

## Horrors 151

### Chapter 151: A Certain Death!

Chen Ge stood up after finishing the cigarettes. *Does anyone even listen to cassette tapes these days? Where am I going to find a player?*

After much difficulty, Chen Ge finally had reached a stable relationship with Zhang Ya, but now he had another one to deal with. Chen Ge really did not expect that he would one day be troubled by being too popular.

*The Haunted House is big enough for the brother inside the tape as long as he doesn't create trouble.* Chen Ge noticed a detail provided by the black phone. The chance of drawing the crying tape was three percent while the chance of drawing the cursed love letter had been 0.3 percent. According to that probability, the specter inside the tape should not be more powerful than Zhang Ya. His strength was probably between a normal Baleful Specter and a Red Specter.

*Weaker is not so bad—easier for me to come to a negotiation with him.*

After all, Chen Ge was rather alarmed by Baleful Specter that had their own personal page like Zhang Ya. Pushing the bicycle back to New Century Park, some visitors had already arrived. Uncle Xu and Xu Wan were already standing in front of the Haunted House.

“Chen Ge, where have you been so early in the morning? And why are there chicken feathers stuck to your clothes?”

The number of visitors was not that high, and Uncle Xu was considered half a Haunted House worker now. When he was free, he would stand outside the Haunted House to sell tickets.

“A morning joke.” Chen Ge dusted the chicken feather off naturally and opened the gate to prepare for business. That morning, Chen Ge kept spacing out, the messages from before crowing his mind. He was walking in the mist, and he could see an opening before him, but he was unable to tell whether it led to the exit or to the maw of a monster. At 4:30 pm, Chen Ge gave Xu Wan an early leave. He closed the gate and entered the staff breakroom.

*It's time to start the preparation.* He placed his backpack on the table and shoved the mallet, the cleaver wrapped in red cloth, packets of salt, a lighter, and a flashlight into it. *Six packs of salt should be enough.*

Chen Ge then took out another large bag. He planned to bring the white cat and Xiaoxiao with him.

*Let me see what else I'm missing.*

Opening the drawer, Chen Ge saw the cassette tape sitting inside. It did not have any markings other than an irregular bloody handprint like someone had gripped it with a bloody hand.

*Such an item that has already been lost in time has appeared in the Haunted House's drawer.*

Naturally this was the black phone's doing. Chen Ge did not know much about the tape, and since he was afraid that the thing inside might ruin the Haunted House when he was not around, he dropped the tape inside his bag as well.

*That's all, I suppose.* Chen Ge found Xiaoxiao and the jacket with the kittens' odor and placed them inside the bag. He negotiated with the cat for a long time before it jumped unwillingly into the bag.

*Stay here for a moment, I'll be right back.* Chen Ge walked into the props room and saw Doctor Skull-cracker's hammer lying in the corner. *This thing has a certain presence to it, maybe I'll be able to use it.*

To fit the hammer inside his backpack, Chen Ge had to remove the mallet and three packs of salt.

*The salt might not be useful, so there's no reason for me to bring so many. The multi-purpose mallet, though, has helped me a lot, so I have to bring this with me.*

However, there was indeed no space, so Chen Ge tied to the mallet to the outside of the backpack.

Including the black suitcase with various livestream equipment, the table before Chen Ge was full. *It still feels like I'm missing something.*

Chen Ge thought about it, exited the staff breakroom, and entered the Mu Yang High School scenario. For this three-star Trial Mission, he could not be too prepared. He entered the female dormitory and picked up the broken ballpoint pen. "Pen Spirit, I want to use today's fortune-telling chance, please help me answer a question."

Chen Ge started playing the Pen Spirit game. "Will you tell me what kind of danger I will run into at the Third Sick Hall?"

The pen quivered lightly, and after a long time, the pen started writing. "A certain death!"

As if to stress, the Pen Spirit used extra emphasis, and the pen almost tore through the paper.

"A certain death?" Looking at Pen Spirit's answer, Chen Ge's face fell. "Pen Spirit, I asked about the type of danger, why are you giving me this answer?"

Ahead of his departure, his confidence was already wavering. The Pen Spirit did not answer. Chen Ge's brows creased heavily. "Hopefully you're wrong, or it's over for all of us."

Then, he planned to shove the pen inside his pocket. After all, as a part of the Haunted House, how could the Pen Spirit sit this one out?

The Pen Spirit did not expect things would develop like this. Just as Chen Ge's arm was leaving the paper, it quickly scribbled the earlier answer out.

*There's still a fighting chance?*

Chen Ge was full of anticipation, but the Pen Spirit wrote another line down. "Don't bring me with you!"

"Don't bring you?" Chen Ge pocketed the pen and waltzed out of Mu Yang High School.

*Everything is ready; it's time to go!* Chen Ge took out the black phone. After completing three Nightmare Missions, he had the chance to unlock a Trial Mission.

“Congratulations, Specter’s Favored, you have unlocked the Trial Mission for the Third Sick Hall!

“The Third Sick Hall (Three Stars Scream Factor): This abandoned hospital makes strange noises at night, and you’ll need to find out why.

“Mission Venue: The quarantine sector of Jiujiang Third Psychological Convalescence Centre.

“Mission Requirement: Arrive at the Third Sick Hall before midnight and survive until dawn.

“Mission Hint: The antonym of good is evil, and the antonym of right is wrong, so what is the antonym of human?

“Do you wish to accept this mission? Warning: Trial Missions are only available for twenty-four hours. If they are not accepted within these twenty-four hours, the scenario will never be unlocked.”

Chen Ge had made all the necessary preparations for this moment. He clicked on accept, and the interface changed. A clock appeared in the upper left-hand corner of the screen. If Chen Ge did not enter the Third Sick Hall before midnight, the Trial Mission would be considered a fail.

*The Third Sick Hall... after I finish this mission, I should be able to find more clues about my parents.* Chen Ge left the park with all the bags and called Liu Dao. Liu Dao told Chen Ge to wait for him at the park, and he would personally fetch him.

When Liu Dao saw Chen Ge, he also received quite a shock. However, the man very cleverly did not ask for more details. He started the car and drove Chen Ge to Jiujiang Third Psychological Convalescence Centre.

“Qin Guang’s livestream starts at 10 pm. The response to his previous livestream was positive, so the platform gave him its full support again. We have tried our best and have sacrificed the posts of two hosts to gain a not-so-bad channel and recommendation for you. Please do your best tonight.”

## **Chapter 152: A Unique Charm**

At 7 pm, after taking two wrong turns, Liu Dao and Chen Ge finally arrived at their destination.

“Come on, I’ll introduce you to the other workers of our studio.” Liu Dao parked the car and walked into the nearby brush.

“We’re at the outskirts of the Jiujiang district, yes?” Chen Ge inspected the content of his backpack before getting out from the car. The road was filled with holes from lack of maintenance, and there was a small mound of rocks in the way like someone was purposely blocking up the road. The trees that lined the road were tall and lush, probably planted decades ago.

The canopy blocked out the moonlight completely, and after entering the brush, it was as dark as night. Chen Ge turned on the flashlight and followed behind Liu Dao. They had been trekking for ten minutes already, and they were still trapped among the trees.

“Brother, are we lost?” Chen Ge looked around him, and there was no trace of any human activity.

“Don’t fret, don’t fret.” Liu Dao made a call before turning down a small lane. “This area is very complicated. There’s nothing for us to refer to, so it’s very easy to get lost. You’re entering the mental hospital alone, so be careful. I advise you to mark some trees as you move toward the building.”

After a few more minutes of walking, Liu Dao and Chen Ge finally exited the brush. A large tent appeared before their eyes.

“This is the only open ground nearby and the place with the best signal.” When they spotted Liu Dao, the people inside the tent walked over.

“Brother Liu, where have you been? You know we are lacking in manpower; are you trying to work Sister Lee and myself to our death?” a young man who had a crew-cut and the head the shape of a pot lid grumbled. He looked about twenty and was forward with his words.

“Why did we let him go fetch the person knowing he’s horrible with directions?” Sister Lee asked. Her skin was rough, and she was more muscular than most men.

To diffuse the awkward situation, Liu Dao dragged Chen Ge over. “This is the host who will be livestreaming inside the Third Sick Hall alone—Chen Ge. There’s still some time before the livestream. You can teach him how to use the livestreaming equipment and camera techniques.”

“This is Chen Ge?” Sister Lee pushed Liu Dao aside and started studying Chen Ge alongside the teen. When they saw Chen Ge’s get-up, there was a flash of confused shock in their eyes. *Isn’t he going to do a supernatural livestream? Why did he bring a chicken with him?*

They wanted to mock him, but since this was their first meeting, they held their tongues.

“I’m Zhang Pin, and this is Sister Lee. We’ll be responsible for helping you relay your livestream.” The teen led Chen Ge into the tent. There was plenty of equipment inside. He taught Chen Ge how to use it all and then had Chen Ge open the black suitcase. He explained each piece of equipment’s usage one by one.

Outside the tent, Sister Lee whispered, “O! Liu, you sure this kid can work? We have sacrificed the slot of two hosts with 100,000 viewers to earn a level two platform recommendation. The platform is afraid of earning Qin Guang’s ire and purposely making this difficult for us.”

Liu Dao lit a cigarette. The platform’s recommendation could be delineated into five levels; one was the best, and five the worst. The highest they could wrangle for a newbie was a level two.

“He only has a level two recommendation while Qin Guang has three level one recommendations and a featured ad on the front page. It’s obvious who will lose.” Sister Lee did not have confidence in Chen Ge, and that feeling only heightened after seeing Chen Ge in person. To be a famous host, one either had to have unnaturally good looks or immense charisma. Chen Ge seemed to have neither. He was just a normal guy, going about his life normally. He was not over the top but calm and collected. Compared to a host, he felt more like a doctor.

“You’re only seeing his surface. If you chat with him, you’ll realize this person has a unique charm to him. His understanding of fear is different than most.” Liu Dao was reminded of his first interaction with Chen Ge. He was led throughout the conversation, and his mind screamed, *Crazy person alert!*

Later, he reflected on it and realized that it was because their thinking was not on the same level.

“It’s not that I look down on him, but we have invested too much on him.” Sister Lee sighed. “Also, the fact that we’ve helped him gain a recommendation will definitely get Qin Guang to target us. Now that the platform is pushing Qin Guang as their featured host, when Qin Guang’s power is solidified, it’ll be hell for other hosts from our studio.”

Liu Dao hushed Sister Lee so that their conversation was not overheard. “Have some faith in Chen Ge! To be honest, both of Qin Guang’s previous livestreams were copies, and this man before us is the real deal.”

“But he has no script, props, or actors. This kind of dull livestream will get viewers?”

“I’m not going to argue with you. In any case, do your work and make sure that there are no technical problems tonight.” Liu Dao composed himself and entered the tent. He greeted Chen Ge and took out his laptop. He opened the bookmarked website and said, “Chen Ge, come and take a look at this.”

Chen Ge thought it was going to be a script, but it was actually a news article.

“Writing scripts will be easily exposed, and it’ll seem fake, so we’ll leave it to you how you want to go about the plot.” Liu Dao pointed at the news. “But here is some inspiration. These are three things that are most discussed online about the mental hospital. The first is the missing hospital director; his existence remains unconfirmed to this day, and no one knows whether he is still alive or dead. The second are the weird noises that reverberate through the buildings every midnight. The third is the appearance of the bloody words that seem to appear out of nowhere. Some people swore they have seen them appear at night, but as dawn arrived, the words disappeared. Focus on these three things, and the effect should be good.”

Chen Ge nodded. After reading the articles in detail, he had a better understanding of the mental hospital.

“Let’s take a break for dinner first. Then we’ll discuss some of the details.” Sister Lee took out a few rice boxes from an insulated cabinet and passed them around. At 9:30 pm, Liu Dao went out to make a call. When he returned, he told Chen Ge that it was time to start.

Zhang Ping took out the equipment from the black suitcase, and Chen Ge was making his final preparations. He opened the bag, and with the crowd watching curiously, he snatched the jacket away from the cat and put it on.

The jacket had the smell of the kitchen, so only by wearing this jacket would the white cat follow him into the mental hospital.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Chen Ge stuffed a ragdoll inside the jacket’s pocket and released the white cat. “Isn’t it normal for a supernatural livestream to have a cock, a doll, and a white cat?”

### **Chapter 153: Jiujiang Third Psychological Convalescence Centre**

The people from Liu Dao's studio were speechless because this was a question they had not faced in their life before. In the end, it was Liu Dao who walked over to say, "You have to be careful tonight. Safety first. We took a look around the mental hospital when the sun was still up."

"You've been inside the place? What did you find?" The way Chen Ge focused on Liu Dao made him feel uncomfortable.

"We just took a stroll outside and didn't dare go in. But I've downloaded a map of the mental hospital for you. According to the rumors, it was drawn by one of its patients." Liu Dao opened a file on his laptop, and it showed a very rough map. "There are three buildings inside the hospital, and they are interconnected.

"The first and second sick halls housed normal patients, and the entrance and windows faced the sun. The third sick hall is a bit more mysterious; it was the quarantine hall. It housed the more dangerous patients, and its door and windows faced away from the sun.

"You have to be exceptionally careful when you are inside this third hall. According to the description of the artist who drew the map, the third hall was forbidden for normal patients, and whenever a normal patient was discovered to be near the place, they would be given a horrible punishment.

"Therefore, I suggest you skip the third hall tonight. If you take it slow, the first two halls should provide us with enough content already."

Liu Dao pushed the screen toward Chen Ge to make him memorize the map.

"Is this Third Sick Hall that special? Did you manage to find more details about it online?" Chen Ge's expression was serious.

"Not much, and some sounded made-up. Some said that the patients in there had killed a doctor, and the incident was exposed only after a few days. Some even said that the place did not house normal humans but strange creatures." Liu Dao laughed. "It has to be made-up, right?"

Closing the laptop, everyone there noticed the change in Chen Ge's presence. He seemed to be greatly worried about something.

"Check the camera, we do not have much time left." Chen Ge carried his backpack and equipped the chest camera, wrist camera, and audio recorder. After testing all of them, he headed out of the tent.

"If it becomes too dangerous, just turn back and run. Remember to mark your way as you head toward the place and set my phone number as your emergency call," Liu Dao shouted from behind Chen Ge. "I will call you one minute before the start of the livestream. You'll be able to see the situation inside your livestream room. Lastly, no one has been to that place in a long time, so I cannot guarantee what you'll find inside. Be careful!"

Chen Ge did not expect that the man would be so worried about him. He stopped at the entrance to the tent and set Liu Dao's phone as his emergency call before everyone. He waved and said, "Remember to stay inside the tent. Do not wander off, and don't come to find me no matter what you see or hear. Understand?"

"But if..."

“Take care of the equipment and leave the content to me.” The man and the cat disappeared into the darkness.

Watching Chen Ge walk away, Sister Lee, who was dubious of him, had her arms crossed before her chest. She said under her breath, “This kid, at least his back is kinda handsome.”

Chen Ge was more nervous than anyone before entering an actual three-star scenario. He understood how dangerous this place was and knew how real those stories that Liu Dao thought were made-up were. The patient did not make up those things; perhaps it was because he could see things that normal people could not, and that was why he was treated as a patient.

Following the memorized map, Chen Ge reached the end of the brush, and an old building appeared before his eyes.

“This mental hospital occupies a large area.” Initially, when Chen Ge heard it was a private hospital, he had thought that the environment would be horrid and would not be big enough to fit many patients, but when he was there in person, he realized how wrong he was.

The hospital was surrounded by thick brush, and there was only one entrance. It was sealed, and thanks to the tall cement walls, Chen Ge temporarily could not see anything more than that. When he got close, Chen Ge noticed something that unsettled him.

The hospital’s cement walls were filled with many senseless sentences, but they shared a similarity—they all mentioned someone’s name. When Chen Ge saw this for the first time, he tried to memorize the names, but there were simply too many sentences and too many names. Some even repeated, so in the end, he gave up.

*Are these names of the patients at the hospital?*

He could not understand the meaning of those sentences, but he did think that they are very weird.

*These sentences definitely weren’t written by a normal person. What is it that they are trying to communicate?*

Looking at the walls, Chen Ge felt weirdly anxious, like the sentences were curses directed at him.

“White Tiger, don’t stray too far from me.”

Now that they were alone, Chen Ge did not feel that shameless about referring to the cat by that name. When they got close to the hospital, the white cat showed obvious hostility. This cat, which was sensitive to those things, had felt something.

“Don’t worry, we also have our trump cards.” Chen Ge raised the chicken, which was tied by the claws, and took out the mallet. He did not rush in but waited patiently for Liu Dao’s call.

“The equipment is working well; the picture is clear and stable. We’ve started the livestream. You can check it out on your own phone.”

“Okay.” Chen Ge logged into the platform, and the first thing he saw was the ad for Qin Guang’s livestream. He clicked on it. Qin Guang and his team had a little accident outside of Mu Yang High School. It sounded like the equipment car had driven into a ditch. Qin Guang was making a personal

apology on the livestream. He said that the driver saw something collapse on top of the windscreen, and he lost his focus.

*This bunch of people really did go to Mu Yang High School. Looks like he didn't heed my advice. Then again, even this apology video has about 400,000 views. He cannot be underestimated.*

Chen Ge then entered his own livestream room. Thanks to the platform's recommendation, the number of viewers had climbed up to 250,000 people in a short amount of time.

The video was split into different screens. The largest one was the footage from his chest camera. It had the highest definition. There was a smaller video in the bottom left corner, which corresponded to the camera on his wrist. Like a watch, the angle could be monitored freely, and by raising his arm, he could see his own body on the video.

*It's 10 pm. Time to start.*

He pointed the camera on his wrist at himself and looked at the chatlog that continued to roll. "I didn't expect that I'd be doing something so crazy tonight."

After patting his backpack and helping the cat onto the wall, Chen Ge climbed over the wall into Jiujiang Third Psychological Convalescence Centre.

#### **Chapter 154: Dog Cage?**

"A mental hospital and normal hospital offer different kinds of treatment, and there is a bigger stigma toward the former. Normally, people unconsciously skirt around them," Chen Ge said to the camera. "No one can refute that. After all, no matter the argument, the people who are treated here are different from us, but sometimes, it is hard to tell whether they are wrong or whether it is us who are not that normal."

Chen Ge's started to focus when his feet landed on the ground. "This hospital before me is the place where many horrific rumors took place. When the day went quiet, weird screams could be heard coming from the hospital. Words written in blood would appear on the walls of the corridors where no live people still tread. The director has disappeared without a trace, and some suspected he is still hiding in a dark corner of this hospital."

Chen Ge glanced at the chat log, and most of the viewers did not buy what he said; some even made a direct comparison of his livestream to Qin Guang's.

"Supernatural livestream, yet another actor trying to lie to us."

"Even through the screen, I can already tell your future. Some hosts are only mention such stories to survive in our memory."

"I can understand what you've said, but do you mind telling me why there is a chicken in your hand? Are you trying to combine a supernatural show with a cooking show? Is this some new direction?"

"Visiting a mental hospital at night? Based on that, you got my like!"



The viewers were chatting and joking; there was a noticeable lack of fear.

“A live cock will be able to defend against negative energy. Tonight, I’ll let you experience the real sensation of fear. In fact, we took a two-hour drive before we managed to locate this hospital, aren’t any of you afraid?” Chen Ge explained patiently, but the viewers still did not buy it.

“What is there to be afraid of? The last host who said that is now fixing his car.”

“Wow! That is such a cute cat...”

This helped Chen Ge calm down. After chatting for a while longer with the viewers, he finally started exploring Jiujiang Third Psychological Convalescence Centre. The mental hospital spanned a large area, and the whole hospital was surrounded by a cement wall. There was a large courtyard probably for the patients to move around in, but after years of neglect, other than the few patches of cement, the other places were overgrown with weeds that reached up to the knees.

Chen Ge moved forward some more, and he finally saw the three buildings that were connected to each other. The buildings were arranged into the form of the character ‘品’. The second building was the one that protruded to the north, and all the buildings were connected with hallways.

“The first and second sick halls face the sun, and the one facing away from it should be the third sick hall. This is a weird design. Are there some patients that couldn’t see the light in the third sick hall?”

From the layout of the place alone, this place gave him the creeps. *There has to be a reason for this kind of design. Be it for the Trial Mission or to get the clues left behind by my parents, I’ll need to enter the Third Sick Hall tonight.*

Chen Ge walked forward, and the white cat followed behind him. The moon was full that night, and it colored the cement ground a milky white. Chen Ge took the steps that led him to the first sick hall. The entrance was made from steel. He tried to push it once, and it swung open easily.

“The lock is broken.” The previous Trial Missions had given Chen Ge plenty of experience. He shone the light on the lock. “The spring has snapped; it was a forced entry.”

Chen Ge looked down the dark corridor, and a question cropped up his mind. “Who busted the lock?”

Someone had returned after the hospital closed. Was it the patients or his own parents?

Director Luo had overheard his parents mention the Third Sick Hall before they disappeared, and the note left in the park did also point to this place, but how was this place special? Chen Ge had no idea.

Director Luo had heard them mention this place before they disappeared while the bloody note only appeared after his parents’ disappearance. *What happened to them at the Third Sick Hall?*

Chen Ge pushed open the steel door wide. The corridor was filled with trash and abandoned beds. It gave one a glimpse into the past. The place had been crowded when it was still in operation, and many patients could only rest in the corridors.

Unlike certified hospitals, mental hospitals did not have that many specialized rooms. Along the crowded corridor were rooms of unknown usage. Chen Ge sniffed the air and could smell a stench in the

air. This stench was familiar because he had once smelled it in Hai Ming Apartments; it was similar to the stench that stuck to Wang Shenglong.

“The negative feeling is already so strong even before I enter the place.” This was also Chen Ge’s first visit to a mental hospital. The rough map drawn by the patient was his only guidance.

“The design of the three sick halls should be similar. The danger level of the first sick hall should be the lowest. I should familiarize myself with the surroundings first before moving forward.” He only took one step when the white cat jumped onto his shoulder. It seemed to want to communicate something to Chen Ge, but Chen Ge could not understand what.

“This is the first time the cat has willingly been so physically close to me. What has it sensed? Is this a sign of fear or something else entirely?”

As he walked down the hall, Chen Ge kept feeling like something was crunching underneath his footsteps. He lowered his head to look, and inside the cracked tiles were plenty of carcasses of unknown bugs. The hospital had not been used for year, so it could not be the effect of bug spray, so what killed these bugs?

All the doors to the room in the first sick hall were open, and the interior design in each room was almost identical. Other than some single beds in a cramped room, there was nothing else.

“Just how many patients did this hospital admit when it was still operating?” Chen Ge walked into one of the random rooms to feel it out. Four wooden beds filled up the already small room, and there was only a standing place left for Chen Ge to even turn around.

“Living in such a claustrophobic space day in and day out, even those who were normal would turn insane.” Chen Ge exited the room and soon reached the first junction. There was a place that looked like the nurse’s station. On top of the wooden counter, there were several empty pill bottles and cards with patients’ names on.

“Looks like the patients would need to come here to get their medicine daily.” Chen Ge looked into the station and found two things that should not have been there.

There were two iron-welded cages inside the station. They were not big, just large enough to fit a medium-sized dog.

“What are these two cages for?” Chen Ge jumped into the station, and when he shone the flashlight at the cages, he made a startling discovery. One of the cages had a half-cooked and half-feathered duck inside it.

“There’s no sign of decay, which means that the duck was recently put inside the cage.” Chen Ge gripped the mallet and leaned against the wall. “There are people inside this hospital other than myself.”

## **Chapter 155: More Than One Person**

After exposure to open air over a certain period of time, cooked meat would harden. Chen Ge aimed the camera on his chest on the duck as he reached out to touch it. The surface was tender, and it had some warmth to it.

“This duck was cooked less than an hour ago.” He nudged his body as he pulled the duck out from the cage. “The innards weren’t properly cleaned, and the neck was snapped by brute force. The head is missing.”

Chen Ge examined the duck closely. There was a bite mark on the half-cooked meat, and the stomach had been torn open. There were no duck feathers on the floor, so it meant that the creature that tore the duck apart had eaten the feathers along with the meat.

“The iron cages are used to keep large dogs?” Placing the duck back, Chen Ge looked at the other end of the cage. Placed outside the cage were two plastic bowls, and they were both filled with a colorless liquid.

“Why are there two bowls placed inside the cage? This cage houses two dogs?” The bowls looked similar, and Chen Ge raised them to his nose to sniff. One of them had no smell; Chen Ge believed it was normal water. However, the liquid in the other bowl had a slightly pungent smell to it.

“Smells like rat poison.” To prevent rats from munching on the set pieces, Chen Ge had purchased rat poison before, so he was familiar with the smell.

“Two similar bowls, one filled with water, another mixed with rat poison. Isn’t the owner afraid that the pets might accidentally drink from the wrong bowl?” The scene before him was indeed weird. Chen Ge captured everything with the camera. He glanced at his phone, and the chatbox was updating fast. One of the comments flashed before his eyes—it mentioned in passing cage and page.

Chen Ge did not have the time to climb the wall of text. He checked the iron rods of the cage and realized that the exit of the cage was dyed with a large splattering of paint like someone had been gripping it tightly, unwilling to let go.

“Could it be that the cage is not for animals but humans?” Empty pill bottles littered the abandoned nurse station, and there were little bags with patients’ names written on them. Some of them still had weird looking pills inside. “Someone is living at this mental hospital that has been abandoned for five years, and there looks to be more than one person living here.”

Chen Ge became more careful. All the preparation he made was to deal with ghosts; he had not prepared to face dangerous occupants at the hospital. Chen Ge examined the walls on either side as he walked out from the nurse’s station.

The person in the iron cage was forcibly dragged away. Their hands were dirty with paint, so they had to have left some traces during the struggle. Chen Ge took a few steps and saw signs of the walls being clawed at, and the peeling paint was daubed with blood.

“Injured?” Chen Ge followed the trail up to the second floor. There, the corridor split into two: one led further into the first sick hall while the other connected to the second sick hall. As mentioned earlier, the three buildings were interconnected.

Chen Ge used twenty minutes to finish inspecting the first sick hall. There were not any hidden corners for people to hide in. He failed to find the person trapped in the cage and did not find any other evidence of people living there.

“Could the person have been dragged to the other sick hall?” Chen Ge was walking down the stairs when his phone vibrated. It was a call from Liu Dao.

“Yes?” Chen Ge was so tense that even the smallest interruption influenced him greatly.

“Chen Ge, you’re moving too fast! We plan to livestream throughout the night, and you have finished exploring the first sick hall in just twenty minutes. What are you going to do for the rest of the night?” Liu Dao had been following Chen Ge’s livestream. “Qin Guang’s livestream has broken 600,000 viewers, and you’re barely breaking 50,000 viewers. Don’t just focus on the exploration—try to communicate with the viewers.”

Chen Ge listened to Liu Dao as he wandered back down to the first floor. When he looked down the first-floor corridor, his pupils narrowed. “Wait, who closed the entrance? I remember leaving it open when I came in.”

“What did you say?” Liu Dao paused. “In any case, don’t feel too much pressure. Be careful.”

“Okay, I’ll talk to you later.” Chen Ge pocketed his phone and ran toward the entrance with his mallet raised. When he passed the nurse’s station, he glanced into it out of habit. “Something has changed.”

However, since he was worried about the front door, Chen Ge did not jump into the nurse’s station. He ran to the door and shook it with all his might. “F\*ck! It’s locked! When did that happen?”

Chen Ge looked through the gap and saw that there was a new lock on the door outside. He slammed into the door, but it remained unmoved.

“The speedy change of the lock means that this is not the first time the culprit has done this.”

There were people living in the abandoned hospital, and Chen Ge believed that it was the patients who had returned. They were not mentally retarded. If anything, from a certain perspective, they were cleverer and more dangerous than normal people. Chen Ge could not underestimate them.

He tried to pry the door open with the mallet, but it was to no avail. He walked into the rooms next to the front door, and the windows were sealed up with iron netting. At that moment, Chen Ge could understand the feeling of the patients who were sent into the mental hospital; this place felt like a giant jail.

*Ask for help? Call the cops?* Chen Ge looked at the phone, and the viewership was still climbing. If he left down, this livestream would be over. Furthermore, he had the Trial Mission to complete; he had to survive inside the Third Sick Hall until dawn. If he involved the police, that would also fail.

“I remember that there wasn’t any netting on the second floor windows. That’s an opening if I need to escape. Temporarily, there’s no need to call the police.” To complete this Trial Mission and find the clues to his missing parents, Chen Ge did not hold back.

Returning to the nurse’s station, Chen Ge finally realized what had changed. The plastic bowls outside of the iron cage had been toppled, and the liquid had splashed all over the floor.

“They’re worried that I might discover one of them is poisoned?” Chen Ge could not understand the meaning of this. When he was about to stand up, he noticed rows of small handwriting that was written under the wooden counter. To take a closer look, Chen Ge twisted around and leaned his head into the space under the counter. Before he got close enough, something touched the top of his head. It felt like little worms that were trying to burrow into his hair.

Chen Ge reached out to touch it, and he felt something touch the back of his hand. He turned his head around, and his heart skipped a beat.

Heavy strands of hair were taped to the bottom of the counter!

Some were long, and some were short, but it was unclear where they came from. “Why is there hair here? Did it belong to the person inside the cage?”

Suddenly, a cat’s shrill purr could be heard from outside the nurse’s station, and Chen Ge immediately crawled out from under the counter and looked out. The white cat was gnashing its teeth at the stairwell that led up to the second floor, its multi-colored eyes staring in a particular direction.

### **Chapter 156: Who Is Following Me?**

“Who’s there?” Chen Ge rushed down the corridor without a second thought with the mallet raised. He did not want to give the other party the chance to react.

“Come out!”

The front door was already locked, so his trail had been exposed. He had nothing else to lose.

The man and the cat ran to the corner of the stairwell, but it was complete darkness up the stairs; there was nothing there.

“Where has it disappeared to?” Chen Ge had tested the white cat at the Haunted House. It was sensitive to those things and had never made a mistake.

*The white cat didn’t go berserk but only showed aggression, so that thing’s danger level should be lowered than Mu Yang High School.*

The white cat had acted up twice inside Chen Ge’s Haunted House. The first was when it was inside Mu Yang High School scenario, and the other was when the blood door appeared in the toilet. According to the cat’s reaction, Chen Ge made a gauge of the danger threat.

*But the key issue is, I have no idea whether that thing was human or ghost.*

Returning to the nurse’s station, Chen Ge demolished the counter with the mallet and pried the whole counter board out. The thing that he saw was rather scary. Strands of hair that were tied together by string were nailed to the wooden board. “Why would someone nail hair to a wooden board? What is the meaning of this?”

All the strands were neatly tied up with string. One was soft, dark, and luscious; it probably belonged to a young woman who took care of her hair. The other was rough, white, and had split ends; it probably

belonged to an elder. Chen Ge deduced that there were hair samples from four different individuals after comparing their color, quality, and length.

“Of these 4 people, at least one of them has to be alive.” Chen Ge looked at the two large iron cages, and their uses slowly came to him. “I’m dealing with actual crazies.”

He placed the wooden board aside and squatted down again. This time, he got a better view of the handwriting on the wall—I will repay everything that you have done to me.

The handwriting was small, and there were other senseless sentences. It felt like the person was interrupted mid-sentence and started to write nonsense.

“When some patients act up, they mumble something incoherent to the air, quite similar to how normal people would talk in their sleep.” Chen Ge tried to make sense of those words, but they were incomprehensible.

Reading the words sent a chill up his spine. They reminded him of the sentences written on the outer walls of the mental hospital. There was a mention of a name in each sentence, and they came from different handwriting, meaning they were probably written by different people. It was understandable if a few patients acted like this, but to have the whole hospital act this way...

“Looks like all the patients in this hospital have some unresolved business.” Chen Ge took out his phone to snap a picture of the words written under the nurse’s station. He then tied the cock to his backpack. “Then again, the greater the number of individuals, the greater the chance of them making a mistake. It’s time for me to move onto the second sick hall.”

Chen Ge jumped out of the station and took out a pack of salt from his bag. He tore open a small opening and left a line of salt around the nurse’s station. This was not to prevent bad luck but to lay a trap for the hidden madman. With salt in his hand, Chen Ge walked to the hallway that connected the first and second sick hall. When he was about to enter the second sick hall, the white cat suddenly jumped onto the window and scratched on the glass.

“Careful, you’re going to fall down.” Chen Ge stood beside the window. The hospital was surrounded by a thick brush, and there was light in sight.

“Who would have thought that such a building existed in the middle of nowhere?” Chen Ge did not notice anything weird, but the white cat refused to leave the window. It kept its head raised and kept meowing.

“Something wrong with the window? Above us?” Chen Ge opened the window and looked up. Just above him, at the window of the third floor, a twisted face was looking down at him. Facing away from the light, when the person heard the sound of Chen Ge’s window opening, he leaned back quickly and disappeared without even closing the window.

“That face...” Chen Ge also did not expect the enemy to suddenly appear above him. They had shared a look that was less than 0.1 seconds. He definitely did not get a good enough look, but he knew the face looked weird, different from normal, but he could not pinpoint what was weird about it.

Chen Ge stopped and focused on his hearing. He did not hear any footsteps, so he knew the person had not run in a certain direction. "I have a feeling that face is perhaps uneven on both sides, but it should be a person."

Chen Ge entered the second sick hall. He had thought that the first and second sick hall were going to be the same, but when he entered the second sick hall, he realized that the layout was completely different. The second sick hall was larger and emptier than the first. There were no crowded beds, and between individual rooms, there were chairs, tables, and table lamps.

"The environment here is definitely better than the first sick hall." Chen Ge dumped a handful of salt near the staircase before entering the first room that was closest to him. The mattress was torn open, and its innards were littered all over the place. The chamber pot was placed next to the eating utensils, and there were plenty of characters gouged out with fingernails left on the wall.

"It mustn't have been easy for the doctors and nurses to take care of patients like this daily." Chen Ge exited the room and continued to move forward.

The room types in the second sick hall were more varied than the first. There were specialized quarantine rooms, entertainment rooms, chess rooms, and shower rooms, and there was even a small hall with a stage at the end of the corridor, but the decoration inside was rather weird.

The hall was not used to host parties or balls. The windows were sealed shut and draped with extra thick curtains. All the decorations were either black or white, creating a weird style. Opening the door, before even stepping in, Chen Ge noticed the large black and white picture placed on the middle of the stage.

The picture was hanging on the wall, and it was sliced in half by an unknown culprit. However, from the remaining half, one could see that it was a middle-aged female nurse. She was of a large frame and had a scowl on her face.

"An enlarged black and white picture, thick curtains, rows of wooden chairs. Why is this place decorated like a mourning hall?" Chen Ge could not understand why such an event would occur at a mental hospital, and if the event was hosted by the hospital, what was the meaning of it?

"Could this female nurse have been a victim of the Third Sick Hall? But if that's the case, why is her picture in the hall of the second sick hall?"

Chen Ge did not stop after memorizing the face of the female nurse. He closed the door, left a line of salt at the door, and ran up the stairs to the third floor.

## **Chapter 157: Victims**

There was a stench in the air, and the closer Chen Ge got to the third sick hall, the more obvious the stench became. The hallway between the second and third sick hall was locked. A steel door separated the two sick halls.

Through the small gap in the door, Chen Ge could sort of see into the third sick hall. The tables and chairs were overturned, and a mess of mattresses littered the hallway. They were bloated up like they were covering something underneath.

Chen Ge stood beside the rusted steel door with his eyes locked on the keyhole.

“A double-sided lock?” Most mental hospitals used double-sided locks. In an emergency, the door could be locked from either side to prevent entry to seal up an entire area.

This was something inconspicuous, but it had garnered Chen Ge’s attention. He took out the key left behind by Wang Haiming from his pocket and tried it with the lock. Due to a lack of maintenance, the lock was rusted shut, and the key could barely fit.

“I knew it would be extremely lucky if it fitted.” After comparing the keyhole and the height of the key as well as the teeth, Chen Ge pocketed the key again. When he entered the hospital, he noticed that most rooms had single-sided lock, and their keyholes were small, too small for the key to fit in.

*Wang Haiming brought the key out from the third sick hall, so the lock it fits should be inside the Third Sick Hall as well. If I dare make a speculation, there are nine patients living in the Third Sick Hall that has ten rooms, so could the missing patient from Room 3 be Wang Haiming?*

Chen Ge could not confirm his speculation. Then again, Doctor Gao had searched through all the records, and there was nothing on Room 3. *Just a Wang Haiming shouldn’t be enough for the hospital to delete all the records.*

The mystery at this hospital was deep. Chen Ge was not interested in what happened here five years ago; he merely wanted to find the clue left behind by his parents and the way to close the ‘door’.

Chen Ge held the flashlight in his hands as he entered the third-floor corridor. He walked past the rooms carefully. “Could the person I saw earlier be hiding in one of these rooms?”

At the end of the long corridor, Chen Ge stopped at the door to a room with an unknown purpose. A heavy scent of mildew drifted out from behind the door, and the door looked different from other normal sickbays. There was also a brand-new lock that hung on the door.

“There is no rust on the lock. Similar to the lock that appeared on the first sick hall’s front door, this is new.” Chen Ge tried Wang Haiming’s key, and it still did not fit. He turned back to look down the dark corridor. After making sure there was no one around, he raised the mallet and slammed it at the door.

“Thankfully, it’s a wooden door. I wouldn’t be able to get in if it was a steel door.” As the door fell away, a heavy smell of mildew hit Chen Ge. The room was stuffed with patients’ clothing and mattresses that formed a small hill.

“This appears to be the laundry room for the second sick hall.” Chen Ge straightened up, and the camera on his chest recorded everything, including the words that left his lips. Due to the dangerous environment, he did not dare let his guard down to chat with the viewers. All he could do was vocalize everything he was thinking and seeing like a real life supernatural documentary.

The smell of mildew overwhelmed the stench that lingered at the sick hall itself. It made Chen Ge feel sticky and uncomfortable. Suppressing the discomfort, Chen Ge walked into the room.

The room was large. There were several laundry machines and special anti-bacterial machines lined up by the wall. Other than that, the room was occupied by dirty laundry and old mattresses.



“This room looks normal, so why is it locked?” Chen Ge focused his attention on the mountain of dirty laundry. Holding his breath as much as he could, he used the mallet to move the layers of cloth aside. “I have a feeling something is hiding underneath here.”

Chen Ge increased his pace, and as he peeled off the stained clothes, the mallet hit something hard, and it created a metallic clink.

“An iron cage?” He moved the layer of mattress aside, and the sight that appeared caused his heart to skip a beat. There was a young woman whose head was shaved trapped inside an iron cage!

Her mouth was gagged with a dirty pillow case, and her hands were tied to the cage. Her mental condition was unstable, and she kept shaking her head at Chen Ge, waving her tied hands as her legs kicked outwards at the cage.

Chen Ge was stunned. He definitely did not expect to find a living person under the mountain of dirty laundry. The livestream exploded, and the chatlog went berserk. In fact, there were so many comments that the livestream itself had lagged.

Chen Ge took a quiet step back. Even then, he was calm. He closed the door and moved a laundry machine to block the door. He was afraid of being assaulted from behind. It was only after he blocked the door that he dared move close to the iron cage.

“Can you understand me?” When Chen Ge neared the cage, the woman started to resist. There was no way to communicate with her. “There are no wounds on her body and no oil stains on her lips. This woman isn’t the person who was moved from the first sick hall. Perhaps there are some other people here.”

Chen Ge rummaged through the other laundry, and the horrible stench hid 3 iron cages. The iron cages were arranged in the form of the character ‘品’, similar to how the three buildings at the mental hospital were arranged.

The woman was placed in the middle, and to the left of her was an old man about seventy. He was incredibly thin, and there were oily stains on his lips and fingers. To the right of the woman was a pale middle-aged man who appeared like he had not seen the sun for a long time. This man was the only one who looked at Chen Ge. His gaze was complicated, and it was filled with a mixture of excitement, disgust, and fear.

“Three victims?”

Things were greatly out of Chen Ge’s expectations. A thought appeared in his mind. He gripped the mallet and retreated to a safe distance from the three iron cages.

When one came across strangers in a dangerous situation, the safest method was to not believe what they said and try to not get too close to them because the real murderer might be hiding among them.

Chen Ge walked around them. The cages were small; they were definitely not designed for humans. With a living person, they could not even turn their body inside the cage.

“Three cages, but only the woman is gagged and tied up.” More questions surfaced. If they were all victims, why was only the woman, the weakest of them, apprehended in such a manner?

The old man had a blank expression, and the middle-aged man had a changing expression. Their limbs were not tied, but they also did not ask for help. They just sat quietly in the iron cages, looking at Chen Ge.

Comparing the explosive livestream, Chen Ge was calm. He stood before the three cages and asked, "How long have you been kept here?"

### **Chapter 158: Two Bowls of Water**

Hearing Chen Ge's question, the three people in the cage had different reactions. The old man kept licking his fingers silently like he was trying to recollect the pleasant taste of the food he had just eaten, whereas the young woman widened her eyes and struggled in the cage like a fish out of water. The middle-aged man had the most unusual reaction; he was the only one out of the three who kept his eyes on Chen Ge.

"Why are these three people kept at the mental hospital?" Chen Ge walked to the old man's cage first. Inside the cage sat two plastic bowls. The old man realized that someone had gotten close to him, but he did not show any sign of fear. He sat in the middle of the cage and continued to suck on the oil stains on his finger.

"The person who was transferred from the first sick hall is him." Try as he might, Chen Ge could not see anything particularly special about the old man. "His hair is growing unevenly. Someone has recently shaved him, and this clump of hair should be new."

Seeing that Chen Ge was reminded of the hairs that were nailed to the nurse's station. One of the strands had white hairs mixed in black hairs; they likely belonged to this old man before him.

"His hair is so long even after a shave. Looks like he has been trapped here for a long time already." When Chen Ge was comparing the hair samples, he had decided that they came from four different people, but there were only three before him. "One is still missing."

Chen Ge's eyes scanned the young woman before stopping on the middle-aged man. His hair was long and unkempt. "This person's head doesn't seem to have been shaved before."

Chen Ge became more careful. Shaving seemed to be the killer's weird habit. Perhaps it was a way of toying with his victim, but why would he let the middle-aged man be? Did the man know the killer, or was he the killer?

Chen Ge was shocked by his thought. In the hallway that connected the first and second sick hall, Chen Ge had caught a glimpse of an unfamiliar face; it had been an uneven face, a face that was twisted.

To be able to walk around the sick halls freely and follow Chen Ge, the twisted face should have been the killer, but there was now this suspicious, middle-aged man. It was possible that there was more than one crazed killer who liked to trap their victims.

Chen Ge gripped the mallet, and a worse scenario appeared in his mind. *What if everyone in this mental hospital, other than me, is a killer?*

Of course, the chance of that was low. He paused to think before stopping to look at the young man. Both of the men showed no sign of answering him, so Chen Ge tried to remove the gag from the young woman's mouth, hoping to get some information from her.

"Don't worry, I'm here to save you." Chen Ge tried the lock on the iron cage. Without a key, with just the mallet, he would need to work for who knew how long before he could release the three people.

The young woman seemed to have a natural fear toward living people. The moment Chen Ge got close, she started to mumble, shake her head and hands.

"Stay calm, I'm not going to hurt you." Chen Ge walked to stop before the young woman. When he was about to remove the gag from her, the middle-aged man, who had remained silent throughout, suddenly spoke.

"I advise you to keep her gag on; she is very noisy."

Turning around, Chen Ge was greeted with a pair of dark and fully guarded eyes. It was unknown whether the middle-aged man treated everyone like this or just Chen Ge. There was a natural disgust that radiated off the man, like the things Chen Ge was doing heavily repulsed him.

"She is very noisy?" Chen Ge was not afraid of talking to them. What he was afraid of was their refusal to communicate. As long as these people were willing to talk to him, he had a chance of getting useful information from them.

"Yes, very noisy," the middle-aged man answered succinctly. He seemed to think that communication was something disgusting as well.

"Can you tell me why? Was she traumatized in some way?" Chen Ge asked two consecutive questions, but there was no answer from the middle-aged man.

It was not until Chen Ge reached his hand into the cage to remove the woman's gag that the middle-aged man said, "Don't know."

"Then, what do you know? Since you don't know this woman, do you know the old man in the first cage?" Chen Ge asked the question that was on his mind. "Why does his cage have two plastic bowls but yours and the young woman's only have one?"

"I can tell you, but in return, I hope that you won't remove the gag from that woman; she is very noisy." The middle-aged kept repeating that, and Chen Ge was curious why. In any case, he agreed to the trade, at least on the surface. "Okay, but only on the condition that you do not lie to me."

"I never lie." The man sat in the cage and began the story in a gravelly voice. "The old man's body is bad, but his temper is very worse. After his wife left, he was left at home alone, and his life depended on his son. His son was a doctor, and even though his salary was not high, it was enough to keep two people afloat. However, who knew what got into the old man's head because he found himself a widow and remarried. His son did not protest. He moved out and continued to mail his father money every month.

"Unfortunately, bad things happen to the best of us. According to rumors, extended exposure to mental patients turned the son, who was a psychiatrist, insane, and he ended up injuring a few of his patients. The son lost his job, and his victims' families pressed to sue until the son's family had lost everything.

“The son needed money for treatment, and the payment for government mental hospital was 4,000 a month. This was an amount that he did not have. When he had no one to turn to, the hospital where the son once worked at came to the rescue. With a price that was much lower than the government hospital, they accepted the son as one of their patients.

“The once doctor was now the patient. This pushed the son even further over the edge, and until the hospital was closed, he remained an untreated patient.

“During the period the son was hospitalized, the old man’s body continued to deteriorate. He was too old to go work, and the government stipend was all spent on his son’s medical fees. Eventually, the new wife divorced him. He complained to his son, who was now home because the mental hospital had closed down. He hoped that his son would turn his life around and fight the mental sickness.

“Unfortunately, not long after that, his son was reported to have bitten someone from the same village. Once he acted up, the son would turn highly destructive. With no option, the old man built an iron cage and locked his son within.

“This continued for some time until even the old man himself fell ill. He could barely feed himself much less seek treatment for himself or his son.

“Looking at his son inside the cage, who had gotten worse with time, he came to a decision.

“He waited until his son was acting crazy and placed two bowls outside of the cage. One was filled with clean water and the other mixed with rat poison. He was going to let his own son decide whether to live or to die.”

The middle-aged man’s expression did not change when he told the story, but his face turned paler, like the speech had drained him. “This is why there are two bowls of water inside the old man’s cage.”

After listening to the story, Chen Ge was reminded of that sentence he saw at the nurse’s station—I will repay everything that you have done to me.

### **Chapter 159: Patient Number 8**

“He is taking revenge, with a specific plan and target in mind.” Chen Ge thought of many things in that moment. The middle-aged man’s story had revealed a lot of information, and it matched the clues that Chen Ge had kept in his mind.

The story fitted perfectly one of the patients who had been locked up in the Third Sick Hall. The once doctor who turned into a patient after witnessing too many tragedies. Similar to the main character of the middle-aged man’s story, he was highly destructive. Standing where he was, a name floated up Chen Ge’s mind—Xiong Qing.

This was Patient Number 8. He suffered from Hemineglect and was quarantined for treatment. He was diagnosed to be highly dangerous. Since Xiong Qing was once a psychiatrist, he had an intelligence that was higher than most, so the things that he did when he was crazy were also different from most.

“Could he be the killer hiding in the mental hospital?” This person was familiar with the layout of the hospital since he was both a patient and a doctor. He was fully capable of doing these things.

“The opponent has the geographical advantage, so this is going to be hard.” Xiong Qing was a dangerous person. Hemineglect itself was not dangerous, but to impose those perceived flawed perceptions on others made Xiong Qing extremely dangerous. In his mind, everything was wrong and twisted. Even if a perfect man was standing before him, he needed to snap half the limbs off before he felt things were right.

Most patients with Hemineglect knew about their condition and would try their best to fix their flawed perception, but Xiong Qing was different; he wanted to change others to fit into his flawed understanding of perfection.

If someone had lost a limb or two, while trapped inside this mental hospital, it definitely was the end for them. Chen Ge had found the hair of four people, but he had only found three living individuals—the missing fourth was probably dead.

“Before midnight, and even before entering the Third Sick Hall, there are already so many problems to deal with. It’ll be difficult tonight.” The difficulty of the three-star Trial Mission overshoot Murder by Midnight and Mu Yang High School easily. One false step, and Chen Ge could lose his life.

One of the killers had been confirmed, but Chen Ge had not seen Xiong Qing in person. He had no idea whether the man with the twisted face was Xiong Qing or the middle-aged man trapped in the cage was Xiong Qing. He was familiar with the old man’s past, so the possibility of him being Xiong Qing was high.

Squatting down before the old man’s cage, Chen Ge examined the lock. The locks on the three cages were similar. Even if the middle-aged man had hidden the key, with Chen Ge watching closely, he would not be able to ambush Chen Ge.

Toying with the mallet, Chen Ge looked the middle-aged man in his eyes. After some thought, he decided to ask the question outright, “How are you so familiar with the old man’s life story? Could it be that you are his son?”

“Me?” The middle-aged man could hear the suspicion in Chen Ge’s voice, but he answered with something very weird. “I knew you’d never believe me. All of you never trust me, just like how I don’t trust all of you! Please leave me be, I’ve hidden myself here, so how did all of you manage to find me? Stop monitoring my life!”

“Don’t trust all of us? Monitoring your life? What are you talking about?” Chen Ge had a hard time following.

“Whenever I exposed you, you all gave me this innocent look! This is why I am disgusted with all of you; you have been exposed, so why do you insist on lying to me?” The middle-aged man remained very calmly as he made this series of claims that Chen Ge could not understand. “I wonder, should I refer to you as Wang Xin? Or Xu Fei? Lee Yichang? Ma Yong? Or have you changed to a new name?”

“What are you talking about?”

Chen Ge tried to get the man to calm down, but it only had the opposite effect. “Next, you’re going to say that you don’t know any of these people, including me, right?”

“But I really don’t know any of you.”

“Stop lying! All of you are one single person in disguise! Your fake smile disgusts me; stop this pointless game!”

“One single person in disguise?” When Chen Ge heard the man say that, he was reminded of another patient given to him by Doctor Gao. Patient Number 5 was called Xu Tong; he suffered from Fregoli Delusion Syndrome. He thought that everyone around him was the same person in disguise, and he was living in a made up world.

This middle-aged man’s reaction was similar to Patient Number 5. He could communicate normally, but the moment Chen Ge showed some suspicion, his latent disease started to act up. This was the first time Chen Ge had dealt with a seriously mentally ill person. He was fine one moment but completely incoherent the next.

Looking at the man inside the cage, another question bubbled up in his heart. *Why did all the patients of Third Sick Hall return to this place? Is something attracting them here? Or are they all controlled by ghosts and have to return?*

The easiest way to find out was to ask the middle-aged man directly, but his current state was not conducive for communication. Chen Ge had no choice but to turn back to the young woman.

Noticing his approach, the woman kicked the iron rods and tried to get as far away from Chen Ge as she could. Chen Ge shone his flashlight on the woman’s face. She looked about twenty and had average looks, definitely not fitting the descriptions of the two female patients in the Third Sick Hall.

“This girl’s and the old man’s heads were both shaved; they should be the real victims.” Chen Ge still could not understand why the culprit want to shave people’s hair. If it was revenge, then something similar probably happened to the culprit once.

“Relax.” Chen Ge reached his hand into the iron cage. The girl evaded him with all her life. After three minutes, she tired herself out from the struggle and finally surrendered.

“I don’t intend to harm you, believe me.” Chen Ge pulled on the pillow case in the girl’s mouth and yanked it out.

The moment the gag was released, the girl screamed at Chen Ge crazily, “HAND! HAND! HAND!”

“What?”

The woman was loud and shrill. Chen Ge did not know what she had been through to react in such a manner. Hearing the girl’s voice, the dazed old man suddenly collapsed to the ground and played dead.

The middle-aged man also stopped acting crazy. He looked at the door with extreme focus, his eyes filled with terror.

“HAND! HAND...” The girl continued to scream, so Chen Ge had no choice but to insert the gag back into her mouth.

“She is also crazy.” There is not one normal individual at the mental hospital, and that unsettled Chen Ge.

## **Chapter 160: It’s Real!**

After stuffing the girl's mouth, the old man and the middle-aged man returned to normal. They seemed to be extremely sensitive to the term 'hand'. The term opened some kind of memory in their minds, and it brought out their darkest and scariest memory.

"Why are they afraid of 'hand'?" Chen Ge looked around the room and found nothing related to a hand. He looked at the three people, and there were no obvious wounds on their bodies, so the fear was probably psychological.

"Just what is it that has scarred them so?" Chen Ge's brain turned, and he landed on a possibility. In the information provided by Doctor Gao, Patient Number 4 lost his hand due to an accident, and he was diagnosed with Phantom Limb Syndrome after that, thinking his arm was still there. The patient had no name. Perhaps Doctor Gao had forgotten about it or the name had been purposely removed. "In my memory, only this person can be said to be related to a hand."

Phantom Limb Syndrome was not a scary disease, and it was not even considered a serious psychological problem; it was definitely treatable through medication and counselling. Chen Ge was familiar with this information, so the thing that scared him was... why would a patient with a seemingly harmless Phantom Limb Syndrome be kept at the Third Sick Hall?

What had he done to make the hospital think that he was a dangerous threat?

Chen Ge walked to the girl. The middle-aged man refused to communicate, and the old man seemed to be retarded, so his only opening was the young woman. He squatted down beside the iron cage and looked the girl in her eyes. Since he could not communicate with her normally, he was going to try something else.

With a voice he was sure the woman could hear, he asked, "Did you see many hands?"

The girl did not react in any way but shrunk further from Chen Ge.

"Did you see a man with only one hand?" Before he even finished, the girl in the cage started to shake her head vehemently, her head banging continuously on the iron cage.

The girl's weird reaction answered many things. The thing that gave her the nightmare was probably the person with only one hand. Staring at the girl's face, Chen Ge paid attention to the smallest twitch of emotion on her face. "That man was carrying a weapon?"

Her eyes widened, and veins popped on her forehead.

"What was he carrying? Saw? Knife? Or axe?"

"HMM!" The woman's mouth was gagged. She was agitated but could not make a sound.

"Looks like it was one of those things, but what would he have done to you?" Chen Ge's voice dropped. "Chop? Saw? Did he say you are creatures of imperfections, so he wanted to fix you? Or did he want to borrow your arm?"

"The number of victims is dwindling, so you should have been around when they were correcting the patients. You are the witness, and you have seen everything, yes?"

The woman's face was twisted with popping veins, and tears flowed down her face. She continued to shake her head like she was saying that she did not see anything.

"You really don't know anything? Then, why are you so afraid of that hand? Did the hand fall beside you, or did it once capture you when you were trying to escape?"

From Chen Ge's perspective, even though the woman was beyond traumatized, the scary memory was also etched in her mind. Running away from fear was a human's natural instinct, so when he mentioned something scary to the woman, her body would react to it instinctively, and the truth could be deduced from her expression and actions.

A person's natural instincts would not lie. Chen Ge had confirmed part of his suspicion from the woman's reaction. "Don't be afraid. If you're really innocent, I will save you. I came here tonight to uncover everything and make sure all these crazy people get punished by the law."

The smell of mildew was heavy in the laundry room. Chen Ge stayed beside the woman for some time. It was unclear whether the woman understood her or not, but she did start to calm down. He reached into the cage once more and slowly pulled out the pillow case.

Cowering inside the cage, the woman's face was etched in terror. Her lips fell open, and she kept repeating that word. "Hand... hand..."

"Just what kind of sick experience happened to her to scar her this way?" Chen Ge dropped the pillow case aside when he felt a push on the laundry room's door behind him. The force was small, like the person planned to sneak in but did not expect there to be a laundry machine blocking the door.

"The laundry room is at the deepest end of the corridor. The rooms nearby are all locked and sealed, so it couldn't be the wind." Chen Ge picked up the pillow case and gagged the woman again. He then turned to look at the white cat submerged in the pile of dirty clothes. Perhaps the heavy mist of mildew had ruined its sense of smell, but it did not give Chen Ge a warning this time.

"Looks like I'll need to depend on myself. I have to be more careful." Chen Ge grabbed the mallet and focused on the door. Under his gaze, a hand reached into the room through the gap. The gap was small, and the person could only poke in several fingers, he was probably trying to see whether the lock was still working or not.

"The real culprit has arrived." Chen Ge's growth after two Trial Missions was obvious. He did not panic but slowly opened his backpack's zipper. He took out the scary looking Doctor Skull-cracker's hammer, removed the camera from his wrist, placed it on the counter facing the door.

The camera corresponded to the small window in the left corner of his livestream room. By placing the camera pointed at the door, he could see what was happening at the door via his phone.

After preparing, Chen Ge placed his backpack beside his leg, gripped the hammer, and hid in the corner beside the door. Not long after that, the laundry room's door was pushed again. The person outside the door seemed to have lost their patience, and after a few attempts, they slammed heavily on the door!

The washing machine was toppled over, and the door fell open. Through his phone, Chen Ge could see two people standing outside the door!



One of them had a twisted face and was holding an axe with red stains on it. The other only had one arm and was holding an iron shovel. Neither of them noticed the small camera that was pointed at them. The single-armed man nodded at the twisted face, and he moved toward the door cautiously.

Before his body even got over the threshold, the tip of his shoe had just stepped into the room when he heard the sound of rushing wind beside his ear!

Chen Ge swung the hammer directly at the door when the single-armed man showed intention of entering the room. The timing was perfect. When the man realized what was happening, the hammer was already close to making contact with his chest.

The scary-looking hammer seemed to enlarge before his eyes. He used his remaining arm to block his chest, and with a speed several times faster than the speed he used to enter the room, he was sent flying out of it!