

## Horrors 251

### Chapter 251: Black Package

While waiting for the traffic light to turn green, the taxi driver took out his phone to look at the message in the chatgroup. He had just dropped Chen Ge at Huai Hua Street and listened to a series of ghost stories along the way, so his heart was quivering with fear.

"The car is fitted with a driving record, triangulation system, and security rails, so everything should be fine," the driver said loud enough for the passenger at the back to hear when he replied in the chatgroup.

"Things are rather chaotic at night for the past few days, so you be careful."

"Okay."

The light turned green, and the driver put his phone aside to continue driving the car. The scenery on the side flashed by, and the number of cars on the road dwindled. The driver snuck a look at the passenger in the back. The person could not be considered tall, and he was wearing a black jacket on top of a faded red t-shirt.

The person had jumped into his car in a hurry and had not said anything after giving the address. The weirdest thing was that he did not remove his jacket or his hood even when he was inside the taxi. Due to the angle, the driver could only see half of his face.

"Brother, we have some unspoken rules among us late night taxi drivers—we normally wouldn't go to those kinds of places." Out of fear, the driver started to ramble. "But since you're already in my car, of course, I won't kick you out. However, I can only drop you close to the address, and you'll need to walk the remaining hundred or two hundred meters, is that okay with you?"

He had acted similarly when he drove Chen Ge for the first time. He had a small heart. Before they arrived at the destination, he had started planning his retreat route. He was going to turn and leave once the passenger left his car.

"No, I just want to go and grab something. My house is back at the city." The man raised his head, and his voice did sound normal. "If you leave, it means that I'll be stranded at the crematorium. How do you expect me to get back to the city? Will taxis come to the crematorium at night?"

Driver Zhang thought about it, and he had to concede to his passenger's point.

"If you drive me there and then drive me back, that'll earn you two rounds of payment; won't you earn more compared to driving back with an empty car?"

Ol' Zhang was slowly convinced by the passenger. Indeed, why should he give up on the extra money?

If this was before driving Chen Ge, he would have agreed readily, but now, he was a lot more cautious.

"That sounds doable, but I'll wait for you at the end of the road, and you come to find me after you retrieve your stuff."

"Sure, as long as you don't mind the wait." The male passenger placed his hands into his pockets, and he looked like a permissible man.

*Other than his insistence to keep his hood on, this man sounds perfectly normal... at least much more normal than the dude who went for a date at an abandoned school,* Ol' Zhang grumbled internally. There were so many late-night taxis at Jiujiang; how come he kept running into these weird passengers?

He had run into the same mental patient twice already, which was already rare enough, so it should have been time for his luck to turn already. Ol' Zhang tried his best to console himself, but his hands that gripped the steering wheel still sweated.

He drove fast and reached the vicinity of the crematorium that was situated at the outskirts in ten minutes. The people started to disappear, and the neon lights of shop signs could not be seen anymore. Only Ol' Zhang's taxi sped down the lonely road.

"We're about there."

Ol' Zhang kept glancing at the passenger in the back. The man sat patiently and had not moved throughout the journey.

"Please move slightly forward. Don't need to drop me at the door, just a little bit forward," the passenger in the back said. His voice sounded weirdly raspy, like he was taking in his breaths while speaking.

There was no light in the surrounding hundred meters, and the place was eerily quiet. The taxi moved slowly on the road like a moving black coffin.

"You can stop here." The night breeze slipped in to the slightly ajar window, and Ol' Zhang's hands that held the steering wheel were shaking.

"Okay, give me two minutes."

"Wait, the fare!"

"I'll come back to pay you," the passenger said lightly. There was something different about his voice.

"You..." Ol' Zhang thought about getting out of the car to reason with the man; he was afraid that the passenger might escape from his payment. However, the thought of leaving the car was too much for him. *Jesus, who would come to the crematorium at midnight? Does he work here or something?*

Ol' Zhang looked at the time—it was 11.56 pm.

*Keep running into these weird customers who want to come to these places. The only good thing is that I don't need to worry about traffic.*

He looked at the man who ran away. He thought that the man's movement was rather awkward, like he was not used to walking. The passenger entered the crematorium through the side door. Ol' Zhang sat alone in the taxi. He closed the windows, and the enclosed space gave him the security that he needed.

*He's taking too long.* Ol' Zhang was unsettled after ten seconds. *Is he cheating me? Will he not come out again?*

He thought about it, and his expression slowly changed. He realized something horrible. *The passenger who went to Huai Hua Street didn't pay his fare either!*

When Chen Ge was fifty meters away from Huai Hua Street, Ol' Zhang had already urged him to get out and refused to move forward anymore. When Chen Ge got out and wanted to pay him, Ol' Zhang's taxi had already left.

He tapped himself lightly on his face. Ol' Zhang grumbled internally, *Started work an hour ago but earned nothing, even got to pay for the fuel. Oh well, as long as I do not run into him again, those few notes are nothing.*

Ol' Zhang was flustered. He turned on the radio to distract himself, but it only made him more nervous. Outside the car was the crematorium. It was completely dark and silent. The sound inside the car only made him feel like he was being watched. Before the song finished, he switched it off and gripped the steering wheel as he looked around.

*Why isn't he back yet?*

It was one minute to midnight. Ol' Zhang had a bad feeling; he felt like something bad would happen. He picked up the torn talisman, mumbled a few prayers, and shoved it back into his shirt.

In a pure coincidence, when he lowered his head to pick up the talisman, his eyes swept the backseat. To ensure comfort, Ol' Zhang had placed a cushion on the back, and there was an inconspicuous blood stain on the white cushion.

*Was this there before? I was sure this wasn't there when I started the trip tonight.*

Ol' Zhang turned to look behind him, and he was suddenly reminded of his passenger's weird outfit. There was a faded red t-shirt under his jacket.

*The red on that shirt wasn't even, could that be...*

Bang! Bang bang!

Someone knocked on his car window. The passenger had returned from the crematorium and was holding a package wrapped in black cloth in his hands. Ol' Zhang was scared and quickly pulled his gaze back.

"Found the thing, let's go back to the city." The passenger's tone was completely different from before. Something had changed.

Ol' Zhang glanced at the black package that the passenger was holding via the rear-view window. His rubbed his palms on his shirt—they were completely drenched with sweat.

## **Chapter 252: Not Human**

When the passenger got back into the car, it was exactly midnight. He hugged the black package and kept his head hidden under the hood of his jacket. The color of his shirt seemed to have become deeper. Ol' Zhang forced himself to not look at the mirror, but his gaze kept wandering toward it.

"How come it feels like a different person has returned," Ol' Zhang muttered softly to himself as he clicked the warning page on his phone open.

"Going back to Huai Hua Street?"

"Yes."

"Do you live there? There are normally elders who live at Jiujiang's old streets, so it's rare for someone your age to reside there."

"No, I'm not staying there." The passenger's tone was weird. He answered with short phrases, and they sounded dark.

"Listening to your accent, are you a Jiujiang local? Lately, it has been rather unpeaceful at night, so I'd suggest you go home instead of running about." Ol' Zhang did not want to return to that damn street; he was afraid of running into yet another weird customer. "Where is your home? How about I just drive you home?"

"My home?" The passenger lowered his head even more to focus on the black package on his lap and did not add anything else. Since the man did not elaborate, Ol' Zhang was too embarrassed to press. He turned the taxi around, back toward the city.

The atmosphere got even more depressed after the car started moving. Sitting inside the same space with the passenger, Ol' Zhang felt weirdly congested. He opened the car windows. As the night breeze entered the taxi, Ol' Zhang felt more refreshed. He turned to look at the passenger.

No matter how the car bounced about, the passenger kept his upper body in the same fixed position. The man had probably been in a hurry earlier because the t-shirt looked wrinkled, like he did not have time to change it. The uppermost buttons were undone, and there was an inconspicuous strangulation mark.

*Was he assaulted inside the crematorium? Wait, those looks like marks left behind from a hanging!*

Ol' Zhang was even more nervous. Half of his attention was focused on the passenger; he was afraid that something might happen once he pulled his gaze away.

His pupils shook, and Ol' Zhang's heart was racing. He was worried that his action would be discovered, but he was even more worried that the passenger might do something insane. He stepped on the gas because that was the best solution. As long as he got back to the city with crowds around, he should be safe.

The car windows were open. The wind blew into the car, and Ol' Zhang kept his gaze on the backseat. The passenger seemed to be frozen, but the black cloth around the item on his lap lifted up at a corner. The cloth slid away to reveal the package's real identity.

His blood rushed to the brain, and Ol' Zhang's heart raced. It was a ceremonial urn! The thing that the man had taken from the crematorium was an urn!

His arms started to shake, and his fingers curled inward like he was suffering from an involuntary spasm. A chill climbed his spine.

The passenger did not seem to notice that the urn had been revealed. The taxi continued to fly down the road. With the wind doing its work, the other half of the cloth had been lifted off as well.

Now, Ol' Zhang had a closer look. The black cloth was holding a black urn, and there was a picture on top of the urn. The driver slowed down as he turned his focus on the picture. He could not get a good look, but the chin and lips of the man in the picture had similarities to those of the passenger inside the car.

*He went to the crematorium to retrieve his own urn in the middle of the night?*

Ol' Zhang did not dare to finish his thought. His body was shaking. He kept one hand on the steering wheel while his other sought out his phone to call the police. However, when his hand touched the phone, he glanced behind out of habit, and a pair of bloodshot eyes were looking back at him!

The passenger, who had kept his head lowered, had raised his face—a face that was similar to the picture on the urn, just a little bit whiter. Ol' Zhang's skin crawled. Thanks to his years of driving experience, he managed to keep hold of the car or else they would have been in an accident already.

The taxi continued to move. They would enter the city in the next few minutes, but Ol' Zhang's situation was getting worse. The passenger kept his eyes on the rear-view mirror, so whenever Ol' Zhang tried to look in the mirror, a pair of eyes would be staring at him.

The breeze had blown the black cloth away, so the passenger sat in the back, completely unmoving, holding his own urn in his lap.

"What is he thinking?"

There were no other cars on the road, and Ol' Zhang's heart was burning. He had an illusion that he was driving the wrong way. This was not the road heading to the city but deeper into the countryside.

"What should I do?" He had called the police and sent out a SOS message in the chatgroup, but there was no one around to help him. Whenever he raised his eyes to the mirror, Ol' Zhang felt as if the eyes had gotten closer to him.

He gripped the steering wheel tightly as the temperature in the car dropped. He was leaning against the chair, but it did not feel soft at all.

His phone that he had dropped to the side started to vibrate. Someone was calling him, but Ol' Zhang did not dare answer.

"Hey." The passenger suddenly spoke, and it caused Ol' Zhang to shiver.

Two seconds later, he said, "Y... Yes?"

"Someone is calling you."

Ol' Zhang looked at his phone. The app to call the police with one touch had disappeared, and in its place was an unknown number calling in. The call was hung up soon enough, like the person on the other end of the phone also realized that something was wrong.

"Just ignore it. We can't talk on the phone while driving anyway." Ol' Zhang laughed drily.

Then he glanced at the phone again—a message had come in.

“Quickly stop your car! Run down the road as fast as you can! It’s not a human being sitting at the back of your car!”

The message showed on the screen for several seconds. Ol’ Zhang saw it, and the passenger at the back also saw it. “My friend, always a joker.”

Ol’ Zhang picked up the phone to place it beside the steering wheel. He was about to say something, but when he raised his head to the rear-view mirror, he was shocked to realize the passenger had his face stuck to the partition between them!

There was an inexplicable smile on the passenger’s face.

“There’s no need to deny it. I’m sure you’ve noticed it already.” The hood of the jacket fell off. The passenger’s neck slowly moved, and there was another face growing on the back of his head.

“Technically, he is still human, but I’m not.” This sentence was said by the face on the back.

Ol’ Zhang had forgotten what he should do. His mind was blank. He remembered stepping on the brake. The taxi stopped several meters later. He ran out of the taxi, screaming.

The passenger also got out. He turned away from Ol’ Zhang, and an ugly smile appeared on the face behind his head.

“There’s nowhere to run. This body has been targeted by a madman, so I need a new partner.”

The passenger faced away from Ol’ Zhang, and like a puppet pulled along by a string, he chased after Ol’ Zhang, running backwards.

### **Chapter 253: A Hammer to the Face**

“Help!”

It was the middle of the night, and they were in the countryside, so there were no cars on the road. Ol’ Zhang remembered the last message that he had seen before he jumped out of the car. He did not run into the forest by the road but ran down the middle of the road. The wind gathered in his ears, and after several meters, Ol’ Zhang realized that there were no running footsteps coming from behind him, so he turned to look.

“You won’t be able to run!” The face that grew on the back of the head had become severely twisted like it was trying to crawl out of the passenger’s head. The passenger was only half a meter away from Ol’ Zhang.

*It wants to drill into my head.*

Ol’ Zhang didn’t know why he would have that thought, but he knew that he needed to focus on escaping. He did not dare turn back to look again. However, certain things would not just disappear simply because one did not look at them.

There was a needling pain coming from the back of his head, like a sharp knife was slowly poking into it.

"Help!" he screamed, but the only reply was silence. His neck turned cold, and he did not even have the energy to turn back to look. His speed slowed down, and the oxygen in his lungs ran dry. He could not run anymore.

"You'll get used to it." An eerie smile came from the back of his head. Ol' Zhang forced himself to move forward. The road was lined on both sides by woods, and since there was nothing but a crematorium in front, people would not normally use this road at night.

His head felt like it was being peeled open. The pain was insufferable. Ol' Zhang's eyes rolled upwards as he started to faint.

"So painful!"

That was the only thought in his mind. That and... *Will I become a monster with a face on the back of my head when I wake up?*

A chilliness entered his brain, and his memory was muddled. Ol' Zhang reached his limits and collapsed to the floor. There was a chill on his back like a venomous snake was slithering on it. There was nothing he could do to stop it. The pain on the back of his head grew intense. Ol' Zhang wanted to scream, but he had lost his voice. He shook his head, trying to shake the thing off, but it was pointless.

"So painful..."

He did not make any noise, but there was a sound that entered his ear. "Was that me who was talking?"

Ol' Zhang's consciousness was fraying as he turned toward the noise. The only source of light in the dark was car headlights. The trees on the side rustled. Something was coming down the road.

"So painful, so painful!"

The sound continued to speak. Ol' Zhang's face was white as ash when he realized the sound did not come from his lips.

*Another monster is coming?*

Ol' Zhang tried to keep his eyes open. All he wanted to do was earn a living for his family; he did not expect something like this to happen to him.

*Will someone operate on my body to investigate after I die?*

Weird thoughts appeared in his mind. The chilliness on his back started to dissipate, but the pain on the back of his head did not decrease. Hearing that voice, the passenger also sensed danger, and he started to increase in pace.

*How come the monster feels like it is afraid?*

Before his eyes closed, Ol' Zhang saw a taxi coming his way. He wanted to warn the man about the danger, but his lips would not move. The car door flew open, and the mental patient he had seen several times exited with his backpack.

*Why is he here?*

The mental patient dropped the backpack on the ground and he pulled out a creepy looking hammer from it before dashing at Ol' Zhang.

*Looks like I'm definitely going to die this time.*

Despair swallowed up Ol' Zhang, and the precious memories of his life started to play. When the man was about two meters away from him, he raised the hammer and aimed at the back of Ol' Zhang's head!

BANG!

The pain disappeared instantly. Something that looked like a person tumbled backwards and rolled on the road. The sound of skull cracking resounded in his ears, and his sight was covered by a screen of red. Ol' Zhang turned his head with difficulty. When he saw the mangled body of his passenger, he could no longer hold the fear within his heart. The terror gripped his mind, and he fainted fully.

"Don't be afraid!" Chen Ge gasped for air. He arrived just in time. Ol' Zhang had fainted, so he naturally did not hear him. The other driver also got out from the car then. When he saw the fainted Ol' Zhang, he screamed.

"Ol' Zhang! Ol' Zhang, wake up!" The peace of the night was shattering. When the passenger saw Chen Ge, he quickly climbed up from the floor and ran into the woods.

"Call the police immediately! Tell them the culprit is an escaped patient from the Third Sick Hall!"

After giving that order, Chen Ge followed the man into the forest. The passenger ran, and Chen Ge chased. Both of their speeds were affected by the woody terrain.

They continued this for several minutes before the passenger's physique started to weaken. His body tumbled left and right. Half of his shoulder had been shattered from the hit earlier, and his step seemed to be going to break his body.

"You're not going to run away!"

Chen Ge would never let this man go. Be it for the hidden mission or another reason, he had to make the ghost stories society a part of history. Listening the taunt from Chen Ge, the passenger gritted his teeth. A few minutes ago, he had said the same thing.

The passenger accidentally tripped, and his already imbalanced body crumbled to the ground.

"Not going to run anymore?" Chen Ge, of course, would not let go of such a good opportunity. He closed the distance, and the scary hammer expanded in the passenger's eyes.

There was a weird panicky feeling in his heart. The passenger crawled on the floor, trying to hide deeper in the forest. Chen Ge found him several seconds later. The hammer went flying at the passenger's leg, and at the last minute, the passenger used his elbow to forcibly move his body away.

BANG!

The hammer fell on a tree trunk, causing the entire tree to shake violently. The passenger's face was white; he looked paler than a dead person.



“Don’t force me!” The face on the back of his head started to move, and blood vessels began to seep out from underneath its skin. They started to reknit themselves. Several seconds later, the face on the back changed into a face that looked suspiciously like Chen Ge.

“You’re definitely from behind the door if you can control these blood vessels.”

Before the monster could finish his transformation, Chen Ge rushed forward. He would never hold back against these monsters.

“I’ve been waiting for you!”

When Chen Ge got close, the passenger suddenly jumped up to grapple him. He used every ounce of his energy to grab Chen Ge. The face that looked like Chen Ge revealed a sick smile as it leaned toward Chen Ge’s face.

He had planned this when he saw Chen Ge, but he had forgotten something important. In the small space between the two Chen Ge’s faces, a blood-curdling scream erupted.

**” Painful, so painful! ”**

#### **Chapter 254: Scary Xu Yin**

The blood-knitted face seemed to knock into something and halted thirty centimeters away from Chen Ge.

“This is?”

The face was stunned. The blood vessels on the face started to pull back. There was now a young man standing between it and Chen Ge.

“They peeled my skin back, and as the blood fell, I saw how they planned to share me.”

The young man did not look old, and there were tears in his eyes. He slowly raised his head, and his emotions started to run wild as blood started to flow from every orifice of his body. “It was painful, so painful!”

His face twisted, and the facial features moved. Maddened, he dug his hands into the face on the back of the passenger’s head before gnawing and chewing on the blood vessels that formed the face like a crazed dog!

The passenger and the face screamed at the same time, and Chen Ge staggered one large step back. This was the first time he had seen Xu Yin in the flesh. Probably due to the pain and torment he had suffered before death, Xu Yin had turned into an extremely violent specter, like aggression was the only way to vent the pain and resentment he had suffered in his life.

*This is mad.*

The scene turned increasingly bloody, and Chen Ge nudged another step back.

*He won’t hold back once he is summoned; that is quite scary.*

Chen Ge gripped the hammer tightly.

*But it won't be good for him to hold onto his rage. I should try to counsel him somehow.*

Xu Yin was not a Red Specter, so his ability was weaker than Zhang Ya. However, in terms of ruthlessness and tendency for violence, this young man was much more intense than Zhang Ya.

*Every single specter in the Wheel of Misfortune is unique. Looks like I need to be careful in the future.*

With the title of Specter's Favored, Chen Ge had a feeling that he would only get Baleful Specters or items to increase the specters' affection from the spinning wheel. In the end, he would only end up with more specters around him.

*I might have a greater courage than most, but ultimately, I'm just a human being. Some things should not be pushed too far.*

The passenger crawled on the ground. The face behind his head was much stronger than Chen Ge had thought. Xu Yin also suffered some injuries in the battle; his body started to flicker. However, the face did not have a good time, either. It was almost yanked out of the passenger's head by Xu Yin.

"What kind of monster is this?" The face continued to wail in pain, but no one answered it. The blood vessels continued to crumble, and Xu Yin's attacks looked more like he was yearning for death. Chen Ge felt pity, looking at him.

*Looks like I shouldn't summon Xu Yin unless it's a moment of life and death.*

Chen Ge now missed the Pen Spirit. Of all his employees, she was the gentlest. Despite her cunning nature, she had never once gone against Chen Ge's orders.

Xu Yin started to lose himself in his angered aggression. Chen Ge came out from his hiding place in a hurry. He could not bear to witness this bloodshed anymore and decided to end it as soon as possible.

*The monsters from behind the door needed to possess a human being if they want to survive for long outside the door. The Doctor Skull-cracker's effect on the blood face is limited, so I'll need to target the passenger.*

Chen Ge charged at the passenger with the hammer raised. He locked onto his target and swung the hammer. *Couldn't whack the head, so where should I aim to knock him out without endangering his life?*

The passenger seemed to have heard Chen Ge coming. The hairs rose on his back, and he turned to look at Chen Ge. His eyes were almost falling out of his face. "I..."

He seemed to want to say something, but Chen Ge did not give him the chance. The hammer fell, and the bone cracked.

The member from ghost stories society collapsed onto the floor with a broken leg. The blood face seemed to know it needed a host, so it peeled itself off to transform into a malicious human head and escaped toward the crematorium. The instant it left the passenger, the soul of the passenger seemed to be sucked out, and he crumbled to the floor. There was no life in his eyes.

“Chase after it!” Even before the reminder from Chen Ge, Xu Yin had already started to move. This young man, who looked quite melancholic and artistic when he first appeared, now had a twisted expression on his face. Wounds dripped blood all over his body as he chased after the human head.

“Don’t kill it! I still have questions to ask it!” Chen Ge warned, but he was still too late. Xu Yin was completely out of control. He grabbed the human head and started to feast on it. Ear-splitting screams caused the leaves to fall, and the human head slowly disappeared from Xu Yin’s hands.

After consuming the monster, Xu Yin stood where he was for a long time. The wounds on his body started to heal, but the blood stains on his shirt did not recede. When the blood stains covered his whole clothes, he would become the second Red Specter at Chen Ge’s Haunted House.

His arms hanging by his side, Xu Yin slowly turned, and a pair of hollow eyes looked at Chen Ge. Like a man trapped in a house on a rainy day, he wished to leave but was afraid of getting wet. Seeing Xu Yin like this, Chen Ge did not know what to say. He could sense the pain and loneliness in Xu Yin.

“I know about your past and your pain, but you can select another method to vent them in the future. Perhaps you can come talk to me.” Chen Ge did not berate Xu Yin but walked toward him and reached out his hand. “Perhaps we can be friends.”

He had told Zhang Ya the same thing some time ago but slightly edited. Chen Ge noticed the change in Xu Yin’s expression and realized that he could use this speech in the future again.

Xu Yin stared at Chen Ge’s face for a long time. However, he did not reach out to take Chen Ge’s hand but slowly dissipated into the darkness.

“So painful...”

The tape in the recorder stopped turning, and the woods returned to silence like everything that happened was a dream. Chen Ge picked up the unconscious passenger and pulled the sleeves back to inspect his arms.

After comparing the location of the cigarette wounds, Chen Ge could confirm this was the man who had appeared at Hai Ming Apartments and was No. 5 of the ghost stories society!

*After the death of Xu Tong and the patient with Phantom Limb Syndrome, the black phone gave an alert about increasing mission completion rate. The monster from No. 5 has been dealt with, and the person is unconscious, but the black phone has not responded in any way. Looks like the chance of him being a patient from the Third Sick Hall is very low.*

Chen Ge dragged No. 5 out, and he only took few steps when he was reminded of something.

*This is weird! With the power of the thin monster on Wang Shenglong, it shouldn’t have needed to run from the blood face. But according to Wang Shenglong, the thin monster felt threatened, so it chose to leave.*

*No. 5 wouldn’t be able to create such threat, which means that...*

There was a glow in Chen Ge’s eyes.

*There must have been others who accompanied No. 5 to Hai Ming Apartments!*

The surveillance had probably caught the face of other members as well, but they hid themselves well, so they had not been discovered.

*There could only have been a Red Specter who made the thin monster feel threatened!*

## **Chapter 255: Thank You for Tuning In**

After exiting the woods, Chen Ge dropped the passenger by the side of the road. When Ol' Zhang saw Chen Ge, he involuntarily crawled backwards.

"Ol' Zhang, you should really give the young man a sincere thank you. If not for him stopping my car to come save you, the robber would have taken your life already."

The other taxi driver accompanied Ol' Zhang. He did not know what had happened, but he did see Ol' Zhang being pressed to the ground when he arrived. The first thought that had come into his mind was robbery gone wrong since that was what they were taught in safety classes.

"You have no idea what I've been through," Ol' Zhang rambled as he pointed at Chen Ge and the 'body' on the ground. Then again, he would not know how to explain it. Ol' Zhang had been through a lot that night, and Chen Ge suspected that the man would need to stay at home to rest for a long time after this.

"Are you okay?" Chen Ge held the scary-looking hammer, found his backpack, and shoved it back into it.

"Y-Yes." Ol' Zhang looked at Chen Ge. He could not understand why a normal person would come out late at night with such a large hammer. Technically, it was Chen Ge who had saved him and he should have been thankful, but for some reason, he felt scared looking at Chen Ge.

"Good, be careful in the future," Chen Ge said to make the two drivers calm down. He called Captain Yan on his phone to explain the situation before the two of them. Listening to the conversation between Chen Ge and Captain Yan, Ol' Zhang's impression of Chen Ge slowly improved. He was a normal person who had gotten involved in something supernatural. In his mind, police were there to protect the normal people, and since Chen Ge knew the police and did save his life, he had to be a good man.

After putting his guard down, Ol' Zhang gave it some thought. Chen Ge did not hurt him once when he took his car. *Looks like I've misunderstood him. He's probably a plains cloth on some special duty. This is horrible! Did he have to give up his original mission to save me? That is very common in television series.*

Even though Ol' Zhang was a normal person, he had a big heart. He had decided to try his best to say good things about Chen Ge when the police arrived. Chen Ge did not know what Ol' Zhang was going through. He talked to them for a while and asked the taxi who had come later to drive him to the office of Ghost Talk's radio station.

*No. 5 is the radio station's producer, and No. 12, Lychee, is the DJ tonight. The two of them have probably communicated before this.*

After Lychee received the news that No. 5 had fallen, she might choose to escape and go into hiding. To prevent that from happening, Chen Ge decided to help Lychee seek 'salvation' instantly.

*No matter the reason, if you've done the crime then you have to do the time.*

Chen Ge messaged Captain Yan to explain his location. He used less than twenty minutes to reach his destination.

*Brother, thank you for your help tonight. Go back to look after Ol' Zhang. I'll handle the rest.*

After paying his fare, Chen Ge entered the building alone. A radio station had a high standard for its interior. If the standard did not meet the requirements, then the broadcast might be influenced. Therefore, a large radio station like Ghost Talk normally had their own recording studio, situated at the deepest part of the station. Chen Ge evaded the cameras. He stopped at the front door for a while before taking out his phone to tune into Ghost Talk.

Lychee was still telling a story. She used herself as a model and employed a curious method to explain the various changes happening around her. It was not particularly scary, but the extreme details gave the listeners chills. Looking at the list for the future shows, Chen Ge realized that Lychee planned to turn the ghost stories into a whole series until next Tuesday.

*She's planning to personally make her own ghost story? Those who listen to her broadcast might have accidents happen to them?*

Chen Ge did not understand what the madwoman was thinking. He snuck into the office. The studio was soundproof, and since Lychee was inside the studio, Chen Ge was not worried about her hearing him.

*There's not even one security guard at this office. Looks like No. 5 has great confidence in his company and believed no one would come to create trouble here.*

Chen Ge understood that reasoning because he too was never worried a thief might come into his Haunted House.

He still locked the door at night. However, that was not because he was afraid of thieves breaking and entering but because he was afraid of scaring innocent people, and that might draw him into unnecessary trouble.

Following the map provided on the second floor, Chen Ge took the elevator to find the studio. Then, the rest would be simple. He took out Doctor Skull-cracker's hammer and started to wait outside the door. Lychee was still inside, recording, not knowing that danger was already so imminent.

*You're telling other people's ghost story, not knowing you're going to be a part of one soon.*

In the dark corridor, Chen Ge held the hammer, listening to Lychee's broadcast on his phone. There were barely several meters between them.

...

Lychee described the weird things that had happened to her inside the recording studio. In the story, she appeared as the weak victim, looking for the culprit who had ruined her life, but in reality, she was the real killer.

"The show will end here tonight. Thank you for tuning in. Wish you a wonderful dream, good night." Lychee finished all the ghost stories at 2 am. She turned off all the equipment and sat in the chair. There was a creepy expression on her face that was different from normal.

She seemed to have gotten too attached to the ghost stories and had a hard time coming out. The recording studio was very quiet, and after a long time, a voice said, "What should I try tonight?"

She bit on her own fingers and rambled to herself. This was the real her. When she had just arrived at the station, she had been very afraid. A girl had to tell ghost stories in the middle of the night and then leave the silent building to go back home.

For the high pay, she had forced herself to continue, but after some time, perhaps because she had gotten used to the terror or she had reached the threshold for fear, she no longer felt as scared. However, as she lost the sensation for fear, her mind and heart started to morph into something abnormal.

She liked to see herself as the monsters inside the story. She liked to hide herself in the darkness and would not be afraid of anything.

"There's still some meat inside the fridge, but today, I can change up the cooking method."

Lychee's voice was as beautiful as before. She moved her ruined hand away, and there was fresh blood left on her lips.

#### **Chapter 256: Chairperson's Voice**

Lychee licked her lips excitedly like she had just remembered something wonderful. She went into the restroom anxiously and took out a lipstick from her purse to redo her make-up when her phone rang.

"An unregistered number?" Lychee tossed her make-up kit back into her purse. She was rather annoyed that the caller had ruined the mood that she was in. She tried to arrange her emotions to make her tone and voice sound as normal as she could. "Such a joykill."

Lychee picked up the phone and walked to the door of the recording studio. "Hello, how can I help you?"

Her sweet voice was like a fruit champagne, fresh and bubbly. Hear it too much and one might get drunk.

"No. 5 is dead. I need you to come to Fang Hwa Apartments' 24th floor now." The person on the other end of the phone was not seduced by her voice and got straight to the point.

"Dead?" Lychee's bleeding fingers slowly pulled taut, and the blood fell on her phone's pink casing.

"I don't care what No. 5 told you or what your relationship is; I need you to come over now."

"Now?" Lychee hesitated. She held the phone in one hand and opened the door with another. The corridor outside was incredibly quiet. The room door opened a sliver, and Lychee pressed, "How is his death related to me? Why should I go to the 24th floor?"

"If you don't want to die, come immediately!" The voice on the phone filtered out the door through the open gap.

"Fine." Lychee opened the door fully. She just took half a step outside when she saw the head of a scary hammer flying at her. She did not even have the chance to scream before she was knocked back into the studio.

The pain registered several seconds later, and a shrill scream exited the recording studio. Chen Ge picked up the phone that fell to the floor and put it beside his ear.

"No. 12?" There was a chilling and raspy sound coming from the other end. The person was using a fake voice, but even so, Chen Ge felt that the voice was rather familiar. Chen Ge wanted to continue to listen in, but the person seemed to realize something was wrong and hung up immediately.

*Even though I only heard a little, that is a huge reward already.*

Standing in the darkened corridor, Chen Ge flashed a smile, holding Lychee's phone. All the members were not supposed to know each other's identity, but the person who called Lychee was the obvious exception. He even knew the connection between Lychee and No. 5, so he had called to warn Lychee to leave.

*The owner of this voice is probably the chairperson who is controlling everything from the shadows.*

Chen Ge compared the voices that he had heard at the ghost stories society, and he could be certain that the voice did not belong to the first man on the left, No. 5, or No. 10.

*The range is slowly closing in. Detaining him will collapse the entire society.*

Placing Lychee's phone on the table, Chen Ge stood guard at the door as he called Captain Yan. Captain Yan's team mobilized faster than Western Jiujiang's police team. They arrived in less than ten minutes. Chen Ge put away his hammer, suggested that the police examine Lychee's home, and then told them about how she had killed her ex-husband.

The few people had been taken away from investigation. At the station, Chen Ge ran into Captain Yan again. The slightly rotund police officer looked worse for wear.

"Captain Yan, long time no see."

"How come I feel like I see you daily?" Captain Yan looked at Chen Ge and was reminded of the things that Inspector Lee had told him in private about Chen Ge. He felt a headache coming. However, he could not blame Chen Ge. He was the one who had awarded the medal to Chen Ge, and he was the one who had encouraged him. He had made his bed, and now he had to sleep in it.

"Xiao Chen, well done!" Captain Yan's smile looked forceful. "But you were acting too rash."

"I understand, but I couldn't control myself when I saw they were trying to harm the innocent." Chen Ge did not deny he had acted rashly. However, he would never admit to things that he did not do either. "Captain Yan, the fainting of the kidnapper that ran into the woods had nothing to do with me. I made sure to avoid hitting his vitals, and it was me who dragged him out of the woods after he inexplicably lost his consciousness."

Captain Yan nodded. "I've heard the explanation from the two taxi drivers. If you did not appear in time, things would have been worse."

The appreciation that the driver had for Chen Ge was sincere—Captain Yan could see that.

“So, can I leave now?” Chen Ge’s Haunted House was going to have a huge promotion tomorrow, and he had to make sure he was present.

“Not yet, we still have plenty of questions to ask you. You need to finish giving your statement before you can go. That’s the rules.” Captain Yan and two other officers asked Chen Ge for the details of the cases, and Chen Ge, who had prepared the answers beforehand, dealt with them easily.

He described what he could in detail, and he made up certain things that he could not explain did not happen. Other than that, Chen Ge provided Captain Yan with another important piece of information. The surveillance camera at Hai Ming Apartments might have captured the image of No. 5’s accomplices.

At 3:30 am, Captain Yan saw how tired Chen Ge was, so they allowed him to return to New Century Park. After stepping into the Haunted House, the tired-looking Chen Ge had a rebirth. After eating Zhang Ya’s candy, Chen Ge realized that he did not need too much sleep to maintain a healthy spirit. This was his secret that he would not share with others.

*I should keep a low profile for a while. I might be able to survive it, but Captain Yan and his team might not.*

Chen Ge entered the staff breakroom, removed the white cat from his bed, lay down, and slept without changing his clothes. At 8 am, Chen Ge was woken up by a phone call. He was surprised to see it was from Gu Feiyu.

After experiencing the Haunted House with a bunch of visitors yesterday, he had refused Chen Ge’s offer to work there. Money was important, but his life was more important. However, he could not deny Chen Ge’s persuasion and promised to give it another try.

*I’m lacking an actor for Murder by Midnight. Xiao Gu will be the perfect fit.*

Chen Ge changed his clothes and ran to the park entrance to greet Xiao Gu after washing his face.

“Brother Chen, I don’t think I have the talent to scare people. I’ve thought about it the whole night. While I appreciate you giving me this job offer, I cannot allow myself to ruin your Haunted House’s reputation.” Xiao Gu was an honest young man.

“It’s okay. I can teach you how to scare people.” Chen Ge inspected Xiao Gu. “Come with me. We’ll get you into your work clothes first.”

He brought Xiao Gu into the dressing room. When Xiao Gu saw the bloodied doctor’s outfit and the skin mask sewn from different faces, he felt like leaving.

“Hold this and this hammer. Now, swing it several times for me.”

## **Chapter 257: The Ghost’s Changing Room**

Holding the heavy Doctor Skull-cracker’s hammer, Gu Feiyu’s eyes naturally wandered to fall on the blood stain left on the hammer’s head. A strong smell of blood reached his nose.



“Are your Haunted House’s props all so realistic?”

“It’s our Haunted House. Now, quickly put it on.” The park was opening at 9 am, so Chen Ge did not have much time left. After putting on the outfit, Gu Feiyu turned to look at the mirror, and he could not believe that the monster that he saw was himself.

“Not bad, it feels right.” Chen Ge nodded with satisfaction. Gu Feiyu was as tall as he was, but he was not familiar with it, so he appeared rather sluggish. “The mask sticks onto your skin, so if you want to change the expression on the mask, you need to rely on your facial muscles.”

Gu Feiyu tried to make a smile. However, it did not look scary but rather annoyed.

“You’re playing the character of a crazed murderer, a madman, let me see that craziness in you!” Chen Ge gave him several examples. He had seen plenty of madmen in his life. In less than few seconds, he switched through multiple styles. “Find your own niche first—after all, there are many different types of madmen.

“The one with the lowest difficulty is the silent, cold-hearted type. It’s the easiest to mimic, I would say, so you just need to keep calm in all situations. Think of yourself as a killing machine that has no feeling.

“A level higher than that is the bestial type. You need to make the visitors feel like you’re constantly just one corner behind them. They’re your prey; they could struggle but never escape your grasp.

“Harder than that is the maddened type. This kind will be able to give the visitors the most fear but correspondingly requires a greater acting skill to embody the madness both in your eyes and your body language. You’re a wildfire; without sense and reason, you just want to consume everything.”

Chen Ge had seen many types of madmen, which lent the sense of authenticity to his Haunted House. Gu Feiyu was already confused, so he could only nod continuously.

“You’re new here, so I won’t ask too much of you.” Chen Ge found Xiaoxiao and led Gu Feiyu to the Murder by Midnight scenario. “You went through the whole scenario yesterday. Have you memorized the routes?”

Reminded of the nightmarish experience he had yesterday, tears were rolling in Gu Feiyu’s eyes. “Not yet, I was too scared to remember anything from yesterday.”

“A qualified Haunted House worker must be familiar with the layout the place. You have to create this impression that you’re not a living human but a stubborn lingering spirit, a crazed murderer who might appear at any time!” Chen Ge walked into the scenario openly while Gu Feiyu followed him cautiously, holding the hammer.

“I’ll bring you to go take a look at all the hidden passageways again. You’ll need to remember them this time,” Chen Ge said seriously. “Actually, there’s another reason to knowing these paths. If something happens to the visitors, you have to go and assist them at the first notice. Here, we’re both demons and angels.”

“I’m afraid I won’t be able to do it. Honestly, I was already feeling rather unsettled after walking in. I’m afraid, thinking about the need to stay in such a large place alone for a long time.” Gu Feiyu was wearing the scary skin mask, but there were tears in his voice. “I still think I’m not suitable for this job.”

“Snap out of it! How can you admit defeat without even trying?” Chen Ge looked into Gu Feiyu’s eyes. “There’s a process to everything. It’s normal for you to be afraid now, but after you get used to the fear inside your heart, it’ll be fine.”

Then Chen Ge passed Xiaoxiao inside his pocket to Gu Feiyu. “Don’t panic no matter what happens to you inside the scenario; this little fella will protect you.”

Gu Feiyu held Yin Xiaoxiao in one hand. No matter what Chen Ge said then, he would choose to believe. Chen Ge led Gu Feiyu to familiarize himself with all the hidden paths and traps inside Murder by Midnight and taught him some simple methods to scare people. Like the distance needed to be maintained to create pressure for visitors and how to make use of the visitors’ blind spots. At 8:40 am, Chen Ge left Gu Feiyu inside the scenario to wait and he left.

Gu Feiyu was left alone inside the scenario, hugging the hammer and Xiaoxiao. He leaned against the corner, and as he looked down the eerie corridor, his body slowly slid to the floor. “Several months ago, I was planting paddy in the fields. The big city is too complicated. Sigh, I miss Grandma’s cooking...”

After closing the door to Murder by Midnight, Chen Ge heard a commotion coming from outside the Haunted House. He walked over to realize that there were several people working on the banner.

“Chen Ge!” Uncle Xu was talking with a large middle-aged man under the resting tent. When he saw Chen Ge walk out the Haunted House, Uncle Xu waved at him.

“Uncle, you’re early today.”

“Today is the day our park will bounce back, so I have to be early.” Uncle Xu was full of smiles and seemed to be in great mood. “This is Foreman Yang. He’ll be responsible for building your resting hall. You can come to him if you have any questions or comments.”

“Just call me Ol’ Yang.” The middle-aged man looked like a friendly person.

Meeting Foreman Yang, Chen Ge was reminded of something. “Foreman Yang, actually, I do have a favor to ask.”

“Director Luo has given me the order, so what do you need?”

“I need you to help me seal up the two entrances to the park’s underground parking lot as soon as possible. Don’t need to completely close it, but make it so that it won’t be easy for people to walk in and walk out.”

Currently, the park only used large objects to block the way, so people could still squeeze through the gaps.

“Okay, no problem.” Director Luo had rented the underground parking lot to Chen Ge for free—Uncle Xu knew that, so he did not stop him.

“Then, thank you in advanced. I’ll need to go back into the Haunted House to inspect all the scenarios.” Chen Ge returned to the Haunted House and took out the black phone.

*A night has passed; the expansion should be ready by now.*

He clicked on the screen and there were indeed two unread messages on it.

“Second expansion successful! Obtained unique construct—The Ghost’s Changing Room.

“Another expansion, and the Haunted House will upgrade to Maze of Terror!

“The Ghost’s Changing Room: The police who wandered into a haunted tower, students abandoned at school, reporters that visited the hospital at night, patients who lost their memories, here, visitors can relive the experience of the characters themselves. The Ghost’s Changing Room provides costumes to the visitors, and changing into the costumes will greatly increase immersion!

“Warning: The Ghost’s Changing Room has a one percent chance of triggering the extreme experience! It can make the visitor enter a memory that doesn’t belong to them to experience terror that cannot be replicated!”

## **Chapter 258: Unwanted Guests**

*Changing room? Costumes?*

Chen Ge reread the information on his phone. The new feature surprised him.

*The visitors can pick the identity that they want to increase immersion—that, I understand, but what is this one percent chance of triggering the extreme experience?*

Chen Ge would have to see it in action to know what it did. After all, it was only after Fan Yu’s appearance that Chen Ge truly understood the effect of the Midnight Ticket Counter.

*Based on previous experience, the reward provided by the black phone should be safe, but just to be extra sure, I’d better be careful about it.* Chen Ge thought about it and soon came to a decision. *I’ll limit the number of people using it. To use the changing room, the visitors have to pay an extra 20. I’ll just call it a costume renting fee.*

Those with a small heart naturally would not spend money to find more trouble for themselves. The Ghost’s Changing Room’s main audience were those veteran Haunted House visitors. The more authentic the experience, the greater the fun they would have. Using the black phone as a guide, Chen Ge headed under the first floor staircase. There was a small partitioned cubicle outside of the Night of the Living Dead scenario.

*Murder by Midnight has already taken up a part of the Night of the Living Night, and now the changing room has made it even smaller. Looks like I’ll need to move things around soon.*

Chen Ge entered the cubicle, and two doors greeted him. They were marked with the male and female symbols. He pushed open one of them, and Chen Ge saw plenty of costumes hanging on the wall. However, different from reality, all of the costumes had blood stains on them, and some were torn or wrinkled. It was not that hard to imagine what the original owners of these costumes had been through.

*I guess I understand why this place is called the Ghost’s Changing Room.*

The costumes on the wall had probably been left behind by the ghosts and monsters' actual victims. Putting them on would put the visitors in the despair once felt by the victims.

*Pick their identity and then challenge the increasingly difficult scenario. The first to clear every scenario will get the 200,000 reward. This system will probably last for quite a while.*

Chen Ge exited the changing room and clicked on the black phone to read the second message.

"A new two-star scenario, Western Jiujiang's Private Academy, has been unlocked. You can manipulate the props inside the set freely, using the interface available on the phone!"

*Looks like the failure to unlock before was due to a lack of expansion. This means that each expansion only allows me to add three new scenarios.*

Chen Ge opened the wooden boards that led to the parking lot. With instructions from the black phone, he entered deep into Mu Yang High School. The new Western Jiujiang's Private Academy was adjacent to Mu Yang High School. Its size was slightly smaller than Mu Yang High School, but it added more junctions and corners. The place could already be called a small maze.

*The combination of a couple of two-star scenarios and a one-star scenario takes up almost half of the parking lot, so how big will the completed four-star School of the Afterlife be?*

Shaking his head, Chen Ge realized that it was not yet time to think about that. *I should take it slow.*

To ensure there were no security threats, he entered the Western Jiujiang's Private Academy scenario alone. There were two individual mini scenarios, one was the Hanging One, and the other was The Stink.

With the aid of the recorder and the ballpoint pen, Chen Ge used five minutes to clear the scenario with a bunch of highly interested mannequins watching. When he exited the scenario, his expression was weird. There were two real spirits inside the scenario, but it was unclear what had happened to them. Their spirits were weak, almost disappearing.

The weirdest thing was, when they sensed Chen Ge's entry, they started to run and hide as if knowing that something very scary was approaching them. Chen Ge basically used four of the five minutes to look for them. After he found them, Chen Ge realized that these two could not be considered baleful specters, and they had been tamed.

*As long as they're not dangerous.*

Chen Ge returned to the first floor and waited until 8:55 am before opening the Haunted House's gates. The sun filtered its ray down on him, and several meters away from the Haunted House's front door was the large banner. There were park workers waiting under the resting tent. Everything was ready.

The day was not a holiday but there was already a long line waiting outside the park. The park officially opened at 9 am. The moment it did, the visitors all surged toward the Haunted House. The amount was several times bigger than normal. The reward of 200,000 combined with the heavy promotion by the park, the popularity that Chen Ge had earned through his livestreams and videos, and the verbal promotion among the visitors had finally led to this.

"Boss, they're all here to visit our Haunted House?" Xu Wan stood beside Chen Ge, unable to believe her eyes.

“Of course, but this is just the beginning. More people will come visit us in the future.” Chen Ge’s hands were shaking, he was actually more excited than Xu Wan. “Quick, go and put on your make-up. It’s time for work!”

Xu Wan was responsible for Minghun, and Gu Feiyu was running Murder by Midnight. Uncle Xu, who came to help, stood outside to sell tickets, and Chen Ge monitored everything.

“All the visitors who have visited Murder by Midnight and Minghun, please gather over here! We have scarier and more exciting scenarios waiting for you!”

Some of the visitors gave up directly after visiting the one-star scenario, but some of the braver ones chose to continue to challenge the two-star scenario. Among them were visitors who had visited the Haunted House several days ago. They had formed a chat group to discuss the guide to clearing the Haunted House.

“Don’t rush. Please wait at the resting tent. We’ll open the scenario when we have ten people in a team!”

Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy and Mu Yang High School were linked together, so the place was big enough to let a team of ten enter at the same time. Uncle Xu cut through the crowd to find Chen Ge. He had received a call from Director Luo, who said that there would be reporters coming to help the promotion and wished for Chen Ge to pay attention to that.

Chen Ge did not think that Director Luo had such influence, but since this was a good thing, he naturally did not reject it. There were visitors running out from the Haunted House. Some had given up halfway through the scenario, and some forced themselves to finish the whole tour and came out with their legs shaking. Others even planted themselves under the sun and refused to budge.

About one of every four visitors managed to survive the one-star scenario and continue to challenge the two-stars scenarios.

Twenty minutes passed, and only seven people wanted to challenge the two-star scenarios. Chen Ge decided to make an exception for them and send them underground.

His gaze swept over these seven visitors, and when he saw the seventh one, Chen Ge paused. The visitor looked very normal, but Chen Ge felt like he had seen him before. Then he remembered—it was in the surveillance picture at Hai Ming Apartments that also caught No. 5.

## **Chapter 259: Three Taboos Inside the Haunted House [2 in 1]**

“Boss, your Haunted House is not bad.” The man realized Chen Ge had been watching him, so he smiled politely and added, “I was a very cowardly child and thus the target of bullying for neighborhood kids. It was my big brother who brought me here to train my bravery, but I ended up falling in love with the exciting experience.”

“Then you will definitely enjoy the upcoming scenario.” Chen Ge thought that this man was acting weird. He did not ask him anything, but the man had already volunteered all of his experience. *Is this because he is worried?*

Chen Ge did not expose the man. He maintained a smile before the visitors, so he left a friendly and kind impression in front of them.

"Alright, it's time for us to go in." Chen Ge led the way by walking in front and pulled back the curtains that blocked the sunlight. When they were inside the Haunted House, Chen Ge took out the disclaimer contracts and showed them to the seven visitors. "Two-star scenarios are different from one-star scenarios, so before you enter the two-star scenario to start your visitation, you'll need to sign these disclaimers."

He placed the printed paper on the table, and of the seven visitors, three of them signed it without hesitation. Two of them picked the contract up to read over it carefully.

"Do we need to sign this?" The seventh visitor, the one who Chen Ge had noticed earlier, started to show obvious hesitation when he found out about this. His gaze silently went over to meet the eyes of another visitor.

*He has a partner?*

Chen Ge also did not point that out. He continued as if nothing had happened. "Of course. Actually, entering our one-star scenario also requires the visitors to sign the disclaimer, but due to the high influx of visitors, we changed the rules at the last minute."

"Okay then."

Chen Ge watched these few people closely, not letting the smallest action escape his eyes. Today was the first day the park had begun the heavy promotion, and it could be considered a new beginning for the Haunted House. Chen Ge would not allow any mistakes or accidents to happen.

The visitors started to sign their names. The man with normal looks was called Wei Wu, and the other visitor whom he surreptitiously shared a look with was called Kong Xiangming. These two people, compared to other visitors, were lacking in excitement and nervousness, and they kept a very low profile.

The other five visitors were a lot more normal. Three of them looked quite young, like university students, and the last two were a couple in a bit of an argument. Chen Ge placed his attention on Wei Wu and Kong Xiangming, but to his surprise, when he walked over to take the disclaimers, one of the female students called out his name.

"You're Chen Ge, the Haunted House boss that He San mentioned on the forum, right?"

Once Chen Ge's name was mentioned, all the other visitors also turned to look at him.

"You know He San? Wait, are the three of you students from Western Jiujiang's Medical University? The forensic science department?" Chen Ge pulled his gaze back without a trace. The two visitors whom Chen Ge suspected were members of the ghost stories society did not know they had been exposed.

"Now, He San can be considered a celebrity at our school." The girl had one pigtail. She had a little extra weight on her body and very fair skin. She could not be considered a traditional beauty, but there was something endearing about her. "There are many students from our university who have visited your

Haunted House. There is even an ongoing bet on the forum guessing which of the departments will clear your Haunted House first.”

“Clearing my Haunted House won’t be easy. You should find He San to ask for some pointers.” Chen Ge piled on the smiles. He looked as friendly as he could possibly.

“It is indeed not easy. Six of us came to visit, but half have already given up.” A rather weak looking young man stood next to the girl. He seemed to have a crush on her. His face was drained of blood, and his legs were weak, but for the sake of winning the girl’s heart, he insisted on accompanying her.

“Why are we wasting time? If we fail this time, we’ll try again. If we repeat the same scenario many times, it won’t be so scary anymore.” This time it was the last student who spoke. He stood on the other side of the girl, and he looked like the type to rush headfirst into things.

Chen Ge glanced at their names on the disclaimer and memorized them.

“Since everyone has waited for so long, I’m not going to waste any more time explaining. Your goal is to find the nametags. Since there are only seven of you, you only need to find 17 nametags to clear the scenario.” Chen Ge looked at the group of visitors. “Other than that, the Haunted House is coming out with a new feature. For just 20, you can rent the costumes that we provide. There are choices of police, doctor, reporter, and so on for you to choose.”

“We can change costume?” The girl was rather interested but was stopped by the weak-looking man.

“It’s okay. The three of us won’t be trying it.”

“How about the rest of you?”

The pair of couple was still arguing, so they ignored Chen Ge. The two who might have been members from ghost stories society were not interested in dressing up. Chen Ge felt rather sad; he had been hoping that they would help him try out the new construct.

Pulling the wooden boards back, Chen Ge sent the group of visitors into the scenario. “The scenario you’re visiting is called Mu Yang High School. It’s on the left, make sure to not take the wrong turn. The one on the right is called Third Sick Hall, and it’s our only three-star scenario. It’s very dangerous. Our previous visitor was scared until he was sent to the hospital.”

Chen Ge purposely mentioned the Third Sick Hall not because he wanted to remind the visitors out of kindness but because he wanted to test the reaction of the two suspicious visitors. If they were the patients who had escaped the Third Sick Hall, when they heard the name, they would definitely react in some manner. The few visitors all nodded and promised would not wander off on their own. There was no change in the expressions of the two suspicious visitors. They did not seem to know about the presence of the Third Sick Hall.

*Am I mistaken?* Chen Ge gave a few more pieces of advice before closing the wooden boards and running to the main control room. *Even though those two don’t look like they’re the patients from the Third Sick Hall, chances are high that they’re members of the ghost stories society.*

Chen Ge's eyes were calm, but the smile on his face had already disappeared. *Captain Yan found pictures of me entering New Century Park on Xu Tong's phone, so this means that members of the ghost stories society already know what I look like.*

Last night, the monster possessing No. 5 had been consumed by Xu Yin, and No. 12 had been taken away by the police. Most crucially, Chen Ge had managed to hear the voice of the chairperson on No. 12's phone. Even though the person did not say much, it was the biggest reward for Chen Ge that night. *I've heard the chairperson's voice somewhere before. He is probably someone I know or can recognize!*

There should have been a monster possessing each member of the ghost stories society. This meant that they were the most powerful at night, but they had chosen to enter Chen Ge's Haunted House during the day. From this unusual behavior, Chen Ge could surmise two things.

One, the exposure of the chairperson's voice was more significant than Chen Ge believed. The person was worried that Chen Ge might suddenly remember who he was, and so he needed to make sure Chen Ge shut up forever before that.

Two, perhaps they were cautious of Zhang Ya. As the monsters' powers were strongest after midnight, they would be weakened in the day. That was no different for Zhang Ya.

*But why would they pick this particular time to come? They arrive just as the promotion period is beginning. Looks like they have been planning this for a long time already. They're trying to mix themselves among the visitors, hoping to escape my detection.*

The ghost stories society's plan was good, but they were simply unlucky. They did not expect Chen Ge to happen to catch Wei Wu's face on the surveillance picture that also captured No. 5. This meant that their plan had already been exposed before they even started.

*I need to play along at least for now. There are too many visitors, and I cannot disturb the everyday running of the Haunted House.*

When the ghost stories society tracked down the thin monster at Hai Ming Apartments, they had sent out at least two people. Based on how much they valued Chen Ge, he believed they would not send out fewer people than that.

*Not including myself, there are twelve members at the ghost stories society. Zhu Xiu, No. 5, and No. 12 have been taken care of, so only nine of them remain.*

Chen Ge entered the main control room and planted himself before the computer screens.

*After today, there will only be seven left.*

Chen Ge called Xiao Gu on his phone. Chen Ge asked him to remove the Doctor Skull-cracker's outfit and enter the hidden passage reserved for the workers to head to the main control room.

"Have the visitors left?"

"They have found the exit. I have a feeling they're not that afraid of me." Xiao Gu sounded depressed on the phone. "I've tried my best. Perhaps I simply don't have the talent to do this."



"Don't give up so soon." Chen Ge changed into the costume that Gu Feiyu had removed. His lips twitched, and a scary smile appeared on the skin mask. "Are you interested in learning how to master this character?"

"I have zero interest." Gu Feiyu shook his head determinedly. After Chen Ge put on Doctor Skull-cracker's uniform, the whole aura about him changed. It was as if the outfit was specially made for him.

"In that case, we're going to help you cultivate that interest. Come with me." Chen Ge grabbed Gu Feiyu by his shoulders and dragged him underground.

...

The wooden boards closed to block the last ray of light. The underground scenario was very dark, and the group of visitors needed time to get used to it.

"Everyone, don't panic. Even though the difficulty for this scenario is high, there is a fair chance of clearing it."

The student who looked weak and flimsy before Chen Ge suddenly changed into a different person when he was underground. His voice sounded stable and calm. He took out a notebook from his pocket and said, "Please lend me thirty seconds of your time. I wish to go through some things that we need to be careful about."

"We need notes to visit a Haunted House? Also, what era are you from? Don't you know how to use a phone? Why are you still using a notebook?" the woman from the couple grumbled with annoyance. She was quite angry.

"That is the first point I want to bring up." The young man pointed at the first thing in his notebook.

"You mustn't use your phone inside Boss Chen's Haunted House! It's best if you don't even touch it!"

He waved the notebook in his hand. "You might not believe it or think I'm exaggerating, but every detail in this notebook was learned from sweat and tears of our seniors. You can consider it a tradition at our school."

"I consider you have lost your mind from too much studying," the woman said snidely. The man behind him pulled on her sleeve. "Na Na, please. Stop making trouble."

"Don't touch me!" The woman was in a very foul mood. She swiped the man's hand off her. "Chen Zining, the first time we met was two years ago inside this Haunted House, so today, we will break up here as well! It is time for us to part ways! Goodbye!"

"Will you stop being so unreasonable? I don't have time to accompany you because I'm at a crucial point of my career; I cannot afford to be distracted!"

"So now I'm being unreasonable? I'm the distraction? Do you think I want your money that much?" The woman was wearing a pair of high heels and had on some make-up. Even though the clothes on her back were not expensive brands, she wore them stylishly. "Chen Zining, I stayed by your side when you were at the lowest point of your side, and I've accompanied you for two long years!"

"I know, Na Na..."

“Don’t waste your breath. I know things are different now. Just like this Haunted House, in these two years, too many things have changed.” As she said what she wanted to, the woman strode deeper into Mu Yang High School scenario. The man immediately gave chase after her.

“Hey, please wait!” The weak-looking young man held the notebook in his hand, and he appeared rather uneasy. “The second point that I want to say is to never split up!”

He shouted loudly, but the pair of couple was too deep in their argument to pay him any attention.

“Yang Chen, let’s just ignore them. We can definitely do this on our own.” The other two students from Western Jiujiang’s Medical University came to give him support.

“But clearing this scenario requires collaboration from many people, and we already started with a disadvantage of having so few people with us.” The young man by the name of Yang Chen sighed with regret. “Now that only five of us are left, we must be careful not to split up anymore.”

He turned to look at Wei Wu and Kong Xiangming. “Gentlemen, would you be interested in a cooperation? After all, only by finding 17 nametags will we be able to clear this scenario.”

“Cooperation?” Wu Wei shared a look with Kong Xiangming, but neither of them said anything beyond that.

“You have no idea how mad the boss of this Haunted House is. If we do not work together, the chance of clearing this scenario is zero.” Yang Chen took out a hand-drawn picture from the notebook. There were 41 red cross marks on it.

“This is something to show our sincerity. Since Mu Yang High School was opened to the public, many seniors from our school have come to challenge it. They have found the nametags at these 41 places.” Yang Chen showed the two the hand-drawn map. “The nametag’s location does change, but there are a few constant locales where we can be sure to find them. So, the first thing is for us to search these 41 places as soon as possible.”

Wei Wu and Kong Xiangming were interested in the map in Yang Chen’s hands, but clearing the scenario was the last thing on their mind.

“Sure, we’ll be glad for a chance to cooperate. After all, it benefits all of us.”

The two visitors who acted suspiciously like the members of the ghost stories society showed their willingness to collaborate with Yang Chen.

“We’re on a time limit, so I’ll assign the jobs for each of us.”

“Two gentlemen, if you don’t mind, will you please focus on the classrooms on the left, and Wang Dan, Li Xue, the three of us will focus on the ones on the right. Please be careful! Make sure that your friends are always in your sight, and if you need to separate, make sure to go in a group of two.”

Yang Chen then pocketed the map. He looked at the rest with severity. “There are several taboos inside Boss Chen’s Haunted House. Do not play with your phone, don’t wander off alone, and do not ask about marriage or relationships. These few warnings are the conclusion of our seniors. Some of them I don’t quite understand, but I’m sure they have their reason to exist. Please remember them in your heart, and don’t attempt them simply because you’re curious.”

Yang Chen's expression was serious, and his words confused Wei Wu and Kong Xiangming.

The team parted down the middle as they inspected the classrooms on both sides of the corridor. When the distance was drawn adequately apart, Wei Wu silently walked to stand beside Kong Xiangming. "This Haunted House is making me uncomfortable. Those taboos feel weirdly cursed."

"Stay far away from me. Remember, we're not supposed to know each other. There are cameras inside the Haunted House. Be careful not to be seen." Kong Xiangming was very cautious as he pretended to look for the nametags.

"For some reason, I feel uneasy." Wei Wu also helped look for the nametags, but his soul was not in it.

"Stop talking and start working. Don't forget the real reason we're here." Kong Xiangming kept his head lowered, and blood vessels flashed across his eyes. He turned to look at the entrance. "That Boss Chen should be coming soon."

## **Chapter 260: Performance**

A cold draft blew down the corridor, and empty test papers fluttered in the wind. There was no one in the classrooms on either side, but weird noises kept coming out from them. Kong Xiangming and Yang Chen's teams searched the rooms on the left and right. They only took three minutes to reach the end of the corridor, where they met up again. They were standing at the door to the Sealed Classroom.

"The boss has changed the locations again." Yang Chen's face did not look so good. "How many have you found?"

"None," Wei Wu said readily. After all, his purpose there was not to look for any nametags.

"You sound so happy even though you haven't found anything?" Wang Dan was a straight shooter. "Ol' Yang, I think we should just move on our own; bringing them will only increase our burden."

"There's a familiarization process since we've just entered the place. The place is complicated, and the boss understands psychology. The hiding spots are masterfully designed, so it's normal to not find anything." Yang Chen thought that these two were weird, but he could not pinpoint exactly what was weird about them. "There will be at least three nametags inside this classroom. We'll all go in together and finish this as soon as we can!"

After pushing the door to the Sealed Classroom open, Yang Chen was the first one to rush into it. "Don't dawdle. Our seniors explicitly ordered us to move as fast as we can! The longer we stay, the higher the chance of something scary happening!"

The three medical students each took responsibility for their own section. They kept their heads lower so that they would not meet the eyes of the mannequins. They did not reach out to touch the mannequins and grabbed the nametags when they saw it. Their action was accurate and fast; it appeared like they had been training for this. Wei Wu and Kong Xiangming did not enter the classroom. They stood outside the door, looking at the mannequins in different poses.

"I seem to see living spirits in these mannequins." Kong Xiangming forced this observation out from his lips. His voice was soft enough that only Wei Wu could hear him.

“Making living humans into toys so that they won’t have their peace after death. This is a cruel fella.” Fear flashed through Wei Wu’s eyes. “Do you think the mannequins represent the people who were once his enemies?”

“It’s probably not that simple. There are too many mannequins. I suspect a large part of them are innocent victims, perhaps even unfortunate Haunted House visitors.” Kong Xiangming took in a soft breath. “There are so many people who go missing in the city annually. Perhaps some of them have become mannequins inside this Haunted House. Our target this time is crueler than we thought. We have to be extra careful.”

After hearing Kong Xiangming, Wei Wu took a cautious step back. His eyes that landed on the few students were filled with pity. How would these visitors know that the mannequins that scared them so were probably the visitors that once disappeared?

“Come in to help! What are you standing there for?” Wang Dan finished searching his area and saw Wei Wu and Kong Xiangming still standing outside. A fire surged through him, and his tone turned heavier.

“Calm down.” Yang Chen tried to calm Wang Dan. The three of them searched the classroom for a long time but could only find two nametags.

“Things have changed; we need to speed up.” Yang Chen left the classroom with the nametags. When he passed Wei Wu and Kong Xiangming, the curious feeling heightened. “Gentlemen, if you plan to cooperate with us, please show us some sincerity.”

“It’s a waste of time placing our hope on them; we should rely on ourselves.” Wang Dan lost his patience. He and Lee Xue followed behind Yang Chen as they entered the bathroom next to the classroom. Wei Wu and Kong Xiangming did not follow but instead shared a look.

“These three students are quite interesting. Shall we turn them into mannequins as well?” Blood vessels surfaced on Wei Wu’s neck. Kong Xiangming shook his head. “Be careful not to draw unwanted attention.”

Yang Chen pushed the partitions open one by one. He found another nametag inside the fifth cubicle. Looking at the painted eyes, Yang Chen shivered. “This Haunted House sure is insane.”

“Ol’ Yang, those two visitors are very weird.” Lee Xue was the only female. Even though she was young, she had all the good points of a female forensic doctor. Courageous but cautious with extremely good observational skills.

“I’ve noticed that as well.” Ol’ Yang signaled for Lee Xue to keep her voice low. “Those two are too calm, and they don’t seem nervous even though they’re in an unknown space. In fact, they seem comfortable with this area.”

“Especially the one that looks ugly. He appears like he’s in deep thought often like he’s planning something.” Lee Xue nodded. “I suspect they’re not really visitors. Do you think they’re the Haunted House’s actors?”

Yang Chen and Wang Dan was shocked by this sentence, and a chill climbed up their spines. “That’s a real possibility!”

“According to He San, the boss is someone who would do anything. One time, he mixed himself among the visitors. Seven people entered the Haunted House, but in the picture, there were eight people...”

“No wonder they don’t look scared and couldn’t find a single nametag.” The more they discussed it, the more convinced they were. “Thankfully, we found this out sooner rather than later. If we were tripped at the most crucial moment, we might really have been scared until we peed our pants.”

“This Haunted House has reached the stage of being crazy to scare people! Where’s the humanity?” Yang Chen took out the notebook and added a new rule to the three taboos—Don’t trust any strangers!

“Even the most cunning fox cannot beat a good hunter. Since we’ve guessed their identity, we’re one step closer to victory!” Yang Chen was good at raising morale. “We’ll continue to pretend we haven’t discovered anything. When they expose their true identities, we’ll prove that we’ve known all along. I believe their expressions then will be very interesting!”

“Indeed, we just need to focus on searching for the nametags. One, this can help make them lower their guard, and two, even if we’re mistaken, it won’t be awkward.”

“You need to be careful of others when you visit a Haunted House. Before this, I thought the 200,000 was just a promotional trick, but now that I’ve experienced it myself, I think the prize money is too little.”

“Hurry up, we’re on a tight schedule. If we stay here too long, it’ll arouse their suspicion.” Yang Chen waved at the two of them. “We’ll try to catch up to that couple as well. They’re still in the middle of argument, so they will be perfect to distract the attention of these two actors.”

The three students finished their discussion and exited the bathroom. They paused for a while at the first junction inside Mu Yang High School before turning down the corridor to head to the Deep Well.

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Chen Ge took the recorder and led Gu Feiyu into the underground scenario. Unable to resist Gu Feiyu’s endless begging, he did not force the young man to follow him.

“Xiao Gu, after I go down, go into the scenario on the side to pick out several larger props to block the entrance.” Chen Ge checked the items he had and entered the parking lot after making sure that he had everything. “Stay guard over the entrance. I won’t call you, and don’t move the props no matter what happens down there.”

Gu Feiyu looked at Chen Ge in the Doctor Skull-cracker’s outfit and failed to see him as a Haunted House actor. From his perspective, his boss did not look like he was going to scare people but commit murder.