

## Horrors 551

### Chapter 551: Reason for Being Chosen

The blood letters surfaced on the window. Both Chen Ge and Fan Chong saw it. However, their reactions were completely different. Chen Ge frowned slightly, but Fan Chong's legs weakened, and he collapsed to the ground.

"I will die?" If the Red Specter was really Xiao Bu, then she was not a normal Red Specter but a Red Specter who was also the door-pusher. In that case, she would be able to sense Zhang Ya's presence.

"Even with Zhang Ya and Xu Yin, I will still die, huh?" Chen Ge did not reveal his trump card to the girl. His real plan was to bring along Men Nan, the woman in the red raincoat, and the woman at the tunnel—five Red Specters in total.

Hearing Chen Ge's voice on the phone, the girl waved her sleeve again, and a new sentence appeared.

"He has already discovered you. If you come back to Li Wan City, you will die."

"He?" Seeing the sentence on the window, Chen Ge caught onto the important information. The culprit was a male, or perhaps he had been male when he was alive. The blood letters disappeared soon after. Chen Ge wanted to ask the girl more questions—he tried several times, but Chen Ge soon realized that no matter the question, the answer from the girl was the same.

"Come back to Li Wan City, and you will die."

It was devoid of emotion; the girl was merely stating a fact. Chen Ge tried to get some more information from the girl, but it was to no avail.

Several minutes later, Fan Chong, who was on the floor, finally could not resist it anymore. His arm was completely frozen, and his mind was blank. Just as he moved his body, his neck turned instinctively around. The girl did not seem like she wished to be seen by more people. Just as Fan Chong turned his neck, she disappeared and went into hiding.

"Boss Chen, did you see something in my room? How come I can't see anything!" Fan Chong had been given quite a fright. Initially, he had thought Chen Ge was purposely trying to scare him, but once the blood letters appeared on the window, he had entered full panic mode.

"Stay inside the room. I'll be there in a minute!"

"Okay, er, can you not end the call? I'm rather afraid."

Chen Ge did not hear what Fan Chong said. He charged up the stairs at one go. "Fan Chong, open the door."

The door finally opened after a long time. Fan Chong held onto the wall, and his steps were uneven.

"Boss Chen, what was behind me earlier? You didn't tell me anything, but it only makes it feel much scarier with my imagination!" Fan Chong was technically a witness, so Chen Ge thought about it and

decided to tell him the truth. “There was a very cute little girl standing behind you earlier. I suspect that she is Xiao Bu from the game.”

“Xiao Bu?” Fan Chong was stunned. “She came out from the game?”

“Quiet down. Your big brother is still sleeping. Don’t wake him up.”

“What time is it? Who cares about that anymore! Tomorrow, we’re going to move!” Fan Chong was really spooked. He had fainted at the Haunted House, but at least he could still tell himself that everything there was fake. However, this was his home. In the future, he would think about this every time he closed his eyes.

“Don’t panic, let’s talk about this first.” Chen Ge led Fan Chong into his bedroom. Everything looked the same. Chen Ge walked to the computer to look at the game—there was nothing different about Xiao Bu in the game.

“Boss Chen, you don’t need to advise me anymore; I have to move. This is too scary, and I will stop playing the game. Take it with you. In fact, I’ll gift you my whole computer setup.”

“Calm down.” Chen Ge patted Fan Chong’s shoulders. “The girl looks very cute. She doesn’t look like a bad person.”

“The key point is that she is a ghost!” Fan Chong sat down beside the computer table. Then he was reminded of something, and he nudged the chair back.

“She doesn’t mean you harm. If she did, you would have been injured a long time ago.” Chen Ge looked at the game. “How many tenants are there here?”

“Most of the tenants have moved away, so I’d guess, about two hundred people remain.” Fan Chong was confused. “But why would you want to know about that?”

“The area has around two hundred people, so why did the girl choose you?” Chen Ge looked at Fan Chong with suspicion.

“Because I’m unlucky, that’s why. Mocked, dumped, and fired. I’m a complete loser in life.” The flesh on Fan Chong’s face jiggled.

“I think it’s the complete opposite—the girl probably wanted to help you.”

“Help me?” Fan Chong slowly calmed down.

“Tell me in detail what happened during the time you came into contact with this game. There has to be a reason the girl chose you.” Chen Ge felt weird. How did Xiao Bu in the game come into contact with Fan Chong?

Fan Chong gripped his hands together. He thought about it for a long time before saying, “Okay, but you have to promise me that you won’t tell my brother. I don’t want him to worry.”

“Okay, no problem.”

“Actually, I was in deep despair quite some time ago. I’d been at work for several years already, but the work wasn’t going well. I’m probably the type of person who is destined to never shine. From school to

work, I was always isolated. A few weeks ago, my boss came to me to ask about my real passion, something that was not related to work. I got the hint that he was hoping that I would quit, and I agreed.” Fan Chong finally told the truth and revealed his secret to Chen Ge.

“When I got home, I called my girlfriend. I complained to her on the phone. She listened to me patiently, and when I was done, she told me calmly that she wanted a break-up. She said that she was tired of listening to me talk about such things. She lost the ability to even act interested in my life.

“I apologized to her and tried many ways to salvage the relationship, but no matter what I did, she did not forgive me. I bought a present and waited for her at her company, and I saw her leave the place with a man who was very tall and handsome.

“I asked her colleague, and she did not seem to know about my existence. She told me that my girlfriend had been with the guy for a long time already, and they were apparently discussing marriage.”

His face was squeezed together, and Fan Chong’s grip tightened. “I have no idea how I got home. My thoughts were a mess, and I hated people, but more than that, I hated myself. At the time, I thought about leaving.

“I went to the roof and stood there for three hours. Whenever I thought about making that step, I would hear someone call my name. I stood there from afternoon to dusk. My stomach growled, and suddenly, I missed my brother’s cooking. I turned back and went back home.

“Then, I found this game. I locked myself in the game, and I’ve dedicated myself to clearing the game ever since.”

“It will get better.” Chen Ge attempted to console him. “I believe I know why Xiao Bu found you. It was probably Xiao Bu who pulled you back from the edge of despair. Perhaps from her perspective, you are both people cut from the same cloth, so you should be able to understand her situation.”

## **Chapter 552: New Employee**

“If not for her, you wouldn’t be here anymore. It is because of her that you survived. She lent you a hand when you most needed it, so why would you be afraid of someone like that?” Chen Ge’s voice was warm and calm—it seemed to possess a unique power.

Fan Chong thought about it for a long time. He suddenly felt that Chen Ge had a point. “You have nothing after death, not even the chance to chase after happiness. You’re right, I should thank her.”

“Actually, when you told me the old lady’s story, I was instantly reminded of Xiao Bu. The old lady stayed next to Xiao Bu’s home, so the girl that she saw was probably Xiao Bu.” Chen Ge looked at the little girl on screen who wore her mother’s pajamas. “The old lady lived alone, and when she suffered from heart attack, with none of the neighbors clued in, someone called the emergency line. Who do you think made that call?”

“Xiao Bu?”

“Who else could it be? From this, we know that the child still knows the difference between good and bad.” Chen Ge pushed Fan Chong’s chair back to the computer. “So, you can continue playing the game.

Xiao Bu will not harm you for no reason. She reached out to you with this game probably because she wants to share her story with you.”

“It’s just that? Even ghosts have the need to share their stories?” Fan Chong kept his voice low. He sat before the computer and still had a hard time getting used to this.

“This should be one of the reasons she made this game. With regards to other reasons, we will know once we clear the game.” Chen Ge noticed that Fan Chong was not that worried anymore, so he sighed. “Good luck, the child is probably trapped at the deepest part of the game, surrounded by pain and despair. She has saved you, so now it’s your turn to save her.”

“She’s hiding in my computer?” Fan Chong’s gaze slowly focused. He placed his hands back on the keyboard and mouse. “I understand. I will try my best to clear this game.”

Then he exited the game and cleaned up the partitions of his computer. “By the way, Boss Chen, you saw the blood words that showed up on the window earlier, right? Were those written by Xiao Bu?”

“Should be.”

“Then why would she warn you away from Li Wan City? Is this place that dangerous?” Fan Chong seemed to be afraid that Chen Ge might misunderstand him, so he added, “I’m worried about my big brother. He’s a careless person and is often spacing out.”

“At the moment, Eastern Jiujiang is rather complicated. Try to stay at home at night, but it should be better in one or two weeks.”

“One or two weeks? Okay.” Fan Chong had no idea how Chen Ge knew that, but he chose to believe him.

“If something happens, remember to contact me. I won’t be coming to Li Wan City for the next few days.” Xiao Bu’s message had attracted Chen Ge’s attention. He was a cautious person and would not risk his life for no reason. After that, Chen Ge left. He wanted to get the bus back to New Century Park before dawn.

He got on the bus and saw the boy that he had left on the last row. The boy was still unconscious. He checked the boy and confirmed that he was not injured. Chen Ge sighed in relief. “The boy’s parents must be worried. After I drive the bus back to the park, I should send the child to Western Jiujiang’s police station.”

The bus on Route 104 had come from Western Jiujiang to Eastern Jiujiang, so the middle-aged woman had probably snatched the boy from Western Jiujiang. “The surveillance in countryside is not that comprehensive, but I can’t be too careful.”

Chen Ge opened the comic to summon the driver ghost, Tang Jun. “So, what is your decision?”

With the ‘brain-washing’ from Bai Qiulin, Ol’ Zhou, and the other ghosts, Tang Jun’s attitude became much better. He was not an evil ghost, and his death was due to a car accident. There was not much resentment in him, and the only emotion that he had was the connection to his family.

“I don’t mind it. After all, it’s just driving. It’s the same no matter who the boss is, but if you allow me to meet my family, I will swear my loyalty to you.”

“Where is your home?”

“Why?”

“You drive, and we’ll go there now.”

...

Twenty minutes later, Tang Jun walked out from an old residential area. Probably because the desire in his heart was not that intense, his body became much more faded, like he was about to disperse.

After he got on the bus, his body started to recover.

“So soon? Aren’t you going to stay with them longer?” Chen Ge was reading the information on the black phone. Tang Jun had taken less three minutes.

“I didn’t go upstairs. I just stood outside the building.”

“Don’t you want to see them in person?”

“I thought about it, but no.”

“It’s fine. If you want to come back in the future, just tell me in advance, and you can come back anytime.” Chen Ge was always kind to his workers and treated them as his family. “But you have to remember, when the desire that kept you alive disappears, it will also be time for you to disappear.”

“Hmm, understood.” Tang Jun gripped the steering wheel and started the bus. The bus arrived at New Century Park at 4 am, when the sun was coming up. When the guard saw Chen Ge come back with such a large vehicle, his eyes almost popped out of his face. After asking Chen Ge many times to confirm that he did not steal the vehicle and that it was just a prop, the guard finally allowed Chen Ge into theme park.

“A public bus is indeed a bit too eye-catching.” Chen Ge pulled Tang Jun back into the comic and parked the bus in the empty space behind the Haunted House.

“Let me see... what else have I forgotten?” Chen Ge opened the door and looked at the boy lying on the back seats. When they were coming home, the boy’s lashes had been flickering, and his lips moved.

“You’re awake, aren’t you?” The boy was clever. He had probably woken up when the sun rose, but he had been pretending to be asleep. When he realized that his trick had been exposed, the boy climbed up from his seat shyly. He did not speak but looked at Chen Ge silently.

“Don’t be afraid—I’m a good person. I saved you from the bad guy yesterday.” Chen Ge held the boy’s hand as they walked down from the bus.

It was 4:30 am, four hours from the opening of theme park. Chen Ge calculated and thought that there was enough time. He led the boy out of the New Century Park and took a cab to the police station. “The boy’s parents must be worried. This cannot wait.”

Chen Ge arrived at the station around 5 am. He walked into the place with the boy. When the officer saw someone walk in, they did not pay him much attention, but when they saw who the man was, they became awake immediately.

“Chen Ge? Why have you returned?”

### **Chapter 553: Another Draw!**

Being recognized by the officer on duty, this was something that Chen Ge did not expect. He coughed once and explained himself immediately. “When I was on my way to Eastern Jiujiang, I happened across a child kidnapping case. You know about the kind of person that I am; I have a strong sense of justice. So, after a dangerous bout, I finally managed to rescue the boy.”

“Those with real justice will never say that they have justice.” The three officers at the police station had all gathered. One of them had aided Lee Sanbao when they handled the murder at Mu Yang High School and had an impression of Chen Ge. “I cannot make a decision about this. Our superintendent and Inspector Lee said that as long as the case involves you, we have to inform them before we can make a decision.”

“It’s not even a murder this time; it shouldn’t that serious, right?” Chen Ge still had something else to do. His original plan had been to drop off the boy and leave immediately.

“In your eyes, only murder cases are serious, huh? That’s a very dangerous way of thinking.” The officer called Inspector Lee, and two officers remained. One led the boy to the other side of the room while the other stayed with Chen Ge on high alert.

Several minutes later, the officer who called Inspector Lee walked out from the office, and he looked at Chen Ge strangely.

“What did inspector Lee say? Can I go now?” Chen Ge had not slept all night, and the theme park was opening at 9 am—he wanted to rush back to catch a little sleep.

“I’m afraid not.” The officer dropped the file on the table. “Yesterday at 9 pm, a pair of young parents came to report their son’s disappearance. The picture of their boy is similar to this boy that you found.”

“Isn’t a good thing? I’ve saved your time; you can just return the boy to his family.” Chen Ge was confused. “Is it because the parents want to thank me in person? There’s no need for that.”

“No, we wish to get your cooperation.” The officer opened the file. There was information of several children. “These are the children who have gone missing from Western Jiujiang over the last few months. There is a similarity in all these cases—they all happened on a rainy night. We’ve been following this case, and through our investigation, witnesses said that they saw a middle-aged lady around the crime scene. Last night, when the boy disappeared, someone saw the same lady around the area.”

“Many cases?” Chen Ge knew that these cases were related to the culprit in Eastern Jiujiang, but he wondered why the culprit needed so many children.

“Yes, these cases are horrible, and around the area where the disappearance happened, there is such a story. According to the story, whenever it rains, a middle-aged lady carrying a basket will appear. Due to her natural deficit, she is unable to carry a child, so she was chased out of the family by her family. From

then on, she hated men and children and would use many different ways to lure children into tunnels and then take them away.”

“Doesn’t that sound like typical urban legend? They’re rarely real.” Chen Ge did not expect the officer to suddenly bring that up.

“Sometimes, local story and urban legend are based on real life event. We cannot believe them fully, but we cannot brush them off either.” The officer looked at Chen Ge. “There are seven cases of child kidnappings, and this boy is the only one who has been found. You’re the only one who has interacted with the suspect, so I need you to stay.”

“Fine, I will try my best to cooperate.” Chen Ge knew that he would be unable to leave, so he poured a glass of warm water for himself and sat down. “Then again, it’s one thing for me to cooperate, but you can’t keep asking me to do free work. At the beginning, when I provided the key clue to solve the murder at Ping An Apartment, at least the city awarded me with 50,000. Now, I don’t even get a medal or certificate, much less money, isn’t that a bit wrong?”

Seeing how shameless Chen Ge was, the officer did not even know how to respond. “Don’t worry, all you’ve done will be recorded by the department. In the future, we might award you the title of best citizen or one of the top ten youths in Jiujiang or something like that.”

“Are you for real? Then, does it mean I can get on the television?”

“Just help us with the cases, and eventually, those things will come.”

“No problem, but when the time comes, you have to help me deal with the reporters. If they have to interview me, please do it at the entrance to my Haunted House. That is a kind of promotion,” Chen Ge said seriously.

Half an hour later, Inspector Lee arrived, and Chen Ge gave him the story that he had prepared. He said that he had ridden an e-bike alone to Eastern Jiujiang. When he passed a bus stop, he saw a middle-aged lady hugging a child, looking like she was waiting for someone. He was worried about them because of how dangerous it was for a mother and a child to be waiting alone at night.

He stopped and offered to give them a ride home. During the conversation, he noticed how weird things were. The boy was not asleep but unconscious. He prepared to call the police, but coincidentally, his phone had no battery.

Then, the middle-aged woman escaped because she knew that she had been exposed. Chen Ge chased her for a while before returning to the boy because he thought that the boy’s safety was more important. The boy had been unconscious when he was on the bus, so Chen Ge was not worried about being exposed by the boy.

When he was done, the officers were in disbelief. He went to ride his bike, and he came across a child kidnapping case. This man before them, from a certain perspective, could not be viewed as a normal person anymore.

After giving a description of the middle-aged woman, Inspector Lee agreed to let Chen Ge go. He knew that Chen Ge had to operate the Haunted House in the morning. At 7 am, Chen Ge was sent back to the

New Century Park in a police car. When the guard saw Chen Ge walk toward him, he forgot how many times he had seen Chen Ge that day.

*It's almost the park's opening time; I don't think I can sleep anymore.*

Following a cold shower, Chen Ge changed into a set of clean clothes and gave the place a brief clean. When he was done, Chen Ge took out the black phone to study the Trial Missions.

*These new Trial Missions are in Eastern Jiujiang; I have to go there if I want to expand the Haunted House.*

*Xiao Bu's advice warned me away from Li Wan City, but she did not say I cannot go to Eastern Jiujiang. This means the best solution is to avoid Li Wan City for now and only go there after I finish the other three-star scenarios and gather all the 'people'.*

*Even with Zhang Ya and Xu Yin, Xiao Bu still thinks I have no chance. Looks like my ability is still lacking behind compared to the culprit in Eastern Jiujiang.*

Chen Ge thought about ways to make up the difference.

*I have to unlock Yan Danian's last ability as soon as possible. There's also Bai Qiulin—he has consumed Xiong Qing and gained a dyed heart, but the increase in power is not obvious. He needs to consume more ghosts.*

After going through all the members of the Haunted House, Chen Ge realized that, not counting Zhang Ya, he was even less powerful than the ghost stories society. If Zhang Ya and Xu Yin were held back, he would be in mortal danger.

*The number of workers that I can depend on is still too little.*

Chen Ge thought about it and opened the black phone. He looked at one of the options.

*I can get new Specters from spinning the wheel, but the problem is, if I win another two Specters, then my title will be upgraded.*

*With Xu Yin and Zhang Ya by my side, normal Specters don't pose much threat to me. It befits my current Specters' favored title. I can approach them and communicate with them.*

*But if this title upgrades, does that mean I will attract more dangerous existences to me? What if Zhang Ya and Xu Yin are unable to handle it? Doesn't it mean I'll return to a life of cowering in fear and terror?*

#### **Chapter 554: Phone Number That Is Kissed by the Dead**

Chen Ge thought back to when he drew Zhang Ya. At the time, he had still been ignorant about the different between a normal Specter and a Red Specter. Because of his blind courage, he had used his sincerity to slowly calm Zhang Ya down.

*Being hated by Zhang Ya will get me killed; being loved by Zhang Ya will get me killed. I have to seek a middle ground. It's already scary enough to have this one with me, if I attract something even more dangerous, will it be too much for me?*



After his title leveled up, more out of control things might happen, and this was what Chen Ge refused to see.

*After winning two more Specters, the title will be upgraded, but from the perspective of probability, the chance of that is very low, and I have two more chances...*

Chen Ge was rather interested. He looked at the Wheel of Misfortune on screen and slowly raised his finger. If he was being serious, the Wheel of Misfortune was a very important feature provided by the black phone. Zhang Ya, Xu Yin, and Yan Danian—the three Specters that he had won from it—had been immensely helpful to Chen Ge. Without them, Chen Ge would not have survived until this day.

*There are two ways to improve my ability—completing Nightmare Missions or winning something useful from the Wheel.*

Although he had obtained the black phone quite some time ago, the things that he had won from it were either Specters or items related to Specters. This was rather discomfoting to him.

*Perhaps when I won Zhang Ya from the wheel, the plot was set on a path of no return.*

From the lack of sleep, Chen Ge's head was heavy.

*Maybe I should try it once. After all, the title will only increase after winning two more Specters.*

Chen Ge lit a cigarette and walked around his Haunted House. He had done everything that he could to get something good from the wheel. He had tried to make the draw during noon or during dawn, and he had tried biking to somewhere one or two kilometers away from the park, but reality proved that those efforts were rather useless.

*Perhaps I should try going the other way, or should I wait until midnight, the time of day when the Yin energy is the strongest, and then start the wheel at the deepest part of the Haunted House?*

After some consideration, Chen Ge abandoned that plan.

*I should ask the Pen Spirit.*

He entered the underground scenario and planned to combine the powers of both the Pen Spirit and the Weeping Statue to see whether he would win another Specter. Pushing the door to the female dormitory open, Chen Ge saw the ballpoint pen that was covered with plastic tape drawing circles on the paper out of boredom.

“Long time no see.” Probably spooked by Chen Ge, the pen toppled over and rolled away from Chen Ge.

“Why are you running? I have something important to ask you.” Chen Ge gripped the pen and asked whether he would win a Specter from the Wheel. To his surprise, he was halfway through his question when the Pen Spirit should the sign of collapsing. He immediately stopped. Then he tried the same question with the statue. The result was the same. As long as it involved the black phone, the powers of those ghosts would go on a rampage.

*This sure is strange. The phone left behind by my parents is not normal.*

Unable to cheat, Chen Ge stopped hesitating. He entered the toilet to wash his hands and ran into the bus. When he calmed down fully, he clicked the wheel on the phone.

As the wheel slowed down, Chen Ge's heart raced. The screams that he had gathered were enough for him to play the wheel five times. If he did not win a Specter, he would continue until he ran out of resources. With a click, the wheel stopped as did the needle.

"Congratulations for winning the item—Invitation to the Cursed Game (Chance of Winning: 1/100).

"Invitation to the Cursed Game: Curses and deaths both play their role at this hospital. No one knows where the limit of humanity is."

*An Invitation? Chen Ge read it many times to confirm that he did not win a Specter. Is my luck changing? Everything's coming up Chen Ge. Even though the invitation is nothing good, at least it's better than upgrading the title.*

Sitting on the bus, Chen Ge felt the bus could bring him good luck. *As long as there are no baleful Specters... Now, this is what I call normal.*

Chen Ge sighed in relief and turned the wheel again. The needle slowly stopped, and with Chen Ge watching, a new message popped up on-screen.

"Congratulations, Specters' Favored, for winning the rare item—Phone Number That Is Kissed by the Dead (Chance of Winning: 5/1000)!

"The police discovered that, before they died, every victim called this number.

"Fourth win of a baleful Specter! Congratulations, user. When you win the fifth Specter, your title will automatically be upgraded!"

When Chen Ge saw the phone addressing him with his title, Specters' Favored, he had a bad feeling in his heart.

*The phone number that is kissed by the dead? The chance of winning is five in one thousand—that is lower than Xu Yin and Yan Danian, second only to Zhang Ya, so this is probably another Red Specter!*

Chen Ge looked at his hands in shock. He had won another Specter. To be honest, he was rather afraid of himself already.

*Is the wheel broken? Are all the probabilities given fake?*

Several minutes later, Chen Ge calmed down and leaned back in the seat.

*If I win another Specter, the title will upgrade. Should I give it another shot?*

The changes that might happen after the title upgraded were an unknown.

*When I first obtained the black phone, I started to interact with this shadow world with its guidance. Until now, I dare not say that I've fully understood this world. Or rather, the more I know about this world, the more I understand how scary it is.*

With that thought, Chen Ge put the black phone away.

*I should continue spinning the wheel when Zhang Ya's injury is healed. Without her being at full health, I feel weirdly unsettled.*

Chen Ge headed to the Prop Room. He found two things inside the wooden box left behind by his parents. A piece of crumpled paper with a phone number written on it. It started with 010 and ended with 000.

“This note looks like it has been tightly gripped in someone’s grasp before. Was it a struggle before death? Why is this number called a number that is kissed by the dead? Will I meet a Red Specter if I call this number?”

The theme park would be opening soon. Chen Ge planned to try it when the park closed. He folded the paper and put it inside his pocket. He turned to look at the other object. It was a booking form with the seal of Xin Hai Central Hospital. Details like the room number, booking fee, and name were all empty, but in the box for the date, several numbers were written in bright red ink with slanted handwriting.

### **Chapter 555: The First Victim**

*This is the invitation to the cursed game at abandoned hospital? It looks quite new, but it is less scary than the documents at the Third Sick Hall.*

One of the newly unlocked four-star scenarios by the black phone was at Xin Hai Central Hospital. Chen Ge felt like this cursed game’s invitation should be related to that.

*I'll keep this for now. I'll probably have need for it in the future.*

Chen Ge was not that interested in the cursed game. All he wanted was the four-star scenario. If anyone dared to curse him, then he would immediately use the Pen Spirit and the Weeping Statue to find out the person’s location and then charge the place with his Red Specters. He was an open person and never relied on underhanded tactics. Putting the invitation and phone number away, Chen Ge walked out from the Prop Room.

When he reached the door, Xiao Gu and Xu Wan had arrived. Chen Ge helped them with their make-up and returned to the Haunted House. He found an isolated place and summoned Ol’ Zhou and Duan Yue. “Both of you have shown incredible talent at dealing with sudden problems, and you’ve proved yourselves to me. Today, I need you to help me with the visitors. Of course, I will not have you work for free. Just tell me if you need anything.”

“It’s my honor to work for the boss, and I like staying with the visitors.” There was an eagerness in Ol’ Zhou’s eyes.

“Don’t push it too far. I only need you to help usher the visitors into the scenarios. Today, your roles are not actors but pure service workers.” Chen Ge was afraid that the two did not understand him and would scare the visitors before they even entered the scenario.

“Service workers?” Both Duan Yue and Ol’ Zhou appeared rather disappointed.

“If you think it’s too boring, you can give the visitors a little surprise when they leave the scenarios.” Chen Ge had spent quite some time with Ol’ Zhou’s group. He knew their limits and personalities, and this was why he was willing to get their help. This was an unprecedented event.

“I know that your body will be injured if you appear in daylight, so this counts as work injury. If you have any wish, you can tell me, and I’ll treat it as compensation.” Chen Ge was always kind to his workers.

“As long as I can work with her, I have no other wishes.” Ol’ Zhou tried to grab Duan Yue’s hand but was slapped away. “Go stand over there, I’m just acting with you.”

“Then, how about we make it real?”

Chen Ge stood there and felt like a third wheel. “Are you feeding me dogfood? Please mind the attitude when you’re working, or I’m afraid the other employees will have something to say.”

He found two outfits that would not show their faces from the changing room for Ol’ Zhou and Duan Yue. “If possible, try not to speak, and don’t expose yourselves. If there’s any issue, call me.”

“Don’t worry.” Ol’ Zhou and Duan Yue were good at customer service—Chen Ge had noticed that quite some time ago. With them around, no matter what happened, they had the ability to handle it themselves.

After giving a few more orders, Chen Ge returned to the staff breakroom. “If all the ghosts were like Ol’ Zhou and Duan Yue, things would be so much easier.” He set an alarm and fell asleep. Chen Ge was woken up by the alarm when it was almost noon. “Time for lunch.”

Stretching his arms lazily, Chen Ge exited the room. Duan Yue and Ol’ Zhou did not disappoint. Everything was running smoothly. Since Duan Yue had a beautiful voice, she was responsible for communicating with the visitors while Ol’ Zhou ushered the people into the scenarios. To quell the nervous atmosphere, Ol’ Zhou even made a few jokes to liven up the situation.

“Thank you. You can go rest now.” After sending Ol’ Zhou and Duan Yue back into the comic, Chen Ge ran to the surveillance room to check the recording to make sure that they did not cause any problems.

“It feels like they’re more suitable for this job than me.” Chen Ge walked out from the Haunted House to greet Uncle Xu.

“You’re quite honest today. The visitors have very good feedback. A few foreigners came to visit, and they said that you were able to communicate nicely with them. Why haven’t you told me you have a good grasp of English?” There was a smile on Uncle Xu’s face. Actually, he did not have many requirements—he was satisfied as long as Chen Ge did not create trouble.

“One should never stop learning. I’ve even learned painting and violin. If there’s a chance, I’ll show you.” Chen Ge looked at the long lines before the entrance and felt happy. He entered the resting hall to see the visitors’ progress.

Currently, Coffin Village had been cleared twice—the visitors had found the way to clear this scenario. The maximum number of visitors for a three-star scenario was fifteen visitors, so they would find all fifteen people before entering. Then they used the fastest time to find the wedding dress and carried it out in turn.

Once a visitor was scared until they fainted by the lingering spirit inside the dress, the people next to them would pick up the dress and continue the marathon. The abandoned member would be given up, and by the power of cooperation, the wedding dress would be sent out of the scenario. With suitable background music, the scene looked rather inspiring.

*Since the visitors have found a method, the difficulty of the scenario has been greatly lowered, and the number of people who have cleared the scenario will only increase.*

Fortunately, Chen Ge was not worried. When the visitors were combing their mind to clear the other two three-star scenarios, Chen Ge already started to plot for the 3.5-star and four-star scenarios.

*I cannot wait for the day that the visitors enter the four-star scenario. The popularity of my Haunted House will probably witness another rise.*

The Haunted House closed at 6 pm, and the last batch of visitors was sent away at 6:30 pm.

After cleaning the place, Chen Ge waited until Xiao Gu and Xu Wan left before returning to the staff breakroom.

“With the earlier nap, I don’t feel that tired.” Chen Ge took out the paper from his pocket. “It’s time to go fetch this new employee. The chance of winning this is smaller than Yan Danian, so it should be a Red Specter.”

Taking out his phone, Chen Ge studied the number many times before calling it. It was 7 pm. All the workers at the park had returned home, so the place was quiet. The dial tone echoed in his ears. The number was still in use, but no one answered it.

“Nowadays, not many people use landline anymore. What is the hidden meaning of this number?”

When it rang for the fourteenth time, the call was finally connected. Chen Ge held his breath. He did not say anything but focused on listening. There was a strange sound coming from the phone—it sounded like something was burning.

## **Chapter 556: My Name [2 in 1]**

Combustion from alcohol and gas would have a quiet flame. Only when the fuel was of wooden material that it would have this crackling and popping sound.

“Hello? How can I help you?” Ten seconds later, Chen Ge realized that there was still no one speaking, so he tossed out this question as a probe. A bottle fell to the ground, and it sounded like its content splashed out and caused the fire to burn even stronger.

“Hello! Is anyone there?” The phone was answered, so this meant that someone had to be near the phone. “Is this a fire? Are you okay? Please tell me your location immediately!”

Chen Ge was getting nervous, and he screamed loudly. The fire was still burning, and then a different voice cut through the roaring flame.

“Can I talk to you for a moment?” The man’s voice was nice but rather hoarse.

“Sure, since I have nothing to do at the moment anyway.” Chen Ge had been afraid that the other party would refuse to communicate. As long as there was communication, he could get useful information.

“Then what do you want to talk about?”

After a long time, his reply came. “I don’t know.”

The person spoke slowly like he was constantly thinking. Chen Ge could hear the tremor in the person’s voice. He was unstable. Chen Ge did not dare to randomly run his mouth lest he provoked the man.

“Shall we talk about something happy?”

“There are many happy things. Everyone is happy, and I know I should be happy, but for some reason, I am unable to be happy.”

“Just relax, then how about we share some of our best memories?”

“Memories?” The man went silent again, but the sound of fire burning became clearer and clearer.

“When I was young, my parents kept arguing for the sake of living.”

When he heard that, Chen Ge knew that something was wrong. This was not a happy memory—he wanted to interrupt the man, but the man on the other end of the phone did not appear like he was going to stop.

“My mother was very strict with me because she wanted the best for her son. I’ve always been an obedient child. A bit shy and didn’t like to talk. When I was at primary school, I was quite good at my studies, but unfortunately, throughout the six years, I only got three good student award.

“During secondary school, my English was very bad, and my result was average. During the third year, my mother found me an English tutor for one-on-one tuition. I had to attend classes after school until 9.30 pm. When I reached home, it would be around 10 pm.

“The tutor was a very good teacher. I got ninety-five marks on my English, but I did not get similarly good results for Math and Chinese, the subjects that I was supposed to be good at. However, overall my result was still at the front of the class. If I remember correctly, the total mark was about 560 marks or so. With that result, I could apply for all the high school other than Si Yi High.

“Actually, I really don’t understand why we need to label children. Si Yi High was the best high school, and I was missing the mark by twenty plus marks. If I wanted to enter Si Yi High, I had to fork out tuition, which was 18,000 RMB.

“The monthly salary of my parents was four thousand RMB. To give me a better head start, they scrounged up this money to send me to Si Yi High.

“Should I be thankful?”

“I don’t know. Perhaps it was the sense of guilt, but I worked so hard for the first three months I entered the school. I was afraid of being exposed, afraid of other people finding out that I didn’t get in there with my own results but because of money.

“Actually, other people might not even have cared about that, but perhaps I’m just someone who is naturally prideful or perhaps I don’t want to be the same as them. For the first exam, my results were

higher than average, and I was happy. I worked even harder. But for my middle year exam, my result slid down to lower average.

“I couldn’t find the reason. Perhaps it was my method of studying or perhaps I just wasn’t putting in enough effort. What else could I do but push forward?”

“When the result for the last exam came out, my result dropped even further to the bottom of the class. A good student became the worst student—the identity had changed, but the mind needed a time to get used to the situation. When my mind also adapted to this change, then I’d change from a normal student to a bad student.

“I’m a strange fella, the type that has a strong sense of pride and arrogance. When we were called to pick the stream that we wanted to focus on, I had a crush. It was something that is difficult to explain, but I felt happy whenever I saw her.

“She was the good student type and also very hardworking. She would show up for class early in the morning. The key to our classroom was with the monitor, so I woke up early every morning just so I could arrive at school before the monitor and jumped into the room through the classroom window to help her open the door.

“There were many similar things. When she went to the canteen to buy lunch in the afternoon, I would take my English textbook and study it while leaning against the corridor. I wanted to see her, to see her walk back from the canteen to the classroom.

“Actually, it’s quite embarrassing because even though I studied the textbook for the whole semester, in the English exam, I only scored in the thirties. The exam results became worse and worse. I was constantly one of the worst ten students in the class. During the third year, when all the students gave it their all and fought like there was no return, my interest was reading and writing.

“I read all type of books, not related to school. Web novels, magazines, sci-fi novels, and thrillers both locally and overseas. After reading so much, a world would be constructed in my mind, a world that was my own. That was also the first time that I opened a writer’s account for myself online and started to try to write some things.

“There was still over one hundred days to the high school exam, but even the friends that stayed at the internet café started to retreat to focus on their study. However, all that I focused on was my story and my writing.

“During one of the school assemblies, the headmaster was standing on stage. I stared at him and thought about the books that I liked, the authors that I admired. I wanted to be like them, to construct a world that many people would appreciate.

“The exam was over, and there were two ways to understand this.

“One was exam was over, and the other was my life was over.

“I scored just enough for vocational school. Compared to those who wanted to give the exam another go, I decided to grasp this last chance to confess my love. But until today, I did not say it because that day I saw the girl whom I liked got together with the monitor.

“I went to cut my hair until I was bald. As the only student from Si Yi High to go to a vocational school, I had to have my own style, walk my own path. I planned to cut myself off from my former classmates, probably because the greater the pride, the more one dislikes pity from others.

“Even if I was a bad student, I was a bad student with a dream. After I got to the school, writing became my life. I planned to write an epic that combined all the elements of the great writing that had come before me. I had read many books, so I knew a bit of everything. I put the manuscript that I wrote on the internet.

“That was when I received my first contract. My work was more than 300,000 words, but no one was reading it. Then, I tried to give them my other stories, but they were all rejected. During the latter half of the third year, some of the students started to focus on moving to actual university or studying to become teachers. I went to someplace far away from home to start my internship.

“The factory where my father worked closed down. The old CEO was sent into jail for ten years due to illegal activities, so only my mother’s salary was keeping the family afloat. She earned less than two thousand a month.

“For the internship, I chose the place furthest from home because the salary was the highest, and it was close to the ocean. About thirty-three people from our school chose to have their internship at this company. Since it was a frontline worker and it was factory work, there was constant interaction with gas and copper sludge. One month later, only sixteen people remained.

“Due to professional reasons, I was moved to another department. The work wasn’t easy, but it was still acceptable. Slowly, I got used to the lifestyle. The leader thought that even though this child did not like to speak, he was honest and serious, so my internship ended sooner than others, and I became an official worker.

“I worked eight hours daily with one day of rest every week. After I got used to this, I started to ask myself, am I going to work like this forever? How can I have no dreams for myself?

“I started to write again. After an eight-hour shift, I would write four thousand words a night, without any readers or any support. Even those comments mocking me wouldn’t total up to four thousand words. If I didn’t write, nothing would change. Writing was tiring, but I liked to write.

“Perhaps the gods had mercy for the hardworking. There were few readers, but the crush I had from high school suddenly contacted me through internet. Way back when I was at university, I heard from another friend that she had broken up with the monitor; however, I had been too focused on writing to care about it.

“Then, we started to reconnect. During the annual break, I went to visit her and her university. Vocational school and university were not that different, or at least I did not think it was that different. However, when she continued to study for her masters and doctorate, then I thought the difference was quite huge.

“I forgot what I said on the day of confession. I couldn’t even remember the date, but the conclusion was that we were not compatible. I couldn’t say that I was disappointed.



“I threw myself back into work and writing. Finally, the book was contracted. There were still no readers, and I got just over six hundred for my writing every month. Six hundred of that was from constant writing instead of popularity.

“Then, I searched for my book online and found it on many aggregator websites. I was so pissed. I begged and reported. I tried my best to find the people who stole my writing. The website had a forum for readers, and it was even more lively than the official forum. After I friended the person online, I told him to remove my book immediately, or I would have to resort to legal actions.

“He ignored me.

“I found other aggregator sites and realized that the uploader used the same account, so I tried to reason with him. He still ignored me. Finally, for the first time in my life, someone as prideful as I am begged him.

“I was the official writer, but I had to beg this aggregator. I told him that I didn’t even demand that he removed the book—I just asked that he did not update the same time as I did. Could he please wait for three days after I uploaded the official version? If he could not do three days, could he give me one day? I was pleading with him.

“I even started a thread on the forum, telling them that I only earned six hundred per month, and if people really liked the writing, I’d hope for them to support the real author. The replies said that I was manipulating their feeling, calling me names. A real author would not have cared about these things, no wonder I was not popular.

“The person who opened the aggregator did not reply to me, and I did not reply to the readers. I exited the web browser and started writing my four thousand words for the day.

“Every day, four thousand words, and I had to update daily to gain the reward money of six hundred—that six hundred was all the reward that I got for my hard work.

“After a week, when I was working, there was a malfunction at work. I broke the middle finger of my right hand. The bone snapped, and only two layers of skin were connecting the finger.

“Then holiday came. I returned home. The girl asked me out for dinner, and after dinner, we went for a movie. The movie was a love story. The male character gave up his life for the female character, but the female character still ended up with the second male character. I seemed to see myself on screen, and I gave up everything.

“I placed the present that I had specially picked up for the night on the bridge and I squatted by the road until midnight. The people who passed by must have thought that I was very weird. I got home. The next day, I flew to Zhu Hai.

“Work, writing... I cannot honestly tell you what was keeping me alive back then. I started to write a new book, and another half a year had passed. Like what I said earlier, God has mercy on the hardworking, and I had the best period of my life.

“I ran into a female reader who was five years younger than me. At the time, she was still studying while I was working, and the distance between us was half of China.

“When I went to meet her for the first time, a tornado came, and the plane couldn’t fly. Coincidentally, before this tornado left, another tornado was coming. I sincerely couldn’t believe my luck.

“At the time, she told me, if I couldn’t make it that day, then it meant that we could not be together. And then, a miracle happened. There was a short period between the two tornadoes when the plane was allowed to fly.

“That was my first real romance. Everything that we did was my first. My first time holding someone’s hand, first time going on a date, first time going to theme park, first time walking past a Haunted House, first time taking the subway together, first time kissing...

“I did not worry her too much and hid my many weaknesses away from her like the finger that I had lost, my education background, and the book that was not as good as I made it out to be.

“I had many things that I wanted to tell her, and we matched each other. I was very happy when I was around her.

“Then I wrote a supernatural web novel, and it became surprisingly popular. Heaven was finally smiling at me. The days were glowing—the sweetness had arrived after years of bitterness. My dream was about to come true.

“I could see the bad student standing at the assembly looking at the people on stage, he walked out from the memory to thank me.

“Thank you for not giving up. Finally, you are standing alongside those authors that you admired.

“This was the happiest moment of my life, but the happiest moments are always the shortest.

“Every year, the website had a competition to pick the best newcomer. With my result, I thought my place was guaranteed, but I ran into a cheater.

“With a landslide victory I won the award, but I had to spend around 400,000 RMB to win it. Around 100,000 RMB was from donations from fans, but the remaining came from my own wallet. I sold my own house for this.

“I’ve figured everything out before I made that decision. If my book was reported, I would go find the cheater, kill him, and then light a fire and burn everything up including myself.

“Thankfully, the book was not banned. However, after winning the award, I suddenly felt that my world had darkened. It was supposed to be a celebratory event, but I couldn’t smile.

“Everyone was happy, so I tried my best to smile. My dream came true, but I felt like something was lacking.

“When I communicated with people, I would see their mouths widening, and I would fall into them like they were black holes. I stayed with people that I loved, but they would reject my concern and feelings.

“Something must be wrong.”

The sound of fire grew, and something like a dresser was knocked over. The man’s voice went further away from the phone, and the last thing that Chen Ge heard was. “This fire sure is bright...”

## Chapter 557: Nobita [2 in 1]

“Hello? Hello! Where are you now! I can help you, I can help you!” Chen Ge screamed into the phone, but his only answer was the sound of fire burning. “Calm down, you have to calm down!”

He gripped the phone tightly and kicked the door open, rushing to the highest office building inside the park. He ran with all his might up to the roof. He stood at the highest part of the park and looked down over Jiujiang.

There were lights from neon signs, from buildings, from street lights, and from cars, but he could not see any fire. However, on the other end of the phone, the flame was rising and engulfing everything, causing the sound of crackling to keep coming through. The fire was spreading.

“Hello, I don’t know whether you can hear me or not. I just want to tell you that I can help you. There are people in this world who are willing to help you.”

The line was filled with static. It appeared as if the fire had burned the phone line. There was no reply, and the call ended. Hearing the busy tone on the other end, Chen Ge was feeling rather unsettled.

The last declaration by the author had probably been his own imagination. His determination and perseverance did not lead to a reward—after the dream collapsed, his mental state probably collapsed as well. Holding the rail on the edge of the building, Chen Ge looked toward the horizon.

Several minutes later, with some remnant of hope in his heart, he called that number again. He knew that the chance was not big, but at least he wanted to give it a try. The dial tone began beside his ears again, and Chen Ge had no idea how long it would go on. Chen Ge sighed to himself, and just as he was about to hang up, the call was suddenly connected.

“Hello.” It was a completely different voice that came from the other end.

*Did I dial the wrong number?* Chen Ge glanced subconsciously at the number; all the digits were correct, but the crackling fire had disappeared, and in its place was an eerie silence. The same number but a different sound. Chen Ge started to calm down. He thought back to the introduction that the black phone had given this number. *The police discovered that, before they died, every victim called this number. There is more than one victim!*

After realizing that, Chen Ge swiftly adjusted his thoughts, changing his voice and tone. “Hello, is there anything that I can help you with?”

Since he had no idea what the other person’s experience was, that was the only thing that Chen Ge could say in the circumstances.

“You want to help me? That’s not necessary, thank you.” The voice on the other end sounded weak like they were falling asleep.

“You don’t sound that well.” Chen Ge felt weirdly anxious. The person was too calm, and this reminded him of the author from before. “Then, do you mind telling me where you are now? If you want to find someone to talk to, I can get over to you immediately.”

“There’s not enough time.” The man spoke very slowly. “If you really want to help me, can you tell my landlady that the payment for the utility bill is placed on top of my luggage?”

“Landlady? Then how can I contact her?” Chen Ge listened to the man, and it sounded like he was leaving behind his will. He understood that the landlady was the best opening that he had to find the man’s location.

“She lives at the residential area that is to the left of Fairytale Theme Park. The sixth building and first floor.” The man sounded tired and weak like even speech was something that was very exhausting for him.

“Fairytale Theme Park?” The location of the park flashed across Chen Ge’s mind. It was located at the southern part of Jiujiang. It was a theme park that catered specifically for children, but it had later been closed for some mysterious reason. “Then, do you have her contact number? I’m afraid I’m unable to find her place.”

Chen Ge headed toward the exit of the building without wasting any time. He was ready to go to Southern Jiujiang personally to take a look. A human life was on the line, so he did not hang up and tried to extend the conversation. “Listening to your voice, I feel like you’re very sleepy. Did you not sleep well last night?”

“I’ve not had a good night’s sleep in a very long time.” The man laughed. “I don’t know why, but I can’t seem to operate in the morning; however, at night, my mind starts to wander to strange places. I toss and turn in bed, unable to fall asleep.”

“I understand your pain; I have trouble sleeping at night as well. I often spend the time wondering all over the city at night.” Chen Ge could share in his pain, and technically, he was telling the truth.

The man seemed to have found a kindred spirit from Chen Ge’s sincere words. “Do you also suffer from insomnia?”

“Yes, my parents disappeared about six months ago, and even now, there have been zero leads. I spend my daily life in pain and anxiety. I can only rely on others to find some semblance of comfort for my heart.” At this point, Chen Ge’s tone suddenly changed. “But I will not give up. When I find them, I will loudly tell them the anger and worry that I have in my heart and then run forward into their arms.”

“I hope that you reunite with them soon.” The man’s voice softened, but his condition sounded worse and worse like he could collapse at any minute.

“Can you tell me your story? Just treat me as a stranger who is passing by.” Chen Ge realized that it was about time, so he tried to ask this question.

“My life is quite boring.” The man thought about it and replied with this answer.

“Life is boring and meaningless. The homework for everyone is to apply one’s meaning to it so that life will not be so meaningless.” Chen Ge already ran out of the office, and he was running toward the park entrance.

“Perhaps. My birth was an accident; it was my father who raised me. He worked very hard and had a small salary. He was just like any random guy you see on the street, a very normal person.” The man’s voice dwindled, but the speed of his words did not change much.

“I was a weak child from the moment I was born, and for that, I gave him plenty of trouble. It only got worse after I got into primary school. I was a stupid boy and couldn’t do anything well. I was unable to focus in class, and no one wanted to be my friend.”

The man took in a deep breath before continuing. “Initially, the teachers thought that I was just a silent boy, but in fact, I just don’t like the company of people. However, one day, the teacher called my father to the school, and they suggested that he take me to see a doctor.”

“See a doctor?”

“Yes, the analysis result was that I suffer from Nobita-Giant Syndrome. It’s an interesting name, and when I heard it for the first time, I thought it was quite amusing.”

The man laughed, but Chen Ge could not hear any joy from it. Chen Ge also heard this illness for the first time. Giant and Nobita were characters from a certain comic, were they not? “What are the exact symptoms for this illness?”

“Other countries call this illness ADHD or attention deficit hyperactivity disorder. The Nobita represents attention deficit and is the symptom that I suffer from.

“At the time, I knew nothing of this illness. When I went back to school, the other students only knew that I was ill, but they did not really understand what kind of illness it was. Actually, when people want to isolate you, anything is a good enough reason, and having a mental illness was the perfect excuse for them.”

When the man said these things, he sounded so calm like he was unrelated to the person that he was describing.

“After finishing high school, I stopped my education because I felt guilty toward my father. I found many jobs, but I always got fired due to my illness. I started to be afraid of people, and my sickness exacerbated. In the end, it escalated to serious depression, and I was sent to an asylum to seek treatment. At the time, I was just over twenty. I was not only unable to help my poor father, but instead, I was like a leech, sucking him alive. With the many circumstances, I thought about it for a long time and eventually decided to leave.

“I uploaded everything that I want to tell my father online and set it as a delayed post.” The man took in a deep breath. “If I had left behind everything that day, perhaps the tragedy later wouldn’t have happened.”

“Do not have that thought! You’ll only have hope if you’re alive!” Chen Ge had already hopped into the taxi and told the driver to get to Southern Jiujiang as fast as possible.

“I was saved, but during my coma, the words that I had set were released online. It was the first time that I received so much care and concern; I was overwhelmed. After I made my recovery, I went online to do some clarification. I apologized to everyone for creating the trouble. Many people comforted me, telling me that as long as I’m fine, they did not mind the trouble, but I also saw many private messages.

“Why are you still alive?”

“Why are you still here?”

“I was planning to light a joss stick for you, so please die.”

“Suicide via sleeping pills is not a good method. Listen to me, if you’re really serious, you should try rat poison.”

“Couldn’t you have died off silently?”

“I was confused. I didn’t know those people, so why did so many of them wish for me to die? Would my death bring them happiness?” The man’s voice came and went.

Even Chen Ge felt disgusted listening to those comments. “You shouldn’t let them have the satisfaction. The more they wish for you to die, the more you have to live a happy life. Live your life with a smile and show them that they’re wrong!”

The man on the other side laughed lightly. “You’re an interesting person. Honestly, I admit that I was conflicted for a period of time, but I saw the light after having a chat with my father. He did not care about my sickness and did not mind that I was slowing him down—he only wanted me to be alive, saying that I could always depend on him.”

“At the time, I was twenty-two. My father’s words gave me the biggest encouragement. I wasn’t useless; I could make it. I cooperated fully with the treatment, and three months later, I was discharged from the hospital.”

“Father knew about my condition—he knew I would be nervous around people—so he went around to find me a job that I did not need to interact with people. He had me pretend to be a giant cartoon character at a children’s theme park.”

“On my first day of work, a theme park worker brought me to the warehouse and told me to pick from the mountain of cartoon costumes.”

“The Doraemon<sup>1</sup> costume caught my attention immediately. It had a large head, and inside it was a small fan. The main reason was because I was diagnosed with Nobita-Giant Syndrome, and I felt like Doraemon could always bring good luck to Nobita.”

“After some simple training, I was sent to work. Every day, my job was to put on the Doraemon costume and play with the children that came to the theme park. I even had candies and little presents hidden inside my pocket to share with the children.”

“I liked that feeling. Seeing the smiles on children’s faces, I would smile involuntarily. Hiding inside the costume, I gained a sense of security. I stopped being afraid of people and even actively went to approach the visitors. I thought that the job was custom made for me. I told you, Doraemon would always bring Nobita good luck.”

“I worked there for a long time. Occasionally, my father would silently come to visit me. Actually, I knew it every time, and whenever he was around, I would be extra serious because I didn’t want him to feel like his son is a useless person.”

The man's voice was shaking. He yawned and yawned like he was very sleepy.

"When I was twenty-five, my father came to me. He told me he was proud of me. I had not been beaten down by life, and I was already much better than many other people.

"He believed that I had the courage to continue this life, and then he told me that this meant that he felt good enough to leave me and work elsewhere. His friend had introduced him quite a lucrative job. At the time, I didn't question anything. Every week, I would talk to him on the phone, but gradually, I realized that there were changes to his voice.

"One day, I asked for a day off from the theme park. I went to this place and found his friend. However, the man said that he did not introduce my father to any job and that my father was not there. Returning home, I looked for a long time and finally found him at an old rented apartment.

"The place reeked of Chinese medicine. He looked so thin and fragile. It was not until then that I knew he was suffering from leukemia. He had been silently fighting it. Since he had no money for treatment, he had to rely on traditional medicine. He found the excuse of going off to work because he did not want to worry me.

"My father eventually left. I felt like I was such a useless son. The sole reason that I powered on back then was to have my father enjoy a leisurely life, but I failed to do even that."

There was no emotion to the man's voice, but Chen Ge's heart did not feel so good.

"I understood my father would have wanted me to carry on, so I tried my best to survive. However, there was something missing. When I was twenty-seven, the theme park had to close down due to various reasons. I tried my best to hold onto everything, but ultimately, I was just a Nobita, not a Doraemon.

"Actually, the cartoon costume was very uncomfortable; it was very hot in the summer, and I had to wear another layer inside or else the fur would get stuck to the skin. However, once I had to take it off, I found myself missing it.

"Wearing it, I was Doraemon in the children's eyes. I had endless candies and presents in my multi-dimensional pocket, but after the costume was shed, I became nothing more than a Nobita.

"After so many years, I realized that I had not actually changed. Every day, I was fighting with myself, but I never really won. This year, I am thirty, and I don't want to be so tired anymore. I just want to sleep peacefully."

The man's voice became lower and lower until Chen Ge could not hear it anymore.

"Hey! Don't fall asleep yet!" Chen Ge was worried that once the man fell asleep, he would not wake up anymore. The taxi drove on the highway—Chen Ge was still a distance away from the man.

"Please don't sleep! I'll be there in a minute!" Chen Ge's voice grew, but the response from the other side dwindled. It felt like the man really had fallen asleep. Chen Ge did not dare hang up, and he urged the driver to drive faster. Half an hour later, he finally reached the place that the man had mentioned.

Chen Ge ran into the building and knocked on the landlady's door. After some time, the door finally opened.

“Hello! I’m looking for a man, around thirty, is rather shy...” Chen Ge gave all the information that he had managed to get from the phone. However, he was only halfway through when the expression of the woman who opened the door dropped.

“Why are you looking for him?”

“Where is he now? His situation is very dangerous!”

“Huh?” The woman looked at Chen Ge strangely. “The man is already dead. He found a cartoon costume and ran into the closed children’s theme park alone. When the police found him, it was already too late.”

“When was this?” Chen Ge had not hung up—the phone was next to his ear.

“Several months ago. The man liked to be alone and had no friends. He left very suddenly. He didn’t even pay his utility bill.” The woman took a step back and started to close the door.

“Then, I’ll go to theme park to take a look.” Chen Ge nodded, and he was reminded of something as he was about to turn. “By the way, that utility bill, you can go and look through his luggage—it should be there.”

“Luggage?” The woman’s eyes on Chen Ge became even weirder. “Who are you? What is your relationship with him?”

“I’m his friend.” Chen Ge ran back out the corridor and toward the abandoned children’s theme park.

## **Chapter 558: Staircase to Heaven**

The rusted door was tightly close. Chen Ge removed the sign that announced the park as closed and entered the abandoned children’s theme park. The rainbow door that was peeling, the fountain with no water, and the merry-go-round that could not turn anymore... no one had stepped into this place for a long time already. Chen Ge moved around and finally stopped at the entrance to the warehouse. Inside the room that smelled of mold and mildew was a Doraemon costume that was old and deserted.

“Hello? Are you still there?” Chen Ge had not hung up yet, but there had been no reply from the other end of the line. He walked into the warehouse and picked up the character costume. He held the costume’s head in one arm. “I’ll look after the costume for you for now. Take a good rest—you deserve it. I will wake you up when the sun climbs over the horizon.”

Chen Ge found a large bag in the warehouse and placed the costume inside it. When he was folding the costume, he discovered that there was a photograph placed inside the costume’s pocket. It seemed to have been taken at the hospital. A very young father was captured talking with the doctor, and there was a young boy as thin as a stick hiding behind the young father.

After putting away the photograph, when Chen Ge turned back to check the phone, he realized that the call had already ended.



“Forgot to ask for his name.” Chen Ge combed through his mind, and he realized that neither the article online nor the landlady had referred to the man by name. He appeared to exist only within the character costume. People only knew him as the Doraemon at the children’s theme park who loved children a lot.

Holding the phone, Chen Ge looked at the phone number. He had called the number twice, and he had been told two different life stories from two different victims.

*What is the meaning of this phone number? Why would the victims call this number before they died? How do I find this baleful Specter that I’ve won from the Wheel of Misfortune?*

Chen Ge thought about it, but he found no answer. He decided to continue calling the number. He held the large bag with the character costume in one hand and used his other hand to call the mysterious number.

*From the perspective of probability, the baleful Specter that I’ve won this time should be more powerful than Ol’ Zhou and Uncle Yan.*

The dial tone rang for several seconds before the call was answered. With his previous two experiences in mind, Chen Ge directly asked, “Hello, how can I help you?”

The other side of the phone was very busy, and Chen Ge could hear the sound of trains passing by the tracks. After the sound of the trains disappeared, the phone became quiet again, and in the background, it sounded like children were reciting something.

“Hello?” Chen Ge held the bag as he exited the children’s theme park. He called a taxi and told the driver to just leave the park for now. He would give him the exact address later.

The sound of howling wind came through the phone. He did not urge the other person—he waited patiently. After who knew how long, there was suddenly the sound of serious coughing.

“Are... are you okay? Are you sick?” Chen Ge’s voice was soft and gentle, giving the listener some support and strength. “Do you need any help from me?”

“Thank you, but I’m fine.” The man’s voice that replied sounded like he had a lump of coal in his throat. The voice was very harsh, and he would cough every time that he spoke.

“You don’t sound so great. I advise you go back home and don’t stay outside anymore, or you can tell me your current location and I’ll bring you to the hospital.”

For the previous two calls, Chen Ge had arrived at the scene after the phone call was ended. This time, he prepared to find the person on the other side of the line before the call ended.

“Thank you for your kindness, but there’s no need for me to go to the hospital; there is no cure for my sickness.” The man regained his breath after coughing for a long time. He moved slowly forward, and the wind picked up. “It’s already too late.”

“Incurable illness?”

“Yes, I’ve stayed at the hospital for a long time, but the illness is still the same. In fact, I feel like it’s not a sickness but a part of my body.”

Chen Ge was confused by the words that the man said. “Brother, do you mind telling me what kind of illness this is?”

“Late stage lung cancer.”

The man sounded like he was saying something ordinary, but Chen Ge’s heart fell once he heard that. “Then why are you outside alone? Where are your family members? I’ll drive you home—it’s very windy out there.”

“It is indeed quite windy here.” The man kept coughing. He sounded very weak and fragile like he could collapse at any moment. “I escaped without my family’s knowledge.”

A patient with late stage lung cancer running out without his family’s knowledge, Chen Ge was reminded of the two characters from his previous phone calls, and a very bad feeling arose in his heart. “What you’re doing is very dangerous. Can you please tell me where you are now? I will not interfere with whatever decision you might make—I just want to accompany you and go on a walk together. How does that sound?”

“It’s alright, I can walk on my own. Actually, after I found out I have this lung cancer, I’ve been wanting to go to a certain location.”

“What place is this?”

“The place is built on a very high location. To get there, one has to climb many steps.”

“You want to go to Jiujiang World Trade Center? Why do you want to go there?” Chen Ge rarely visited the city, but even he knew that the World Trade Center was the tallest building in Jiujiang, and standing at the roof, one could look over the entire Jiujiang.

Realizing that, Chen Ge immediately gave the driver the signal to tell him to drive to Jiujiang World Trade Center.

The man did not answer Chen Ge’s question. He just kept on coughing. Even through the phone, Chen Ge felt uncomfortable and pained for the man.

“Brother, why don’t you just stay where you are? I will come help you.”

“There’s no need.” After another series of coughs, the man became silent. Then, he probably thought Chen Ge was a good person, so he added, “You’re very similar to my former attending physician, be it the way you speak or the way you do things. Or are you actually my attending doctor?”

“Attending doctor?” Chen Ge was serious considering whether to pretend to be this character so that he could have an easier time to get information from the man. He was familiar with how problematic this number was because all the victims had called this number before they died. If Chen Ge gave it further thought, the last person that all the victims would interact with could be a doctor, so this number might belong to a doctor.

“I hope you won’t get offended; I’m just making a casual guess.” The man did not have much of a sense of humor. His laugh was awkward, but even so, Chen Ge could hear how much it pained him to even laugh.

“Brother, can you tell me your story? If you keep it to yourself for too long, it’ll turn bad and fester within you. You’ll feel better if you share it with someone.” Southern Jiujiang was not that far from the World Trade Center, so Chen Ge had confidence that he would be able to make it this time.

“I don’t have that much of a storied background. I was just a normal person, but probably due to my smoking habit, I found out that I had lung cancer last year.” The man’s voice was even. Other than the coughing, there was no change in his emotions.

“I went for three sessions at the cancer hospital and then went home to prepare to enjoy that period of time that I had happily. I wanted to enjoy it while it lasts. I’m not a coward, so I’ve tried my best to fight it, but it’s a very hard battle. I gave it my all and used my happiest memories to try to defeat it, but it has been trying to use fear and pain to counter.

“This war that took place on my body was long and hard. I swore to never give up and never surrender, and it tried many different tactics to make me kneel before it. My breathing became difficult, and there was constant pain and aching all over my body. Other than that, there were also the fevers.

“My body weight kept dropping, and the ache eventually got so intense that I could barely move my limbs. Every cough felt like my whole body was shaking, but I resisted the urge to take a painkiller.

“I’m really not a coward.”

This was the second time the man had stressed that.

Chen Ge did not ask why. He merely nodded and replied, “I understand.”

The man seemed to sigh in relief. “About one month later, there was a swelling around my neck. The lymph node was bulging. You could feel it with your fingers. At the time, I thought that I was unable to breathe; it was a labor just to drink water.

“After seeing the doctor, they said the constant bloody coughs caused the throat to expand, and that led to the swelling of lymph nodes. The consequence of that is that the intestine was affected.

“Before I could beat the previous enemy, a new adversary arrived. However, I still would not admit defeat.”

The man was a stubborn man, just like how he kept insisting to Chen Ge, who was a stranger, that he was not a coward.

The wind grew to such a scale where the sound of children’s recitation could not be heard anymore. The man was still moving.

“Brother, can you please tell me where you are now? How about I come get you?” Chen Ge was honestly quite worried about the man. He hoped that if he rushed over at that moment, he would be able to change something, as insignificant as that change might be.

“I’m climbing a long flight of stairs.” The man wanted to say that with a laugh, but whenever he opened his lips, he could not stop the cough from happening.

“You’re on the stairs?” Chen Ge heard the howling wind that was coming true, and he felt like something was wrong. Stairs that were on the outside of the building? Could he have gone up to the roof? Was he at the top of the World Trade Building?

Chen Ge had been to Jiujiang World Trade Building before; the place did not have an exterior staircase. It was then that he realized that he might not be heading to the right place.

“I’m stepping on the stairs, going toward my destination with one step after another. I should be able to reach the place soon.”

When the man spoke, the sensation of pain was obvious, and every cough was a torment for the man.

Chen Ge told the rather impatient driver to stop and park the taxi by the sidewalk. He held his phone and started to study the man’s words, start from the beginning.

*Stairs, the destination is at somewhere high...*

In the man’s voice, Chen Ge could hear the pain, both conspicuous and inconspicuous. The man kept stressing that he was not a coward, and he did not avoid the horrendous fight with his illness. Why would someone like that escape from home without his family’s knowledge?

*He is already so physically weak, so why does he insist on going somewhere high?*

Chen Ge listened closely. The man’s body was failing him, but his steps were even and slow; it did not sound like he was climbing any steps.

*A staircase that is built on the ground... is there a place like that?*

When Chen Ge was thinking, something flashed across his mind. When the call was first connected, he had caught the sound of a train!

The train tracks!

There were wooden boards at constant intervals on the train tracks, and in a way, that could be described as a staircase that was laid flat on the ground. If seen from this perspective, the man was not really heading to the World Trade Center.

He was seeking death!

The end of this staircase was death, the place where all his pain and misery would end.

It was because he had given up that he kept insisting to Chen Ge, a veritable stranger, that he was not a coward. Realizing that, Chen Ge started to search online.

Earlier, he had also heard the sound of children reciting poetry. There were two traditional Chinese schools in Jiujiang, and one of them was situated right next to a train track.

Chen Ge told the driver to take him there. After doing all that, he tried his best to console the man, to try to buy as much time as he could.

**Chapter 559: Do You Need a Reason to Save Someone?**

“Before illness, man will appear very small—that is something that I have come to understand recently.”

The man kept coughing. It seemed his body could not carry on any longer. “Before this, I was an easily-angered individual, but the illness has slowly worn my edges away. After my battle with it, I’ve realized how fragile humans are.”

“Please stop walking. Why don’t you stop and rest? I’ll arrive at Jiujiang World Trade Center soon. If you have anything to share, why don’t we do that in person?” Chen Ge lied about his location. He signaled at the driver to tell him to drive faster. According to the internet search, the school that was next to the train track was close to Southern Jiujiang, not far from where he was.

“I stopped moving a long time ago. It’s time to continue moving forward.” The man’s voice was shaking. The pain from his cough was hard to describe. “I know that you’re only thinking about me, but I want to go and see other scenarios, and that is why I am heading to this very tall place.”

Chen Ge did not know how to comfort the man. After all, he was not a professional therapist.

“If you die, you’ll lose everything. Calm down first. Think about the unfinished business that you have in your memory, think about the people that care about you—they’re still waiting for you. Every second that you’ve spent with them is an important, treasured memory for them.” Chen Ge spoke fast. He was feeling the pressure and kept waving his hand at the driver.

The driver was a clever person. He knew the severity of the situation from the words that came from Chen Ge’s mouth, so he drove faster. They passed the entrance to the children’s theme park and headed toward Southern Jiujiang’s countryside.

Eastern Jiujiang was the largest district, and Southern Jiujiang was the smallest, so it had a very good public transport system. The man’s voice continued. He seemed to treat Chen Ge as his last listener and told Chen Ge many things about himself.

The taxi raced on the road. The buildings on the side became smaller, and the number of pedestrians decreased. Sitting inside the car, Chen Ge talked to the man on the phone while he kept his eyes on the road and compared the map to look for the traditional Chinese school.

The coughing of the man on the phone became more drastic, sounding very much like he was going to cough his lungs out. This was not an exaggeration. Just from the sound alone, Chen Ge could tell how much pain the man was in.

“Hang in there! I’ll be there in a minute!” Chen Ge was agitated. The sound that came from the phone was so real that he believed that there was still a chance to salvage the situation.

“It’s okay, I’m used to it.” The man said that after a long silence. His voice was mixed with a type of release, unwillingness, and freedom. He tried to explain himself clearly even though it would injure his swollen neck and throat. “I’m already very happy that you’re willing to talk to me for so long. Go back home. I’m not where I told you I am. You don’t need to come to see me. I can walk the rest of the distance on my own.”

The wind grew, and Chen Ge held his breath. He was afraid of hearing the sound of the train. When the sound arrived, most likely, the man would have reached his destination.

Several minutes later, the driver reached the place. There was a nicely-preserved building at the end of the street—it was the old home for a scholar at Jiujiang, and the school was next to this building. The driver did not interrupt Chen Ge's conversation with the man. After he parked the car, he pointed outside the window and then at the meter.

Chen Ge was in a hurry to find the man. He grabbed some random notes from his pocket and tossed them to the driver. Following which, he pushed the door open, grabbed his backpack, and jumped out.

On the other end, the man's consciousness was flagging. He could barely finish a whole sentence, and his sense of logic was fraying.

"You have not finished your story. Earlier you were telling me about how you met your wife. What happened then?" Chen Ge did not dare let the man stop talking and tried to make the man continue the conversation. Not far from the street were the train tracks. The tracks were shielded on both sides by rails. However, part of the rails had been taken down. Most likely, the local citizens had taken them down for the sake of convenience.

*Where is the man?*

This was the place that combined the sound of train and the sound of children recitation. The phone call was still ongoing, so Chen Ge did not dare make too much noise. He ran down the rails, and the wind cut through his ears. In the dark, the train tracks were like a staircase that led to another world. They had no end, reaching into the dark.

"This staircase will not lead you to heaven..." He had no idea when the next train would arrive. The only thing that Chen Ge could do was find the man and then get him to safety. Chen Ge had no idea whether he was doing the right or wrong thing, but he wanted to try his best to make the man reconsider.

With one hand on the phone and the other holding the bag, Chen Ge ran down the side of the tracks alone. "Calm down, you have to calm down!"

Chen Ge had been unable to rescue the previous two victims, but he was not going to fail this time. The coughing began anew. The man's physical condition seemed to have reached its limit. He stopped moving.

"I'm about to reach that place already," the man's voice said. "If there's any regret, I should have spent more time with them."

When the man spoke, Chen Ge's pupils narrowed. Using Yin Yang Vision, he saw a human shadow quite a distance away. The man was sitting in the middle of the train tracks, and before him extended the tracks that cut right into the darkness.

*Is that him?*

Chen Ge ran toward the man, and gradually, there was light coming through the darkness. The wind picked up, and the man said, "I can already see the destination that I'm heading toward. It's bright, a light that is slowly approaching..."

"Quick! Get away from there!" Chen Ge knew what that light was—the train was coming! He dropped the bag and charged toward the shadow. Through the phone, the sound of the train grew as Chen Ge

got closer and closer to the shadow. He ignored everything else—there was only one thought in his mind then, which was to pull the shadow away.

Chen Ge saw the approaching train. He bit on his lips until they bled, but he forced himself to continue moving forward. If there was a third person, it would have looked like Chen Ge was actively running toward the incoming train.

“Get out of the way!” In the blink of an eye, Chen Ge had reached the black shadow. Before the train came, he reached out toward the shadow. His palm was touched by a chill. Before he could understand what that meant, Chen Ge grabbed the thing, and they both rolled away from the tracks.

The train flew past them, just a few seconds after they had been on the tracks. His whole body was soaked by cold sweat. Even when facing a Red Specter, Chen Ge had never been this afraid. The wheels of the train trundled over the tracks. The sound was heavy. Chen Ge only sighed in relief after the train left.

“Are you okay?” He quickly looked toward the black shadow that he had grabbed earlier. When he lifted his head, he realized that the black shadow was standing on the other side of the tracks, keeping his distance from Chen Ge.

“Why would you save me?” The voice made by the shadow was similar to the one on the phone.

“Do you need a reason to save someone?” Chen Ge retorted. He ended the call and walked toward the shadow. As he approached, the facial features of the shadow became clearer. Blood soaked out from his skin to slowly dye his shirt red.

### **Chapter 560: Suicide Prevention Hotline Operator**

The atmosphere froze, and Chen Ge stopped where he was. The train tracks separated the man and the shadow into different sides. Facing normal lingering spirits or ghosts, Chen Ge was already not afraid, but there was still pressure when facing a Red Specter. To save the man, he had abandoned the bag with the Doraemon costume and his backpack. This meant that he was defenseless.

Chen Ge was unsettled as his hand tried to grab something. The night was like a cover smothering the moonlight and stars. The changes to the black shadow were continuing. The weakened body slowly straightened itself. The lines on the edge of the eyes were smoothed out, and blood leaked out from the forehead. It painted a strange pattern on the face, which looked like a birthmark or a red tattoo.

Chen Ge stood across from the man. He looked at the man and did not dare wander too close.

*A birthmark?*

This was the first time that Chen Ge had seen a ghost like this. The blood would form a pattern on the face. Upon closer inspection, he realized that the thing that looked like birthmark seemed to be formed from innumerable human faces. They dominated half of the man’s face. In other words, one half of the man’s face was his own, and the other half kept shifting.

*This presence is even more powerful than Xu Yin’s. No wonder it’s a Red Specter that’s only weaker than Zhang Ya.*

Chen Ge swallowed and looked behind him. The backpack was dropped at quite a distance away. It would be too late for him to run for it.

Standing there, Chen Ge told himself to calm down. As if he was unable to see the changes that were happening before him, he used a natural tone to ask, "Are you the one who has been on the phone with me tonight?"

The man looked very smart. In fact, he could be described as pretty. His eyes were not big, but there was a wealth of knowledge inside it. They were like tidepools that could pull you in if you looked at them for too long. It was truly the first time that Chen Ge had come across such a Red Specter. The feeling that he got from the Specter was very weird. There was no cruelty and viciousness that he sensed from a normal Red Specter—it was a feeling that he could not describe, like the silence and chill of a moon on a cold night.

"I'm here to help you." Chen Ge did not know what to say. He had no idea how powerful the Red Specter was, so he did not dare act recklessly. The two looked at each other for a long time, and the strange man spoke for the first time.

"These people's life and death have nothing to do with you. Why would you try so hard to save their lives?"

"Why are you still hung up on that question? I'm not a saint, but if I happen across someone that needs my help, then naturally, I have to help them to the best of my ability," Chen Ge said sincerely. "Even if I know they will seek death after my intervention, at least I've tried to help them gain one chance to reconsider."

It was unclear which of Chen Ge's words had touched the man. The blood on his face stopped flowing, and his expression softened. He looked down the train track that led into the darkness and sighed. "If I was half as clever as you are, perhaps he would not have died."

"He? Who would not have died?" Chen Ge was confused. "What do you mean? I ran into these victims after calling a number. Have you called that number before, or is that your number?"

The reward that he had gotten from the black phone was the Phone Number That Is Kissed by the Dead. Every victim called this number before they died. Chen Ge was worried because he had called that number many times tonight.

The man heard Chen Ge, and he pulled his gaze back. He was on the thin side, and his skin was pale. He looked gentle and weak, but half of his face was covered with the scary-looking blood tattoo, creating a strange contradiction. However, strangely enough, this contradiction felt fitting for the man. The man did not answer Chen Ge's question. He stood on the other side of the track and looked down a different direction.

"Did you notice a similarity about these people?"

"Similarity?" Chen Ge thought about it. "Every one of them met something tragic when they were still alive. They could see no escape, so in the end, they chose to leave the world their own way."

"Then do you know why they would call that number before they bade farewell to this world?" The man's voice was emotionless. It was unclear whether the man was naturally devoid of emotion or had



lost all hope. Chen Ge had come up with a lot of different theories since he obtained this number, but he had vetoed them all. The purpose of this number was merely to communicate with the victims, to hear their story.

It was not evil and did not mean the victims any harm. Shaking his head, Chen Ge had a guess in his heart, but he did not voice it.

The man seemed to expect that. He stood beside the track and went down memory lane. His face twitched with pain and self-recrimination, but the most powerful emotion was confusion. "When I was still a student, I saw a classmate commit suicide. At the time, I was standing at the window, and he was standing at the roof of the opposite building.

"I waved at him and smiled, but he did not reply—he looked like he was possessed. I felt that something bad was about to happen, so I called his name loudly. Yet, in the end, I failed to save him.

"That was my first encounter with death. It happened right before me, just less than ten meters away.

"People say that those who study psychiatry either want to treat themselves or they're saints who want to treat other. I believe that I'm the former."

Hearing that, Chen Ge blurted out, "So, you're a psychiatrist?"

He actually did not want to interrupt the man, but he had seen so many doctors lately, like Doctor Gao and Doctor Chen. Both of them were top doctors of their field, but they had failed to cure themselves, instead dropping deeper and deeper into the abyss. This explained Chen Ge's caution around this particular profession.

"I am in the counselling field, but I'm not an actual doctor. Have you heard of an occupation called suicide prevention hotline operator?"

"Suicide prevention hotline operator? Can you tell me the actual job scope?"

The man was a Red Specter, but he could communicate freely with Chen Ge. This type of Red Specter was often exceptionally brilliant but physically weak, like Men Nan.

Chen Ge had more experience dealing with such Red Specter. He needed to communicate with them using reason and empathy.

Chen Ge called Zhang Ya's name silently. In front of an unknown Red Specter, he did not dare act too confidently. If the situation changed, then he would adopt a different strategy.