported to my bed from the bathroom and was sitting on Pokerface with a dumb look on my face.



But ;) I knew you guys wouldn't be satisfied...



07

“So...” I swallowed my saliva that tasted like minty toothpaste.

I thought, maybe he brushed my teeth, too? But if that was the case, why did I still taste him in my mouth?

“So did we...?”

My voice became quieter near the end as my face shrunk back into the blanket. Pokerface still had his arm behind him like a pillow while watching me steadily. He shook his head in a peculiar angle.

So that means, no? I let out the breath that I had been holding.

I flexed my muscles down there and surely, it did not feel like they had been split into two, although the entrance felt a bit swollen.

It appeared that he was telling the truth. But how was that possible?

“You fainted.” *I fainted.*

His expression didn’t change much when he said this but I turned to face the nearby window after quietly processing these two words and slapping myself a hundred times in my head. I knew I shouldn’t have chosen to live in a single house. Just looking at this height, even if I jumped, the most I would get is paralysis—it wasn’t enough.

How should I put my feelings? I was not exactly sure whether my urges to jump were from having gone the whole way or not having gone the whole way. Pokerface was, as expected, a gentleman and wouldn’t take advantage of others. So shouldn’t I feel grateful from the bottom of my heart?

Yet, as soon as I recalled everything from the previous night—people often say

that memory is like a scrolling LED sign: a long tale can be told in a few seconds—I wished I didn't have such a brilliant memory. But for some reason, I could still remember all the details even though I had been the one who was roaring drunk, so he must have remembered it too.

Oh right. I think Pokerface once said he has a [bad memory](#) and would forget things too far back in the past. So maybe I can...

Then, I was hoisted up by the waist from the awkward spot I was in to another spot that was even more awkward.

My eyes flickered all over the place as I lay on top of him. He had one hand on my waist as he asked flatly, "Something on your mind?"

Erm, why would he ask that?

Warily, I glimpsed at him, thinking that he couldn't have seen that I was searching for a way to erase his memory, could he?

"You were very drunk yesterday."

After a pause, I let out an 'Ah!' of realisation. He had meant the drinking.

However, my brain went blank at his question and I couldn't come up with any good reason. After all, I led an eat-and-sleep kind of lifestyle and was far from needing to escape reality with alcohol.

My eyes flickered some more before falling on the edge of my bedside table.

There were many pictures, laid out in a fan shape.

Aren't those the matchmaker pictures that my relatives forced on me yesterday? I wondered. Why are they here?

I lifted my head to discover that Pokerface was looking at them, too. I maulled it over in my head and reached a conclusion: they must've fallen out of my pocket when he took my clothes off yesterday.

What should I say about Pokerface? Normally, he would not even give two shits if the sky was falling down but he could be meticulous and find your vulnerability without much effort.

If it were any other occasion, say the pictures had fallen out when I was walking and he asked if anything was on my mind after picking it up for me, I would surely say, 'Oh you know, it's just the elders trying to get me married. Same old annoying shit.'

But not even I could convince myself with a weak response like this. I couldn't just act like we were acquaintances who bumped into each other on the streets. He and I, we were completely naked and snuggled together under a blanket. I still remembered very clearly the question last night that had wound itself around my head like a hunting net and kept repeating itself as my glass got filled and emptied again and again.

I must ask while the going is good.

I moved my gaze back and my senses were coming to attention. Only then did I notice just how cold he was. Could it be that he cooled down because I had

hogged the blanket to cover myself?

“The moon cakes you brought yesterday, you said it was...you know...” I stuttered a bit.

I let go of the blanket I had gripped tightly in my hands and clumsily wrapped my arms around him.

“I bought it,” he answered straightforwardly.

I watched him in confusion. “But I thought you said-.”

“The clerk didn’t take the money.”

He sounded so matter-of-fact that I first gaped at him before exclaiming, “Wooooow.”

The moment I understood what he had meant, I started to scream profanities in my head.

S-O-B! That damn S-O-B!

I immediately recalled a bet I had made with Fats. The basis was that we garnered a lot of attention from most women—younger ones mostly—who walked past us. Of course, we attracted attention because of the bags and equipment we hauled around, but we also did when we went out for a simple meal. Due to the fact that most of the looks were aimed in my direction, I had thought that the ladies were looking at me. However, Fats was very insistent

that they were after Xiaoge, not me, and that it was only because I just so happened to be standing near Xiaoge, so I shouldn't take credit for someone else's work.

I refused to believe him, of course, thus I made a bet with him. One time, when we were out buying coach tickets, I walked faster on purpose, leaving Pokerface far behind. He just kept walking with his mind on some other planet and even crashed straight into several ladies along the way. Still, their smiles were plastered to his back, as though his confessions of love were written on it. Consequently, I had to pay for a feast at [Louwailou](#).

Now, this drunk scandal at Full Moon House...

I wished I could have flipped the table last night or at least bit him harder. Although, strictly speaking, he had not lied to me. He had wanted to pay: he bought it. It was just that the clerk didn't take the money: it was a gift.

"So I suppose the clerk was-." *A young lady or a mature [obasan](#).*

Before I could get the rest of the sentence out, he pressed a finger to my lips.

As my eyes followed his finger, I became cross-eyed. In one movement, he pried open my lips and studied them. I couldn't tell what he was contemplating about. Just as I was about to ask, his fingers crawled up my cheeks like a daddy long leg and pulled. Instantly, the distance between us went from a foot to zero.

I gasped and the next moment his lips were against mine, preventing me from breathing. My upper lip was sealed onto him while he sucked on my bottom lip.

The only thing I felt was bewilderment but only for less than a second. He let go of me for a fraction of a second before leaning in again. This time his tongue wiggled in, too, and I couldn't even object.

Fuck! Th-this is my first damn kiss!

I screamed on the top of my lungs from the top of a mountain in my mind. I couldn't believe the first kiss that I had preserved for twenty-five years was taken like this.

He did not ask for my permission—I couldn't even fathom an accusation like that. Who was he? He was Pokerface, Kylin Zhang! He didn't even need to get checked for tickets to [walk on the path of demon soldiers and enter the gates of hell.](#)

In the end, he had come back, alive and well, heart warm and beating, and he was lying here, embracing me and kissing me.

Was I repelled? Not particularly. Was I delighted? Well, I didn't have enough brain juice to process that much. I didn't even know how I should react. This was a man who I thought couldn't even dial a phone. He had such soft, tender tongue and lips that tasted a bit like vanilla moon cake. It appeared I had a lot to learn from him.

As for who taught him these things? It seemed that that was another thing I needed to selectively forget. I moaned as I hooked my arms around his shoulders. Was I going to let go? No, I didn't want to. Was I going to let him continue? It seemed I had no other choice. This willful attitude of mine had been getting strong since last night under the influence of alcohol.

If there was a watch beside us, I would really like to know just how long this kiss had been going for. By the time he remembered to release me, I felt as if he had sucked away three-fourth of the oxygen in my brain.

I exhaled with my head tilted to the side, letting him prop my head up with his hand. His hand was still ice cold. I wondered why it hadn't been melted by my forty-degree fever that had spread up from my groin.

He touched my hair. "Any more questions?"

The short syllables knocked on my eardrums, making echoes. I was still looking at him dumbly. Mint, vanilla, kind of bitter and kind of salty—an indescribable taste mingled together in my mouth. I pressed my ear to his chest, listening to his heartbeat. It seemed my heartbeat was twice as fast as his.

Questions, I did still have, but fewer than before.

He combed through my hair with his long fingers, not getting caught once. It seemed that the shampoo that had caused me so much trouble had been thoroughly washed off by him. Just how did he manage to do it?

As my head was filled with these random thoughts, my gaze fell on the blank triangle where his neck met his collarbone. Immediately, another memory fragment of my stupidity very rudely resurfaced from the bottom of my mind.

I know I've asked too many questions but...

"Did I ask you anything stupid yesterday?"

The atmosphere momentarily froze while I waited for the answer. I was not sure whether I wanted to hear 'Yes' or 'No,' because the more I remember the better and the more he forgets the better.

However, Pokerface turned my shoulders straight and gave me an unrelated reply:

"How many?" He stuck up four fingers in front of me.

I was baffled but soon my memory told me that he had probably done this last night and it was right after I had asked him something stupid. I really said and did too much that I shouldn't have. Perhaps he was implying a homonym of [four](#)?

Since I was screwed either way, I decided to answer.

"Four," I said with a wavering voice.

"Okay."

Okay what?

I felt myself getting flipped over like a patty doing a 180 on a barbeque grill. In a blink of an eye, Pokerface whom I had been straddling was now on top of me.

I had no idea how he moved. I stared at him looming above me, thinking to myself: Seeing the fluidity and power in his movement, he could have thrown me off the bed a million times over throughout the night, yet he bore with it.

His hair was hanging from the pull of gravity and draping on my face. He was gazing at me with his pupils that were like two black lakes when a gust of wind blew through, rippling their surface. I could even see his inner eyelid folds now.

“You asked two questions yesterday.”

As he said this, that pale spot on his left shoulder drew near and almost blocked everything else from my vision. Maybe I was seeing things or something, but I could make out a few dark green lines rising from his blood vessels to the surface of the skin to form a familiar design.

“And I’ll answer them now.”

Something hard but also familiar poked at me. His tip and my back door were both a wet mess and I had no idea if it was his or mine.

My eyes went wide and before I could react, the design and the scorching rod invaded me simultaneously and conquered my very being in an instant.

Where’s the qilin?

Do you want me?

September 15th, 2008: full moon day of the eighth lunar month.

I will never forget this day.

I didn't see Chang'e flying across the sky.

But the next morning, a black qilin came riding on clouds and landed in my second-floor bedroom.

END



Cosplay of the couple <3

In case you don't know, Kylin holds the key to the Green Bronze Gate which is said to hold behind it "Terminus." After a perilous journey deep beneath the ground and nearly getting eaten by man-sized birds, Wu Xie watches as a train of demon soldiers march towards the Gates and Kylin marching along with them! Kylin spots Wu Xie and mouths the word "farewell" before stepping through the Gates to face "Terminus," whatever it may be... Below are fan depictions.





ayszhang says: Of course, I can't let this end on a sour note so... ;)





And as all Chinese fujoshi/fudanshi knows: 瓶邪王道 (Poker/Xie is the truth)



Pss~ Here's another surprise release for your hearing pleasure.

Click [here!](#) 8D

See you all tomorrow for Love Late's update!~