

Horrors 23

Chapter 23: Real Killer

The door slammed heavily on the wall as Chen Ge dashed into the room and yanked the window open.

*F*ck! It's so high!* Standing at the window, the drop was at least a three to four meters. Hasty footsteps echoed louder and louder, meaning the landlord and the tattooed guy were closing in on him.

Chen Ge did not have the luxury of time. He jumped out of the window, grabbing the sill by the ledge as one of his legs found purchase on the first-floor window's anti-theft steel netting.

"He must have seen us move the body!"

"We mustn't let him get away!"

The landlord's ugly mug appeared at the door. Flashing the cleaver in the air, he hissed, "You think you can escape?"

Chen Ge did not dare hesitate and let go instantly. His arms were scratched, and his clothes were torn by the netting as he slid down the wall. Chen Ge rolled as he landed to reduce the impact. As he straightened himself, he grabbed the mallet off the floor and ran toward the gate.

"Quick, grab him!" the landlord roared as he lobbed the cleaver at Chen Ge. Chen Ge felt something fly past him. Looking at the cleaver that was stuck deep into the grass, he shivered in fear.

If I fall into the hands of these people, they'll definitely kill me!

The apartment's front door swung open then, and the fat man and the woman, who had been waiting on the first floor, gave chase after him, each holding hedge clippers in their hands.

"Bunch of crazies!" Chen Ge ran as fast as he could. He shot like an arrow to the gate. Stepping on the newly changed lock, he climbed up the rusted gate. The apartment building was surrounded by a rather dense forest. In the dark, with no light, he could not even see where he was going. However, with the bunch of homicidal crazies chasing after him, Chen Ge had no choice but to brave the possibility of getting lost and head into the forest.

As he ran through the brush, the ray of flashlights occasionally cut through the darkness, and the cursing of the landlord and the tattooed guy came from behind him. Chen Ge did not even dare turn around; he only had one thought on his mind—escape!

His clothes were torn by the twigs and branches; his body was covered in mud and leaves. After fifteen minutes of full speed running, Chen Ge believed he had finally managed to outrun the landlord's group.

He half-squatted inside a bush and saw the dim light that lit up some place far away. His fingers snuck into the fresh soil, and he gasped greedily for air.

That was way too close! When he was trapped inside the apartment, if he had made one wrong move, he would have died.

Jesus, the difficulty of this Trial Mission is too damn high! The mission dispensed by the black phone liked to toy with his life, and the worst thing was... this was happening to him in real life.

Temporarily shaking off the landlord's group did not mean that he was safe. Chen Ge shrank into the bush, and he was still afraid that when he turned, he would suddenly see the landlord's group behind him with clippers and cleavers.

When his heart rate returned to normal, Chen Ge slowly extricated himself from the bush. The sign of the flashlights had completely disappeared. The forest was quiet; even the birds were not singing.

Which direction is out? Chen Ge had to admit he was completely lost. *Should I hide in here until dawn?*

Chen Ge pulled out his phone and realized the livestream was still going on. The screen had been black for more than one hour already. The chat log was filled with question marks. Even the more experienced viewers had no idea what was going on inside this curious livestream.

He did not waste time to explain himself. He glanced at the time and was about to click open the message that had come from He San when he suddenly heard the sound of leaves crunching coming from behind him.

Chen Ge immediately stuck his phone back into his pocket, lest the light from the screen exposed him. Clutching the mallet tightly, he was so nervous that even his palms were sweating, and he stared in the direction where the sound had come from.

Not long after that, a ray of dim light cut through the darkness.

Just as Chen Ge was about to use his mallet, a familiar voice asked, "Is someone there? Who is it?"

Wang Qi? Didn't he leave the apartment a long ago? Why is he here at the middle of the night? Chen Ge thought to himself. Even though Chen Ge was curious, he understood curiosity killed the cat, so he stayed where he was.

Was I mistaken? Impossible... Wang Qi waved his flashlight around and paced around the area.

I mustn't let him see me; this person's problem is even bigger than the tenants of Ping An Apartments. Chen Ge did not show himself; instead, he retreated further away from Wang Qi.

After moving for a while, Chen Ge realized the hill was becoming steeper. He seemed to have gone the wrong direction and wandered around to the other side of the hill.

After exiting a thick bush, a secluded estate appeared before him. Surrounded by trees sat a very simple looking wooden house. There was a wooden sign tacked to the door, and as he wandered closer, he saw it read: 'Fire is a very dangerous thing in the forest, so be careful when using flames. Saving the environment starts with you, do not litter.'

This looks like a resting house for the forest rangers. He tried pushing the door, and it was not locked. As it creaked open, a weird smell drifted out from within.

What is it? He did not dare turn on the flashlight on his phone, only using the brightness of his screen.

The wooden house was small, but it was filled with various everyday items; it looked more like a landfill site.

Chen Ge sniffed the air and walked toward the source of the weird smell. It was a bed. He flipped the wooden mattress up, and underneath, he saw clothes that had gone moldy.

A hoarder? The discovery was even weirder than he had predicted. All the clothes were for a female, and they appeared worn and unwashed. Chen Ge pulled several articles of clothing out and realized they were of the same size; this meant that they probably all belonged to the same person.

The mud stuck to the clothes hasn't even dried yet, meaning they have been worn recently?

With the Mortician's Make-up skill, Chen Ge had gained a thorough understanding of human anatomy. As he used his fingers to measure the size of the clothes, the image of the female body that was embedded in the wall appeared in his mind.

The size matches perfectly; these clothes probably belonged to the woman inside the wall!

But why would a dead woman's clothes be hidden inside this wooden house? And why had they been worn several days ago?

Chen Ge's heart started to race. He placed the clothes on the floor and realized there were some paper notes stuck to some of them. He picked them up for a closer look and realized they were all filled with proclamations like 'I love you.'

This handwriting... Chen Ge pulled out the notes from the dolls. Under close examination, the two looked ninety percent similar.

The dolls were from five years ago, and these female clothes were obviously dumped here only several weeks ago. There are years apart between them, so why do they share so many similarities?

Same handwriting, same love notes: could the culprit for both cases have been the same person?

Chen Ge picked up the clothes to throw them back under the bed. It was then that a phone with pink case fell from one of the pockets.

A phone?

Chen Ge picked it up. He realized that the phone was on the messages page; whoever was using the phone had been writing a message.

Save me?

A chill ran down Chen Ge's spine. He exited the page and looked through the message history. All of them were the same, and they only had two words—Save me!