

Yo, when will those Yuelaos come to take you away?"

"When you are hundred years old,"

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"I'm either!"

"How could it be possible that I haven't married till hundred years old?"

"Just because I haven't come to marry you!"

"Yuelao means an old man under the moon, but not all the Yuelaos need to be old, they are gods of marriage and love. Basically Yuelaos are matchmakers, they are just like Cupid. Our job is to tie the red thread to 2 different objects and then they will start dating, basically it matches two people becoming a couple. Remember the rules of Yuelaos: You can tie the red thread to every object, even if something isn't alive, second, if you already tie the red thread to some people, they will not die when they are dating. Third, you can use your power to send a signal in an emergency to the Messengers of Hell to save you, they are just like policemen in hell. If the Yuelao made a great decision and made up a great couple, the Yuelao can get credit to either reincarnation or get promoted to the higher level, but if Yuelao made a bad decision and cause an unfortunate fate, the Yuelao could not pay the credit it own for doing it's job for thousand years. So, even people in the mortal realm can't see us, watching your behavior is still important. That's your first day in Yuelaos, are you ready for that, Qinglun?" "Yeah, I understand Ziyi." The young man is called Heng Ziyi, and he just completed his first year for Yuelao, which means he has been dead for one year, but he lost his memory for his entire previous life. He's a big brother in Yuelaos, and his business mostly succeeds. He could get promoted next month if he keeps on the right track.

This is a normal day for Ziyi, his target today is to make a match for a pretty girl. They are the easiest people to find the second half, it seems like a relaxing day. Heng Ziyi walked up to the girl and held her hands tightly with both of his own. Heng Ziyi frowned slightly and concentrated on exploring the girl's memory. His thoughts wandered through the girl's memory, as if he was traveling through an endless corridor of memories. His perception kept wandering in the girl's mind, gradually capturing some vague but clear images. In these memory fragments, he saw a gentle face, a young boy. He was the girl's neighbor and one of her seniors in high school. Heng Ziyi could feel the boy's kindness and friendliness. The memory showed that the boy always had a smile on his face and was very concerned about the girl. When she first stepped into the campus, the boy did not hesitate to lend a helping hand. He helped the girl find the classroom, patiently introduced the campus environment to her, and even worked with her to complete the project after class. Although that girl seemed to be delusional, he still kept helping her." Heng Ziyi carefully tied the red thread, a symbol of fate, around the wrists of his senior and the girl. One end of the thread wrapped around the neighbor's wrist, while the other was tied to the girl's wrist. With a clap of his hands, the gears of fate began to slowly turn. Heng Ziyi first arranged for the senior to invite the girl to a coffee shop to work on a project together, clearly not just for the project itself. As they were engrossed in their discussion, someone accidentally spilled coffee to the girl. The senior quickly pushed her out of the way, but his clothes were already stained with coffee. Faced with the sudden awkwardness, the girl gently helped the senior clean the

coffee stain from his shirt, saying, "I always have to ask you for help." She took off her jacket and, though it was a bit big for him, her intention was clear. The senior felt a surge of unexplainable emotion at her thoughtfulness and was about to express his gratitude when, suddenly, the red thread began to tremble and then snapped right in front of Heng Ziyi. The senior swallowed hard, holding back his words. Heng Ziyi was puzzled and thought, "How could such a beautiful girl not be able to connect with someone? She's always the most sought after!" However, he didn't dwell on it. He grasped the girl's hands again and began to explore her memories. This time, he felt confident as he found the captain of the school's soccer team. Though his grades weren't great and his emotional intelligence was low, whenever the girl cheered for the team from the sidelines, her cheeks would flush, and he would gain confidence. Although they hadn't interacted much yet, it seemed the captain also had feelings for her that went beyond friendship. This time, Heng Ziyi tightly bound the red thread around their fingers, filled with confidence and determination. Following the thread's guidance, the two met in the library, their fingers touching the same book at the same time. "Oh, do you like that book too?" he replied "Of course! I'm not just about playing soccer. It's nice to formally meet you; I look forward to learning from you," The red thread of fate brought them together, and the girl realized that the soccer player was not just knowing how to play sports; he had a depth of sensitivity and warmth inside him. They began studying together in the library, sunlight streaming through the windows onto the pages. Though the girl was focused on her reading, the soccer player's eyes couldn't leave her. It seemed like this time, success was within reach. Their silent communication made time feel as though it slowed down, and the noise around them faded away, leaving only the subtle emotions between them. However, before they knew it, evening had arrived. As they parted ways, the boy broke the sadness of their separation: "Do you want to come watch my game tomorrow?" As soon as he spoke those words, the red thread began to tremble again. The girl turned back and blurted out, "Sorry, I have plans tomorrow, but I'll definitely come to the finals!" The thread snapped once more, and Heng Ziyi watched in disbelief. It seemed that this time, it had all gone to waste. As he watched the girl walk away, thoughts swirled in his mind: "Having been a Yuelao for so long, this is the first time I've seen two bound threads fail to connect. I must help her find true love."

Heng Ziyi once again peeled back the veil of memory, this time examining it with particular care. The kaleidoscope of memories shifted and changed, and he finally spotted a familiar yet unfamiliar figure deep within. This figure was the girl's childhood friend, but beyond that, he couldn't uncover any more details. Heng Ziyi could see that the girl was intentionally hiding and evading this memory. He continued to dive deeper into the ocean of memories, only able to vaguely sense the figure's mysterious aura. In this situation, there was no other option. Driven by curiosity, Heng Ziyi tied a red thread tightly around the girl. However, when he tried to use his special ability to find that unique and enigmatic figure in the mortal realm, the red thread began to tremble violently. Surprised, he thought, "The thread isn't tied to anyone else, so why is it restless?" Despite its agitation, the thread didn't break; it seemed to respond to the figure's call. The thread flailed like a headless fly, changing directions unpredictably.

Suddenly, it straightened and began flying toward Heng Ziyi, wrapping uncontrollably around his hand. In that instant, it felt as if the shackles on his mind had been unlocked.

"Hello everybody, my name is Wang Xingyue, this is my first year here." Her voice solved the mystery of the story, Ziyi finally picks up the crystal of memories, "I remember it, her name is Wang Xingyue." He still remembers the special feeling of meeting her for the first time. He continued to immerse himself in the classroom in his memory, "Hello....., very nice to meet you Xingyue." Ziyi became the first friend of Xingyue in school, even though they are just classmates normally, Ziyi's heart still beats faster every time he sees her. Wang Xingyue sometimes seems paranoid, as if she sees things that others can't. Zi Yi is one of her few friends. Over time, Xingyue notices the passion hidden in Zi Yi's heart, and Zi Yi realizes that she has noticed, but neither of them says anything. Maybe it's because they're still young and don't understand true love, or perhaps they both have unspoken feelings for each other, but they continue to share a tacit understanding. Whenever they stay after school to clean, Zi Yi always accompanies Xingyue. "If I take out the trash for you, will you marry me?" he jokes. "No way, just shut up!" she replies, pretending to be angry, though her face betrays a slight blush. Ziyi always asks to prepare for the exam with Xingyue, and this time his eyes can't not move away from Xingyue while they are reviewing. Even during exams, he leans over and whispers, "If I let you copy my answers, will you marry me?" Xingyue is taken aback, "Come on, you don't even know any of these answers!" Zi Yi laughs awkwardly, determined not to lose face in front of her. "Then can I just look at your answers? Just for a moment." "You are so weird! Why would I marry you if you're copying my answers?"

After the test, when they part ways, Ziyi can't wait to ask: "How can you let me marry you?" Xingyue looks impatient "Marriage is a big deal. How can I decide on this important thing at such a young age?" "Well, you can just let me marry you in the future, or just say something now, one second, it takes only one second." "One second isn't enough for either you and me." "No, one second is enough." "How about that, we will talk about it when we grow up." "So, when do we grow up?" "Uh, when you start feeling everything about you totally changed, then you are grown up." Ziyi raises up his hand, and makes a swearing gesture "I'll let you know, no I'll let everybody in the world know, something never changes forever!" It looks like Ziyi is serious about it, Xingyue sighs "Seems like he will never grow up." Even though they bicker constantly, deep down, they have already become each other's "Best bad friend."

During the Mid-Autumn Festival, the school served a lot of delicious mooncakes and explained the cultural background of the Mid-Autumn festival. "Every year on the fifteenth day of the eighth lunar month is an important celebration for family reunions under the full moon. However, beyond eating mooncakes, enjoying the moon, and having barbecues, this day also marks the birthday of an important deity—Yuelao." While eating mooncakes, Xingyue shared a story from memory with Ziyi: "When I was young, my mother often told me the stories of the Yuelao and Meng Po: They were the original first Yuelao God and Meng Po. At that time, Yuelao was still young, and Meng Po was incredibly beautiful. Yuelao is the deity for marriage, while Meng Po governs reincarnation. Although they were deities, the Jade Emperor did not anticipate that

before they ascended to divinity, they would fall in love. From the very beginning till now, love between deities rarely ended well, and Yuelao and Meng Po were no exception, as there was a heavenly law prohibiting romantic entanglements among deities. One time, the Jade Emperor's son was exiled to the mortal realm for punishment due to his mistakes, but the Jade Emperor unable to bear seeing his son suffer, sought Yuelao's help to ensure that the boy would be reborn and get his beloved. In return, Yuelao could be promoted to the highest official in the celestial realm, and the affair with Meng Po would not be pursued. However, the girl the Jade Emperor's son loved was already with another man, and Yuelao had personally tied that thread. In pursuit of promotion and love, Yuelao chose to help the Jade Emperor and severed the thread between the couple while tightening the thread for the Jade Emperor's son. Ultimately, neither couple found happiness; the Jade Emperor's son did not cherish the girl and quickly lost interest in her, leaving her to die in loneliness. Meanwhile, the boy who lost his girlfriend to another felt assured she would have a happier life, but after knowing she had been heartlessly discarded, he fell into despair and died. When the boy died and was about to meet Meng Po, the Jade Emperor, knowing he died with resentment, ordered Meng Po to erase all his memories and prevent him from being reborn as a human. In exchange, Meng Po could become the highest official in the underworld, and the affair with Yuelao would not be pursued. Meng Po felt deeply for him so she did not erase the boy's memories. However, unexpectedly, after realizing he could not become human, the boy's deep resentment transformed him into a ghost, bent on revenge. The Jade Emperor, furious upon hearing this, decided to punish both of them severely. He decreed that no matter where Yuelao went, thorns would grow and pierce his feet, while Meng Po would become an ugly old hag. Yuelao could only find relief from the thorns in the waters of the Wangchuan River, which is the river of forgetfulness. So they decided to live there. However, when Meng Po saw her reflection in the water and felt unworthy of Yuelao, she chose never to see him again. After that, Yuelao traveled the world searching for Meng Po. With every step he took, thorns would pierce his feet, and his blood stained the thread symbolizing love. From that day on, Yuelao's threads transformed into red strings. Yuelao spent most of his life trying to find Meng Po, but he still couldn't find Meng Po when he became an old man. "Ziyi didn't take it seriously, just listening as a bedtime story: "So that's why Yuelao didn't tie the red thread for you and me, because he's out searching for his girlfriend!"

"Yo, when will those Yuelaos come to take you away?"

"When you are hundred years old,"

"Oh, come on, I'm really old at that time"

"I'm either!"

"How could it be possible that I haven't married till hundred years old?"

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Although Zi Yi vaguely remembers it was about three or four years ago, it feels like just a blink, and now they're both old enough to start high school. Xingyue didn't expect Zi Yi to attend the same school, but just as she stepped through the school gates, her phone chimed with a new message: "Look behind you." In disbelief, she quickly replied, "We're in high school now! Let's stop playing these silly tricks, okay?" She even

added a funny emoji. Though she didn't really believe it, she couldn't help but glance back. "I knew you'd believe me!" Zi Yi stood right behind her, wearing a triumphant expression. "Don't joke around! This is Taipei High School! You are a slacker, how did you even get in here with your homework needing my help?" Zi Yi grinned confidently, "Come on, I'm a sports major, I'm like Kobe Bryant!" Xingyue was both surprised and delighted. "Looks like you're going to be bugging me day and night again for the next three years!" They both burst into laughter.

The school organized a trip to Japan for students, but the fees were quite high. Ziyi's family wasn't wealthy, they didn't have to go to school because of the trip to Japan, they decided to spend a day together at Mount Yangming near Taipei. As the sun began to set, they sat quietly on the grass, waiting for the beautiful sunset. Ziyi sighed, saying, "Looks like we won't be going to Japan." Xingyue smiled and replied, "It's not so bad here. But honestly, I've always wanted to see Mount Fuji in person" Ziyi, feeling confident, said, "I also want to go to Japan. That's easy! Just marry me, and we can live at the foot of Mount Fuji." Xingyue playfully punched his shoulder, "Don't joke around! How could a guy who only plays basketball ever get rich?" "Then what are you gonna do to get richer in the future?" Wang Xingyue lowered his head. "The only skill I have isn't help." "Okok, nevermind, how about we go on the trip next year, it's on me!" The two of them made a swearing gesture at the same time, "That's what you said, you better remember it till next year." At that moment, the sun was almost at the horizon, painting the sky with shades of red and pink. Ziyi raised his ice cream, saying, "Cheers with ice cream!" "Who cheers with ice cream!" Xingyue laughed, rolling her eyes, but she raised her own ice cream. "Cheers!" In that moment, the warmth of the sunset melted away the distance between them. As the sunset faded, Ziyi had planned to ride his bike to take Xingyue home. As time passed and the temperature dropped, Xingyue took off her red scarf and draped it around Ziyi's neck. Ziyi jokes, "Aren't you so sweet?" Blushing, Xingyue replied, "I'm not careless like you! But I can see you've improved a bit today." Their chat soon came to an end, and before they knew it, they arrived at her place. Reluctantly, Ziyi said, "Such a nice day isn't it?" As Xingyue got off the bike and reached for the door, he called out, "Wait!" He took off the scarf around his neck and tossed it to her. "Here's your scarf back." She caught it and laughed, "There's a thread wrapped around your finger!" Xingyue said this and turned her back. Just as Ziyi was about to untangle it, a truck sped by and collided with him. "I doHey, Ziyi, are you okay?! It's all my fault!" The thread broke, and with blood on his face, Ziyi didn't have time to say anything. As he lay there, he heard Xingyue's last words, "Why did you have to kill him? If you want to kill someone, take me instead."

Time returns to the present, and it seems Heng Ziyi has remembered most of the things in his life. "So, I was hit by a truck," he realizes. He glances at the red thread on his finger, it's the one stained with blood that day. After that, Heng Ziyi would always take time from work to take care of Wang Xingyue. Although people couldn't feel the Yuelaos, they could use their magnetic fields to influence similar objects—like closing doors or extinguishing candles. Heng Ziyi would always kindly turn off the lights and tuck Wang Xingyue in while she slept. He even tricked her classmates who made fun of her and made sure that whenever a piece of bread fell, it would never land jam-side down. Every

time he did these things, he couldn't help but steal glances at Wang Xingyue and sometimes felt himself talking to her as if she could hear him. On this same day of last year, the school organized a trip to Japan again. This time, Wang Xingyue used her savings to sign up for the trip. Heng Ziyi felt both happy and regretful. "Is Xingyue finally going to see the Fuji she's always dreamed of? I feel really happy for her. But, unfortunately, I can't go with her. If I'm still alive, I would definitely take her to Japan by myself!"

The students spent about six hours finally reaching the summit of Mount Fuji. While the others chatted and laughed during the climb, Wang Xingyue climbed alone. Heng Ziyi followed her closely but couldn't really help her. He was anxious but knew she couldn't feel his presence. Since his death, he had noticed that Wang Xingyue had become much quieter. A sense of loneliness seemed to surround her constantly. At that moment, Heng Ziyi felt deep regret and sadness. He started talking to himself, pretending she could hear him, which felt like his only comfort. "Wang Xingyue, do you know? If I had known I would die suddenly, I wouldn't have proposed to you or followed you for so long. I've been a matchmaker for a while now, and I understand some of how the world works. But if I could just live for one more year—no, even just one more day—I wouldn't let you feel so lonely!" Standing at the summit during sunset, Wang Xingyue approached a shrine. She took out a red scarf stained with blood and placed it in front of the shrine. With her hands together, she whispered, "Heng Ziyi, I know you can hear me now, even in heaven. Today is our one-year anniversary, and I have to keep our promise. A year ago, you told me, 'it's on you,' but I've spent the whole year saving up just to keep our promise. I'm not blaming you, just you are doing well in heaven and don't come back as a cicada or a cockroach in your next life, that's enough for me. Even if you could just say one word now, it would only take a second—just one second would be enough." As she spoke, her tears fell like rain, soaking the snow on Mount Fuji. The snow was soft, just like Heng Ziyi's heart, but it never melted throughout the year—how strong it was! But what about Heng Ziyi's heart? He tried to catch her tears with his hands, but they slipped right through his fingers. The tears flowed into her mouth, tasting bitter. Wang Xingyue touched a stain on her clothes and said, "Do you remember? You spilled ice cream on me, and it looks a bit like a corsage now. Let's pretend it's the flower you gave me for this year's holiday." Heng Ziyi couldn't hold back any longer and embraced her tightly. At that moment, they seemed to feel each other. Wang Xingyue didn't move, and the four-hour descent didn't matter anymore—they could hold each other for as long as they wanted. Everyone knows that mere embraces can't truly possess someone; to have someone, you must understand the feeling of loss. Heng Ziyi wandered along the snowy path, stepping on the snow that never melted, wondering if she was cold when she was crying. He is wondering if he still has a red scarf to give her this time. The traces of tears on his face couldn't be hidden. "Why can't I think that the feeling of sorrow is something you made up? Why must I cry over good things? We're together again, we're together again..." The summit felt like someone's private property; when would they truly belong to each other?

When they returned to the hotel at the foot of the mountain, it was already midnight. While Wang Xingyue washed her face, Heng Ziyi stood in front of the mirror at

the sink. This time, he clearly saw them together, as if they were in the same world. When Wang Xingyue finished washing her face and looked in the mirror, she froze for a few seconds. Heng Ziyi wished she could see him, but such fantasies often last only a moment, and the miracle didn't happen. Wang Xingyue continued with her daily routine. That night, Heng Ziyi covered her with a blanket as usual, but he didn't notice that she was sobbing silently while facing the wall. "Seeing you so sad, I wish I hadn't entangled you. Your world will be without me now. Be happy, okay? I hope I didn't waste your life." His hand trembled as he covered her, but after he did, Wang Xingyue's lips curved slightly as she instinctively said, "It's so nice to have you." Heng Ziyi was shocked. "So you've been able to see me all along?" Realizing she had been exposed, Wang Xingyue stopped hiding. With a trembling voice, she said, "Now you know why I've always been suspicious. I was afraid to tell you because I was terrified my ability to see spirits would be taken away. But you're my only friend." Heng Ziyi put on a casual demeanor. "After I've told you all this, you don't really believe it, do you?" Heng Ziyi could no longer pretend to be strong and spent the whole night sharing his feelings with Wang Xingyue.

After this, the two no longer needed to play hide-and-seek; they could enjoy their hard-won time together in Japan. Whenever they had coffee, Wang Xingyue would order two cups. Although Heng Ziyi couldn't drink coffee, he could still create heart-shaped ripples in the water. Curious, Wang Xingyue asked, "How do you make that magical red thread?" Heng Ziyi stretched out his hands and pulled out a red thread. "Just like this. It's simple, isn't it?" He then tied the red thread to Wang Xingyue's red scarf. As time passed, they found themselves sharing ice cream on the streets of Hokkaido. The sun shone down on them, warm and bright. Wang Xingyue raised her ice cream and cheerfully said, "Cheers to ice cream!" Wang Xingyue asked curiously: "Why have you been pursuing me since you were so young?" Heng Ziyi continued: "Do you need a reason to love someone?" "How's that don't need a reason?" "How's love need a reason?" They exchanged smiles, filled with a long-lost happiness, but in the eyes of others, Wang Xingyue's health was deteriorating again.

This hard-won happiness didn't last long before Heng Ziyi saw Wang Xingyue drink coffee with her neighbor. At the beginning he didn't take it seriously, but trust can only bring one sentence out of her mouth: "Hey, I don't want to play the play house with you for the rest of my life, let's wide awake." He was momentarily taken aback: "What are you talking about? This isn't funny." Wang Xingyue's face was devoid of her usual smile, her eyes showing a hint of determination. "Heng Ziyi! I'm not joking this time!" It took him about ten seconds to respond. "Why? We're not going to separate again." "Being your matchmaker every day isn't that great. You'd be better off working at a convenience store and earning money." "Isn't it nice to date a god every day?" "Come on, you're dead! You're a ghost, not a god. How could I possibly date a ghost for the rest of my life?" Heng Ziyi was left speechless, feeling as if a thousand arrows had pierced his heart. "Fine, I'll go," he said, leaving those words behind as he took one last look at Wang Xingyue before walking away. With a choked voice, he whispered to himself, "What she said makes sense. I can't hold her back for a lifetime. Honestly, who would want to date a celestial being—or rather, a ghost? I'd be fine just being reborn as a

cockroach to watch over her.” Despite his reluctance, Heng Ziyi had to face the reality that their relationship was like a candle flickering in the wind, irretrievable.

From that moment on, Heng Ziyi fell into despair, as if that one statement had shattered him. He became listless and silent, unable to continue being a good Yuelao. Ultimately, the only path left for him was reincarnation. “Are you sure you want to be reborn as a cockroach? There’s a hint of red in your fate,” asked the ghostly official in charge of reincarnation. At that moment, Heng Ziyi had no reason to hesitate, but just as he was about to agree, his colleague Su Qinglun called out to him.

Heng Ziyi had lost his former enthusiasm and coldly remarked, “Su Qinglun, you’re here. I’m about to be reincarnated as a cockroach. You’d better take your job as a matchmaker seriously and not end up like me, achieving nothing.” Su Qinglun, eager and concerned, replied, “Oh, but you’re my mentor! I’m not here to bring you down. There’s something I’m not sure if I should tell you.” Although Heng Ziyi acted indifferent, a flicker of curiosity stirred within him. “Actually, Wang Xingyue’s actions were forced. She didn’t genuinely want to break up with you. According to the rules of the underworld, it’s against the cycle of life for humans and ghosts to be in a relationship. She saw me working with you and reached out to explain everything. She asked me to help tie the red thread for her. But she wasn’t wrong; it’s the only way to protect both of you. Before the judge finds out, you should let this go and continue living your life.” At that moment, Heng Ziyi suddenly understood. He realized that Wang Xingyue wasn’t truly heartless; her choices were driven by helplessness. He also grasped the cruel truth of their situation. Though love couldn’t transcend different worlds and was often beyond one’s control, Heng Ziyi would rather find another way to continue loving her. “All these experiences, are they really just fleeting moments?” he murmured. “Just let me be alone for a while.” Slowly, he conjured up strands of red thread and gently snapped each one. As he did, his heart began to settle. He understood he was already dead and could no longer hope for a miracle. Since he could not return to the world of the living, he should not be bound by its trivialities or interfere with the lives of the living. “Before I reincarnate as a cockroach, I’ve decided to see Wang Xingyue one last time.” Determination shone in Heng Ziyi’s eyes. Regardless of how fate unfolded, he wanted to use this moment of farewell to convey his eternal love. Though it was tinged with helplessness, he longed deep down for a chance to meet her again.

In the vast sea of people, Heng Ziyi spotted Wang Xingyue at a glance. This time, he didn’t use the special abilities of Yuelao; perhaps it was a feeling of mutual understanding between them. Wang Xingyue was walking home alone after school. Although the red thread was tied to her wrist, it still seemed precarious. A neighbor approached her, offering to give her a ride on his bicycle. “Hey, Wang Xingyue, do you want me to take you home?” Wang Xingyue forced a smile. “Let’s skip it this time; my mom gets off work early today.” She quickly made up an excuse, and as Heng Ziyi watched this unfold, a warm feeling surged in his heart. But he also knew that Wang Xingyue’s reluctance to let go of this matter was not a good sign. The atmosphere surrounding her felt ominous, hinting at danger that sent chills down his spine. It was as

if a beast in the dark was approaching, carrying an oppressive sense of foreboding that seemed destined to bring about something dreadful.

Heng Ziyi's instincts warned him that the wraith was not there for good reasons. Wang Xingyue seemed to sense the unwelcome presence too; she immediately became alert. However, instead of the surprise or fear he expected, she appeared almost accustomed to this situation. Before anyone else could notice her unease, she quickly found a side path and left the area. The wraith shouted after her, "You've forgotten what happened before, but I haven't!" It then possessed the bewildered neighbor and began chasing after Wang Xingyue. Though Heng Ziyi didn't fully understand what was happening, he instinctively worried for Wang Xingyue's safety and was curious about the connection between her and the wraith. He quickly followed her.

Soon, they reached a secluded basketball court, where the few onlookers scattered in fear at the terrifying scene before them. The neighbor, now possessed, was surrounded by dark smoke and radiated malevolence as he slowly spoke, "One person's blood isn't enough to repay the debt." Wang Xingyue was both shocked and anxious to see her possessed neighbor. "If you have the guts, come at me, don't hurt the people around me!" Heng Ziyi arrived just then and, before he could steady himself, blurted out, "Xingyue, are you okay? What's going on with that wraith?" Instead of relief at his presence, Wang Xingyue nearly fainted. "How did you follow me here?" "I was worried you might be in danger. We really need to work together now!" Wang Xingyue's face flushed slightly, perhaps realizing that their previous breakup had been too careless. "But I don't want to be the reason you get hurt again." Heng Ziyi sensed something was off. "What do you mean 'again'?" Memories flooded back to him, especially her last words before he died: "Why did you have to kill him? If you want to kill someone, take me instead." Suddenly, he understood that the monster before them was the one responsible for his death. Just then, raindrops began to fall, and the sun was quickly obscured by dark clouds, plunging the world into a perpetual night. Though Heng Ziyi was just a Yuelao and not skilled in fighting, he had no choice but to face the monster. The creature summoned dark smoke to attack them. Heng Ziyi gathered his energy. "Xingyue, stay behind me!" He quickly summoned multiple red threads to shield them. The monster teleported in front of them, conjuring dark smoke to strike. Wang Xingyue, despite appearing weak, pulled out a talisman, not only blocking the attack but also pushing the monster back. It was clear they were both exhausted, and the monster sneered, "Looks like you're not as strong as you used to be!" Confused, Heng Ziyi asked, "Have we met before?"

The monster formed a tornado of black smoke, advancing on them. "We've met, and it's more than just a simple relationship! You've forgotten what happened before, but I haven't!" The tornado surged towards them, leaving them no time to evade, and they were sucked in, crashing hard onto the ground. With no other options, the monster continued to approach. "Do you have any idea how I've lived these years?" Wang Xingyue shouted hoarsely, "Who are you? Is it not enough for you to haunt me for all these years?" Raindrops fell steadily in front of Heng Ziyi, and suddenly he thought of

the only way to solve the problem, at least for Xingyue's sake. He sent a desperate signal for help to the underworld messenger, using up nearly all his energy. Wang Xingyue saw Heng Ziyi's reckless action. "Heng Ziyi, don't you know that you won't survive this either? The underworld messenger will judge our transgressions! Even though I'm not dead yet and not under their jurisdiction, you might never see the sun rise again." Heng Ziyi was fully aware of the risk; while the underworld messenger could eliminate evil spirits, they wouldn't spare anyone violating the rules of the living and the dead.

The signal has been sent, and there is no turning back now." Is this how it will end? You two who have played with the lives of the people. Once the emissary of the underworld arrives, none of us will survive!" His words were like thunder, tearing through the air, and the space around them seemed to tremble. Wang Xingyue and Heng Ziyi exchanged glances, both of them knowing that the situation had reached a dead end. The monster's body began to twist, energy swirling around it, and the dark aura seemed ready to devour everything.

"Then let's meet in hell!" the monster let out a final roar, like the wailing of thousands of souls, carrying the scent of destruction. Its form became increasingly blurry in the black smoke, but it grew even more terrifying. Heng Ziyi too felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness, as if all hope had dissipated in this moment. It was clear that Heng Ziyi and Wang Xingyue couldn't withstand this blow. The distress signal was too late to have any effect. All they could do was close their eyes and wait for death to come. The evening rain would eventually fall. Heng Ziyi thought to himself, even if the emissary of hell comes and punishes him for breaking the taboo, it would be better to block this blow for Wang Xingyue. He made a silent vow to protect her, even if it meant his own death.

Just as Heng Ziyi stood in front of Wang Xingyue, she suddenly pushed him away, deciding to face the attack alone. "This time, it's on me."

Wang Xingyue was struck by the black smoke released by the monster. Her strength was almost entirely drained, and she felt as though her entire body had been instantly emptied of all power, as if she had lost all support. The raindrops hitting her felt like sulfuric acid—hot and painful, making her gasp in agony. She couldn't hold on for much longer and collapsed to the ground. The monster let out a chilling laugh, as if mocking Heng Ziyi's ineptitude as a man, or perhaps offering them both a final requiem.

"Look at what you've protected! This is how you took her away from me!" The monster gathered more black smoke in its hands and moved toward Heng Ziyi. "Once your first drop of blood is spilled, I will finally be free!" Heng Ziyi tried to summon the red thread to continue resisting, but these last-ditch efforts were in vain.

Suddenly, the sound of raindrops hitting the ground stopped for a moment, and the expected death did not come. The monster's attack was blocked by a token.

"Why? Just one step away, why do you have to do this to me!" The monster sighed deeply and looked at the wanted poster. The face on it was still that of a young man, innocent and untainted by evil. Heng Ziyi and Wang Xingyue noticed that the raindrops avoided a certain area, forming the outline of a person, and a shadow began to emerge from it.

"All things in the world have their laws. You, this lawless monster, how long will you resist?" The monster, enraged, prepared to continue attacking. "Didn't both heaven and the lower realms fall because of these laws? When you did this to me before, didn't you have even a little bit of law in your heart? It's easy for me to die now. When will those who play with the lives of others die?"

The emissary of hell paused for a moment upon hearing these words, then loudly declared, "Don't argue. Surrender at once."

The monster, surrounded by black smoke, charged toward the emissary of hell. "Even you can't defend heaven now!"

While the emissary and the monster argued, Heng Ziyi quickly ran to Wang Xingyue. "You have to hang in there, you have to hold on." Wang Xingyue was completely unconscious, her breath faint, as if all her life force had been drained by the monster. Heng Ziyi rushed to administer first aid, but as someone already dead, his own energy couldn't affect a living person.

Back to the battle, the emissary of hell threw the wanted poster at the monster. The monster swatted it aside, and it landed right in front of Heng Ziyi. He looked at the face on the poster, feeling like he had seen it somewhere before. He carefully examined the boy's hand in the photo, where a red thread had been torn apart.

Suddenly, unusual fragments of memories flashed before his eyes: "When I was young, my mother often told me the stories of Yuelao and Meng Po," from a Mid-Autumn Festival years ago. "The only skill I have isn't to help," from that night on Mount Yangming. "Why did you have to kill him? If you want to kill someone, take me instead," from the night the monster killed him. "Wang Xingyue, despite appearing weak, pulled out a talisman, not only blocking the attack but also pushing the monster back." From the recent battle. "Now you know why I've always been suspicious. I was afraid to tell you because I was terrified my ability to see spirits would be taken away. But you're my only friend," from that night under Mount Fuji.

Everything that had happened felt so unusual, as though there was something hidden behind it. How could a normal girl use talismans? And why did Wang Xingyue, of all people, have the ability to see spirits? Raindrops slowly dripped onto Wang Xingyue's red scarf, as if, without Heng Ziyi knowing, they fell onto the bloodied red thread, and into his heart.

The raindrops in Heng Ziyi's heart formed a river of memories. The river rippled gently, and floating on it were pieces of memories, guiding Heng Ziyi to the other shore, to the end of his memories.

It turned out...