

Horrors 161

Chapter 161: Scary Livestream

The single-armed man landed on his butt, and his arm lay weakly by his side.

“One on one is much fairer.”

Chen Ge turned to the twisted face with the iron hammer. This person was wearing the doctor’s coat, and there were signs of skin grafting on his face, causing it to look twisted. Without preamble, Chen Ge’s first reaction after seeing the twisted face was to hold the hammer and swing it at the man’s shoulder.

The climax that night was the Third Sick Hall. Before entering that place, Chen Ge wanted to eliminate as many dangerous threats as he could. Technically, this was the first time that they had met, and the twisted face did not expect Chen Ge to be so cruel and enraged.

Such aggression scared even the real crazies. Twisted face took a step back and turned to run down the corridor. The single-armed man moved even faster. He had gotten used to life with just one arm, so his lower body was extremely powerful. He stood up with just a simple roll. Without turning back, he ran even faster than the twisted face.

The two did not even to resist and chose to escape with their lives. This came as quite a surprise to Chen Ge. However, he recovered quickly and made chase with the Doctor Skull-cracker’s hammer.

The rushed footsteps shattered the quietness of the night. The ‘victim’ trapped inside the mental hospital was chasing after the two ‘culprits’ wielding a hammer. The chase was so intense that they barely had time to talk.

Chen Ge followed them from the third floor to the first floor. The two patients were familiar with the layout of the hospital, and they jumped into a secluded staircase. Chen Ge made to follow, and the three ran up from the first floor to the fourth floor. After some back and forth, when they passed the third-floor corridor, the two patients separated.

“They’re splitting up?” Chen Ge did not expect the two to strategize against him, but he made the decision easily. “I have incapacitated the single-armed man’s only arm, so he is much less dangerous than the twisted face. He should be my target. If I can incapacitate him, it’ll be much safer for me to enter the Third Sick Hall.”

Chen Ge’s mind was clear, but when he gave chase after the twisted face, the single-armed man stopped running and turned back around to block Chen Ge. Twisted face made use of this opening to run back to the fourth floor. He headed for the hallway that connected the buildings.

“The hallway connecting the second and third sick halls are equipped with security doors. The second floor’s was disabled from rust, and I haven’t checked the third floor’s. Does this mean the fourth floor’s can be used normally?”

Facing the single-armed man who was rushing at him, Chen Ge’s reaction was straightforward. He aimed the hammer at the man’s legs. With just a few seconds, he managed to shake the man loose and turned to run toward the fourth floor.

The twisted face's eyes were twitching as he raced down the corridor. This was the first time he had come across such aggressive prey. Twisted face shoved open the steel door that connected the second and third sick hall, and he escaped into the third sick hall.

Looking at the twisted face that disappeared into the darkness, Chen Ge did not continue to chase. The dark corridor was like the maw of a monster; it gave him a very uncomfortable feeling, and the stench in the air thickened.

"The Third Sick Hall..." Chen Ge stopped at the corridor. He inspected the steel door that separated the corridor. The lock had been sawed off. "If these people have a saw with them, things will be horrendous if I'm captured."

Chen Ge was feeling rather tired after the chase that lasted for more than ten minutes. He dropped a line of salt near the steel door as a mark. After returning to the second sick hall, Chen Ge dragged the totally incapacitated man to the laundry room.

The appearance of the man caused a change in the three people inside the cages. The one with the strongest reaction was still the woman in the middle. Her body knocked into the edges of the cage like she was trying to get away from this place.

"What have you done that shocked a normal person until she lost her mind?" Chen Ge had no sympathy for the twisted face and the single-armed man. This was one of the main reasons. These two were involved in some sick activities.

The single-armed man was lying on the floor unconscious, and Chen Ge realized something. When he whacked the man's arm and legs, he had not made a sound.

"Can this man not feel pain?" Chen Ge was not crazy enough to test that theory. He grabbed some dirty laundry and tied the man to the hose that ran down the corner of the room. After doing that, Chen Ge picked up the camera that had fallen to the floor and reattached it to his wrist. "Now that I have the upper hand, it's time to enter the Third Sick Hall."

Chen Ge glanced at the livestream. He was shocked to see the viewership had reached over 80,000, and it was still climbing. It was probably due to the action-packed scenes earlier. The popularity of Chen Ge's livestream had easily surpassed others.

"My livestream should be more interesting than Qin Guang's. If this continues, I'll be able to grab some viewers from him." Chen Ge glanced at the chatlog. The popularity was high, but the chatlog was slowly going out of control.

He had people hiding under dirty laundry, smashing a single-armed man's chest, and running crazily in a mental hospital with a large hammer for ten minutes. This was unheard of in the livestreaming world, and his livestream was close to exploding!

Some praised Chen Ge for his hardworking nature and attention to detail; others mocked him for the exaggeration; there was also a small group of morally upright viewers who wanted to call the police when they saw the people trapped inside the steel cages. Chen Ge did not expect the viewers' reactions to be so exciting. He was thankful that he did not give a detailed livestream address, and he only mentioned that he was at a mental hospital shrouded in mystery.

80,000 people was a high viewer count, but compared to the number of national citizens, it was like a drop of water in the ocean. Even if there were a handful of Jiujiang locals, they might not have heard of Jiujiang Third Psychological Convalescence Centre. After all, this place had been abandoned for years.

Without an address, it was difficult to get a police response. Even if the viewers managed to locate Chen Ge through the clues on his livestream, it would be after midnight already. Hiding the scary-looking hammer behind him, Chen Ge chatted for a little while with the camera to calm the viewers down. He tried to move the conversation toward good acting and a well-written script.

In all honesty, it was hard for Chen Ge. All other hosts were afraid that their script might be exposed, so they paid good money to design original scripts and hire actors to create shocks and scares.

But for Chen Ge, the development was so real that even he himself was scared. The 'scary surprises' had not stopped, and each one was bigger than the one preceding it!

Chapter 162: Xu Tong

The 'surprises' Chen Ge gave the viewers were indeed too huge and too much. He looked at the popularity ranking. Qin Guang was number 1. When he started the livestream, he was at 96, and now he was 19.

This popularity ranking sat in the middle of the app's front page, so those who managed to squeeze into the top twenty were big hosts with more than 400,000 followers and fans. The rocket-esque rise in fame attracted the attention of many viewers. They were confused. How could a newbie with fewer than 50,000 followers enter the arena meant for the most popular hosts?

To be honest, Chen Ge had no answer. He was merely playing the role of an 'innocent victim'. He did not violate the law; it was all in self defense.

"Looks like my viewers are clever people. Under the corruption of money, a host like myself who pays such close attention to authentic content is a rare species."

After inspecting the cameras on his chest and wrist, Chen Ge pocketed the phone and returned to the woman.

When he dragged the man into the room, the woman had gone crazy. She had knocked her head into the cage as she tried to escape. Chen Ge was afraid that she might have injured herself, so he picked up a thick layer of cloth to cushion her head.

"Just what has she seen to have made her so?"

His eyes scanned the three cages. The old man cowered inside the cage; his arms were shielding his head like an ostrich hiding its head in the sand. He did not dare look outwards. Of the three, the old man had been trapped there the longest and seen the most.

When he saw the single-armed man, he had closed his eyes. Obviously, he was afraid that he might accidentally see something that he should not.

The young woman in the middle had the most agitated reaction. She threw her head repeatedly against the cage, and the fear was practically pouring out of her eyes. The reactions of these two people were understandable. Chen Ge, though, was exceptionally cautious of the middle-aged man.

He was also showing signs of fear. His body was shaking, and his hands were gripped tightly together. His reaction and expression were flawless. If this was anyone else, they would definitely have been fooled—but not Chen Ge. It was not that Chen Ge had that great of an observation power, but he had managed to acquire the information on the patients of the Third Sick Hall before he arrived, and this middle-aged man was most likely Patient Number 5, Xu Tong.

The culprits came from the Third Sick Hall, so why did he end up as the victim? Starting from this point, Chen Ge slowly discovered more anomalies about the middle-aged man. For example, his relatively clean appearance. His head was not shaved, and his hands had been kept hidden under his clothes throughout. It was only when Chen Ge dragged the single-armed man into the room that the middle-aged man let it slip.

Chen Ge saw it clearly; there was a very deep wound on the middle-aged man's left hand. It was a bite mark, and it was still bleeding.

"Your hand is injured?" Chen Ge walked to the last iron cage holding the hammer. When he entered the nurse's station at the first sick hall, he had noticed the paint stain on the iron cage. Following the station, he had seen a splatter that was mixed with oil and blood on the wall outside of the nurse's station.

At the time, he had thought that it was left behind by the victim inside the cage, but he had inspected the old man's body, and he was uninjured, so now he believed that the blood came from the culprit who had dragged the old man away.

Oil was mixed with blood, so the most logical speculation was that the old man was gripping the wall, unwilling to be dragged away. The culprit tried to pry the old man's hands off the wall but ended up being bitten by the old man. It perfectly explained how both oil and blood could be left on the same spot on the wall.

When the door opened, Chen Ge noticed that neither of the twisted face nor the single-armed man's arms were injured. If there were no other residents inside this mental hospital, then Chen Ge could have guaranteed that the culprit who dragged the old man away from the first sick hall was this middle-aged man.

He was one of the culprits at the mental hospital.

When they discovered there were people outside the hospital, to prevent the old man from being discovered, they moved him to the second sick hall's laundry room urgently.

The iron hammer swaying before him, the middle-aged man's eyes that looked at Chen Ge were slowly filled with fear.

"I will not hurt you; I just want you to answer a few of my questions honestly." Chen Ge looked at the middle-aged man, and the other party was still pretending to be dumb, too afraid to communicate.

“Don’t feel like talking?” Chen Ge removed the two cameras, placed them aside and blocked the cameras. He slowly turned back around and slammed the hammer into the iron cage. With just one knock, the iron cage became slightly misshapen.

“Still not talking?” Chen Ge continued to whack at the iron cage, and the rods twisted and turned until only three quarters of the moveable space remained.

“What... What do you want to know?” The middle-aged man saw the iron hammer that came closer and closer to him, and his expression fell. *How come this man feels like he is even crazier than I am?*

“I’m not one to force people to do things that they don’t want to. I just have some simple questions.” Chen Ge looked at the twisted iron cage and placed his hammer down. “What is your name?”

The middle-aged man paused for about two seconds before speaking again. “Wang Haiming?”

“Wang Haiming?” When he heard this name, Chen Ge’s heart skipped a beat, and a huge wave proceeded to swallow it. *This man knows Wang Haiming?*

The man probably just wanted to fool Chen Ge by giving a random name. He did not expect Chen Ge to know Wang Haiming!

“You’re lying.”

Without leaving a chance for the middle-aged man to explain, Chen Ge swung his hammer at the iron cage. The hammer cut through the air, and the hair on the middle-aged man’s body stood on end. “My name is Xiong Qing! My name is Xiong Qing!”

Chen Ge was in no time for games and continued to rain punishment down on the iron cage. The space within the cage continued to shrink, and the iron rods could have snapped at any moment. The middle-aged man screamed, “Didn’t you say you would not force people to do things they don’t want to?”

Chen Ge ignored him. After a few more minutes of heavy work, the iron cage was completely misshapen. Even with the key, it could not be opened anymore. It would require some time before Chen Ge could smash the iron cage into smithereens, but Chen Ge was lacking time. His pupils narrowed as he reached out to grip the middle-aged man’s calf. “I’m asking you one more time, what is your name?”

The man did not know what Chen Ge was up to, and he hesitated. Chen Ge was trapped inside a mental hospital with more than one source of dangerous threats. He could not continue to be kind. He placed the middle-aged man’s calf before him and aimed the iron hammer right at it.

A shrill scream tore through the night. Chen Ge had no sympathy for those who shoved living humans into cages. He picked up the iron hammer and pulled out the middle-aged man’s other calf.

As the iron hammer went flying down, the middle-aged man screamed, and he shrank away from the hammer. “Xu Tong! My name is Xu Tong!”

“See, was that so hard?” Chen Ge stopped. “If you would had been honest with me from the beginning, we could have skipped all that.”

Then he squatted down beside the iron cage. “Just now, you mentioned Wang Haiming. What is your relationship with him? Has he stayed at the Third Sick Hall before? Is that how you know him?”

Chapter 163: Wang Haiming's Secret

"Why would you ask that?" Xu Tong immediately regretted asking that question. He looked at the hammer in Chen Ge's hands, and his mouth turned slippery again. "Wang Haiming was once a patient here. He was locked inside the Third Sick Hall multiple times due to repeated offenses. That man is very interesting."

"Be more specific."

"He was a low risk patient. He stayed on the second floor of the second sick hall, but the man had something wrong with his mind. He kept saying that he was not crazy." A disgusting smile appeared on Xu Tong's lips. "Actually, we all know that we are perfectly fine, but only an idiot like him would announce it out loud."

To be called an idiot by a diagnosed mental patient, if Wang Haiming was still alive, Chen Ge wondered how he would have felt. A flash of wickedness entered Xu Tong's smile. His perspective was different from normal people. Perhaps until now, he still believed he was not ill.

"And then?" Chen Ge realized how dangerous it was to communicate with mental patients, especially one like Xu Tong. He was wary of being unconsciously sucked into their world, influenced by their twisted worldview.

"Wang Haiming not only refused the treatment by the hospital, but when the doctors tried to administer the treatment, he started fighting with the nurses and doctors.

"Injuring the workers was the biggest mistake at this hospital. The day it happened, Wang Haiming was punished by the hospital.

"Initially he was just sent to the quarantine room, but it only made him worse. After he was released from the place, he got into a physical altercation with the nurse because he refused to take his medicine. He announced that he was a millionaire who could buy half of the hospital if he wanted to. He promised that he would make these doctors and nurses pay.

"After ten minutes, the idiot paid for what he said. The hospital workers came with a straightjacket and moved him into the third sick hall's quarantine room.

"That was his first visit to the Third Sick Hall. We were happy to welcome a new friend, but he was very unfriendly. He even spat at me. He looked energetic, and as he was escorted, his mouth never stopped cursing. This poor newbie did not know what being sent to the Third Sick Hall meant, but he would know soon enough.

"The Third Sick Hall's quarantine room has an alternative name—Electroshock Therapy Room. It is a common method to treat mental illness. The doctors who had used it all said it was incredibly effective.

"Of course, as a registered private hospital, to ensure patient's safety and comfort, they would cooperate with aestheticians before beginning the treatment. The quarantine room has good sound insulation. When Wang Haiming exited the room, he was much more pliable. All of us thought the treatment had been highly effective.

“After a few days of peace, Wang Haiming got into argument with the workers for hiding medicine. This man had a natural instinct for adventure. Perhaps he was indeed a millionaire before being admitted into the hospital.

“When he exited the quarantine room for the second time, we all thought that he would finally admit to his fate, but the man planned a midnight escape, and to everyone’s surprise, he succeeded. Even though he was captured the next day, he made use of that one night of freedom to contact his ex-wife. We have no idea what he told her, but in less than a month, she arrived to arrange for him to leave the hospital.”

From Xu Tong’s lips, Chen Ge gained a deeper understanding of Wang Haiming. “How do you know so much about the man?”

“After he was captured, he was detained. The hospital had him situated in the Third Sick Hall’s Room 3, but he almost died in that room. Since there was no other option, the hospital workers arranged for him to temporarily stay with me.” The twisted expression on Xu Tong’s face slowly returned to normal.

“Then, do you know what happened to him in Room 3?”

“He saw many people; there were many people inside the room.”

“He told you all that himself?” Chen Ge did not think things would be so complicated. Wang Haiming once stayed inside the third room.

“Why would I talk to an idiot?” Xu Tong scoffed with condescension. “That idiot would mumble to himself every night, and I overheard his conversation.”

Chen Ge nodded. He needed to enter the Third Sick Hall personally to know more about its mystery.

“The second question, why would patients from the Third Sick Hall like yourself return to this place after the hospital was closed down?”

“Of course, we have our reasons. I cannot answer on other people’s behalf, but for me...” Xu Tong looked at Chen Ge. “Only by staying here can I escape from your surveillance. Only by staying here will you not disturb me.”

“It’s time for you to take your medicine.” Chen Ge stood up. He believed that Xu Tong did not lie to him.

The old man and young woman were shaking in fear when they saw the single-armed man, but they did not show any response when they were in Xu Tong’s proximity. The old man even dared to bite his hand. This went to show, unlike the twisted face and single-armed man, Xu Tong had not done those crazy things.

The iron cage was broken due to Chen Ge’s assault. He placed the hammer beside him and asked, “I heard a female nurse was killed inside the Third Sick Hall, do you know about this?”

“Yes. The hospital even organized a mourning ceremony in the second sick hall for her, hoping it would be a lesson for the patients, the patients’ families, and the workers.” Xu Tong seemed to expect what Chen Ge would ask next. He shrugged and said, “I really had nothing to do with the nurse’s death. The police asked me, and I stayed in my room that night. I didn’t say a word to her; I didn’t even see her that night.”

After nodding, Chen Ge asked Xu Tong questions about the hospital director. Unfortunately, Xu Tong's knowledge of this was limited.

Xu Tong was an honest patient. His sickness prevented him from communication with living people, and the greater the number of people around him, the more unsettled he would be. He felt like everyone was same, and they were one person toying with him. However, if he was kept in a small room with a limited amount of people, he would be just like a normal person.

"Hopefully, everything you've said is the truth." Chen Ge reequipped the two cameras and took out his phone to glance at it.

After such a long period of a black screen, his popularity did not drop. In fact, it had shot over 150,000 viewers.

"What's going on?" Looking at the chatlog, Chen Ge realized that even though he had blocked the cameras, the audio recorder was still stuck to his lapel!

Xu Tong's scream, the information about the nurse's death, Wang Haiming's history, and the mystery of the Third Sick Hall had all been broadcasted!

Due to this coincidence, Chen Ge's livestream had continued to climb the popularity ladder. The chatlog kept refreshing.

"This is all too real!"

There were viewers who gave him likes and virtual presents.

Chen Ge did not even know what to say. Since things had reached this stage, Chen Ge decided to throw caution to the wind.

"Thank you everyone for the presents and likes. Thank you for tuning in to my livestream!" Chen Ge aimed the camera at himself. "What you've seen and heard might not be fake! Tonight, I'll bring you a livestream that can never be replicated!"

Chapter 164: The Devil's Bargain

Chen Ge exited the laundry room to head for the second floor, to find the room Wang Haiming had once stayed in. There were two beds placed in the small room. The mattress and covers had been taken away, and only two bed frames remained. Perhaps due to safety concerns, there was nothing sharp in the room. Even the bed's edges had purposely been smoothed.

"Wang Haiming was sent into the hospital by his second wife. Perhaps there was something wrong with his head, but it shouldn't have been that serious. I believe this was a conspiracy against the man."

Composing all the information he had, Chen Ge realized that Wang Haiming had led a complicated life.

His life had big ups and big downs, but he had never given up, never stopped resisting or struggling. Be it being forcibly sent into the mental hospital or fighting for his body with a monster after he left the

hospital, he never stopped fighting. He was not a saint, either, considering he had cheated on his first wife, but from a certain perspective, he had already paid more than enough for his sin.

“Every door to the sick room is equipped with a single-sided lock, so even with the key, the door could only be opened from the outside. There are safety doors at every twenty meters along the corridor, and there were nurses and workers patrolling nightly, so how did Wang Haiming manage to escape?” Chen Ge sat on the bed frame and studied the window that was boarded up. “Jumped down from the window?”

Prying off the wooden boards, Chen Ge realized that the window was strengthened with steel netting; it was not the exit he was looking for. Furthermore, the hospital was surrounded by a two-meter-tall cement wall and a lush forest beyond that. Without a proper guide, getting lost was common. But under these conditions, Wang Haiming not only managed to escape, he also got in touch with his ex-wife to get her to save him. This whole process could have been made into a movie.

It's too difficult for Wang Haiming to have escaped this place alone. He should have relied on the power of that monster inside him as well. They managed to escape this hospital by working together. After all, their united goal was to leave this mental hospital. Chen Ge understood this, but another question remained. *When did the monster enter Wang Haiming's body?*

Remembering his conversation with Xu Tong, Chen Ge discovered something strange about Wang Haiming. Not long after his first shock ‘therapy’, he started to provoke the doctors and even physically assaulted a nurse, and the reason was simply hiding medicine. This could be understood for a crazy person, but Wang Haiming was not a crazy person.

Did he do this on purpose? He wanted to get back into the Third Sick Hall? Chen Ge examined this simple sickroom. The only spot that could have hidden something was behind the curtain and under the bed.

Standing up, Chen Ge moved the two bedframes. On one of the walls that was covered by the bed earlier, and he made a new discovery. Someone had used their fingernails to carve out a diary of sorts on the white paint. Due to the passage of time, most of the words were unreadable, but Chen Ge got the gist of it.

“Is it Wang Haiming’s handwriting?” Chen Ge closed the door, shone his flashlight on the wall, and started to read the words on it.

“Have I really gone crazy?”

“Two workers and a doctor hauled me into the electroshock room. The bunch of animals locked the door, so technically, no one should have been able to come in.

“Why did I see four people in the room after the therapy?”

“Who was the one wearing the patient’s garb?”

Wang Haiming probably left this behind. In a room without any entertainment devices, keeping a diary became his only entertainment. It was here, after plenty of rumination, that he realized he was different from those around him.

“Is it a hallucination caused by the shock? Why could he talk to me? Why can only I see him?”

“He said that he can help me escape, but in return, I have to agree to one of his conditions.

“This is truly a devil’s bargain, but I have no choice.

“Perhaps something is wrong, could it be those pills? I find myself falling asleep easily like someone has poured lead into my brain. I have to leave this place.

“The devil doesn’t seem like he can leave the third sick hall. I’ll need to find him there if I want to escape from this hospital.

“The workers here are heartless animals! I will ruin this place, I swear!

“After entering that room for the second time, I agreed to his demand. After completing the ritual inside the bathroom, he entered my body.

“Have I really gone insane to believe there is a devil in this world and accepted his trade?”

The diary stopped here abruptly. After the trade, perhaps only Wang Haiming himself knew what happened to him.

The monster inside Wang Haiming probably came from the Third Sick Hall, and the ritual was completed in the bathroom. Could it be that the ritual required a mirror? In that case, the monster that possessed Wang Haiming was not some kind of devil but a common mirror monster. Chen Ge knew a thing or two about mirror monsters. They were not particularly strong but extremely cunning. There were no other clues in the room, so Chen Ge left.

The mirror monster on Wang Haiming came from the Third Sick Hall, and the tall monster on Wang Shenglong also came from the Third Sick Hall. Why wouldn’t the monsters stay there? Chen Ge needed more answers. He grabbed the hammer, whistled to get the white cat, and prepared to head into the Third Sick Hall.

He came back to the hallway connecting the two buildings on the fourth floor. Twisted face had used this path to escape into the Third Sick Hall.

“The salt hasn’t been moved, so no one has passed this way.”

Pushing open the steel door, Chen Ge felt submerged in the darkness. The tiles under his feet were moving, and as he moved across the corridor in the Third Sick Hall, there was a bad feeling that settled over him. He felt cold, like some scary monster was staring at him.

Even the white cat, which was not afraid of anything, hid behind his ankle. If not for the jacket on Chen Ge, he believed that the cat would have run already.

The clue left behind by my parents is here. No matter what, I cannot turn back.

Chen Ge opened half of his backpack and pulled on the cleaver so that the handle was exposed. This way, he could grab it anytime he wanted.

“It’s about time.” Chen Ge looked at his phone; it was 11:51 pm. Another nine minutes, and it would be midnight.

Chen Ge experienced a strange feeling as he stepped into the sick hall. It felt like the entire Third Sick Hall was a large living entity, and the cold draft that caressed Chen Ge's body was its breathing.

Chapter 165: Who Is Playing Doctor?

Many mattresses littered the dark corridor. They were bulging like they were hiding something underneath. Chen Ge used his hammer to yank one open. Inside the decayed mattress was a fake person made from pillows and bedsheets. The workmanship was rough, but one could just about make out the shape of a person.

The scariest thing was that a human face, complete with eyes, nose and a wide mouth, had been painted on the pillow. It looked like the scribbling of a child, but it made the hairs on Chen Ge's arms rise.

"This shouldn't be." Chen Ge resisted the urge to smash it with the iron hammer and started to think. "No matter what, the twenty-four mannequins at the Haunted House are scarier and more real than these fake dolls. I felt zero fear being around those mannequins, but standing beside these dolls, I feel weirdly unsettled."

He nudged the doll, and on the back of the pillow, an unfamiliar name was written—Lee Chunyan.

"Why is there a name?"

These dolls were not unlike those used by girls when playing house. They would use dolls to act as their parents or to represent someone they knew in real life.

Chen Ge observed for about two minutes after spraying the doll's face with a handful of salt. The doll did not react in any way. Chen Ge walked away to peel out another mattress. Similarly, there was a doll made from bedsheets and a pillow.

"Zhang Qisi?" There was another name behind the doll. Chen Ge looked at the corridor that was filled with mattresses, and a chill ran up his spine. "There's a name behind each doll? Meaning they represent real people?"

The bloated mattresses looked like a mass grave, and Chen Ge's hand that gripped the hammer sweated. He felt like he would be much braver after completing this Trial Mission. He finished two packs of salt after walking just twenty or thirty meters. Reality proved that salt had no use against those haunted things. The uncomfortable feeling that suffused the corridor did not decrease. If anything, it had gotten stronger.

"I'll need to ration the last pack of salt. I can't be so cavalier with it anymore." Chen Ge would look over his shoulder every few steps. He was afraid of seeing a row of dolls following him as was often the case in the scary movies he had seen.

With his whole body tensed, Chen Ge made the decision that should a doll suddenly stand up, he would rush over and smash it into smithereens with the hammer and stab it with the cleaver.

"Calm down, there are many trump cards you haven't used yet." Chen Ge did not know whether he was saying this for the benefit of the viewers or himself. In any case, as he moved into the Third Sick Hall, the

popularity of his livestream also climbed at a scary speed. In contrast, Qin Guang's livestream had reached a bottleneck, and his viewership was slipping.

The Third Sick Hall was different from the other two because every room was a single room, but curiously enough, none of the rooms had any beds. It was like the place had never been used as a hospital before.

"Doctor Gao said that the Third Sick Hall only has ten sick rooms and nine patients on record, so what are the purposes for these empty rooms?"

None of the rooms had a number, and they had the same bland white doors. They did not seem like they were used to house the patients.

"The first sick hall was so crowded that there were beds on the corridor, but the Third Sick Hall has so many empty rooms. The hospital would rather keep them empty than use them for the patients, why is that?"

Chen Ge was very careful. When he reached the middle of the fourth-floor corridor, the stench in the air suddenly became exceedingly heavy. Other than the cold wind, there was another sound in his ears. It was hard to describe. It sounded like the heavy breathing of a roomful of people. Chen Ge shone his flashlight around as the anxiety in his heart heightened. He stuck his back to the wall and took out his phone to glance at the time. "It's midnight!"

At that same moment, the sound of the door being opened came from one of the rooms under the fourth floor. The feeling was strange. The sound came from downstairs, but it sounded like it was just beside Chen Ge.

The blood door inside the Haunted House's mirror will open for a minute every midnight. Is there a similar door in this hospital? The door would appear at midnight, but it would not open on its own. When the door was pushed open, it only meant that something had come out from behind the door.

"Wang Haiming's diary said that he completed the final ritual in the bathroom; this proves that there is a large mirror in the bathroom of this hospital."

After midnight, the entire sick hall seemed to change like a sleeping monster coming alive. Standing in the deepest corner of the fourth floor, Chen Ge looked down the stairs. There was complete darkness. No one knew what was hiding in the dark. Something might come out at him from a hidden corner.

Chen Ge's eyes twitched. He held the hammer and stood at the mouth of the stairwell. After giving it some thought, he turned off his flashlight. Inside the Third Sick Hall, there were mental patients, lingering spirits, and the monsters from behind the blood door; there were danger at every step.

In such a situation, the light would expose himself, making him an easy target. Chen Ge closed his eyes before opening them again. He tried to make his eyes familiarize themselves with the darkness and stepped down the stairs to go to the third floor.

Even though the mission had not ended, Chen Ge had already acquired a reward. At least his relationship with the white cat had improved. Initially, the white cat did not even want to be close to him, but after they entered the corridor of the third sick hall, the cat actively jumped on his shoulder, its claws digging into his clothes and backpack. It looked like it would not let go no matter what.

“Don’t be scared, everything is still under control.” Chen Ge patted the cat on its head, and the cat strangely did not resist. Its pair of different-colored eyes look straight into the darkness.

The staircase seemed to have grown in the darkness because Chen Ge used two minutes to move from the fourth floor to the third floor. The windows were sealed, and the third floor was even darker. Chen Ge could barely see the mattresses that littered the corridor.

“The twisted face seemed to vanish after he entered the Third Sick Hall. There was not even a footprint. Where could he be hiding? Inside one of the rooms or the mattresses, preparing for an ambush?”

There was another nurse’s station at the corner of the third floor, but curiously enough, all the records and medicine were arranged neatly inside the station, and the counter was spotless, like it had recently been in use.

Jumping into the station, Chen Ge realized that there were many prescribed pills arranged on the table. The colorful pills were separated and placed inside white bags, and each bag was taped with a patient’s name.

“Lee Chunyan? Zhang Qisi? Wait, didn’t I read these two names on the dolls on the fourth floor? Someone comes here every night to give medicine to the dolls?”

A ridiculous idea popped up in Chen Ge’s mind. The Third Sick Hall was like a children’s game. The child had created the dolls to act as the patients and took on the role of the doctor to dispense them medicine.

“Who would do something so sick?” Chen Ge looked at the names on the counter, and he felt like he had missed something important.

Chapter 166: Isn’t She Dead?

Chen Ge examined the bags on the counter carefully, and his expression turned grim. He used his fingers to rub at the names, and he finally discovered the source of the problem. The writing on some of the bags was still wet; the names had been written recently!

Chen Ge whipped his head up and looked around; there was no hiding spot inside the nurse’s station.

“The person who prescribed the drug should still be close. They probably haven’t wandered far and are still nearby.” Chen Ge could not tell if the other party had discovered him, but he knew he had to be more careful. He jumped out of the station and slunk into the room opposite the nurse’s station. He pushed the door open a sliver, and Chen Ge looked out into the corridor.

“The names on the bags were freshly written, so the pills were probably just prescribed. Who would do something like this at night?” There were several candidates in Chen Ge’s mind, and the foremost was the twisted face. He had once been a doctor at this hospital, and from the way he treated his father, he had a great need for revenge.

“He prescribed the drug to force-feed his victims?” Then again, if this was true, he would not have needed to write the patient’s name down on the bag one by one, so things could not have been that

simple. It was midnight, and things were at their most unstable. Chen Ge decided to stay a little bit longer to clear up the mystery about the medicine before moving.

About ten minutes later, there was a fuzzy shadow that appeared at the end of the third-floor corridor. It was so far away that Chen Ge could not tell whether it had appeared from one of the rooms or from the other floors.

“Which patient is it?” Chen Ge could not see the face, but he did not dare turn on the light. The only thing he could do was hide behind the door with the hammer ready. The shadow’s gait was weird; it was staggering like it could trip and fall at any moment.

As it got near, Chen Ge made another weird discovery. The thing made no sound as it walked across the floor!

“Based on the way it limps, it shouldn’t be silent.”

The shadow got closer enough for Chen Ge to catch a rough glimpse of its clothes. The white nurse’s outfit was rather conspicuous in the dark, and it was a contrast from the dirtied mattresses that littered the place.

“It’s not the twisted face but a woman?” Chen Ge could not be sure. He leaned his upper body on the door, and his eyes attached themselves to the slit. He did not blink, afraid that he might lose any details. “It’s coming.”

The shadow with the nurse’s outfit had its head lowered, and it was mumbling something quietly. When it neared the room Chen Ge was hiding in, the man finally got a good look.

The moving shadow was a monster wearing a nurse’s coat. Its waist was broken, and its limbs were twisted at weird angles. It felt as if someone had rearranged the monster’s body, and it had lost the correct shape of a normal human. The monster before him ruined the wonderful image of nurses that Chen Ge had maintained for the past twenty years. Through the door, his hands that gripped the hammer started to sweat.

The tangled black hair fell forward to hide most of her face, and when she passed Chen Ge’s room, she suddenly stopped. At that moment, Chen Ge held his breath as he raised the hammer.

The female nurse seemed to have felt something. She raised her skull slowly, and the hair parted to reveal that familiar face.

It’s her? The face could not have been more normal, but Chen Ge had the shock of his life because he recognized this face. He had seen it hanging in black and white in the second sick hall’s activity room!

Isn’t she dead? The large female nurse was the victim who had died inside the Third Sick Hall. According to Doctor Gao, after the police’s investigation, they had concluded that the killer was one of the patients.

She’s still wandering the halls after her death? Chen Ge understood why there were no footsteps. His hand reached for the cleaver in his bag. After a second’s hesitation, the nurse turned her body around with difficulty. As if toppling over, her large body leaned toward the door that Chen Ge was hiding behind.

DONG!

Her head knocking into the door created a dull thud. Chen Ge jumped back and yanked out the cleaver. The door was not locked, and Chen Ge was prepared to hash it out with this monster.

However, right then, there was another sound of a door opening downstairs. Hearing this noise, the nurse was like a puppet being forced to turn around. She walked to the nurse's station and entered the small door next to it.

What was that? Chen Ge's back was drenched. The female nurse was probably the bottom feeder at the Third Sick Hall. She was a just lingering spirit without thought. The person who assigned her what to do was the real culprit

Chen Ge did not dare let his guard down. To not spook the nurse, he did not jump out with the cleaver lashing but hid behind the door to observe her quietly.

After returning to the nurse's station, the nurse took out a notebook with dirt and blood stains from underneath the counter. She followed the content of the notebook and started arranging the bags that were filled with drugs.

The nurse's station was opposite Chen Ge's room, so Chen Ge could see everything clearly. Her movements were quick and masterful. She soon picked up about ten bags and wandered into the staircase to head up to the fourth floor.

After the nurse had wandered off, Chen Ge exited the room. He jumped back into the nurse's station to examine the notebook that the nurse had been using earlier. The notebook was thick, and it was full of patient records and diagnosis reports.

Chen Ge looked through it randomly, and he realized that all the patients in the book shared a similarity; they were all dead. For all the reports, in the box for diagnosis result, someone had used a red pen to correct everything and write—Confirmed Dead.

Have the killers hiding inside this hospital been following the patients? Or have the patients who once received treatment here returned to this place?

Chen Ge saw Lee Chunyan and Zhang Qisi's names in the notebook. He glanced at the counter, and the bags with their names had been taken away by the nurse.

There are dolls on the fourth floor with these two names on their backs. All the patients who have passed away seemed to have a corresponding doll in the Third Sick Hall, and there is a 'person' who gives them their medication every night, like how it was when they were still alive.

The mental hospital had been abandoned for five years already, but the Third Sick Hall had remained in operation. It was just that the patients had changed from living ones to dead ones, and all these changes could be related to that mysterious door.

Could it be that the 'door' had been left open for so long that the world behind the door and the real world have overlapped?

Chen Ge did not read the notebook further before tossing it inside his backpack. Then he walked down the corridor. He wanted to go take a look inside the third-floor bathroom before the nurse returned.

Chapter 167: Dresser

After the nurse finishes handing out all the medicine, she will return. When she discovers that the notebook is missing, she will go searching for it, but it should be fine because I believe she is only slightly more powerful than Xiaoxiao and the Pen Spirit. If I face her in battle, I might not lose.

Chen Ge held the hammer and walked deeper into the corridor. If this was some other person, they would have been shocked silly already; they would not have been able to calculate and plan their steps. Opening the rooms one by one, Chen Ge made no new discoveries until he reached the door to the third-floor bathroom.

The sound of door opening came from downstairs, so this bathroom should not be where the 'door' is.

He could feel the anxiety coming from the white cat on his shoulder. Chen Ge tried to push the door open, and the bathroom was shrouded in complete darkness, swallowing up any sort of light.

The row of squat cubicles looked rather frightening in the dark. Different from the school, the cubicles had no locks, probably in case of accidents inside the bathroom. Chen Ge did a tour but found nothing strange. He eventually stopped before the sink that had a mirror, and he realized how interesting the design was.

There was a curtain draped on top of the mirror. With a pull, the mirror would be covered up easily. This little design quirk reminded Chen Ge slightly of his own Haunted House. *Looks like there are some problems with the mirrors here as well.*

Chen Ge pulled the curtain up, and the mirror was stained with smudges, like someone had run their hands over it. The surface was smudged with so many finger marks that Chen Ge could barely see his reflection.

The door is not here, Chen Ge confirmed after making sure the layout of the third floor bathroom. He came out from the bathroom and used the adjacent staircase to walk down to the second floor.

The closer he got to the first floor, the stronger the stench in the air became. The thing that surprised Chen Ge was that some curious things had appeared on the second floor's corridors and walls.

It was unknown whether it was caused by the building's old age or some other reason, but there were patches along the corridor where it protruded outward. The protrusions had red hues to them like the color of bruised skin. The cracked floor also had residual liquid that looked like it was blood. It was as if blood had once seeped from cracks and had now dried.

The second floor was completely different from the third floor. The danger rating had practically doubled. If the third floor was eerie, then the second floor was dangerous; it just made people want to turn and run.

Could this really be real blood? Chen Ge picked up something that looked like congealed blood off the floor and squished it in his hands. *It doesn't smell bloody... probably just normal red soil.*

The mattresses on the corridor were rather in the way, and as Chen Ge walked past them, he yanked some open. He realized that the closer he got to the first floor, the more authentic these dolls looked. It was not that they were visually more authentic, but they gave off a stronger feeling that they were alive.

When I enter the first floor, will the dolls in the mattresses crawl out on their own?

He was not kidding and was considering this possibility seriously. Walking past room after room as he proceeded down the corridor, Chen Ge noticed a few special rooms as he was about to turn the corner. All the patients' rooms had windows on their doors so that the doctors could see inside easily, but these few rooms were different.

The director's office? Chen Ge had pretty much finished exploring the mental hospital, and this was the first time he had come across a door with a plaque on it. He entered the room, and the space was huge. It had been made from breaking down the walls between three normal rooms.

There were several pots of dead plants against the wall, and next to them were empty bookshelves and an office table. There was also a resting area. It was about half the size of the working area, and it had a single bed and a disproportionately large dresser.

Closing the door behind him, Chen Ge stepped into the room. The floor was littered with a massive number of patient records, but these records were different from the ones in the nurse's notebook. They were unedited. In other words, these patients were probably still alive.

The mental hospital had been in operation for at least ten years, and the number of patients that came through its door was huge, at least much bigger than Chen Ge anticipated. Compared to Jiujiang's population of several million, the number of mental patients was probably very small, but Jiujiang only had two certified government mental hospitals, and even at their maximum capacity, they could only handle about a thousand people. This, combined with the fact that mental illnesses required repeated treatment, meant that there were not enough hospitals to go around. This was why there were private hospitals like Jiujiang Third Psychological Convalescence Centre.

It had the necessary certification, but at the end of the day, it was a private hospital. Their main focus was money, and their management was riddled with problems. Due to the nature of mental patients, many things were not treated with the seriousness that they deserved. Accepting Wang Haiming even though he was mentally fine was one such example.

After picking up a few of the patient's records, Chen Ge soon lost interest. The diagnoses given were pretty much the same—even the treatment methods were similar to each other.

"A real doctor is someone like Doctor Gao. These doctors were merely trying to silence the patients' wills and souls, transforming them into puppets without individuality."

Chen Ge continued his search. The bookshelves and table drawers were empty. Chen Ge entered the rest area and flipped the bed upside down. There was nothing. Finally, he turned toward the suspiciously large dresser. This was the only place he had not searched.

"This dresser is big enough to fit two adults. Could the missing director be left inside?"

Raising his hammer, he scanned the dresser. The dresser was sealed with police tape, and it had not been taken down since it was applied because the edges were untouched.

“Why would the police seal the dresser? Was it hiding the body?”

There were many other curious things about the dresser. Its four edges were taped with duct tape, and curious mantras were written on the corners. There were also red nails that were about half the length of a normal palm protruding out of the dresser.

“It just feels like this dresser carry something important inside.” Chen Ge hugged the white cat and placed it down by the door. He removed the police tape and used the mallet to pry the door open.

There was no scary scene, and the dresser was not filled with clothes or anything weird. Inside sat a few papers that were filled with words and several envelopes that had not been mailed. Picking up the top most paper, the first line that entered Chen Ge’s eyes made his heart jump.

“The kid inside Room 3 is acting up again. He is the first person to have seen the ‘door’, so I suspect the appearance of the ‘door’ is related to him.”

Wasn’t Room 3 empty? Where did this kid come from?

Chen Ge continued to read, and the letters inside the dresser explained how the single ‘door’ had caused the ruination of the entire mental hospital.

Chapter 168: The Patient in Room Three

Jiujiang Third Psychological Convalescence Centre was opened 23 years ago. It was the earliest private mental hospital in Jiujiang. From the name, it was clear that they were not a government body but a private convalescence center.

The center had three sick halls, and the admission fee at the first sick hall was much cheaper than government hospital, but the conditions were extremely bad. The second sick hall’s fees were twenty percent higher than normal, but there were specialized nurses and doctors. The third sick hall was only open to a small number of patients. The fee was extremely high, several times the price of a normal room.

From the notes left behind by the director, the situation when the center was first built was completely different from how it was later. At the beginning, the third sick hall was not a sealed up area. In fact, it was the place with the best environment and highest price.

The center operated for three months before they received a special patient. The director recorded the scenario in detail. That day was probably a turning point for him.

A car with foreign plates arrived at the center, and two men helped an incredibly pregnant woman out from the backseat. The director came to welcome them personally. After some questions, he realized that the woman had a serious mental illness. Due to safety concerns for the mother and the baby, the director rejected their admission.

The man seemed to have predicted this, and he offered a fee that was ten times higher than the already high asking price of the third sick hall. He told the director that he would pay for half a year of treatment at once.

Looking at the mountain of cash on the table, the director and the doctors were swayed. After the center went into operation, the first and second sick halls were filled to the brim, but most of the rooms in the third sick hall were left empty. After all, most rich patients would select official government mental hospitals to seek treatment.

With some coaxing from the doctors, the director finally admitted the pregnant woman and assigned her the third room of the third sick hall. After making sure that the woman had settled in, the man left the director with his phone number and claimed that he was the woman's husband. However, when the director asked to see their marriage certificate, the man could not produce it.

Nevertheless, since he had accepted the money, the director could not do anything about it. It was too late for regret. All he could do was take good care of the woman. After the initial diagnosis, it was found that the pregnant woman did suffer from a mental illness, bipolar disorder. She refused to communicate and would cry one moment and be consumed by rage the next. She slammed things that she could see and would sometimes injure herself. To keep her safe, the doctors baby-proofed everything inside Room 3.

The woman's illness was unstable, but due to her pregnancy, most medication could not be used. The only thing the doctors could do was psychological counselling. Three months passed just like that, and it was close to her due date. The hospital hired several nurses to watch over her twenty-four hours a day.

It was unknown whether it was the coming baby that had elicited the woman's motherly nature or the effects of the counselling sessions, but the woman stopped acting up. She did not like human contact and spent most of her time touching her stomach, talking to herself.

Four months later, the child was born, and the woman's condition improved tremendously. The director and doctors sighed in the relief, and that day, they called the husband, but there was no answer.

A bad feeling appeared in their heart, and they hired a special PI to investigate the man's identity. It turned out that all of his documentation was fake. After a discussion between the director and the doctors, they decided that if the man failed to show up after his money had run out, they would call the police. Considering the woman's condition, they did not tell her about this.

The woman recollected her hope in life after the baby was born and started to provide her full cooperation. She wanted to get better for her child. She would also ask about her husband because in her mind, after she was cured, her husband would return.

However, half a year later, the man's money had dried up, and the man seemed to have disappeared off the face of the earth.

There were two different voices inside the hospital. Some doctors and nurses suggested to have the mother and son transferred away—taking care of both for free was too much work. The director, out of his compassion, asked them to wait a little longer, but the nurse who took care of the woman accidentally let this information slip.

The woman demanded to talk to her husband, and all she got was the emotionless machine operator telling her that the number she was calling was no longer in use.

Before sending the woman into the center for treatment, there appeared to have been a pact between the woman and the man. Now that the pact had been broken, the woman's condition deteriorated. She started to turn hostile to everyone around her. She was lost inside a dark maze and could not find a way out. To prevent the woman from hurting her own son, the doctor removed the baby from her care.

The woman lost her mind and refused to communicate. The baby was too small, and the hospital could not just adopt him for her. They tried their best to cure the woman, hoping to get information on the man from her, to make him pay for the remaining of the fee.

No one would have thought that this treatment would go on for three years. The woman's child grew up inside the mental hospital, and he learned how to walk and talk in this place that was filled with crazies.

The first three years of a child's life was called the baby period. It was when a human picked up the most information, and it formed the foundation for the child's future. The woman's child spent these formative years inside this twisted and complicated environment.

The money had already run out, so the hospital was taking care of them out of kindness. It was fine for one or two days, but as the days dragged on, the sound of complaints grew, and even the workers' eyes started to change when they saw the child.

The crazy mother was locked inside her room, and the thing the child did the most in those three years was ask the doctors or nurses to carry him to Room 3. He would lean against the window on the door and look into the room at the woman.

When the child learned how to walk, he would sometimes wander over to Room 3 on his own, looking at the door that was several times bigger than he was. Days rolled into weeks and weeks into months. Other children of his age had family and friends—their lives were filled with colors—but the world in this child's eyes were different. White-washed hospital walls filled most of his memory, and sooner or later, he acted different from how a normal child would.

Chen Ge had unwillingly read to the end. The letter was like the director's personal diary.

"This child's childhood is even sadder than mine."

He had thought that his own childhood of playing with mannequin heads and plastic bones was sad enough, but here was someone who had it worse.

Putting down the letter, Chen Ge turned to look at the not-yet-mailed envelopes. The envelopes had no stamps and were not addressed. They were yellow from age and seemed to have been written years ago. Chen Ge opened them according to chronological order. The first letter was written twenty years ago. At the time, the woman's child had only been two.

"Doctor Chen, this is the first time I've come across such a brilliant child. He picks up stuff at a superhuman rate.

"Being born in a hidden corner of the place, growing up in a sick environment, should I send him away?"

"The child will definitely be a genius in the future, but his various reactions make me worry.

"Ever since he learned how to talk, just like his mother, he has talked to talk to himself. No, it feels more like he is communicating with something we can't see.

“The doctors and nurses are very busy, and there is no one who is free to teach him to speak other than me, but I keep hearing strange words coming from his lips. Did he pick those up from hearing the doctors and nurses? Or is someone else teaching him?”

“I’m materialistic, but seeing what happened to the kid has swayed my conviction. According to rumors, a toddler can see things that adults cannot, is that true?”

Chapter 169: Door!

“I’m curious about everything with regards to this child, but I am also worried about knowing too much. The kid is like a swamp; the closer you get, the greater the alert in your mind.

“The mother has bipolar disorder, and only when she is in the company of her son will she not act up. To facilitate treatment, the doctors bring the son to see her often. Every child has a natural reliance on their mothers. Even though he is so small, he knows that is his mother.

“However, the weirdest thing was, when the child saw his mother, the first thing he said wasn’t mom or his own name but ‘door’.

“Initially, I thought that I was mistaken, or maybe it was just a meaningless mumble by the child, but when the nurse carried him away, he used his tiny finger to point at the door to her mother’s room and repeated the same word—door.

“He seemed to be telling us that he wants to get close to that door. This is the most curious thing because I’ve asked the whole hospital, and no one has taught him that word before!

“Without guidance, he managed to vocalize the word and even knew what it meant. Who told him this? Is there really something else inside the hospital?”

“Then, it became even weirder. When the nurse who carried the child and I entered Room 3 to see his mother, the child looked down the corridor and waved his arms like he was greeting someone. I was sure that there was no one other than us in that corridor.

“Of course, if that was all, I wouldn’t have been so worried. The nurse also noticed this, so she asked him what he was doing. Who was he waving at?”

“At the time, the child stammered this name—He Yajun.

“The nurse didn’t know what it meant and assumed that the child was just working on his vocal cords. She did not take it to heart and continued to carry the child away. At the time, I really wanted to stop her because He Yajun was a real person. Before the third sick hall was built, a construction worker had an accident, and that person’s name was He Yajun.

“This was something even the doctors and nurses did not know, so how did he come up with that name?”

“I stood at the door and saw the nurse carry the child away. When she went up the stairs, the child once again waved at the corner that was empty. Honestly, I’ve treated many children with mental illnesses, but I’ve never been afraid. However, that day, in that corridor, I was gripped by intense fear.

“After that incident, I paid closer attention to the boy.”

That was the end of the first letter. Until the end, the director did not mention who the letter was addressed to. Chen Ge finished the whole thing, and the only thing relevant to the identity of the addressee was the Doctor Chen at the beginning.

Surname Chen? Could it be Dad? But he's a Haunted House operator, not a doctor!

Chen Ge was initially glad that he had found a clue related to his parents, but he thought about it and believed that he was being a bit too optimistic. He opened the second letter, and the content was even more unbelievable.

“Doctor Chen, we have to meet in person. Things are getting slightly out of control.

“When the child learned how to crawl, he would actively go find his mother. No one in the third sick hall knew how he managed to leave the office and end up outside the door of Room 3.

“The other nurses and doctors have also noticed the weird behavior of the child. He rarely cries and smiles at random places. He gets more excited as the day darkens, and he is very much not acting like a normal child.

“He has great learning ability, and even at such a young age, he can vocalize his words clearly even though the things that leave his lips often make chills run down peoples' spines.

“Perhaps the world in the child's eyes is different from ours. He sees the patients who take tranquilizers and sleeping pills as toys, and the way he looks at them is like they are already dead.

“He also waves and face patients who have lost their mind, but he never looks them in the face. Instead, he looks at the area above their shoulder like there is something about the patient's shoulders.

“The weirdest thing is that he likes to go sit outside Room 3. He never goes into it; he just sits there, staring at the door. A whole afternoon could pass with him doing just that. Some doctors and nurses suggested that we send the child to an orphanage. They were spooked by this kid, but sending him away would influence the mother's recovery. We have used a year to stabilize his mother's condition, and we cannot give up now.

“I rejected the doctor's suggestion, and after several months, there was good news from the police. Using the car plate as a lead, they found the boy's biological father down south. At the time, the mother's condition had mostly been cured. We hired a lawyer to bring the father to court, demanding that he pay for the hospital and treatment fee and, at the same time, give the child's mother an official marriage and name.

“We won the case. It was unclear whether the fear of prison or guilt changed the father. Everything was improving positively, and the mother was getting better. The young woman showed exceptional strength when she was before her son.

“The treatment continued for another half a year, and the mother's illness had fully stabilized. She did not have many friends or family, so other than the few doctors who sent her away, her departure did not cause much of an effect. The child left with his mother, but the three years growing up at the mental

hospital have left their scars already. The night before he left, he snuck back to the corridor and kept saying things that people could not understand to the door.

“After they left, I assumed everything was over, but who would have thought things would progress down a completely unexpected route?”

“Just one year later, when the child was four, he was sent back to the center by his father!

“According to his father, the woman was killed at home, and the child witnessed the whole process. When I saw the child again, he had changed a lot. The only pillar in his life had crumbled, and his condition was similar to how his mother was when she first arrived.

“Due to previous reasons and history, our center didn’t dare admit him. We persuaded the father to send him to an official hospital instead. On the night that we rejected him, right at midnight, the white door of Room 3 started to leak blood.

“This lasted for one whole minute before it stopped. When I found out about this, it was one week later, and within that one week, many unbelievable things have happened at the hospital.”

The second letter stopped her abruptly. Reading the letters’ content and the director’s description, Chen Ge was reminded of someone who experienced the exact same thing.

He opened the third letter urgently, and inside was a picture with the mother and her son. When Chen Ge saw this picture, he was overwhelmed by emotion. This was because he had seen this picture before; it was the same picture he had seen when he was helping Doctor Gao pack up Men Nan’s belongings at Hai Ming Apartments!

A woman with the patient’s garb was leaning on the bed, and a shy little boy sat next to her.

Chapter 170: Only One Solution

The woman in the picture had no make-up, and she looked like she had just recovered from a big illness. There was a unique charm to her. Earlier, at Hai Ming Apartments, Chen Ge had criticized Men Nan’s father for having an affair even though his wife was so beautiful, and now he understood why. Chen Ge moved his gaze to study the shy boy in the picture.

Is this child really Men Nan? An incredibly talented child when he was still a baby, but how come he could not handle a mere mirror monster after he grew up? Did his talent shrink as he grew older? The story told in the letter was real. Chen Ge did hear people say that toddlers could see many weird things that adults could not, but as they grew up, everything returned to normal, and the memory that they had disappeared.

It shouldn’t be so simple. Chen Ge was reminded of what Doctor Gao told him. After a deep diagnosis, he discovered there were three personalities within Men Nan.

The first was a self-protecting personality that appeared in the shape of his mother. This was probably the lingering spirit of Men Nan’s mother. She had attached herself to Men Nan to protect him whenever she could.

The second was Men Nan's main personality. This persona grew up with him, and it was the normal Men Nan that his friends knew.

The last personality hid in the deepest recesses of Men Nan's mind. According to Doctor Gao, this personality had stuck at Men Nan's childhood years. He refused to communicate, and the period when he appeared was extremely short. When the third persona appeared, Men Nan would display superhuman talent.

Is it possible that the third persona is the real Men Nan? Then what exactly happened to him? What caused this persona to appear?

Before entering the Third Sick Hall, Chen Ge had studied up on this. He was familiar with split personality disorder, and he knew that the appearance of each persona had a specific reason behind it.

Perhaps it was loneliness, or perhaps it was self-defense mechanism. Chen Ge had no idea why Men Nan's third persona had appeared, but he had a feeling that it was related to the door at the third sick hall.

Putting the picture back into the envelope, Chen Ge started to read the third letter.

"The door appears punctually at midnight. It stays for a minute before disappearing.

"I've sealed up the third sick hall and forbidden anyone from getting close to Room 3 at night. I've asked the nurses on night patrol to keep an eye on that bleeding door.

"Three days have passed, and the nurses told me there there was a weird noise coming from behind the door. When the door returned to normal, she pushed the door open, and the room was empty. There wasn't a rat as she had expected.

"On the fourth day, I stayed vigil by the door personally. There were indeed movements behind the door, and I could hear the sound of chewing.

"On the fifth night, the thing behind the door seemed to have sensed something. There was knocking coming from behind the door. There was knocking from a room that was confirmed to be empty. If not for the fact that I have just concluded a mental test, I would have thought I was crazy.

"I used wooden boards to seal up the door, and on the tenth night, there was urgent banging on the door.

"Fresh blood seeped through the door, dying it red. It was like a scene from a nightmare. I've contacted the workers to remove the door and asked a few doctors to watch the door outside Room 3.

"On the midnight of the eleventh day, everyone present could hear the door being opened. The sound came from Room 3 even though the door was already gone.

"When the sound occurred, I saw the door frame dyed red. I managed to take a close look. It was not blood but something that looked like blood vessels. One minute later, everything returned to normal, and one of the doctors said that he saw a shadow crawl out of the room.

"Said doctor handed in his resignation that afternoon. The hospital was running low on staff, so I denied his request. It only made his emotions run wild; there was no room for negotiation at all.

“Removing the door was useless, so I asked the workers to seal it up with bricks. In the initial few days, the method seemed to be effective, but one week later, there was a new problem with Room 3. Whenever midnight arrived, Room 3, even the walls next to it, started to turn red like bruised skin. The red was spreading, and I fear that, one day, it will cover the entire hospital.

“I’ve used every method that I can think of, but I cannot stop it. This room was fine, and everything happened after the accident that befell the child’s mother. Do you think I should find the boy? To find the solution or reason from him?”

Chen Ge’s face was dark after reading the third letter. This door was much more troublesome than he had anticipated. The old director had used all sorts of methods, but he had still failed. He had not only failed to close the door, but he had exacerbated the situation.

“But there has to be a solution or else the center would have closed ten years ago and not just five years ago.”

Chen Ge picked up the last letter, and his expression turned serious. This was because the last envelope had something others did not: an address. It was addressed to Linjiang New Schistosomiasis Control Station.

“Chen Ge, I’ve followed your instructions, and thankfully, the door is temporarily closed. But I don’t understand, why can Men Nan close the door?”

The letter was short, but it revealed two important facts to Chen Ge. One, the door could be closed; two, Men Nan was the key to closing it.

Looks like I’ll need Men Nan’s help if I want to deal with the door in the mirror at my Haunted House.

Chen Ge read the short fourth letter again.

At the very end, the old director has shown interest in the world behind the door. Could the reason for his disappearance be related to that?

The center had been closed five years ago, and before it was sealed up, the director had disappeared. These two incidents had to be related. Replacing the letters, Chen Ge looked at the dresser.

“Something is not right. The letters weren’t stamped. The earlier three letters did not even have an address, so they could not have been mailed. How did the director communicate with this Doctor Chen?”

“Furthermore, why would the mailed letters return to the director’s office?”

Chen Ge narrowed his eyes as several possibilities entered his mind.

“Could it be that the director also suffered from split personality disorder and one of his personas was this Doctor Chen? Or had the mysterious Doctor Chen who received the letters returned to the hospital after the director’s disappearance and purposefully left the letters here? But why would he do that?”

Chen Ge only ended up with more questions.

“Who is this Doctor Chen?”

Chen Ge thought about it before putting the letter with the address into his shirt pocket.

