

Horrors 231

Chapter 231: I Forgot I Have on Make-up

The three were entangled with one another. This was the first time Chen Ge had happened across something like this in his Haunted House. "Call 911? There's no need. I'll help you myself."

Using his feet to place pressure on Song An's back, he pulled on Xiao Du's arm. "Brace yourself!"

He leaned back to pull Xiao Du out from the mess.

"Ow! Ow!"

After a long time, he finally managed to separate the three of them. Looking at the three who were collapsed on the floor with pale faces, he could not help but sigh. "The physical condition of my recent visitors sure has been weak."

Wearing the doctor's outfit, holding the hammer, Chen Ge got no response from his visitors. For them, this day was going to be forever sealed in their hearts, becoming a 'precious' memory that they would never forget.

"Can you still walk on your own? I'll lead you out." Chen Ge picked up the female mannequin's head and placed it beside her body. Then, he helped the few exit the director's office.

At the entrance of the Haunted House, the visitors were separated into two groups. One group consisted of the real visitors; they were seated at the resting tent, being busybodies. The other group consisted of Tian Teng Medical School's fans; they were anxious to see the result.

"Manager Xu, it has been almost forty minutes, why aren't they out yet?"

"We've received SOS calls! Manager, are you sure nothing will go wrong?"

Uncle Xu stood outside the Haunted House to sell tickets. Surrounding him were four young men and women. If Chen Ge was there, he would definitely have recognized them. These were the other workers from Tian Teng Medical School.

"This... I'm sure it'll be fine." Uncle Xu was covered with sweat. To be honest, he had no idea. The normal visitation time was twenty minutes, and once they went over that time, something bad was bound to happen.

"You've wiped your sweat at least ten times within two minutes. Boss, you're making us worried!" The man who shouted had the surname Lin. He was the dead body who had hidden under the baby crib. Without his make-up, he looked even paler in person.

"Don't worry." He might have said so, but Uncle Xu was more nervous than they were. When Fei Youliang came to visit last time, he had been delayed by eight minutes before he was let out, and he had been sent directly to the hospital. This time, the delay was twenty minutes! This was bad!

Uncle Xu did not dare think of the possible reasons. In fact, he had called the park's medical team ten minutes ago; stretchers were already ready at the resting tent.

“Let’s wait a little longer. Perhaps they’re having too much fun.”

Another minute passed, and the curtain was finally pushed open. A sexy woman ran out of it. There was no color in her face, and her short hair was stuck to her face and her forehead. The moment she saw the light, she crumbled the ground. Her chest rose and fell violently like she had just finished a marathon.

“Someone is out!”

“It’s Ye Xiaoxin!”

“Isn’t she the country’s most professional Haunted House reviewer? How did she end up in this state?”

“This proves that you cannot believe everything on the internet. After all, she wasn’t a professional from Tian Teng Medical School, so it’s understandable that she is this scared.”

Seeing Ye Xiaoxin manage to run out of the Haunted House, Uncle Xu sighed in relief. *Thank God!*

He opened the gate to go to help Ye Xiaoxin when the curtain was opened a second time.

Guo Miao looked so much older. He knocked into the wall before collapsing out of the entrance. There was no life in his eyes. Seeing Ye Xiaoxin on the left, he very instinctively collapsed to the right. Kneeling under the sun, he doubled over like he was about to vomit.

“Boss!”

The other workers from Tian Teng Medical School all rushed forward. Looking at how distressed their boss was, the shock in their heart could not be described. The fans outside the Haunted House were speechless as well.

“It was only a Haunted House visit, right? How come it feels like he went on a roller-coaster?”

Not long after that, the thick curtain was pushed back again. Song An limped in front while Chen Ge followed behind him with the two other visitors. He did not remove his mask, so his appearance caused some in the crowd to scream. Even Uncle Xu was shocked by Chen Ge. He was a coward, so he had never entered Chen Ge’s Haunted House before.

“Nothing serious, they’re just spooked.” Chen Ge dropped Xiao Du and Su Luoluo at the front door. He saw the other workers from Tian Teng Medical School. Before they interrogated him, Chen Ge said, “You’re here in support of Tian Teng Medical School, right? Don’t worry, in ten minutes, I can arrange for you to visit the Haunted House.”

The words that they wanted to say were stuck in their throats.

“If there’s nothing else, I’m going back. There’s still one visitor I haven’t found.”

The workers from Tian Teng Medical School looked at one another. They were all in the same business, and they knew of the surprise accidents, but what exactly did he mean by that last sentence?

Entering the Haunted House again, Chen Ge pulled up the surveillance for the Third Sick Hall to look. Han Qiuming was struggling within the pool of mannequins before being dragged into one of the sickrooms.

Chen Ge returned to Third Sick Hall to find Han Qiuming. Pushing open the wooden door, he found Han Qiuming fainted on the floor. His glasses were hanging on his face, and around him were numerous mannequin parts.

“You guys even helped him find his glasses. Nice job, very polite.”

Chen Ge placed his finger under Han Qiuming’s nose. There was still breathing. He looked okay on the surface, but whether or not he would leave with an emotional scar that would make him scream in the middle of the night while hospitalized like that Fei Youliang, Chen Ge could not tell.

Holding Han Qiuming’s arms, Chen Ge dragged him to the door. When he was moved, Han Qiuming slowly opened his eyes, regaining his consciousness. When he saw he was being dragged by a bloody doctor, he instinctively started to struggle. Chen Ge was not saving him but was pulling him somewhere to get butchered.

“Don’t move, I’m here to help,” Chen Ge told him kindly, but Han Qiuming’s consciousness was fraying. He could not understand Chen Ge and kept mumbling, “Ghost... ghost...”

“What ghost? Are you hallucinating?” Chen Ge did not know what happened to Han Qiuming, but according to his design, even if they triggered all the traps, they should not end up in Han Qiuming’s state.

“How are you a Haunted House designer if you’re so easily scared?” Chen Ge released the man, and Han Qiuming pulled on the mattress on the floor and tried to crawl toward the corner.

“What are you so afraid of? I’m here to lead you out. I’m one of the workers here.”

Han Qiuming refused to listen to Chen Ge. Out of options, Chen Ge grabbed Han Qiuming by his shoulders and removed his skin mask. “Look at me, I’m the Haunted House’s boss.”

Han Qiuming was forced to turn his head to look at Chen Ge. Underneath the skin mask was a face without life.

“Dead, dead, dead people...”

Looking at Han Qiuming who had fainted once more, Chen Ge touched his face and suddenly realized that he had applied the dead people’s make-up before putting on the skin mask.

Chapter 232: Wednesday

Then again, this is not bad. At least I don’t need to explain myself anymore.

Dragging the unconscious Han Qiuming, Chen Ge exited the Haunted House and very naturally headed for the resting tent. “Where are the doctors? This brother here might need a little aid.”

“Chen Ge!” Uncle Xu rushed over in a hurry. He was not surprised when he saw this. He had prepared plenty of emergency rescue kits in the tent outside of Chen Ge’s Haunted House. “The stretcher is at the corner! Stop dragging him! Let him lie down naturally. Make some space, give him some air!”

The park doctor who stood ready quickly ran out to help Han Qiuming. "His physical condition is fine, and there are no obvious wounds. It was not because of physical trauma or sickness that he fainted." The more he inspected, the more curious the doctor became. "The reason of his fainting was probably because he was put under high pressure, continuously causing his brain to shut down. This is the human body's natural self-defense mechanism. He will wake up on his own in a while."

"Doctor Liu, will he end up with some kind of side effects?" Uncle Xu asked worriedly.

"It's hard to say. After all, cases like this aren't common." Doctor Liu peeled Han Qiuming's eyelids back; his pupils were not concentrated, his mouth was agape, and his body temperature was low. "Just what kind of experience did he go through to end up like this?"

When the other workers saw Han Qiuming, they were also scared. "Boss Chen, Mr. Han became like this when he was visiting your Haunted House. You have to give an explanation."

"Actually, I'm also quite curious myself. All of you went to visit the place together, so how come he's the only one who became like this?" Chen Ge shrugged. They moved to Guo Miao and Ye Xiaoxin. "Don't worry, our Haunted House is very experienced dealing with things like this, and there will definitely be a satisfactory explanation."

"Very experienced?" The other workers followed Chen Ge dumbly. For some reason, this Boss Chen's words unsettled them. Ye Xiaoxin and Guo Miao each occupied the left and right side of the stairs, and they were still recovering.

"Boss Guo, Han Qiuming entered the Haunted House with the rest of you. You should be clearest about what happened to him." Chen Ge tossed the question to Guo Miao.

"I have no idea, we were separated." Guo Miao looked at the smile on Chen Ge's face, and his scalp went numb. He grumbled internally, *Why did he end up this way? Shouldn't you know?*

"Then I'll change the question. In which corridor did you get separated, and what was he doing at the time?" Guo Miao did not understand the purpose of Chen Ge's question. Staring at the unconscious Han Qiuming, he did not know what to say. Han Qiuming had gloated proudly that he wanted to ruin Chen Ge's Haunted House, but in the end, he had disappeared two minutes after saying that.

That was the truth, but Guo Miao felt it was embarrassing enough. If he said that before their workers and fans, how was he going to survive in this business in the future? Compared to what Chen Ge did at Tian Teng Medical School, Guo Miao clutched his heart, feeling the pain originating from it.

"Mr. Han might be a Haunted House designer, but he is not that courageous; he was probably spooked by some prop." Guo Miao forced a smile to end this topic as soon as possible.

"Boss, isn't Mr. Han not afraid of anything, not even the curse of the dead?" The female worker called Ah Rui wanted to say something more but was warned off with a dead gaze by Guo Miao.

"We can talk about this when we return."

He pointed surreptitiously at the gathering fans, hoping that she would take the hint.

They helped each other up, and when they looked toward the resting tent, Han Qiuming was already being carried away by the doctor and park workers. The stretcher passed through the crowd, and the

people parted to let him through. The man had fainted, so he did not know anything, but his fainted image with the white foam on his lips was forever seared in everyone's mind.

"My Haunted House's scenarios are delineated into different levels. The Third Sick Hall is a three-star scenario, currently my scariest. Most of you haven't fainted, so that's already very impressive." Chen Ge's voice was not loud, but it was loud enough to be heard by the nearby visitors. "Normally, if you experienced the scenarios one after another, you would be able to get used to the terror, and it would be a lot simpler."

The workers from Tian Teng Medical School had been used as teaching material, and this shamed their fans. Some of them had silently moved into the line, also wanting to experience Chen Ge's Haunted House.

"Some of the props are ruined, and I have half an hour to fix them. In the meantime, you can visit the Minghun scenario." Chen Ge returned to the Third Sick Hall to fix all the mannequins and replaced them in Mu Yang High School. "Stop running about! The doctors and patients can handle the other scenario just fine."

Chen Ge closed the door to Third Sick Hall. Based on how things were going, it would be some time before any of his visitors could challenge this scenario. He continued his work. During the lunch break, Ye Xiaoxin sought out Chen Ge to do an interview, saying that she wished to help Chen Ge promote the place. After answering a few simple questions, Chen Ge sent the girl away and prepared to work the afternoon shift. The Haunted House closed at 6:30 pm. After cleaning the bathroom, Chen Ge lay in the staff breakroom alone.

This is not a bad life, scaring people in the day and counting money, toying with cat at night.

Chen Ge called for a take-out. Before he could even dig in, a phone call pulled him back to reality.

"Captain Yan? You're looking for me?"

"We've checked the surveillance around Hai Ming Apartments, and we didn't find anyone suspicious. I need you to tell me where you got this clue."

When the monster left Wang Shenglong, he had heard weird noises from the corridor. It sounded like someone was walking backwards. Chen Ge suspected at the time that it was due to the patient from Third Sick Hall and so he had called Captain Yan to report it.

He told Captain Yan everything honestly, and after a drawn-out silence, Captain Yan replied, "We have heard about this from one of the neighbors from another case. I hope that you will stay out of this from now on."

"Okay."

"I've also found something related to this ghost stories society." Captain Yan's tone became serious.

"They're very dangerous, and they're related to many cases."

"What kind of cases?" Chen Ge was intrigued.

"Don't ask, I'll explain those that you can know, but for those you cannot know, you will not get me to say anything."

"I understand." Chen Ge did not mind. After all, he had plenty of secrets of his own.

"For the sake of your safety, I'll reveal some information to you. All the cases related to the society happen on Wednesday. This day seems to have some significance to them, but currently, we still don't understand why."

"Wednesday? Meaning I'll need to be careful on every Wednesday?" Chen Ge looked at his phone; it was a Tuesday.

"Take care of yourself."

Hanging up the phone, Chen Ge lost his appetite. He pulled out the flyer from his pocket. Instead of waiting, he preferred to be active in his pursuit.

"What is the purpose of this society?"

When he was thinking, his phone rang again. This time, it was from Inspector Lee.

"Chen Ge, come to Western Jiujiang's police station immediately! We found the killer who forced the girl from Western Jiujiang's Private Academy to commit suicide four years ago!"

Chapter 233: Zhu Xiu

"You've found the killer?" Chen Ge jumped up immediately. "Okay, I'll be there in a minute!"

Chen Ge grabbed his jacket and dashed out of the Haunted House. The first date in his life had been at a haunted school with a Red Specter. There had been no excitement or joy during his first date, but he did familiarize himself with the sad past of a girl. Falling from a high building, lying in the pool of her own blood. Pain had assaulted her from everywhere, but death had taken its sweet time to arrive.

Looking at the killer walking away from the scene, the truth had thus been buried. Her ballet shoes had slowly been dyed red, and the kind girl had morphed into a malicious specter. Zhang Ya had told Chen Ge everything, and the only one who could speak on her behalf was him. Chen Ge took a taxi to the police station.

Ah Yong, who waited outside, recognized Chen Ge at first glance. "Inspector Lee is in the room on the left."

"Thank you."

The office was small, and Inspector Lee was in it alone. "You're finally here, take a seat."

When Chen Ge saw that there was only Inspector Lee in the room, he had a very bad feeling. "Has the killer been confirmed? Didn't you say the pool of suspects still has three people?"

"Nah, it's been confirmed. It's him." Inspector Lee picked up a file from the desk to retrieve a photograph. "The man's name is Zhu Xiu. He was the manager for the equipment room at Western Jiujiang's Private Academy. There was nothing to his name. At the same time, he was the headmaster's youngest son and the ex-husband of the dance teacher, Sun Meijing."

The picture had been taken from a surveillance video. A thin man was captured in the picture. He sat at a roadside stall. Many beer cans crowded the dirty table.

“Are you sure?” Zhang Ya had once replayed the original scene using the mirror in the dance studio. Chen Ge had not gotten a good look of the killer’s face, but he did have a sense of the man’s physical body. The killer in the mirror was large, completely different from the man in the picture.

“Initially, we also only saw him as one of the suspects. Our focus was on the physical education teachers and guest teachers of the Private Academy. When we did our interview, Zhu Xiu’s ex-wife, Sun Meijing, accidentally revealed an important detail to us.”

“What did she say?”

“Her lips were tight and refused to say anything, but we discovered a picture that she had posted online many years ago.” Inspector Lee took out his phone, and it was the picture of a couple that he showed to Chen Ge. The woman looked normal, but she kept her figure tight and fit. The man looked younger than the woman, but he was large. He appeared to weigh about 180 kilograms.

“This man is Zhu Xiu from five years ago.” Comparing the man in the picture and the man in real life, they were completely different. “In five years, Zhu Xiu has lost about 60 kg; this attracted our attention. When we investigated deeper, we discovered that this man has no stable job but has a great spending habit, and most importantly, he appears to be a hoarder.”

Inspector Lee took out another photograph. “After Zhu Xiu’s father passed away, Sun Meijing filed for a divorce. The house went to Sun Meijing, and he has been living inside rental home. We found his landlord, and using ‘fixing an electrical line’ as excuse, we looked around his room. His place was a huge mess and absolutely reeked. There were several pairs of female shoes hidden underneath his bed.”

The last picture was taken in secret, and it captured the situation inside Zhu Xiu’s room.

“His occupation, physical stature, and obsession match perfectly! It is ninety percent certain that he’s the killer!” Chen Ge hissed. This kind of person should be locked behind bars, awaiting the judgement of the law.

“But we only have circumstantial evidence. He had the motive and ability to commit the crime, but that doesn’t prove he’s the killer. We need more concrete evidence.” Inspector Lee rubbed his temple.

“Now, I have good news and bad news—which do you want to listen to first?”

“Bad news,” Chen Ge said.

“Based on the clue you provided, we found that the other girls who were Zhu Xiu’s accomplices in forcing the girl to commit suicide have all mysteriously died. We do not have any living witnesses.”

Chen Ge could not do anything about that. The witnesses whom Inspector Lee wanted had been cursed inside chairs, and one of them had been made into candy and eaten.

“We couldn’t do anything to him without witnesses?”

“No, as long as we have concrete proof, we’ll get a guilty verdict as well. However, this case happened four or five years ago, so all the physical evidence has been ruined. Most importantly, the coroner’s

report states that the girl committed suicide, and there was no sign of a physical altercation before her death.”

“That was because she was forced to jump! The bastard cornered her at the window! This is definitely a murder!” Chen Ge had seen that scene for himself in the mirror.

“That is not for me or you to decide. We need evidence.” Inspector Lee put away all the pictures. “Now, do you want to listen to the good news?”

“Okay.”

“Somehow, Zhu Xiu found out we were onto him. On the second day of our investigation, he disappeared.” Inspector Lee removed the remaining pictures from a document.

“How is that good news?” Chen Ge could not understand. He turned to look at the pictures on the table.

“Refusing to cooperate and obstruction of justice enable us to take more forceful advances like asking for aid from other stations.” Inspector Lee said many things, but they fell on deaf ears. Chen Ge picked up one of the pictures, and his eyes were shaking. “Why is this picture here?”

Inspector Lee glanced at it. “That is the last picture we have of Zhu Xiu. Apparently, he disappeared inside this building.”

“Why would he go there?” Chen Ge narrowed his eyes. The building in the picture was the third building of Fang Hwa Apartments!

“We’re also wondering about that.” Inspector Lee did not know why Chen Ge was acting this way. “After further investigation, we realized that this was not the first time Zhu Xiu visited Fang Hwa Apartments. We pulled the surveillance footage for the most recent three months and realized that Zhu Xiu has visited the third block three times, and interestingly enough, his visits were all at midnight, Tuesday midnight to be exact.”

“How long does he spend there each time?”

“About ten minutes.”

“Can you give me an exact time frame?”

“He would arrive at Tuesday night 11:50 pm and then leave right after midnight. No one knows what he is up to.” Inspector Lee stated his suspicions. “The man seems to know that his sin will be exposed sooner or later and thus is finding an escape route for himself.”

“After the midnight of Tuesday, it would be Wednesday.” Chen Ge placed the picture down. The number three kept appearing. Now, he suspected that Zhu Xiu had received the flyer from the ghost stories society. The man tried to search for the society but had failed so far.

“Fang Hwa Apartments is now the focus of our investigation, but the main city is currently dealing with a big case, and we do not have enough manpower to cover the whole building.” Inspector Lee had his own difficulties. “We might need to wait another few days, but don’t worry. Catching him will be easy, but the difficult part will be collecting enough evidence to charge him.”

"I understand." Chen Ge memorized all the pictures on the table in his mind. "Thank you, Uncle Lee!"

"What are you thanking me for? I'm just doing my job." Years of experience made Inspector Lee realize that something was wrong with Chen Ge's tone.

"Okay, if there's nothing else, I'll be leaving."

"Be careful."

"Don't worry."

After leaving the station, Chen Ge reached his hands into his pocket to pinch at the flyer inside it.

"After today, it'll be Wednesday."

Chapter 234: No One Else

Looking at Chen Ge's back, Inspector Lee felt worried. He called for Ah Yong to come in. "I have something to do tonight, so I'll be leaving now."

"Is it related to Chen Ge?"

"Yes, after his parents disappeared, he has managed to keep a cool head no matter what happened. This is the first time I've seen him react so harshly to something." Inspector Lee placed the file back on his table. "Inform the officers on night shift to not let their guard down. There might be an emergency tonight."

"Okay."

Inspector Lee changed into his casual clothes and left.

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After leaving the police station, Chen Ge called a cab to return to New Century Park. He locked himself up in the staff breakroom. *The killer who forced Zhang Ya to commit suicide should be searching for the ghost stories society as well. He was last seen at the third building of Fang Hwa Apartments. There's a high chance that he has entered the 24th floor and found the society.*

Chen Ge knew nothing about the society, and the flyer he had only introduced the address.

Zhang Ya's death happened many years ago, and too much time has passed since then. Even if the police catch Zhu Xiu, it will be difficult to prove his crime. They'll need concrete evidence. Chen Ge was not a law student and had not done anything related to law, so he was not sure what the punishment would be for a man who forced a girl to commit suicide.

If you make a mistake, you have to face the consequences. Chen Ge took out the flyer. *Perhaps I should let Zhang Ya handle this herself. My mission now is to locate that bastard.*

The blood red door that was half-open caught Chen Ge's attention. This was the society's logo.

Taking the elevator at midnight, repeating at every floor and press the button for the 24th floor will bring me to the ghost stories society.

There were other warnings written at the bottom of the flyer.

“This has to be done at midnight and alone. If other passengers enter the elevator in the middle of the process, you will need to start from the beginning. No matter what you see in the corridors during this process, you cannot step out of the elevator.

“Whether you find the society or not, you have to bring a mask with you. Every member of the society has to hide their real identity, and they are forbidden from revealing their own information or asking about others.

“The last and most important point is, no member is allowed to reveal any information about the ghost stories society, and they cannot let a second person know they’re looking for the society.”

Chen Ge could satisfy all these requirements.

I can go alone, but they didn’t say I can’t bring the undead with me. Chen Ge took the ballpoint pen and the tape with him. He thought about it and still believed it was not enough.

There is too much of a limitation on Xu Yin’s power. He’ll only be useful when the tape is playing, but it’s too inconvenient to carry a tape recorder.

He walked around the Haunted House and decided to carry Xiaoxiao with him.*It’s unclear whether the members of the society are people or ghosts. Carrying Doctor Skull-cracker’s hammer and the cleaver might cause them to be unnecessarily alert.*

But it’s better to be careful.

Chen Ge used a piece of string to tie the cleaver that was covered in red cloth around his calf. He decided to give up on the hammer; that thing was too eye-catching. *That’s everything I can do for now.*

After inspecting all his gadgets, Chen Ge went online to order a thin recorder, but he needed to wait until tomorrow for this order to arrive. Chen Ge took a pen and some paper to jot down everything he needed to pay attention to that night.

At 10:30 pm, his phone finished charging, and Chen Ge left the Haunted House to head for Fang Hwa Apartments.

The night was dark; there was no moon or stars. It was a different world inside and outside the taxi. Chen Ge felt like he was a visitor, passing through a colorful world.

Chen Ge arrived at Fang Hwa Apartments at around 11 pm. His plan had been to sneak through the backdoor, but when he glanced at the security post, his plan changed.

“Gu Feiyu? You’re already back at work?” Chen Ge saw the young man inside the post wearing his security uniform and was surprised. It had only been one or two days since the madwoman captured him, but he was already back at his post.

"Brother Chen, why are you back here?" Gu Feiyu was embarrassed. Facing Chen Ge again, his attitude was completely different.

"Something to do here and came to check up on you." Chen Ge smiled. "How are you recovering? Why don't you take a few days of rest?"

"I came to the city with my uncle. One day of hospitalization costs three days of pay. In fact, it was my uncle and family who helped me pay the medical fees for that night." This shamed Gu Feiyu. "I've been here for a month already. I haven't collected any money but keep creating problems for others."

"That's nice of you to think about them." Chen Ge took out his phone. "I'll be leaving for the third block in a minute, and I have a favor to ask of you."

"Sure, anything you need." Chen Ge had once saved his life, so naturally, Gu Feiyu would not reject.

"Listen closely." Chen Ge changed both of their call alerts to the simplest vibration mode. "If you receive my call after midnight, do not pick it up. If I hang up after it rings three times, I need you to do something very simple for me."

"What is it?"

"Call the police immediately."

Gu Feiyu had more questions but was stopped by Chen Ge. "Just follow my instructions. Remember, do not answer the call, just call the police."

"Understood." Ever since Gu Feiyu was saved by Chen Ge, he had felt that Chen Ge was destined for something big.

After leaving the security post, Chen Ge entered Fang Hwa Apartments and headed for the third building. The building looked so normal on the surface, but it played host to the ghost stories society.

If I run into anyone else during the process, I'll have to start over. If this were any other building, the chance of failure would be very high, but this building is different. According to Wang Xin's adopted mother, none of the tenants use the elevator at night because the place is cursed. Thinking about, the supernatural experiences they had are probably related to the ghost stories society. They probably came across people or 'ghosts' looking for the society.

Chen Ge hid inside the stairwell until 11:30 pm. The floor that the elevator was on had not changed, meaning that the elevator was vacated. Perhaps it was the changing of the day, but as the time moved forward, Chen Ge felt the temperature in the building continue to drop.

The temperature inside the building is even lower than outside. Have all the tenants gotten used to this?

At 11:50 pm, Chen Ge exited the stairwell to walk to the elevator. *I shouldn't run into anyone else now.*

Chapter 235: The Old Lady Outside the Elevator

After entering the elevator, Chen Ge pressed the button for the 23rd floor. The silvery-gray door slowly closed as if separating him from the outside world. Chen Ge's breathing turned ragged. He did not like

taking the elevator—not because he had claustrophobia but because he did not like the feeling of being trapped in an enclosed space.

The elevator's number kept jumping.

Looks like Wang Xin's mother was right; the tenants here rarely take the elevator at night.

The elevator rose quickly, and the number soon hit 23. The chime sounded, and the door opened. The light filtered out from inside the elevator before it was swallowed by the darkness of the corridor. Shut doors lined the corridor on both sides.

Reached the top so quickly?

The 23rd floor did not look so different from the other floors except for the window at the end of the corridor, which was left open, so Chen Ge could hear the howling wind.

It does feel weird taking the elevator alone at night.

After the door closed, Chen Ge pressed the button for the 2nd floor. The elevator descended, and he soon arrived at the second floor.

What is the meaning of this design? Repeating this will really get me to the hidden 24th floor?

The door closed, and Chen Ge went up to the 22nd floor. When the elevator started and stopped, its speed would change, creating a temporary shift in the gravity. This was the reason certain people would feel lightheaded whenever they took the elevator.

Chen Ge had always had a good physical body, but the continuous going up and down for five minutes still made him feel quite uncomfortable. His heart was racing. He was unable to calm down, like something was about to happen. After he repeated this several times, he had a bad feeling in his heart even though he did not know why.

The elevator went from the 18th floor to the 7th floor, and he pressed for it to go to the 17th floor. There were no accidents throughout the whole process, and this instruction given by the ghost stories society felt more like a psychological game.

The elevator continued to rise, and the number kept changing. The elevator slowed down, and the door slowly opened. Chen Ge leaned out to take a look.

There was nothing on the corridor. The tenants appeared to be sleeping, and the place was quiet.

I've been lucky enough to not run into anyone so far. After few more times of time, I should be able to reach the 24th floor.

Chen Ge had gotten used to the process. When he pressed the button, his eyes went to the number. The red number made his arm hang in mid-air.

16?

He swore that he was heading toward the 17th floor. The button for the 17th floor on the elevator control panel was still lit up, but the elevator had stopped mysteriously on the 16th floor.

Someone has called for the elevator on this floor!

He bent down and lowered his right hand to touch the cleaver around his calf. Chen Ge looked around the empty elevator, staying on high alert. The corridor outside was completely dark; he could not see more than ten meters beyond him. The surroundings were quiet.

Could it be a prank?

That idea was immediately rejected by Chen Ge.

Several seconds later, the door slowly closed. Chen Ge looked at the empty elevator, but he didn't dare to let his guard down. They could have been something that he could not see standing near him. He reached into this left pocket. He glanced at the time on his phone—00:01 am. It was already Wednesday.

The elevator continued to move upward and stopped at the 17th floor. Chen Ge leaned against the wall and pressed the button for the eighth floor, but something else happened not long after that.

The elevator stopped on the 11th floor, and after the door opened, Chen Ge saw a white dress hanging in the middle of the corridor.

Something else is getting on the elevator?

There was no wind in the corridor, but the dress kept swaying like it was moving toward the elevator. With one step, Chen Ge reached to press the close door button. The dress swayed even harder like someone running in the corridor.

*Close the f*cking door!*

When the dress was two to three meters away, the door closed, and the elevator continued to descend. Chen Ge collapsed to the corner, and his palms were coated with cold sweat. From that moment onward, this building had changed. The elevator reached the 8th floor safely, and Chen Ge decided to wait on that floor for a while.

According to the flyer's introduction, he should be heading for the 16th floor next, but if the elevator moved to the 16th, it would definitely pass the floor with the white dress. He was afraid that the elevator would open on its own on the 11th floor, the white dress outside waiting.

His finger stopped at the control panel for a long time as he tried to convince himself.

I have the Pen Spirit and Xu Yin with me. If the thing dares to do anything, I have the advantage in numbers.

The elevator rose, and when it reached 11th, Chen Ge's heart skipped a beat. But to his surprise, the elevator did not stop. The number continued to change. Before he could take a breath, however, the elevator stopped at the 13th floor.

Someone else is coming in?

The door slowly opened. There was an old woman wearing dark clothes and a thick scarf standing outside the elevator. She looked very old, the wrinkles on her face like folds. Her hair was completely silver, and her limbs were all covered by her thick clothing.

The old lady did not seem to expect anyone to be inside the elevator and surprise crossed her face.

“Weird...” Her voice was soft. The elevator door closed, and she did not move toward it. “Why are there so many people taking the elevator so late at night? There’s not even enough space for me.”

When Chen Ge heard the old lady, cold sweat broke out on his forehead. It looked like he really did not have the advantage in numbers. *No wonder the Pen Spirit has been acting so calmly. She didn’t even warn me.*

He looked around, but he could only see himself inside the elevator. Thinking back to what the old lady said, Chen Ge’s heart raced even faster.

Something must be wrong somewhere. Even inside the Third Sick Hall, I wasn’t this nervous. Chen Ge tried to calm down, but there was something stuck in his mind, telling him that he was in deep danger.

That old lady is suspicious as well. Wearing all black and a scarf so late at night, is she that cold?

After meeting the old lady, the rest of the trip continued without further incidents. It was just as she said, the elevator was already full, so the people on the outside could not enter it even if they wanted to.

Chapter 236: Four New Members

The elevator finally opened at the 12th floor, the middle floor of the building.

The game is over, but the 24th floor hasn’t appeared.

The elevator opened to a darkened corridor, and Chen Ge stood within the elevator as he took out the ghost stories society’s flyer. *1st floor corresponds to the 23rd floor, and the 2nd floor corresponds to the 22nd floor, but the 12th floor is right in the middle; there’s no corresponding floor.*

Chen Ge thought about it but could not be sure whether he had been successful or not. *Is it because of the old woman? Is that why I failed? Should I try again?*

It was already Wednesday. Standing inside the elevator, looking out, Chen Ge felt unsettled. “There are 24 numbers on the elevator, but there is no button for the 24th floor on the control panel. Is this a mistake by the elevator company, or is there a second meaning?”

Chen Ge would not give up so easily, so he decided to go back up to the top floor. He pressed the button for the 23rd floor, and the elevator started to climb. The number kept changing, and it did not stop.

20, 21, 22...

Chen Ge looked at the number, and when the number changed from 22 to 23, unlike before, the elevator did not slow down. The number deepened like it was bleeding. The enclosed elevator booth suddenly gathered a cold gust, and weird sounds could be heard coming from outside the elevator.

Chen Ge stood in the corner and half-arched his body. His fingers reached toward the cleaver tied to his calf. After about two seconds, the elevator started to slow. When the elevator completely stopped, the number on display lit up.

The 24th floor!

The silvery-gray door opened, and as the two halves parted, a sticky substance that looked suspiciously like blood was stuck to them. A stench surged into the booth like a wave. Covering his lips and nose, Chen Ge was very familiar with this smell. He had smelled something similar when he was at Hai Ming Apartments and the Third Sick Hall.

This smell seems to be unique to the monsters behind the door!

The elevator door opened fully. Chen Ge looked down the corridor, and he started to hesitate. He did not walk out immediately but changed the speed dial on his phone to Gu Feiyu's number. Even though this added an extra procedure to calling the cops, it could prevent the emergency call to the police from exposing his identity.

When he set up everything, Chen Ge removed one other thing from his pocket. Before he arrived, he had also been wondering if he should bring this out of the Haunted House.

There is a requirement on the flyer that since all the members are not allowed to reveal their information, they must wear a mask.

There were plenty of masks inside Chen Ge's Haunted House, but the one he was most comfortable with was the skin mask for Doctor Skull-cracker. *With this, it should be easier for me to join the group of insane people.*

It was understandably unnatural since this was the first time he had put on the mask outside of the Haunted House. However, now was not the time to be concerned about these details.

Exiting the elevator, Chen Ge turned back to look. On the walls beside the elevator door, there were some blood stains and blood prints like people were struggling to crawl toward the elevator but were cruelly pulled back.

The elevator slowly closed, and it did not return after it left.

How am I supposed to leave?

There had to be a way—that was the only thing Chen Ge could think of to console himself. He inspected everything he had before moving down the corridor.

When he was inside the elevator, Chen Ge could hear people's screams, but now that he was outside, he realized that the place was suspiciously quiet. All the doors were locked, and there was no sound coming out from within.

It doesn't seem like there is anyone alive on this floor.

As he moved forward, the light dimmed, and more blood stains appeared on the wall.

Will the society be in one of these rooms?

Chen Ge walked for about ten meters when he came across a door that was open. He sidled carefully toward it. He was about to enter when a person wearing a bird's mask suddenly came out from it.

Chen Ge stopped moving, but the birdman jumped back like he was spooked. Chen Ge did not speak. In this unfamiliar environment, the more he said, the greater the danger he put himself in.

Both were silent. After several breaths, the birdman asked with suspicion, "A new member?"

"Yes." Chen Ge changed his voice to make it sound gravellier and lower.

"But three new members have already arrived today, why is there a fourth one?" Birdman blocked Chen Ge's path. "How did you find this place?"

Chen Ge showed the man the flyer for the ghost stories society. The man glanced at it, and his curiosity deepened. "This is indeed a flyer that we sent out, but how can there be a fourth one?"

He leaned toward Chen Ge until the beak on his mask was almost touching Chen Ge's face.

"You smell nice..." The birdman closed the door behind him and said with uncertainty, "Come with me."

Chen Ge followed with his head lowered. His eyes twitched. When the birdman was closing the door, he tried to glance inside the room. A few wooden boxes sat in the dark room. One of the boxes had not been sealed—an arm was poking out from it. There was a circular hole in the middle of the palm like it had been poked through by a bird's pecking.

Following the birdman, they reached the end of the corridor.

"Go in." He pointed at the door at the end of the corridor.

"Okay."

Chen Ge did not waste time. He opened the door and waited for two seconds to make sure this was not an ambush before walking in. When he saw what was inside, Chen Ge sucked in a cold breath.

The room was bigger than he had expected. There was a long dining table in the middle of the room, and sitting on its sides were ten people with faceless masks and dark robes, five on the left and five on the right. There were three people in casual outfits standing to the side.

Thirteen of them...

In a few seconds, Chen Ge memorized the characteristics of everyone there. *Is it because of the light? How come the five on the left don't have shadows but the five on the right do?*

"Get in, our fourth new member. Good luck." The birdman did not give Chen Ge any chance to run and slammed the door shut.

The sound was loud, and it attracted the attention of everyone in the room. All the masks turned toward Chen Ge.

"Why is there a fourth new member?" The man who sat on the first seat to the right stood up. His voice sounded sharp, and there was a cigarette burn on his exposed pinkie.

“Do not interrupt someone’s story,” the first person on the left said in a faded tone. He sounded disgruntled.

“But how can there be four new members?” The man on the right took his seat back.

“It doesn’t matter. After all, in the end, there’ll only be three people left,” the man on the left said darkly. When he said so, the three new members who stood by the dining table became nervous.

Chapter 237: Tell Me Your Story

Only three will remain...

Chen Ge’s heart chilled. Considering the situation, being abandoned probably meant death.

“Go over there. You still haven’t earned the right to sit with us,” the fifth person on the right said. He was closest to Chen Ge, and he eyed him with interest. “I like your mask.”

Chen Ge ignored him and walked to stand beside the three new members.

“No. 1, continue your story. This time, no one will interrupt you.” The first man on the left seemed to be the backbone of the society; his word was the law.

The new member dubbed No. 1 looked old. He was wearing a black mask that covered his whole face, but it exposed his white hair. His limbs were slender, and he looked weak. His skin was sagging, and old people’s spots could be seen on his exposed arms.

“Then I shall continue the story.” No. 1 coughed. He had a habit of waving his arm around when he spoke, so he gave people a humorous feeling.

“This incident happened at the People’s Hospital. I saw it with my own eyes, so it is definitely real. I am the victim of lung cancer and have been receiving treatment at the hospital. I stayed inside ICU.

“There was an old man who shared the room with me. I have no idea what kind of illness he was suffering from, but I know that he was in deep pain, moving along the boundary of life and death.

“This story starts one week ago at night. He was a light sleeper and would wake up from the slightest sound. That night, I suddenly realized that the old man wasn’t asleep. He had his eyes open, looking in a certain direction in the room.

“I also turned to look, but there was nothing there. I turned on the light to ask him what he was looking at. He said, there was someone standing there.

“When I asked him for the person’s description—what he looked like, what he was wearing—the old man stammered for his answer. Around midnight the next day, I felt that the room was rather cold. When I woke up, I realized that the old man in the bed next to me was looking at me with his eyes bulging.

“I was given the shock of my life. After I turned on the light, the man turned his head to the side. No matter what I asked, he refused to say anything.

"I didn't dare turn the bedside lamp off when I settled down on the third night. The small light gave the comfort I needed to sleep until morning. However, when I woke up, I realized that there were dusty footprints on the bed and mattress, like someone had been standing on my bed the previous night.

"It unhinged me, and I didn't dare fall asleep. I felt like the moment I did, something bad would happen. I only dared sleep in the day and kept myself awake at night.

"Nothing happened on the fourth day, but on the night of the fifth day, I saw something scary.

"The old man stood up from his bed after midnight. He stood on his tiptoes just like this..."

No. 1's arms dangled at his side, mimicking the old man. He stood on his tiptoes and jumped around the room. It looked quite frightening.

"The old man walked around my bed several times. I didn't know what he was doing. His face collapsed within, but his eyes poked out. The wrinkles on his face were folded together. I yelled to wake him up. He returned to his bed, but his eyes kept staring at the door.

"He said that someone was calling his name from the outside, but he didn't know whether he should answer the door or not.

"On the sixth day, after night fell, the old man's conditions worsened. He had troubles and could not speak due to the endless coughs. It felt like something was stuck in his trachea. The doctor performed an emergency operation, and his conditions finally stabilized after 11 pm. However, his face turned paler, like there was a gray mist hanging over his face.

"After midnight, the old man opened his eyes again. He stared at the door, and his mouth kept mumbling something. When it was 1 am, the old man got out of bed and used that weird stance to move out of the room. He has not been seen since then."

When he was done, No. 1 started to cough again. He looked very fragile.

"Fascinating story." The first man on the left nodded.

"Thank you for the compliment." No. 1's laugh sounded like the cawing of a crow; it was grating to the ears.

The people on both sides of the table leaned in to critique No. 1's story. Chen Ge stood at the back silently, making his own judgment. He had realized that something was off when the old man spoke his first sentence.

According to the old man, he had been staying inside the ICU room, but according to Chen Ge's knowledge, most of the ICU rooms in Jiujiang were single rooms, so there should not have been a shared room.

In the beginning, he had thought the old man was lying, but the more he listened, the more he was able to confirm that the old man was telling his own story. He was the ill patient who had run out of the hospital on his tiptoes!

In terms of timeline, it was entirely plausible. No. 1's story started one week ago, and it was on the midnight of the sixth day that he escaped the hospital. That day would be the seventh day.

The ghost stories society requested that every single story shared be real, and none of the people at the table had any objections, so that meant the old man's story was probably real. Chen Ge lowered his head to glance at No. 1's feet out from the corner of his eyes; the man did not seem to have a shadow.

"No. 1's story is very interesting, a good beginning. Now we shall listen to No. 2's story," the first man on the left said, and the other people immediately became quiet.

"It's your turn, No. 2." No. 1 was weirdly excited, and he kept coughing.

No. 2 was wearing a smelly jacket and was wearing a plastic pig's mask that one could buy from roadside stalls. He was almost Chen Ge's height, but he was very thin.

"It was my ex-wife who told me this story, but I can guarantee it is real. She was the dance teacher for a school, and there was an extremely talented girl in her class. Be it from looks, ability, or physicality, she was leaps and bounds ahead of others." No. 2 coughed slightly. "The child was like the real white swan, and in comparison, the other students were nothing more than ugly ducklings.

"The story started several years ago when my ex-wife selected six girls from her class to form a dance troupe to enter the city's dance competition. Out of envy, the five girls grouped up to isolate the most talented student.

"During the competition, the most talented girl practically carried them to victory, but no one invited her for the celebratory party.

"To prepare for the provincial competition, the six of them started to train during summer break, and the real conflict exploded then."

Chapter 238: Found You!

"The brighter the girl shone, the more envious the other girls became. The truth was, even if she did not do anything, others ostracized her. Sometimes, being loved by God was not necessarily a good thing. After all, most of us are demons.

"Of the five girls, one of them was in love, and what happened next could not have been more common. She wrote a love letter for her confession, but the boy did not like her at all. In fact, he only approached her because he wanted to know more about the other girl.

"After she discovered everything, envy and shame pushed her into a crazy decision. She found the worker who managed the equipment, and they came up with plan to ruin that girl.

"As the date drew closer to the competition, the six girls went to the dance studio to practice every afternoon. Because it was summer break, the school was vacant. The other girls played nice with the girl, and in her innocence, the girl really thought that they wanted to be her friend.

"She volunteered to take on many chores and even made homemade candy to give her 'friends'.

"However, she should have known it was all a trap. It was her 'friends' who pushed her into the depths of hell."

No. 2 was still telling his story, but Chen Ge's fingers were already clenched. *Found you!*

The killer was telling his story of sin to everyone there, and there was no regret in his voice.

Zhang Ya... Chen Ge called in his heart. Knowing the whole story added a different emotion in Chen Ge's heart. It was heartache. The color of his shadow changed, but Zhang Ya did not appear. Perhaps she had eaten too many ghosts at Third Sick Hall and was still digesting them.

As if knowing something was up, No. 2 glanced at Chen Ge.

"The girl called for her 'friends' to help, but instead of coming to help her, one of them took out a love letter from her backpack. It had been written by the boy she loved, but the recipient was not her.

"The cornered girl looked at the window behind her. She fell from the fourth floor, and blood blossomed around her. Even then, she was beautiful.

"She was still alive. She could not make a single noise, and her eyes were open, staring at her 'friends' who abandoned her.

"Her white ballet dress was dyed blood red. No one knew her exact time of death, and her body wasn't discovered until the next day."

With every single sentence, the blood lines in Chen Ge's shadow deepened slightly. After consuming two thin monsters and a large part of the Red Specter that was the old director, something seemed to have changed within Zhang Ya. Chen Ge had no way of summoning Zhang Ya. Zhang Ya had aided him thrice, but every time, she had appeared of her own volition.

"Other than the wounds from the fall, there were no other injuries on the girl's body. With the testimonies from the ugly ducklings, her case was deemed a suicide."

No. 2 could keep his calmness initially, but as he talked, his breathing started to get ragged, and he kept looking at Chen Ge. He seemed to have noticed something, and he sped up to tell the ending of the five girls. They would receive unknown love letters written in blood at night, and the girl who received it would die a week later due to unknown reasons. Coincidentally enough, all of them had ended up in a chair.

"The school rumor says that it's a cursed musical chair game, but the truth is the girl has returned as a specter and has been roaming the dance studio."

No. 2 took a step back. "That's the end."

"The plot is not bad, but your pacing is all over the place. In the future, you will have to learn how to tell a good story from others." The man on the right yawned before turning to the other side of the table. "What do you guys think?"

"At least it's interesting, unlike the new member from last week." The first man on the left tapped his finger on the table, his eyes shining coldly. The man on the right laughed before adding, "Since he has passed, it's No. 3's turn."

"Wait a minute," the man on the left said. His gaze slowly moved away from No. 2 toward Chen Ge. "No. 2, No. 4, do you two know each other?"

Chen Ge had not expected the man to be so astute. Zhang Ya did not give him any response, so he could only try to drag things out.

"No, we don't know each other," No. 2 said. He also was surprised that his slight tell had been caught by the man.

"Since you don't know him, why did you keep looking at him both consciously and unconsciously when you told your story?"

After the man said that, all the masks seated at the table turned to look at No. 2 and Chen Ge. Gazes that were sharp as knife penetrated them.

The atmosphere in the room tensed. Chen Ge kept calling for Zhang Ya in his heart, but there was no reply. However, the blood lines in his shadow did turn redder. In comparison, No. 2 was more honest. "He makes me feel uncomfortable. There's a voice in my head telling me this person is dangerous."

"Dangerous?" The masks focused on Chen Ge. "A dangerous new member?"

"Is it because of his mask?" asked the person who had expressed an interest in Chen Ge's mask earlier. Holding his chin, he seemed to be admiring Chen Ge's mask. "It is indeed a work of art. One day, it'll be mine."

The man did technically help take the focus away from Chen Ge. The first man on the left did not press. He shrugged and said, "No. 3, let us hear your story."

Of the four new members, only No. 3 was a woman. Her height and weight were average.

"My surname is Zhong, and I work at a chemical plant." The woman touched the homemade mask on her face, and her first sentence made everyone frown.

"Miss Zhong, for the sake of your safety, please do not reveal any private information," the man on the right warned, but the woman did not seem to mind it.

"The story I wish to tell is related to my wife." The woman's voice was soothing like the chirping of a bird. "She was four years younger than me and was a DJ for a midnight radio show.

"Her time slot was between midnight and 2 am, so she would return home late every night. When we first got married, I would wait for her to come home so that we could fall asleep together, but since I had work early each morning, I only managed this for a while.

"I would make dinner for two of us and left her a note, telling her to warm it up when she returned home.

"Initially, it was still fine, but starting from one night, my wife stopped touching the food left on the table. When I woke up the next morning, the food looked untouched, but the cooking utensils in the kitchen showed signs of use.

"My wife seemed to be cooking in the dark."

Chapter 239: My Turn?

“Initially, I thought it was because my cooking was not to her taste, so I didn’t mind it that much. However, I soon realized that things were different. One late night, I woke up from my sleep due to a sound coming from the kitchen. I climbed out of bed silently.

“The house was dark, so I assumed it was a thief. When I got close, I realized that the person looked like my wife. She picked up a large piece of meat from a plastic bag and held a cleaver in her other hand.

“Cleaving meat would create a loud sound. Probably afraid of waking me, she only cut the meat’s surface open, seasoned it, and then placed it whole inside the pot.

“Making stew? My wife was making stew in the middle of the night? Perhaps she was preparing for tomorrow’s breakfast and lunch. I loved my wife. Even though I thought it was weird, I didn’t disturb her. I returned to our room and observed her through the open door.

“It was 3 am when the stew was ready. She looked behind her. She saw that the bedroom door was open and I was sleeping in bed. As if not willing for me to see her, she closed the kitchen door.

“Then I heard the sound of chomping. About twenty minutes later, my wife came out of the kitchen holding a large black garbage bag. For some reason, I was scared when I saw her.

“Her stomach was slightly bloated, and there were oil stains on her face. She had a satisfied smile. After tossing the garbage bag away, she went to take a bath to wash the odor away from her body. Finally, she lay down beside me like usual.

“The person sleeping next to me had this habit. From that day onwards, I realized that I did not know her at all. I was awake the whole night. I got out from bed in the morning, preparing to go to work. My wife was still sleeping soundly.

“She looked just like Sleeping Beauty. It made me want to kiss her, but the things that had happened in the kitchen the previous night stopped me.

“I looked at her stomach; it was no longer that bloated. Everything that had happened the previous night was just like a dream. I put on my clothes and headed downstairs. The rubbish bin had been cleaned, and the black garbage bag from last night was gone.

“The same thing happened again the next night. She seemed to have fallen ill with some kind of meat-eating compulsion. I spent the night awake, observing her. I waited until 4 am, and my wife had fallen asleep. Then I put on my clothes and headed out.

“I rummaged through the pile of rubbish and finally found the black garbage bag. It was filled with bones with teeth marks on them. It looked like a chicken. My wife had managed to consume a whole chicken on her own. I suddenly realized that I did not know her at all.

“A new day arrived, but she was still so weird. I also made it a habit to rummage through her rubbish every night. The more I saw, the more chilled my heart became.

“My wife seemed to be trying different meat, from the initial chicken and fish to bags that I found attached with the fur of cats and dogs.

"I was an animal lover, and it was that day that I knew I have to talk to her. She must have fallen ill, or maybe a demon had moved into her stomach. No one would allow the person sleeping beside them to do something like this.

"I confronted her. Initially, she denied it, but when I offered the garbage bags as evidence, she knew that she was cornered. She told me that she could not control herself. She would get unreasonably hungry at night, but other than that, she was just like a normal person.

"She said that she would take good care of me and love me, but who would be willing to sleep with a crazy person?

"After much consideration, I decided to opt for a divorce, to end the marriage as soon as possible. My wife begged me to stay, and I really did still love her, but her actions worried me deeply.

"I left her and moved out to live alone. My wife still loved me. She would call me and message me daily, trying to get me back. To be honest, other than that quirk, she was perfect, kind and fair, pretty and gentle.

"Slowly, guilt formed in my heart. About one month later, I received a call from a stranger. He said that he was the police. He suspected that my wife was related to a missing person case at the radio station. He asked me some questions and told me to be careful.

"I was glad that I had left my wife. If I had been several days too late, the person missing would be me. I returned to my rental home, and after reheating the food that had gone cold, I swallowed it quickly.

"After I was done, I swore that I was hallucinating. I saw my wife crawl out from underneath the bed.

"She looked at me with a smile and said I was still the same. Even after so long, I still had not changed the habit of not wasting leftovers.

"I didn't know how she got into my home, but I did know that I wouldn't be able to leave her again; I would be a part of her forever."

The woman's story ended there, and No. 2 and Chen Ge subconsciously moved away from her. The woman had told the story from the husband's perspective, but according to her storyline, the husband was probably dead by now.

Therefore, the only living person who would know all this should be the wife. The wife's job was a DJ, and the woman had a beautiful voice. Furthermore, the story kept beautifying the wife.

From these details, it was apparent that No. 3 was the crazy woman who liked to eat meat in the story.

"I haven't heard such a wonderful story in a long time." The man on the left clapped lightly. His eyes that landed on the woman looked slightly invasive. "The stories of all three new members are so interesting. It'll be so hard to choose."

Then, he raised his head to look at Chen Ge. The eyes underneath the mask locked on Chen Ge's face. "No. 4, it's your turn now."

"It's finally my turn?" Chen Ge was thinking many questions. No. 3 beside him had a very recognizable voice. Based on her voice alone, Chen Ge confirmed her identity. No. 3 was a late-night DJ for Jiujiang's radio station. Her name was Lychee, and Chen Ge had even heard her show before.

Everyone anticipated Chen Ge's story. After all, he was the fourth new member that should not have been there. Chen Ge stood in the corner of the room, and no one could see the blood twisting in his shadow. The blood vessels were like needles and threads, slowly knitting a bright red dress.

"I have many stories. Let me think, which shall I share?"

Chapter 240: Real Stories

"No. 4, before you start your story, I must warn you." The first man on the right turned to look at Chen Ge. "The story you tell must be real. We have our own detection method, and if you're fabricating a lie, there'll be an appropriate punishment."

"I know the rules."

"Then begin."

Chen Ge thought about it and prepared to tell his first story. "This is a real story that happened to my friend. His surname was Wang, and he loved his wife very much, but his wife mysteriously disappeared several months ago.

"He reported it to the police and looked for his wife all over the city, leaving missing person reports at every corner he went. Everyone pitied him, and the investigating police also realized that he really loved his wife to the stage of pampering her, so they understood his actions.

"However, there is no such thing as a real fairytale in this world. After half a year of searching, his wife had still not been found. The police had already given up, but he did not. This became his only drive to live. He left home very early every morning with the missing person notices and only returned home late at night.

"He repeated this day in and day out until, one day, his hard work was rewarded. He suddenly received a message from his wife.

"Save me...

"It was sent from his wife's phone. It was short, but it sent endless terror in his heart!

"He was hiding a secret that he had not told anyone. Actually, he was responsible for his wife's disappearance. He had killed his wife and hidden her body. The endless search was to drain himself, to lighten the guilt he felt toward his wife. However, he didn't expect his dead wife to message him from beyond the grave.

"He hurriedly removed his wife's body from the hidden compartment in his house and drove to the countryside to bury her. He thought that was the end of the story, but scarier things happened.

"Whenever he woke up from his dream, his wife's clothes would appear in the bed beside him like his wife had returned in the night!

"But how could the person he buried return in the night?

"He woke up and returned to the countryside with his tools to move his wife deeper into the woods. However, no matter what he did, he would wake up to find his wife's stuff appearing around him. It was as if his wife had come back from the grave and would return to him after he fell asleep.

"He was increasingly scared, and his phone kept getting messages from his wife. However, he didn't have any recollection of receiving them. The only explanation was that they were sent after he fell asleep.

"Things only got worse from there. Sometimes when he woke up, he would discover he was wearing the clothes his wife died in. He was on the verge of collapse, and he knew the problem was with his wife. So, he returned to her grave to move her one last time.

"To prevent her from coming back again, he came up with a crazy idea—he was going to seal his wife inside the wall of an old apartment building.

"Seeing his wife merge into the wall, he sighed in the relief. This time, there was no way his wife was coming back." Chen Ge stopped abruptly. "That's the end of the story."

"That's it?" The two at the table were deep in the story. "Then what happened next? What happened to your friend?"

Chen Ge was telling Wang Qi's story. He wanted to say, *That 'friend' met me and is now rotting in jail.*

"Your story isn't finished, right?" the first man on the left said with annoyance.

"That's all I know. If I continue, it would be a lie." Chen Ge changed his voice to sound old. The first man on the left shared a look with the rest at the table, and they all turned to the fifth person on the left. The person was swallowed up by the black robe. Not one inch of skin was revealed.

Feeling everyone's gaze, the person spoke. "I cannot get a clear reading, but his story should be real."

"Not a bad story, but I don't like this feeling." The first man on the left placed his left hand on the table—that looked like how they voted. Of the other nine, eight placed their left hand on the table. Only the man who showed interest in Chen Ge's mask did not move.

"One forfeit and nine in agreement. Looks like our main course for tonight has been decided." The man on the left chuckled wickedly. The rest also looked at Chen Ge with viciousness.

Chen Ge tried calling Zhang Ya, but there was no response. He knew that if he did not do something, he was going to be in grave danger.

"Don't be so hasty. This is just my first story." Chen Ge was very calm. The mask on his face revealed a twisted smile. "Like I said, I have many stories."

Initially, the other new members had sighed in relief, but they got tense again.

"Many stories?" The man who had interest in his mask studied Chen Ge. "The rules of the ghost stories society state that if you finish three completely real ghost stories that are approved, you can make a demand or choose to leave the society. So, if you can tell me another two real ghost stories, we might develop a different opinion of you."

His statement was approved by the rest. Only the first man on the right hesitated. "No. 10, you seem to value this new member a lot."

"I just feel he is very interesting."

The black robed individuals seated at the table had their own numbers; they never referred to each other by name, not even nicknames.

"Real ghost stories aren't so easily made. Normal person come across them once or twice and would have a mental breakdown already." The man on the left retrieved his left hand from the table.

"Hopefully, he won't be dumb enough to tell lies."

Chen Ge did not interrupt their exchanges. After all, he was trying to drag out the time.

"Tell us the rest of your stories."

"My second story is another real story that happened to my friend."

Chen Ge first told about how Fan Yu saw his parents fall into the well and how he lived in the house with his murderous aunt and house filled with ghosts. Then Chen Ge told the story about the Pen Spirit and the girl with depression. He realized that Zhang Ya had not awoken yet, so he also relayed the story about Men Nan's washing hair at night and the encroaching monster in his dream.

Finally, he stood at Xu Yin's perspective and told his bloody love story.

All his stories were real. When he was done, all the members were speechless. Just what kind of life he had lived?

His 'friends' were either sick or mad, and they would die every few years, but this fella was still alive and went there to share his story. Could it be that he was the real culprit behind all these stories?