

## Horrors 631

### Chapter 631: Danger Ahead

The wife who had not spoken a word, the middle-aged man, and the drunkard all turned to look in the direction that the boy was pointing. A strange sound came from the end of the corridor. The doorknob for one of the rooms was lightly jostling like there was someone locked behind the door trying to get out.

This strange sound coming from the eerily quiet residential building made all of their hearts squeeze.

“The man who’s leading the way went upstairs, and he said there aren’t any tenants here.” The more the middle-aged man thought about it, the more scared he became. “I’ve been to Li Wan City before, how shall I say this? Sometimes, you’ll come across things that can’t be explained scientifically here.”

“For example?”

“You wouldn’t want to know the examples, trust me. All we can do is avoid them to the best of our ability.”

“What if we can’t avoid them?” The drunkard leaned against the wall, and his eyes narrowed in on the end of the corridor.

“If we can’t avoid them, then we’ll have to pretend not to see them and act as normal as we can. Keep telling yourself it is just a part of your imagination.” The middle-aged man’s face paled like he was reminded of some horrible memory. Cold sweat poured out from his forehead, and he looked like he was about to puke. “The Li Wan City I visited back then was not like this Li Wan City. Back then, there was no red fog; it seems like things have changed since then.”

“Stop trying to scare me. F\*ck, how come it feels like someone is blowing into my ear and there’s a woman speaking!” The drunkard turned to look behind him. The ‘murderer’ who called himself Scissors walked past the corridor. With his every step, there echoed two footsteps. His expression was strange. It was supposed to be a man’s face, but once one looked at him longer, one would feel like they were looking at a woman.

The person did not follow them into the corridor but continued to walk ahead.

“Is that a man or a woman?” This strange feeling made the drunkard extremely nervous. He patted the middle-aged man’s shoulder. “Just now, someone walked past.”

“Really?” When the middle-aged man turned back to look, the blood fog had already covered the whole corridor, and he could not see anything. “Ignore him, we have to take care of ourselves first.”

In just the blink of an eye, the doorknob at the end of the corridor stopped moving, and everything became silent again. The fog thickened, and the surroundings turned eerier. Occasionally, there was the sound of wind howling, and that worried the group even more.

“Has the person behind the door given up?” The drunkard grabbed the rails of the staircase. He was standing at the mouth of the corridor, preparing to run should the situation require it.

“Perhaps, or maybe the thing has already escaped from the room.” The middle-aged bent over to retrieve a phone from inside his pocket. The drunkard noticed that the model used by the middle-aged man was from many years ago. He adjusted the brightness of the screen to its highest. He raised it before him, and it appeared like something else had joined them in the corridor. However, they were too far away to see what it was.

“This is strange.” The middle-aged man used his elbow to nudge the drunkard. “I feel like this corridor is different from before. Come and take a look.”

As the wind caressed the tips of his ears, it felt like a madman was whispering to him. The drunkard accepted the man’s phone and looked closer. “It really does seem like there is something that wasn’t there earlier.”

He stepped involuntarily forward with a frown on his face upon surveying the decrepit ceiling, closed doors, and trash that crowded the cramped corridor.

“Hmm?” The drunkard’s attention was suddenly caught by something.

“What did you see?” The middle-aged man rushed over to look at what the drunkard had found. He could not see anything out of place—there was no ghost or dead body.

“I’m not sure, wait a minute.” The drunkard returned the phone and took out his phone to activate the flashlight function. The light refracted in the fog, and that meant that they still could not see things clearly.

“It was this door that made the sound earlier.” The drunkard suppressed his fear as he moved forward, with his neck pulled back, his arm holding the wall. After several steps, he finally saw the additional thing that had not been there earlier. “A mop?”

There was a mop that had been added to the corridor, the kind used in everyday life. He wondered who tossed that there.

“It’s just a mop. Why are you trying to scare me like that?” The middle-aged took a deep breath as he placed the boy on the ground. His arms were getting sore.

The drunkard sighed in relief, and he scratched his head embarrassedly. “I guess I was being too nervous... but was there a mop in this corridor earlier?”

“There probably was. I can’t remember anymore.” The middle-aged man stood with the drunkard, and they looked down the corridor with the lights coming from their phones.

The drunkard, who wanted to move forward, suddenly stopped. He asked the middle-aged man next to him with some uncertainty, “Did the mop move? Wasn’t it back there earlier? I remember it was leaning against the door of the third room from the back. How come it feels like it has moved one door ahead?”

“Really?” The middle-aged man turned to look at the mop.

Under the two’s scrutiny, the mop suddenly moved, and the black trails of cloth started to shake to slowly reveal a human face underneath!

The drunkard and the middle-aged man did not anticipate something like this happening. Their limbs were cold, and before they reacted, the mop started to slither toward them. When it got closer, the people saw clearly that it was not a mop but a person with long hair.

“Run!”

The drunkard held the phone and turned to run away. The middle-aged man abandoned his wife and child and followed the drunkard. The boy was spooked. He started to cry until his mother carried him into her arms.

The sound of running footsteps echoed throughout the building. The drunkard was the first to exit the corridor. He hesitated for a moment, between going up the stairs to find Chen Ge and running out of the building directly. He lifted his head to look up the staircase. A curtain of black hair fell down onto his face, and a pale face was sliding down the rails of the stairwell.

Accompanying a scream, he threw caution into the wind and raced out the building. In the foggy street of the city where reality and nightmares weaved together, every building looked like a man-eating monster.

His heart still pumping, the drunkard did not dare stay any longer. He yelled at the middle-aged man behind him, “Run, this way!”

Then he ran to hide inside a two-story building next door.

The gate of the house was not locked, but the plants in the courtyard were all dried and wilted. The most eye-catching was a large dog house in the deepest corner of the yard.

It was a small construct built from iron poles and moldy wooden boards. Bite marks were left on the many surfaces. Other than inside the building, the only place that could hide a person was the dog house.

Footsteps and a woman’s laughter came from outside, and it muddled the drunkard’s mind. It made him feel like nowhere was safe.

He rushed to the dog house and squatted down behind it. *It might be dangerous inside the house. Who knows what kind of thing I might run into in there? It’s better for me to hide here for now.*

The drunkard supported himself by holding the wooden boards that formed the dog house’s roof. He considered hiding inside the dog house, but before he poked his head in, a pungent stench assaulted his nose.

### **Chapter 632: Air Fumigants**

“What is producing that smell?” The drunkard covered his mouth and nose as he shone his flashlight into the dog house. Out of his expectations, there was nothing inside. “This looks perfectly clean, but if that’s the case, why is it so smelly? Even ruined meat wouldn’t be this smelly!”

Resisting the urge to vomit, the drunkard picked up the nearby branch to sift through the dirt inside the dog house. “There’s nothing buried underneath either, so where is the stench coming from? It smells like the stench has soaked into the wooden boards...”

The echoes of harried footsteps neared. The drunkard took a step back. Unable to stand the smell, he jumped through the open window into the building.

“Hopefully, the family won’t lead the monster here.” The drunkard started to regret calling the middle-aged man to follow him—that had completely exposed his location, had it not?

Holding his head in his hands, the drunkard squatted beneath the window and pinched his skin. “This is not a dream, but what the hell was the thing that I saw? How can a head move so fast? And how did it move anyway? Using its chin?”

The drunkard believed that tragedy had already struck the family of three, but he had no thoughts of going out to save them either. “Other than me, all of the other passengers on the bus have probably died already. No one would have the courage to face these things, no one...”

He was still feeling light-headed; however, that was not from alcohol but from fear and shock. With cold sweat pouring out of his every pore, the drunkard shivered. “What should I do now? Without a signal on the phone, I have no idea where I am. I guess I’ll just hide here until the fog disperses.”

After what happened earlier, the drunkard did not dare wander aimlessly anymore. He cowered under the window, and several minutes later, he suddenly heard the door of the yard creak open.

“Someone’s here!” Holding his breath, the drunkard focused on his hearing. After the gate opened, there was no other sound.

“Did the thing just come in to take a quick look? Did the monster not discover me?” This time, the drunkard had learned from his previous lesson; he did not poke his head up to look through the window, worried that someone might be looking back at him. Instead, he got his phone, adjusted the angle, and used the camera function to look out into the yard. The gate was half-open, but there was no one in the yard.

“I guess that was lucky.” The drunkard stood up, and when he put the phone away, his elbow brushed against the bottle left on the windowsill.

“An air-freshener?” The drunkard replaced the bottle and did not think too much of it. Standing up, the drunkard finally had the time to study his hiding place. Perhaps it was his heightened nerves, but he felt like there was a strange voice whispering into his ears. It sounded like the tingle of a wind chime.

This was an old tradition, hanging wind chimes above the door. When they jingled, it represented that someone had entered the room. If this was normal, the drunkard would not have cared, but this situation was different. There was a feeling that someone was wandering near the entrance, and it was moving fast.

Just the thought that there was something else in the house with him caused his heart to constrict. Footsteps shuffled on the ground. The drunkard was facing away from the window, and he suddenly noticed the light behind him dimming like something was standing at the window, blocking the light.

*Who's standing outside the window?* As that thought crossed his mind, the drunkard's head was about to explode. His body was frozen in fear, and the wind chime jingled more intensely. *Something is approaching!*

The drunkard summoned all of his courage to turn back to look, but there was nothing at the window.

"I'm just scaring myself." He retreated to the window, and when his hand brushed the windowsill, he felt something under his skin. Using the light from the phone, he saw there was a lot of black dog fur stuck in the cracks on the windowsill.

PA!

The window on the second floor was swung open. The drunkard's hands shuddered, and the dog fur in his palm fell to the floor. He clearly heard that it was the window directly above him that was swung open!

Perhaps this was a coincidence, or maybe someone was trying to toy with him. He did not dare jump out of the window, but at the same time, he did not think that it was safe inside the house. Just as he was hesitating, more dog fur fluttered down from the ceiling.

"Why is there so much dog fur?" He was reminded of the empty dog house in the yard and that thick stench!

"What is happening?" The drunkard did not dare look up; he had no interest in finding out what was staring at him from above. At that moment, he just wanted to be left alone.

"I can't stay here anymore; I need to leave!" Just as he made that decision, the gate in the yard was pushed open again, and in the dark, something that looked like a mop went to block the front door.

Seeing the face underneath the hair, the drunkard's heart was plunged into ice. He did not even close the window and ran away from this room that was closest to the yard.

"F\*ck, when did it show up?" The drunkard ran into the corridor, and the sound of the wind chime came from the end of the corridor. Pairs of old slippers littered the ground, and the place was quite a mess.

"The dog fur floated down from above, so there must be something scary on the second floor as well! I mustn't go up there, and I need to stay away from the stairs!" The drunkard took a deep breath to make himself calm down. He slunk into the room furthest from the stairs.

The floor creaked noisily, and a strange child's singing came from who knew where. It felt like someone had activated a dead person's recorder.

"I saw slippers for both adults and children in the corridor, so there might be more than one thing occupying this house..." The more he thought about it, the more afraid he became. The drunkard's back was wet, and his body was cold. "Hopefully, they won't come in here."

After silently closing the door, the drunkard noticed that there were empty cans left behind the door. They looked similar to the one he found on the windowsill. "Why are there so many air-fresheners in the house?" He tossed the cans aside and then came to notice that there were many perfume bottles and packs of deodorant abandoned in the corner of the room.

“Why are there so many fumigants in this house? What happened here?” The drunkard kept getting reminded of that stinky dog house. “The dog house is well kept, but it is disgustingly smelly. The rooms for human beings are such a mess, but they smell fragrant. Something must be wrong here.”

He looked around and discerned that he was in a young man’s room. There were fashion magazines and body-building magazines strewn on the bed, and there were dumbbells and weights underneath the table.

The room could not have looked more normal, but for some reason, the drunkard felt very uneasy.

He opened the drawers of the study table. In the bottom drawer, he found a stack of pictures recording scenes of animal abuse. It made the hair on his back rise. However, that was not the scariest. As the drunkard continued to flip through the picture, he noticed, for the first quarter of the pictures, it was a faceless teen who was torturing animals. However, for the remaining three quarters of the pictures, it was the teen who was being tortured in return.

### **Chapter 633: No Where to Run**

“Is this animal abuse or human abuse?” The cruelty and savagery that the pictures portrayed made the drunkard uncomfortable. He shoved the pictures back into the drawer without looking through all of them. As he pulled his hands back, he suddenly felt something wet and sticky on his palm. Using the phone to see, the drunkard’s eyes jumped. His palms were wet with reddish-black blood.

“But I haven’t touched anything other than the pictures? Could the blood have seeped out from the pictures?” Standing alone in the strange room, with things scurrying in the corridor, the wind chime singing, and a mop-like monster blocking the front door... even if the drunkard had one hundred times his courage, he would not have left the room.

“The monster that threw the dog fur out of the window was on the second floor, and this room was the furthest from the stairs, so it should be the safest room.” He did not dare to leave, worried that the monster would be right outside the door once he opened it. However, he could not help but panic, staying inside the room. “But why would the pictures leak blood? I should have accidentally brushed against a certain part of the drawer, or maybe there’s a hidden compartment inside the door.”

Summoning his courage, the drunkard yanked the last drawer off its hinges and placed it on the ground. This time, he clearly saw that there were indeed the pictures inside the drawer.

“Wait, so did the blood really come from the pictures?” His assumption was overruled, and there was a sudden urge for him to escape from the room. His eyes fell on the pictures, and the drunkard noticed something strange. In all the pictures where the man was abused, the man’s face was hidden, but in all the pictures where the man was abusing the animal, when the animals were on their last breath, there would be a hand gripping the animals’ neck, turning their heads to the camera like the man was brandishing his victory spoils.

“Such a maniac.” Perhaps he had been staring at the pictures for far too long, but the drunkard suddenly noticed that all the animals in the pictures seemed to be smiling.

“This is the first time that I’ve seen such an expression on an animal, or I think they should be smiling, right? A smiling dog?” The drunkard shivered. He did not dare get any closer to the pictures on the ground. He looked around, and the longer he stayed in the room, the more scared he became. “How come it feels like this place is scarier than the one from before?”

He rubbed his hands on the bed, trying to rub the blood stain away, but his fingers touched something else. After some hesitation, he pulled the bedsheet back, and the stench hit him like a wall. On the mattress of the wooden bed, there was a human-shaped blood pool that had already dried.

From the shape alone, he could tell the victim must have been in great pain before he perished. The blood splatter exploded around the stomach. It looked as if the victim had been pounced on by some kind of beast, and the beast had torn open his stomach and neck.

The drunkard was a salesman; he had not experienced something like this before. His body petrified, and his brain went into shut down. His scalp was numb, and a blast of air was rushing out of his lungs. At the last minute, he bit on his own hands to stop himself from screaming.

“Someone has died in this room! This bed is his last resting place!” This conclusion came easily. He did not dare stay there any longer. For a man who lived in a peaceful world, this was the first time the drunkard had come so close to an actual murder. His eyes darted about, and he finally came to after a long time. The first thing he did was toss the bedsheet away.

His eyes moved to his feet, and the animals’ faces seared into his mind. “That dog is smiling; he is really laughing! I’m not mistaken!”

The drunkard was a bit crazed from all the scares, but this was not his fault. After waking up inside the bus, it felt like his whole world had changed. He had not experienced anything like this before, not even in his nightmares.

“I need to leave this place; I cannot stay here anymore!” The drunkard leaned against the wall and walked to the window. He gripped the curtain, but he did not have the courage to pull it back, worried what he might see behind it.

His heart was gripped by hesitation, and his legs were shaking. As Murphy’s Law stated, what one wished would not happen would always happen. A strange sound came from inside the room—it sounded like a rat chomping on something.

“It sounds like it’s coming from underneath the bed...” The drunkard was not crazy enough to bend down to look under the bed. When the noise grew too loud, he yanked the curtain back.

The bedroom window was already half open. Through the window, when the drunkard looked out, a face was looking in. The black hair that looked like cloth plastered on the face and the pale head was trying its best to squeeze through the window!

PA!

The drunkard used all of his strength to slam the window shut, creating a loud noise. His brain was drawing a blank, and it was his body’s reactive nerves that compelled him to slam the window shut.

The head slithered up the thin glass of the window. Its lips opened and closed slowly, and the last few remaining teeth ground against the glass as if it was saying, "I've finally found you."

After locking the window, the drunkard felt like he had exhausted all the energy he had. He collapsed to the ground and looked up at the head at the window. Before he could recover, he felt something wet staining his pants; the sudden cold sensation made him uncomfortable.

With a shuddering gaze, he turned his head down to look. He had fallen on top of the pictures, and blood was spreading on his pants.

Other than that, the drunkard noticed that all the animals' head had gone missing from the pictures where the animals were abused. The reddish-black blood was seeping out of the stumps where their heads should be.

The drunkard felt the air being sucked out of his lungs, and he crawled swiftly away.

**BANG! BANG!**

The human head knocked against the window, but the drunkard was not going to take a look. He forced himself up and ran back into the house.

"Help, help, where are all the other people?" He crawled back into the corridor, intending to find a different room to hide, but once he got out, he saw a shadow leaning at the corner of the stairs leading to the second floor. It looked like a dog but also like a man!

"What is that?" Too afraid to get close to the stairs, the drunkard turned and hid inside the closest room. He closed the door without even realizing what kind of room it was. He locked the door and gasped hungrily for air while leaning on the door. For a normal person, he was already quite mentally strong considering the experience that he had been through.

"No, I can't die here! I need to leave and group up with the rest!" The drunkard now realized how important it was to stick together. He moved the table to block the door and started to observe his surroundings.

A stove, a fridge, and a large kitchen cupboard.

"Is this the kitchen?" The drunkard looked around and realized that this was not good for him. He had entered the kitchen, and the worst thing was that there was no window in this room.

"It's over."

There was the sound of glass shattering coming from outside, and the wind chime in the corridor screamed even louder. The drunkard refused to give up. Compelled by a strong will to survive, he started to rummage through the kitchen to look for anything useful.

### **Chapter 634: One Ghost Story to Every House**

The kitchen could not really be called big, and the most conspicuous object in the room was the cupboard. There were many delicious looking dishes placed inside, but strangely enough, all of them



were wrapped inside plastic wrap, and most had been left there for so long that the rot had started to set in. “Why would they use the cupboard to store the food when there’s a perfectly fine fridge?”

The situation was too urgent for the drunkard to stop to figure out a question like that. He rushed to the stove and noticed that the exhaust fan that was installed on the wall.

“This fan...” Perhaps it was special design, or maybe it was the family’s peculiar habit, but the exhaust fan installed in the kitchen was larger than normal, and it was just large enough for a child to fit through.

“There’s no window in the kitchen, so to help ventilation, a large exhaust fan is installed?” The drunkard stepped on the chair and yanked the fan down forcefully. He looked at the hole, and his expression was colored with hesitation. The hole was too small for an adult. If he was stuck inside, he could not imagine what would happen.

(Boxno vel. com) “What should I do now?” Just as the drunkard was hesitating, he saw the cleaver that had been left on the chopping board. Blood and bone chips were stuck to the blade. He looked up at the hole and looked down at the cleaver. A strange idea appeared in the drunkard’s mind like everything so far had been cleverly arranged by someone.

The hole was too small for a normal adult, but if one chop off their scapula and sheared off their hipbone, they should be able to fit through the hole easily. Holding the cleaver in his hand, the handle was sticky, and it made the drunkard uncomfortable. As if trying to rush him, he heard the sound of the doors behind opening in the corridor like someone was opening every single room to check them one by one.

“If I escape from here, who knows what kind of crazy thing I’ll run into next. Only a real idiot would harm themselves.” He held the cleaver in one hand. He bit on his lips, and suddenly, an idea popped into his mind. “I could pretend to have escaped from the exhaust fan, but actually, I’ll be hiding somewhere else. When the owner comes to check the room, I’ll use that opportunity to escape.”

The drunkard looked around before walking to the fridge.

The kitchen was not big, but there was a very large double-layer fridge. The drunkard opened the top layer, and it was stuff full of various deodorants and air-fresheners—some unopened, some used.

“What’s with these things?” This was the first time that he had seen such things being stored inside the fridge. He bent down to open the bottom layer, and it was filled with several black plastic bags.

“These couldn’t be dead bodies, could they?” Alas, there was no other option for the drunkard—the only hiding place large enough to fit a man was the fridge. He moved the black plastic from the bottom layer to the top layer. During the moving process, a dog’s head fell out from a gash in one of the bags.

“These are carrying dog meat?” To cover his trail, the drunkard picked up the dog’s head, but when he shoved the head into the fridge, he accidentally glanced at the head. The pupils were frozen in fear, and the longer he looked at it, the more he felt the head looked like a human. He could not really explain why, but it just felt he was not staring at a dog’s head but a frozen human head.

“F\*ck this!” Unable to stare at the dog’s head anymore, the drunkard slammed the door shut after he finished moving all the black plastic bags.

BANG!

He was just finished with his work when the doorknob of the kitchen was being turned. When the person noticed that the door refused to open after giving it multiple tries, the shaking became more violent.

"I've been discovered!" The drunkard placed the chair under the exhaust fan, grabbed the cleaver, and crawled into the lower section of the fridge before closing the door. The kitchen door was slammed into multiple times, but it held. The monster outside the door seemed to have given up already. The footsteps moved away, and the room instantly became quiet.

The drunkard was shivering due to the chill. He did not dare leave his hiding spot, afraid that this was a trap. About half a minute later, the footsteps reappeared, followed by the key being pushed inside the lock. The locked door was opened, and the table was pushed aside.

"It's here!" The drunkard had no idea what the owner looked like, but the thought of the pictures that it had taken chilled him to his core. Footsteps echoed in the kitchen. Soon, the chair was moved around like the owner was inspecting it.

"Hopefully, that'll be able to fool him..." That was the drunkard's wish, but not a moment after that prayer began in his heart came the sound of the fridge door being pulled open. The door of the top section was opened, and the black plastic bags that he had stuffed hurriedly into it earlier tumbled out like an avalanche.

The drunkard's face paled instantly; he knew that he had been discovered!

"I need to leave this place!" Perhaps holding the cleaver gave him courage because the drunkard slammed the door open from inside. The whole floor of dog meat entered his eyes, and the dog's head that had a human expression was placed right before the drunkard.

Even though he had already mentally prepared, the drunkard was still given a great scare when he saw this. His eyes darted to the side, and he saw an ageless person standing amid the strewn dog meats.

A sheath of dog fur was dangled over his body, and the expression on his face gave the drunkard a sense of familiarity.

"That face is the smiling dog from the pictures!" His body felt soaked in cold water. Using every ounce of his energy, he crawled out from the fridge and charged toward the door.

"The dead dog's expression is like a human, but the living human has the smiling face of the dead dog in the pictures." Such a conclusion appeared in the drunkard's mind. If he did not see that in person, he would not have believed such a thing. "The dead dog has taken over the living person's body, or have they exchanged souls? Could this be some kind of curse, the curse of the smiling dog?"

The drunkard could not explain the thoughts that flowed through his mind. He charged toward the first room that he had jumped into like his life depended on it. In comparison to a scarier thing, the thing that scared him earlier became less scary. As the drunkard raced into the room, at the corner, he turned to look behind him. The strange man landed on his four limbs and chased after him like a mad dog. The folds of skin on his face were scrunched together to reveal a smile that was all too similar to that of the dog in the picture.

Slamming the door shut, the drunkard jumped out the window. Without turning back to look, he escaped from this two-story building. Energized by fear, the drunkard did not stop running even after he left the compound. He raced for about ten meters down the road and only stopped when he confirmed that no one was chasing him.

“What are these monsters? How come it feels like every single building here is harboring at least one of them?” The blood fog rolled through town. The drunkard stood in the middle of the road. He looked left and right and realized that the bus that was supposed to be parked there had disappeared.

“Did I run in the wrong direction? Was the bus the other way?” The drunkard stood by the roadside, not daring to wander too close to the buildings. “Compared to the buildings, it feels safer out on the road. I should try to move down the street and remember any landmarks on the way. The bus should be around here somewhere.”

The drunkard followed the road, but it did not take long for him to run into someone standing ahead, waving at him. The blood fog lowered the visibility greatly, and he could only just make out the shape of a human.

### **Chapter 635: Hide-and-Seek**

“Who is that? He looks familiar. Could he be one of the passengers from the bus?” The drunkard had just been saying seconds ago that the streets should be safer than the building, but before he even finished, he had been proven wrong. He suspected that there was a pair of eyes following him from a place that he could not see, observing his every move.

“Is he waving at me? With the fog, I can’t see his face, so he shouldn’t be able to see mine either. In such circumstances, a normal person wouldn’t proactively greet others.”

A person’s potential was often forced. After going through the experience earlier, the drunkard had become noticeably more cautious, and he had more to think about before making any move. The shape of the man in the fog became clearer—the person seemed to be walking toward him.

“No, I need to stay away from him.” The drunkard noticed the person pick up his speed. He did not dare to answer and turn to run away.

“If he’s a living human, he should have said something. Just standing there to wave and running toward me without saying a word is too suspicious.”

Even the streets were not safe, so the drunkard was feeling trapped. He did not know where to run to.

“The most important thing now is to meet up with the other passengers; it’s too dangerous for me to stay alone.” The drunkard jogged for a while, but the bus was nowhere to be seen. The more he ran, the more unsettled he felt. “F\*ck, I think I’m really lost now. The buildings here all look almost the same, and the bus is my only frame of reference.”

He could still see the vague shadow behind him in the fog. The man who had waved at him was still behind him, maintaining a safe distance between them.

“And what the hell is this? Why is it following me?” The drunkard ran faster and did not stop until he reached the next junction. He still could not find the bus, and as he was hesitating over which route to take, he suddenly noticed the shadow that had appeared on the opposite side of the road. It was waving at him!

“When did the thing pass me? He should be way behind me!” Despair crawled into his heart like a stubborn vine. The drunkard was at a loss; it felt like wherever he went, he would run into this person.

“What should I do now?” Thirty years of life experience was unable to give him any aid. The man on the opposite side of the road was still waving at him. With the vague silhouette, the oscillating arms looked like the ticking hands of death’s clock.

“Even if I run down another path, the monster will still follow me. There’s no other option; I’ll have to fight it!” The drunkard gritted his teeth and tightly gripped the cleaver that he had brought out from the kitchen of the dog-man’s house. He had never even killed a chicken for cooking in his life, but at that moment, a cruel thought entered his mind.

“Calm down, there’s no need to panic!”

Staying too long in the blood fog would influence one. The drunkard had not noticed this himself. The corners of his eyes were red, filled with blood vessels. It looked like he had not slept for days, completely different from how he looked when he first got on the bus.

Since this was his first time, the drunkard’s heart raced at an impossible rate. He gripped the cleaver with both hands and used a strange posture as he walked across the road. The vague shape kept waving at him. As he got closer, the drunkard got a better look.

“He looks so familiar. I should have met him somewhere before, was he a passenger from the bus?”

The drunkard stopped in the middle of the road and yelled at the man, “Hey! What’s your name?”

There was no reply other than the fact that the angle of the waving dwindled, and suddenly, the man walked toward him. In the blood red city, on the empty street, the distance between the two closed. As the man slowly approached, the sense of familiarity in the drunkard’s heart grew.

“He feels too familiar; I swear I’ve seen him somewhere before.” The drunkard nudged forward and finally crossed the thick fog, standing before the man. The man was covered in blood, and his stomach was the most gruesome. The waist where the lower body and upper body should have been connected was replaced by a dark line. It felt like the man’s body had been halved but had then been reconnected.

Seeing the man’s appearance, the drunkard thought about retreating. However, other than fear, he could not shake the sense of familiarity. He was sure that he knew this person from somewhere.

“Who are you?” His brain was blank, and the drunkard could not really explain this question that slipped from his lips. His hand that gripped the cleaver was shaking.

“The road ahead splits—one for the living, the other for the dead.” The strange man slowly raised his head, and underneath his messy head of hair was a face similar to that of the drunkard. The pupils filled with fear, and hatred popped outward. With the broken spine supporting his body, he lunged toward

the drunkard. His lips tore open, and a shrill voice different from the drunkard's escaped from his throat. "I am you! You who have died a horrible death!"

When he saw that the monster looked like him, the last mental defense in the drunkard's mind collapsed. Without any fight left in him, he held the cleaver, turned, and ran. This time, he wasn't even paying attention to his direction. His every nerve was fraying, and he barely registered the legs that were carrying him forward. He had no idea where his destination was because he did not know where was safe. All he could do was run.

Pain coursed through his body, and his lungs felt like they were burning up. The world in his eyes faded away as the air was sucked out of his throat.

"I can't run anymore..."

This was a world made from despair. The only choice for the living was to enter the building of their choice and opt for their preferred way to die.

"No one will be able to survive here. Everyone will die..." His consciousness falling, the drunkard used his last breath to run into the closest building. The main color scheme was white. This appeared to be the only private hospital in Li Wan City. It was not big, just a small three-story building.

...

"Daddy..."

"Shut the f\*ck up." The middle-aged was catching his breath. He hid inside the safety corridor and kept turning to look behind him. Several minutes later, when he could not hear the footsteps anymore, he leaned against the wall and slowly slid down to the ground. "I've seen uncooperative passengers being sent into a door inside the ghost apartment; the world behind the door is similar to this place, suffused with blood fog. This is not a place meant for the living; this is all that man's fault! If there's a chance, I'll definitely repay this favor!"

The more he thought about it, the more angered he became, and that only got worse after he saw the woman and the boy cowering next to him. Without warning, he kicked the woman roughly on her leg. "Ever since I married you, I've never enjoyed a good day in my life! This is all your fault, you f\*cking mute!"

The woman groaned incomprehensibly. She seemed to be deathly afraid of the man. Covering her legs, she moved backward and still made sure to shield the boy from his father's vengeance.

"Daddy..."

"Stop calling me, you little f\*cker! You're sounding more and more like my debt collector!" The middle-aged man looked around and his face was drawn. "We were much too focused on running to notice we've ended up inside the hospital. This place is definitely cursed somehow. After that monster leaves, we'll need to get away from this place."

"Daddy..." Even though he had just been scolded, the boy kept calling his father. Finally, the middle-aged man noticed something was wrong. If this was normal, the boy would have apologized or gone quiet once his fire started to burn. The boy would never go against him.

“What?”

“Earlier, there was a little big brother who stuck some paper on your back.” The boy pointed on the man’s back.

“On my back?” The middle-aged man shivered involuntarily. He reached behind him and pulled off a patient’s record.

The record showed that the patient had died, but on the back of the paper, someone had written in uneven handwriting ‘It’s your turn to come and find me.’

### **Chapter 636: Come and Find Me**

“When did this get there?” The middle-aged man held the medical history, and his eyes were bulging—he had no memory of this at all.

“I...” The boy was deathly afraid of his father, so he cowered behind his mother.

“Why aren’t you speaking now? It’s time for you to speak, but you choose to be silent?” The middle-aged man yanked the boy out from behind his mother. He grabbed the boy’s shirt and shook him.

“When was this stuck there? Where were we at the time? What did the person who left this look like?”

“On the first floor, when we passed one of the sickrooms, the door was left half ajar. I saw a hand reach out and place the paper on your back.” It was unclear whether the boy was more afraid of his father or more afraid of that hand. “I wanted to tell you at the time, but then a face showed up behind the door. His skin was ashen, and he whispered to me to not reveal the secret because this was supposed to be a fair game of hide-and-seek.”

“When have you ever been so obedient? He told you not to say anything, so you didn’t say anything?” The middle-aged man raised his arm and was close to slapping his boy’s face. “Trash, all of you! You’re as useless as your mother. One day, I’ll die because of both of you!”

He stared at the paper that he was holding, and the uneven handwriting on it made his hair stand on end.

“It’s my turn to come and find you? Only an idiot would follow that order!” The middle-aged man crumpled the medical history into a ball and tossed it on the ground. Perhaps it was a coincidence, but the picture of the patient poked out from the ball, and it happened to stare right at the middle-aged man.

“So damn unlucky.” He stomped angrily on the ball of the paper. The middle-aged man glanced down the corridor. “The monster from the road didn’t chase us into this place—it should have given up already. We should venture deeper into the building. When we ran in here, I remember seeing a backdoor on the other side of the building.”

After hearing what his boy had to say, there was no way the middle-aged man was going to retake the route that they had taken earlier. He looked at the sickrooms that lined the corridor on both sides, and his palms were sweating.

“Aren’t we going to find that big brother?” asked the boy cautiously as he raised his head.

“Find him? Do you want to die that much? The most urgent thing we need to do now is leave this godforsaken place.” The middle-aged man grabbed his wife’s shoulders roughly. “Look after him carefully and don’t let him wander off. The people inside the ghost apartment have two different attitudes dealing with adults and children...”

As he spoke, he moved forward, but the edge of his pants were pulled back by the boy. “What is it this time?”

“Daddy, he’s playing hide-and-seek with us.”

“F\*ck, of course, I know that.” The middle-aged man kicked the boy back. “Do you really plan on playing hide-and-seek with a ghost in this ghost-ridden place?”

“But if we didn’t go and find him, he’ll come to find us instead.” The boy used a serious tone to explain the game’s rule. However, his innocent voice transmuted into an indescribable sense of terror when it fell into his father’s ears.

“The ghost... will come and find us?” Based on the rules, there was indeed a chance of that happening. The middle-aged man’s face fell immediately. Whether it was looking for the ghost or being looked for by the ghost, both of these things were something hard to accept for him.

“No, this has to be a trap. Even if we find the ghost, after the role changes, it will still come and find us! We need to leave this place! We cannot stand here anymore.” The middle-aged man picked up the boy, called after his wife, and raced down the safety corridor.

...

Holding the sharp scissors in his hands, the ‘murderer’ who called himself Scissors stood alone on the first floor of the city hospital.

“Weak animals move in a herd; only a beast moves alone. Therefore, a murderer is always alone.” The backs of Scissors’ hands were pulsing with veins, which showed how nervous he was. “A small city covered in blood fog, this is completely different from the entry in my big brother’s diary. Did he get the description wrong, or did I get off at the wrong station?”

Scissors touched his face. When his fingers brushed against the wound, he grimaced from the pain. When the man was alone, he acted completely different from how he had when he was on the bus.

“To not become the prey, one has to act like the hunter. I cannot make the same mistake my elder brother did.” Scissors walked forward several steps. The hospital at night was much scarier than it was in daylight. And if the lights were not turned on, the terror factor would multiply several more times.

“I can’t panic. The most dangerous place should be the safest place. Going against the grain is my only option of survival.” That was what he told himself, but he found it difficult to even move his feet. His body was resisting this instinctually. “Do not be afraid, the more scared you are at those things, the higher the probability for them to come and haunt you. Along the way, people’s screams and wails kept coming from other directions, but I personally have not run into anything, so this is proof enough that my theory is correct.”

He gripped the scissors in his hand tightly. After giving himself some words of encouragement, he took another step into the long corridor on his left. After taking a step, two types of footsteps echoed in the lobby. One was his, and the other was the sound of high heels landing on the ground.

“That is just my imagination. There is nothing behind me, nothing behind him...” He repeated this again and again. Scissors was hypnotizing himself—he felt like he was almost getting used to the presence of this sound already. “I’m too nervous. The sound will naturally disappear once I leave this place. There’s only five to six hours until daybreak, so I only need to hold on until then.”

Scissors was definitely a heavy-storied person. He suddenly stopped and raised his hand to slap himself on his face. “You came to find your elder brother; how can you only think about yourself at a time like this?”

His older brother’s image flashed across his mind, and Scissors burnished with determination. “I’ve prepared for five months for today. I still have so many trump cards up my sleeves, so there is no reason for me to panic.”

He forced himself to stop being afraid. He held the scissors in his left hand and the bag that had already stopped leaking in his right hand.

“My whole appearance looks unapproachable. There was a passenger on the bus earlier who looked similar to me—he should be someone with a story as well—but his preparation is not as complete as mine is.” Scissors had great, and some might say unfounded, confidence in himself. He ignored the echoing footsteps behind him and walked down the hospital corridor.

The hospital was not big, and there were not that many sickrooms. Scissors walked for a while before he heard a strange noise coming from the second floor.

“That seems to have come from the safety corridor. Who could that be?” Licking his lips, Scissors thought back to the classical demeanor of crazed murderers that he had seen on the movies and slithered his way up to the second floor.

There was a draft in the corridor, and the doors for a few of the sickrooms had been left half-open. Since there was no light, all the rooms were dark, and standing outside, there was no way of telling what was inside.

“Is someone here?”

Scissors was cautious with every step. When he passed one of the sickrooms, he suddenly noticed something. The footsteps that had been following him had disappeared.

“Why did the sound stop?”

Now that it was gone, he felt weirdly uncomfortable. Turning back to look, he realized that someone had stuck a piece of paper on his shoulder.

“Come and find me?”

**Chapter 637: We’ve Found You [2 in 1]**



“Want me to go and find you? Have you lost your mind?” The uneven handwriting on the back of the medical history made him feel a certain kind of way. He was currently on the first floor of the hospital, standing in the middle of the corridor.

Even though the drafts had stopped, the doors that were left half-ajar moved back and forth, creaking noisily. Showers of dust fell from the old ceiling, and there was occasionally the sound of paper brushing against the ground filtering into his ears. Standing alone in that situation after midnight, it would be a lie to say that one was not afraid.

Scissors held the pair of scissors in his hand tightly, and he forced himself to appear as unfazed as he could be. “When did someone place this on my back?”

Turning back, Scissors studied the few sickrooms that he had just passed. “The person who was behind this prank should be from inside one of the rooms that I’ve just walked past.”

He was very afraid, but fear had not taken control of his rationality or sanity yet. He reminded himself consciously that he was currently playing the role of a cold-blooded, maddened killer and he needed to keep his cool no matter what.

*The weaker I appear, the more I’ll be bullied by the ghosts, so I cannot appear weak, I can’t show any trace of fear.*

He folded the medical history neatly and placed it inside his pocket. Scissors carefully pushed open the half-closed door that was closest to him. Inside the sickroom, the bedsheet had been shredded into pieces, and the mattress was toppled to the side; it was as if the bed was once the home of some feral beast that needed to be detained.

“Is this a hospital or some kind of mental institution?” Scissors did not enter the sickroom and only observed it from beyond the threshold. The bed was not big, and the only space to hide someone was underneath the bed or inside the dresser.

“The person behind the prank is not here.” He could see clearly into the space under the bed, and the doors of the dresser were hanging open. It was empty inside—all contents had been taken away. “He should be in the other sickrooms.”

Internally, his heart had been quivering like a leaf, but it did not translate to his expression. With unnaturally frigid limbs, Scissors retreated out of the room and moved toward the other sickroom.

“This one is empty, no one is here either...” Scissors moved quickly through the rooms until he reached the sickroom that was closest to the hospital entrance.

“After I entered the hospital, I walked straight into the corridor. I’ve only passed these few sickrooms since then. As all the other sickrooms were empty, then he has to be hiding inside this last room.” The hand that held the scissors was sweating profusely as he slowly pushed the door of the sickroom open. A strong pungent smell wafted out from inside the room, a mixture of blood and disinfectant.

“Someone has died here before?” The scene inside the room gripped and shook his head. The blood-dyed bedsheet had hurriedly been shoved under the bed, and from the window that was installed with anti-theft webbing hung a patient’s garb that had plenty of torn holes on it. A long wig stood inside the

dresser, and the scariest thing was, on the snow-white wall, someone or something had written in fresh blood 'Guess where I am?'

After comparing the handwriting, he noticed that the hand that had written the blood message on the wall and the hand that had jotted down the message on the back of the medical history were different. This discovery unsettled Scissors even more. "There's more than one 'person' playing hide-and-seek inside this hospital?"

The urge to turn back and run burst forth. He retreated from the sickroom, planning to leave the hospital and temporarily stay away from it. "The most dangerous spot is the safest spot. That is theoretically true, but it is so difficult to put that into practice."

Returning to the entrance of the hospital, Scissors' expression changed completely. Someone had locked the giant iron gate of the hospital without him noticing!

"What do I do now?" Scissors was panicking due to helplessness. He bit on his lips, and that tore open the wound on his face. The pain helped him focus and calm down. "I should go look for any open windows."

When he was looking through the sickrooms on the first floor earlier, he had confirmed that all of their windows were installed with anti-theft webbing, so he could only place his hope on the second floor. "I've trained so much for this day. The injury shouldn't be serious from jumping down from the second floor, but I can't say the same if the jump is made from the third floor. The risk will be too high."

Holding the bag, Scissors leaped up the stairs to the second floor.

By then, he had completely given up on the idea of playing hide-and-seek. Then again, it had never been his intention to play games with ghosts. Running up the stairs three steps at a time, when he turned around the corner of the stairs, he spotted a pair of gray-colored feet from the periphery of his eyes. The pair of feet was slightly above his head. He instinctively turned to look up, and a pair of ashen legs fell into his sight, but when he looked up even further, the thing had already disappeared.

"What the f\*ck?" The 'surprise' came so suddenly that it caused Scissors' legs to weaken. He did not expect the thing to be so close to him. In fact, there were only several steps separating them. "He was just around here. Perhaps he has been watching me from some hidden corner!"

Stopping at the landing in the middle of the staircase, Scissors was unsure whether he should continue to move upward. He had gotten a good look earlier; the thing had indeed been waiting for him upstairs.

"All the windows in the sickrooms on the first floor are locked behind anti-theft webbing. There is no way I'll be able to escape from them. So, the only way to leave this cursed place is through the windows on the second floor."

Devoid of other choice, Scissors forced himself to walk up the stairs.

*Please do not show up again.*

Reciting a silent prayer to himself, Scissors jogged to the first sickroom on his left. He shoved the door open with hope in his heart, but that hope deflated when he looked toward the window. Pieces of torn clothes were stuck inside the iron anti-theft webbing.

“Even the windows on the second floor are installed with the webbing?”

His lips drying, Scissors’ heart was slowly festering with despair. He walked to the window and reached out to shake the webbing roughly. The metallic webbing cut into his fingers, and the pain that came from it was so real, but the blood fog right outside the window felt so surreal.

*If this is a nightmare, I hope I’ll be able to wake up soon.*

The anti-theft webbing was secure, so there was no way he was going to open it without tools. Scissors let his hands go and prepared to leave. But when he reached the door, footsteps echoed down the safety corridor coming from the other end. It sounded like people were running.

*They sound like they are coming this way, and there are so many of them!*

Without hesitation, Scissors closed the door and locked it. He moved to stand behind the door, hoping to inspect the situation outside through the window on the door. The footsteps came closer and closer. Scissors could see several shadows flashing down the corridor, seemingly heading his way.

*I cannot allow myself to be discovered! It’s over for me if I’m stuck inside this room!*

The shadows were incredibly close to his location. Scissors scanned the room behind him and, in the end, grabbed his bag to hide inside the dresser. The hospital was privately operated, and the amenities were different from the ones provided by big government hospital. The space inside the dresser was separated into two with a wooden board, and after removing the partition, the dresser was just big enough for a person to hide inside.

The footsteps drew close from afar before completely disappearing outside the sickroom.

*They’ve stopped outside the door? Is it because they’ve discovered me?*

Scissors did not think it was wise for him to leave lest he was captured by those things once he showed himself, so he decided to stay hidden inside the dresser.

*Hide-and-seek, hide-and-seek, I have not even found them yet, so why have them come to find me already? Could it be because they have detected my intention to escape?*

Holding the rhythm of his breathing, Scissors changed into a more comfortable posture, but as he adjusted his position, his shoes knocked into something. His heart froze, and cold sweat poured down his forehead. Scissors forced himself to maintain his calm as he searched for his phone from his pocket.

Activating the phone, background on the screen showed the picture of two young men taken in front of the entrance of a children’s home. One of the young men had a goatee, very tall and buff, while the other one looked exactly like Scissors. At the time, he appeared to be quite camera-shy. When the picture was taken, he raised his hands like he was trying to shield his face from the camera.

“You have been taking care of me for so long—it is time for me to take care of you.” Scissors let out a deep sigh and increased the brightness of the phone screen to its maximum. Then, he shone it underneath his feet.

The thing that his shoes brushed against was a patient’s garb, and poking out from underneath the clothes was a diary. It was because Scissors had read his older brother’s diary that he had decided to

take the last bus on Route 104 to come to Li Wan City. Now that he had come across another diary on his journey, he picked it up without much hesitation and started to flip through it.

“Liu Feiming? That’s the name of the diary’s owner?”

As he flipped through the diary, he noticed a medical history chart slit inside the pages. The patient’s name was indeed Liu Feiming, and according to his diagnosis, both of his legs were broken due to a fall from a high location.

*How come it feels like it’s narrating my future? The only solution to escape from this haunted place is to jump down from the third floor.*

With more than a trace of anxiety, Scissors started to read through the content of the diary.

“1st June: I’ll definitely go and settle the debt with that limping guy once I leave the hospital! Even though he’s limping, his heart is still as dark as sh\*t! At the very least, I’ve worked in his team for so many years already. He planned to get me to shut up with a few hundred RMB after I fell from the third floor, suffered from heavy injury, and went unconscious? No way! This will not be the end of this!

“2nd June: Due to the injury to the nerves and bones, I’ll need to stay in this hospital for at least one hundred days. I wonder when will I be able to leave this place. It’s so boring staying here at the hospital. I wonder how my family members are doing. I hope my buddy, Brother Lee, hasn’t told them about my injury. I don’t want to worry about me.

“3rd June: How come it feels like the nurses are purposely trying to avoid me? They leave the moment they finished changing the drip. It is like I’m some kind of evil god. Is it because they look down on poor people? They’ll regret this when I strike it rich.

“4th June: Oh god, I’m so bored. There’s not even a single person to talk to. The doctors and nurses have stopped coming. Weren’t they saying that they’re lacking empty beds? There is an empty bed right next to me, but they leave the patients out in the corridor instead of placing them next to them, letting them share the same room with me. What kind of discrimination is this? This bunch of people with eyes that grew on the top of their heads.

“6th June: What is going on with the patient next door? How does he plan for other people to fall asleep if he keeps up the noises through the night? The service at this old hospital sure is horrendous. I plan to write an anonymous letter to the relevant party to expose them.

“7th June: At 2 am this morning, the patient next door started to act up again. I really wonder if they have locked up a mental case next door. Why else would there be the sound of people ramming against the wall?

“8th June: I finally lost it and yelled back at the neighboring patient tonight. I thought they would roar back at me, but they’re a bunch of wusses. There was not a peep from them in return. Actually, I was rather thankful for the distraction. After getting bored out of my mind for so many days, the yelling was quite a relaxation.

“9th June: When I woke up this morning, there was a child lying beside my bed. It gave me quite a fright. After I asked him, I realized that he was the child of the patient next door. His parents sure are brave to allow a boy as young as him to wander about like that. Then again, the boy is quite cute, and he’s not

afraid of strangers. I've stayed here for so long, and this is the first time someone's approached me willingly to talk to me.

"10th June: I became friends with the boy, and he was cleverer than he appeared. To evade the discovery of the nurses, whenever someone was about to enter the room, he would go into hiding, and so far, he had not been discovered.

"13th June: I've completely familiarized myself with the kid. He likes to play hide-and-seek and comes to visit me in the middle of the night. Isn't it surprising for someone like myself to be loved by kids? I promised him that once I can get out of bed, I will play hide-and-seek with him inside the hospital. By the way, the kid's parents must be good people—at least they don't seem to look down on me like the nurses and doctors at the hospital. I wonder what kind of illness they're suffering from to still be hospitalized after so many days.

"14th June: Tonight, a cancer patient in Room 305 died. Many doctors and nurses came and went. But strangely enough, I noticed they still gave my sickroom a wide berth when they had to pass it to go downstairs. They'd rather take a longer journey in this case of emergency and refused to walk past my sickroom. Is it because I'm on some kind of black list?

"15th June: It's finally the day to remove the cast, and here I thought the doctor had forgotten all about me. It's a windy day today, so I think I'll just stay indoors.

"15th June: Something is not right tonight. How come I still hear a familiar sound coming from next door? The voice sounds similar to the old man who died yesterday. I asked the boy about it, but he didn't wish to tell me anything. All he wanted was for me to play hide-and-seek with him at night. If I can find him, he'll tell me the answer. My legs are still recovering, and if I wonder out at night, I will definitely give the nurses on duty a big scare.

"16th June: Oh God, what is happening to me? Today, I woke up early in the morning and went outside with the crutch. When I wanted to go next door to visit my neighbor, I realized that I was leaving in the first sickroom on the left of the staircase! Beyond my room was the storage room, and there was no sickroom beyond mine! But I could hear the conversation every night and that boy! F\*ck! Now I finally understand why the doctors and nurses refused to come close to my room.

"16th June: The doctor refused to let me leave. After all, I still owe them plenty in medical bills. None of my friends can be trusted! I don't care, I have to leave this place tomorrow, but the biggest issue is... how am I supposed to survive tonight? Will that boy appear again?

"17th June: No way, I need to leave, I need to go. Last night, the boy has returned and asked me to join him in a game of hide-and-seek! He stayed in my room and ran about. Have I lost my mind? Why did I promise to play with him earlier? I cannot stay here anymore. Even if the hospital forbade me from leaving, I will find a way out. If I stay here any longer, they will eventually claim my life!

"17th June: What do I do? What do I do? I think I've finally lost it! When I wanted to leave this afternoon, I stood on the top of the stairs, and I suddenly felt there was someone behind me. I turned and saw the boy. He asked where I was going and demanded to know why I hadn't played hide-and-seek with him!

“18th June: None of my colleagues have returned my calls, and the leader has already escaped. The hospital refused to let me go, and the medical bills are piling up. Even if I survive, the debt will crush me to my death! However, I don’t care anymore—escaping this place should be my highest priority.

“18th June: When I was running down the stairs, someone pushed me from behind, and it caused my legs to break again. The doctors said that according to the surveillance, I threw myself down the stairs on my own, but I saw it with my own eyes that it was the boy who pushed me! He did not wish for me to leave; I’m telling the truth, but why won’t anyone believe me?”

...

“1st July: This should be the last entry in my dairy. Both of legs are broken, my eyes have been poked blind, my throat burns from the acid, and my digits are bent—there is no way I can run from this place anymore. I know the boy is staying by my side. There is no sickroom next to mine. They are all inside this room with me. I’ve found them, but that means I’ll never be able to leave anymore.”

Reading through the last page, Scissors’ heart was cold. “There is no sickroom next door? They are all inside this room?”

A chill ran down his spine. Scissors refused to stay a second longer in the room, and he pushed the door open.

After rushing out the dresser, Scissors looked toward the door next to him, and his brain instantly drew a blank.

In the glass window of the door, many pale human faces were peering in. “We’ve found you.”

### **Chapter 638: Ghost Stories Scarier Than Mine? [2 in 1]**

Hiding inside the fully-quarantined hospital room, reading the horror-filled diary that was left behind by the victim, and having the terror described in the dairy appeared right before his eyes the moment he closed the diary, Scissors could not keep up his pretension anymore. He believed that anyone would have lost their mind in a situation like that.

The small window on the door was crowded with multiple pale faces, and even through the door, Scissors could clearly see the expression that these human faces were wearing.

“They’re all looking at me!” Scissors had trouble breathing, it was as if a pair of cold hands had reached into his chest and squeezed on his windpipe. Energy left his body, and he realized that it was very difficult to make the smallest movement.

“Found you.” That creepy voice echoed in his ears once more. Scissors’ legs were quivering. His entire focus was distracted by the faces outside the door, to the extent that it took him a long time to realize that the voice that he heard earlier did not seem to come from outside the door. Fear seared his every nerve like a flash of lightning. Scissors’ eyes bulged out of their sockets, and he almost instinctively turned to look behind him.

Squatting inside the dresser that he had been hiding in earlier was a man in a patient’s garb. The man was not tall, and he had casts on both of his legs. His left eye had been poked through by a pencil, his

nose was broken, and his ten fingers were hidden inside his sleeves. Scissors' footprints and the blood that dripped from his scissors could be found on his patient's garb. Obviously, the man had been 'hiding' inside the dresser.

"Found you." The tone was robotic and detached, sounding more like a puppet than a person. The expression on his face was very unnatural; he was happy with some measure of excitement like a child who had been given a new toy to play with.

The ghost had been staying inside the dresser. Thinking back to the time that he had been spent inside the dresser, Scissors' body was covered in goosebumps. The 'patient' who wrote the diary appeared before his eyes, but the man should have died long ago.

Scissors stood between the owner of the diary and the sickroom's door. He was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

"Calm down, do not panic. You've watched more than ten horror films and played more than ten horror games before coming here. You've done all the preparation you could, so there has to be a solution to this problem." His brain turned quickly, but he could not find any inspiration from either horror movies or games. This was because there was not a scene in those films where the main character was forced to choose between a ghost and a group of ghosts.

The cold sweat on his forehead kept falling, and his heart could not stop racing. "There's a ghost behind me, and a bunch of ghosts in front of me. Normally, it should be safer by staying inside the room, but if I don't escape from this room, it'll be a slow death, slowly losing my autonomy until I'm unable to seek death even if that is your wish. At least, that was the destiny of the diary's owner. His eyes were poked blind, his legs were irreparably broken, and in the end, he could only stay behind to play with the rest of the ghosts here forever."

Considering the possibility that the fate described in the diary could befall him, Scissors shivered involuntarily. "Since I still have my mobility, I need to try my best to escape."

His rising chest slowly returned to normal. He held his breath and turned to look at the window on the door. "There's no choice! I'll have to fight them! I'll cut my way to the third floor and jump out of this place from the window!"

( B oxnovel.c om ) Scissors felt like he had chosen the best solution considering the despairing options that he was given. He gripped the scissors, and with the 'patients' watching, he suddenly roared and charged toward the door. Just as he made his move, something else happened coincidentally; footsteps came from the other side of the corridor. The footsteps seemed to come from the safety corridor on the second floor, and it sounded disorderly like there was more than one person running down the corridor.

His sudden scream spooked the other party that was rushing his way. When he reached the door of the sickroom, Scissors happened to hear the voice of a middle-aged man coming down the corridor from about six to seven meters away. "F\*ck! The ghost is here! Go back! Go back!"

The human faces on the window dispersed immediately. Scissors abandoned his caution. He charged out of the room, waving his scissors wildly as he made a beeline toward the third floor. On his arms, legs, and shoulders, he felt like there were several hands reaching out to grab him at the same time!

“Let me go!” He aimed the scissors in his hand at the bag that he was holding. He poked through it, and something inside the bag was pierced. A large amount of reddish-black liquid burst out from within. Like a maddened patient, he waved the blood inside the bag around, splashing all over his body and the space around him.

As he showered the liquid around him, he laughed madly. He might not have lost his mind for real, but in terms of presence, Scissors had managed to hold the ‘patients’ who wanted to play hide-and-seek back.

After pouring out the blood, Scissors did not spot for a second and charged toward the third floor. However, when he reached the third floor, something even more despairing was waiting for him. The windows on the third floor were not fitted with anti-theft webbing but were all sealed by wooden boards.

It would take plenty of time to remove the wooden boards, time that the monsters in the hospital would not have given Scissors. “Once I stop, the monsters will definitely come to harm me. They will come up with all sorts of method to have me stay and play the game with them. If I resist, I will end up in the same situation as the patient whose eyes were blinded and whose legs were broken.”

Scissors forced himself to calm down. He looked behind him at the floor that was splattered with blood. The hospital looked a lot creepier than when he arrived, but most of the new decoration had been done by his own hands.

“I wonder if the blood of a black dog has its uses or not? Some time ago, I saw someone on the forum asking for help after being haunted by a ghost. He stood inside the toilet, summoning a spirit through a mirror, and some expert in the comments said that a black dog’s blood has the effect of hampering evil spirits...”

Pa!

The sound coming from downstairs caused Scissors’ heart to freeze. He turned to the stairs and saw footprints appearing on the pool of black dog’s blood that had not congealed. There were only footprints and no people attached to them, so it was clear who these footprints belonged to.

“Thankfully, I still have other trump cards.” Scissors tried to console himself. He dragged his bag and ran down the corridor, deeper into the hospital. “The windows in all the sickrooms have been sealed up, but I wonder if that is the case for the storeroom and toilet. They might have forgotten about places like that.”

Harboring one last shred of hope in his heart, Scissors crawled into the toilet that was at the end of the corridor. Once he walked into the toilet though, he was greeted with a strange scene. Five of the cubicle doors were closed, but four of them showed that they were occupied!

*Stop toying with me!* Scissors screamed inside his heart. He raised his head to look at the window inside the toilet, and a new flame of hope ignited in his heart. The window in the toilet was not fully sealed. Someone else had probably tried to escape from this place before, and they had already peeled down two of the wooden boards. “After removing another wooden board, the space should be large enough for me to squeeze through!”



Running toward the window, he planned to use the large scissors in his hand to yank the wooden board out, but the ghosts inside the hospital appeared like they were purposely toying with him. Suddenly, the echoes of running footsteps came from the corridor—they were quickly approaching.

“I need to move fast!” Every single second mattered. Scissors put every ounce of his strength into his deconstruction. He paid his full focus on the window, so he did not expect the toilet’s door to be knocked down in just a few seconds. The loud bang caused his heart and his entire body to shake. Weak in his fingers, the large scissors that were sitting between the wooden board and the window slipped through his grasp and slid through the window!

“What the f\*ck!” His only weapon had fallen outside of the hospital. The stunned Scissors stood where he was for almost a full second. Then, he grabbed his bag and slithered into the only cubicle that was not locked. He felt the immense urge to pound his chest, but considering that the sound it made might attract the attention of the ghosts, he resisted it.

“It’s over now! The scissors have left this place, but I’m still inside! If I’d known this would happen, I never would have given myself this nickname!”

Gritting his teeth, the muscles of his body were tense. Scissors covered his mouth and nose, afraid to breathe too loudly.

He chanted inside his mind madly, *Please don’t discover me, please don’t discover me!*

However, when he looked down, the despair in his heart only grew. Earlier, when he was showering the corridor with a black dog’s blood, it had landed on his body as well. Therefore, he left a bloody footprint with every step. His trail had been completely exposed. As long as the ghosts were not blind, they would definitely find him.

“This is completely different from my expectation! What did I do wrong?” His face was blanched. Scissors had completely given up; he was now just waiting for death to arrive. “Unfortunately, I failed to locate my elder brother...”

He hid inside the toilet cubicle for several minutes, but even so, no one came to get him.

“They failed to discover me? But that’s impossible. The footprints that I inadvertently left pointed to the fact that I’m hiding inside this cubicle. Even an idiot would know that I’m hiding here.” Scissors nudged his body slightly forward. He wanted to open the door, but once his fingers landed on the cubicle door, he immediately bounced back. “No wait, they are probably just outside the door! Once I open the door, several faces will squeeze inside the cubicle. They’re just waiting for me to surrender and open the door.

“Yes, that has to be it. I cannot leave; I’ll just wait here. If that can earn me another second, then so be it!” Scissors maintained his posture to the best of his ability, not even daring to move his head. “As long as I cannot see them, they are not real.”

Black dog’s blood stained his body, but Scissors, holding the old bag with both of his hands, did not feel dirty or disgusted. “The toilet is a common set inside any horror film. It is a very dangerous place, but let me think, have there been any characters that managed to escape from a toilet before?”

He scanned through the films in his mind for a long time, but the longer he thought, the more afraid he became. The toilet in horror films was definitely a death location. He failed to come up with the way to

escape, but instead, he was reminded of the few scary scenes inside the toilet from several famous horror films.

“All the doors of the cubicles next to mine are locked, which means that there are definitely people inside them! Damn, that is exactly the plot for one of the ghost stories I’ve seen. In the bathroom at night, a hand reaches into my cubicle, asking me whether I need blue toilet paper or red toilet paper.”

( B oxnovel.c om ) Cold sweat slid down his face. He was living the scene inside the horror movie, and the plot that he imagined could happen at any moment!

“What should I do if a hand reaches inside my cubicle asking me which type of toilet paper I want? Tell him I’m actually a girl wearing a boy’s clothes so I’m sitting because I need to? I don’t need any toilet paper? But will the ghost fall for a stupid reason like that?”

Bang!

The toilet’s door was knocked open again, and the sound was much louder than the one before. It sounded like something scarier had entered the room. Scissors immediately stopped his wandering mind. He held his mouth shut, and he was shaking in nervousness.

Bang!

The door of the first cubicle was knocked down by brute force, and Scissors’ heart tightened with that thud. *It’s inspecting the cubicles one by one. Please don’t come here, please don’t come here!*

Naturally, things did not go the way that he had hoped. All the doors of the previous cubicles were consecutively taken down. In the end, the footstep stopped right outside his own cubicle. *God, it is really over this time.*

...

A scream floated up from downstairs, and the doctor stopped moving. He told Chen Ge, who was in front of him, “This place is not right. Why don’t we go back down? It’ll be safer if we stick together.”

“Being together with them is how tragedy will happen. Don’t forget that the smiling man is still downstairs. Perhaps it was him who reached out to harm the other passengers.” Chen Ge came to the highest floor, and under the doctor’s quivering gaze, he removed the hammer from his backpack and broke down the door that led to the roof.

“You... look like you are very familiar with this place. Have you been here before?” the doctor asked carefully.

“I have an employee that lives in Li Wan City, so I’ve actually been here before. Even though the blood fog has covered up the city, the general structure of the buildings hasn’t changed.” Chen Ge climbed onto the roof.

“Your employee?”

“Yes, I’m a prop maker at a theme park. This hammer here is one of my creations. It looks scary, but it’s more style than substance.” Chen Ge walked directly toward the water tank. He opened all of them and failed to discover the phone spirit’s body. “We should still be residing in the real world.”

The 'door' had gone out of control, and the blood fog from behind the door floated out to slowly consume this small town. Probably after some time, Li Wan City would be completely taken over and transformed by this blood fog, becoming a link between the real world and the world behind the door.

"What are you looking at?" The doctor walked forward to join him.

"I wanted to check if there's any obvious sign of danger around us, but the fog is too thick for me to see anything." Chen Ge came up with a random excuse. "Let's go back down."

Returning to the ground floor, the bus was still where it had been, but none of the passengers could be seen.

"There should be something inside the building, but we were lucky enough to have not run into it." The doctor's heart was shaking. He stood next to Chen Ge, and after a moment's hesitation, he opened his lips to say, "Actually, I've come to this place before. The blood fog..."

"We'll continue this conversation later. I think I heard screaming coming from that way." With his heightened senses, Chen Ge grabbed his backpack and travel bag before running down the street.

"Hey, be careful!" The doctor's advice fell on deaf ears. Unable to do anything else, the doctor chose to continue trailing behind Chen Ge. Running down the street, Chen Ge came across a vague shape waving at him from a junction, but the shape was facing away from him.

"Finally found a local." He jogged faster, but the waving silhouette slowly disappeared into the fog. Chen Ge was unwilling to let the 'person' go so easily. He chased after it for a distance before finally stopping when he passed a hospital.

"Why is this man lying here?" Chen Ge came across the drunkard shaking spastically outside the hospital with white foam on his lips. It looked like he was about to leave the world soon.

"It appears like he was given a great shock." The doctor shook his head. "I'm a physician, and this is not my field of expertise. I'll try my best, but it'll depend on his luck whether he'll wake up or not."

"Hold this." Chen Ge passed the backpack to the doctor. "I have more experience with this."

He unbuttoned the drunkard's collar and loosened his belt. He leaned the drunkard's head back so that he was lying flat on the ground. Then he massaged the man's temples in a steady rhythm, and that was followed by a steady press on his chest. There was no flaw to his resuscitation technique; it was as standardized as if it was copied directly from the textbook.

3 minutes later, the drunkard slowly recovered. He did not scream when Chen Ge's face came into his eyes, but after realizing where he was, he started to get nervous. He pointed in a direction and said, "Don't go into that house. There's a smiling human-faced dog in there—it's a bloody curse."

"Don't worry, let me send you back to the bus."

Chen Ge wanted to support the drunkard, but the man reached out to grip Chen Ge instead. "We cannot go back! There's a mop ghost in that building and a hanging ghost in the staircase! We cannot go back!"

"There are so many ghosts here?"

“Yes! I’m not lying to you! Now I suspect there is at least one ghost story hiding inside each building. In other words, there is at least a ghost inside each of the buildings here!” The drunkard’s body was shivering.

“A ghost inside each building? Doesn’t that mean each of the buildings can be turned into an isolated horror set?” Flash crossed Chen Ge’s eyes. He scanned the buildings around him, and the expression was different from when he first arrived.

“I guess you can see it that way.” The drunkard had no idea what Chen Ge was thinking. “Oh, and this hospital next to us. Do not enter it. I heard several screams coming out of it earlier!”

### **Chapter 639: Bad Guys Everywhere [2 in 1]**

“Screams coming out from the hospital? But the iron gate is locked, and the surrounding windows are all installed with anti-theft webbing. People from the outside would not have been able to gain entry.” The doctor was afraid that Chen Ge might commit to some crazy decision, so he stepped forth to say, “Yin energy is often gathered in locations like hospitals. After all, it is the location where death is an everyday thing. I suggest we stay away from it.”

“You have a point.” Seeing the hospital, Chen Ge was reminded of the four-star hospital-themed scenario in Eastern Jiujiang, and from his previous experience, hospitals were indeed not lively places. “Then, we’ll come back later. We’ll go to other places first. Actually, I’m quite interested in that smiling dog.”

“That doesn’t mean that we should go there! Did you hear what I said earlier? Do you think I was joking? You have no idea what I’ve been through!” The drunkard struggled and, in the process, pushed Chen Ge away. “Please listen to me. Do not go there. When you come across that human-faced dog, it’ll be too late for regrets!”

“Is the human-faced dog a dog or a human? Can you give me a more detailed description about his appearance?”

It was obvious that Chen Ge was not grasping the message that the drunkard was trying to impart, and this caused the drunkard to stomp the ground angrily. “Let’s just return to the bus. It’s not safe here. Every building here is hiding a ghost. I’m not lying to you!”

“I know you’re not lying.” Chen Ge was about to say something else when there was a crisp sound interrupting his words. It sounded like someone had dropped something onto the ground next to them.

“The people inside the hospital have discovered us!” The drunkard jumped up from the ground immediately, and his chest rose violently—his reaction was perfectly that of a frightened house cat. “We need to leave this place immediately!”

“Calm down, the closer we are to danger, the more we need to stave off the panic.” Chen Ge walked toward the origin of the sound. The doctor followed closely behind him. The drunkard did not have the courage to stay there alone, so he could only follow with an unwilling expression on his face. Walking through the fog, Chen Ge ended up at the other side of the hospital, and he saw a pair of bloodied scissors lying on the ground.

“Isn’t this that crazed man’s weapon? Why’s it here?” Chen Ge looked up the building with Yin Yang Vision. The wooden boards for one of the windows on the third floor were shaking. “Is he hiding inside the hospital? But why would he toss out the scissors? Isn’t this his weapon? Even if it’s to ask for help, wouldn’t it make more sense to toss out something else?”

Chen Ge was confused by Scissors’ action. He kept the scissors for himself and returned to the front door of the hospital.

“Let’s go before it is too late. I don’t want to get stuck here.” The drunkard squeezed next to the door. “Earlier, I forgot to tell you about another ghost that I saw. Even the streets here aren’t safe. When you cross a junction, there will be a ghost waving at you. He’ll keep on following you, as he adopts your facial feature. When he appears, you’ll see how you look like when you’re dead.”

The drunkard tried his best to persuade Chen Ge to change his mind, but it did not affect the latter at all as he tried to wiggle the iron gate of the hospital alone.

“What is he doing?” The drunkard touched the doctor’s arm.

“Perhaps he’s if to see whether the iron gate is sturdy enough to hold the ghost inside the hospital in,” the doctor guessed with a bitter smile. He also had trouble understanding what Chen Ge was doing.

“Wait, do you guys still think I’m rambling in a drunken haze? Do you think what I saw earlier was part of my drunken imagination?” The drunkard grabbed the doctor’s shoulders with both hands. “I’m not lying to you, I swear! Please trust me! I’m trying to save you here! Every building here is home to at least one ghost!”

His emotion was running wild. He turned toward Chen Ge and tried to forcibly lead the man away. “Stay away from that door! You’ll get pulled in if you get too close!”

The drunkard had just finished when he saw the sunny looking young man take out a scary-looking large hammer from his backpack. The four eyes met, and the drunkard’s eyelids twitched.

“You can tell me the rest after we get into this place.” Chen Ge raised the hammer high and slammed it down on the lock.

Bang!

Due to the oppressive presence of the blood fog, the sound did not echo far into the distance. Knocking at the same spot three times, Chen Ge finally got the lock to break. “Stick close to me. If you wander too far, I might not be able to guarantee your safety.”

When the doctor heard Chen Ge say that, he started to follow without much hesitation.

“Hey! What’s going on? Why are you carrying a hammer with you when you’re just going to ride on a bus?” The drunkard held the doctor back by his shoulders. “Have you two been to this place in the past?”

“He used to make props for a theme park, so isn’t it perfectly normal for him to carry a hammer on him?” The doctor rattled off the same excuse that Chen Ge had given him earlier to the drunkard.

“A prop maker?” When the drunkard was trying to tie up the relationship between a hammer and a theme park, Chen Ge and the doctor had already entered the hospital. “Hey, wait for me!”

Standing on the first floor, Chen Ge activated the recorder, held both bags in one hand, and carried Doctor Skull Cracker’s hammer in the other. The sharp edge of the hammer elicited a creepy sound as it ground against the hospital floor. Chen Ge narrowed his eyes to take a better look as he stared down the corridor on the left.

“Did you discover anything?” The doctor seemed to know it was very dangerous there and stuck close to Chen Ge.

“A few visitors have recently been to this hospital.” Chen Ge pointed at the footprints on the ground. “Due to the heavy rain from earlier, most of the passengers on our bus were drenched. So, these footprints must have been left behind by them. Then, you take a closer look at the size and shape of these footprints. Four large ones and one small one. So, they should belong to the family of three and the madman who called himself Scissors.”

Chen Ge’s observation was precise and accurate. “All the footprints pointed to the left side, so they must have entered the left corridor.”

“Jesus Christ! You sure have amazing eyesight! How can you see these things so clearly even though it’s practically pitch black in here?” The drunkard had a renewed admiration toward Chen Ge.

“Follow me.” Chen Ge entered the left corridor. He placed the white cat on his shoulder and took out his mobile to activate the flashlight function. “There are sickrooms lining both sides of the corridor. The doors are left ajar, so I suspect that something might come out from them at any moment. Be cautious of everything.”

“Big brother, please don’t scare me.”

“I’m not trying to scare you; I’m just telling you the truth.” Chen Ge stooped lower. “Come and take a look at these footprints. At the start of the corridor, they were evenly spaced, but after crossing the third and fourth sickroom, the footsteps started to overlap and randomize. This means that something unexpected happened to them when they were passing the third and fourth sickroom. They probably stopped here for a while.”

“In other words, you’re trying to say that there might be something inside the third or fourth sickroom?” The doctor grasped Chen Ge’s intention instantly.

“There’s a great possibility of that, but that does not preclude other possibilities. Just be more careful when you’re crossing these two sickrooms.” Chen Ge looked at the two doors that had been left half-ajar. Through the dark gap, it felt like some scary monsters would poke their head out at any time.

“Try to keep up and make sure you don’t get left behind.” Chen Ge dragged the hammer and walked down the corridor. This place was eerily quiet. When they passed the first and second room, Chen Ge did not notice anything out of place. However, when he got near the third sickroom, the white cat on his shoulder meowed and curled behind his neck.

At almost the exact moment when the white cat gave him the warning, Chen Ge raised the hammer in his hand and slammed into the half-open door of the third sickroom without any hesitation. The door swung heavily from the force and slammed into the wall.

Bang!

It exposed the shadow who was originally hiding behind the door. He was wearing a patient's garb. He had ashen skin, and underneath his pair of messy bangs was a pair of stunned eyes. He froze where he was, holding someone's medical history in his hands. The uneven handwriting on it read 'Come and find me.'

"Why are you hiding here? Are trying to play a game with me?" Chen Ge revealed an interested smile. He needed to come up with more games to increase the playability of his Haunted House to attract more visitors.

The patient behind the door seemed to have noticed something. He wanted to drop the medical history in his hand, but Chen Ge was not going to give him the chance. He burst into the room, and to prevent the doctor and the drunkard from seeing what he was up to, he even closed the door after he charged past it.

The doctor and the drunkard were frozen solid on the corridor and had no idea what happened. Their attention had been too enraptured by the loud bang when the hammer slammed against the door.

"Where did he go?"

"I don't know, I think he was dragged into that sickroom?"

"Are you sure? How come it appears like he charged into it willingly?"

Static noises came out from the sickroom, and ten seconds later, Chen Ge walked out from the room with a satisfied smile, holding a comic in his hands.

"This hospital is quite dangerous, so you have to be careful." Chen Ge put the comic away and continued to walk deeper into the corridor alone, grumbling about something that neither the doctor nor the drunkard understood. "So, a game of hide-and-seek? This is quite interesting. Fine, I accept your challenge! I'll definitely find all of you!"

The group stopped moving when they came to the second floor. The area before the first room right after they turned out of the staircase was splattered with fresh blood. Even a crime scene would not have looked this bloody.

The doctor frowned. He was a professional, and he was feeling uncomfortable by the sight. The drunkard, on the other hand, had his hand over his mouth because he had started to dry heave.

"The ghosts in this hospital only like to play games, and they normally wouldn't injure people, so why is there so much blood in the corridor?" Chen Ge bent down to study the blood pattern. He looked exactly like an experienced forensic doctor. "The blood splatter has no uniformity to it at all, and there is too much. No matter which part of the body was injured, there is no way for one to create a crime scene like this."

Chen Ge brushed the blood with his pinkie, and he put it under his nostrils after rubbing it on his fingers. "This does not smell like human blood."

When he said that, the doctor and the drunkard behind him reeled from fear. How familiar did one have to be with human blood to be able to make an identification on the spot like that?

Dragging the hammer, Chen Ge very naturally walked through the pool of blood. "Don't be afraid, this was probably set up by someone. I would often do something like this inside the Haunted House."

Seeing his back, the drunkard and the doctor started to have hesitation of following him.

"There footprints mixed into the blood pool, and they look similar to one of the footprints at the entrance of the hospital. This means that one of the passengers from the bus has been here before." Chen Ge looked at the bloody footprints on the staircase, and his expression was curious. "It feels like he left these behind on purpose, waiting for us to follow the trail to find him. Will there be a trap waiting for us considering how obvious this trail is, or could it be that someone has taken his shoes to lay down this trap for us?"

Chen Ge was very calm. After giving it some thought, he decided to follow the footsteps up to the third floor. After the footprints got to the third floor, they ran directly into the toilet. The footprints went only one way—there was entry and no exit. In other words, an idiot would be able to tell that the owner of the footprints should still be hiding inside the toilet.

"This is too obvious; I suspect this is really a trap. The two of you should wait out here." Chen Ge gripped the hammer and entered the third-floor toilet alone. He slammed the doors of the front few cubicles open, but there was nothing inside them.

"The footprints disappeared into the last cubicle, and the scissors fell from the third-floor toilet." Chen Ge was on high alert. He did not break the door of the last cubicle directly but crawled on the wall of the cubicle next door and peered inside.

Scissors, who was covered in blood, gripped the old bag tightly. He was collapsed inside the last cubicle with his hands tightly squeezed over his mouth and nose, afraid to make even the smallest voice. The man before Chen Ge was so different from the Scissors that he had met on the bus.

"This man's courage is small to an unimaginable level, but he dared to come to Li Wan City for the sake of his older brother. With enough training, he will be incredibly useful." A trace of admiration flashed through Chen Ge's eyes. He slowly retreated from the wall and out of the cubicle. He did not expose Scissors but knocked lightly on the door of the last cubicle. "Is someone in there? I'm a passenger from the bus earlier, and I saw a pair of scissors drop down from the window earlier, so I came to see if there's anyone here."

When the familiar voice entered the cubicle, to Scissors, who thought it was already over, the voice was like the first ray of a new spring. It pushed back the fog and melted the frozen river.

Strange noises came from inside the cubicle, and Chen Ge recognized that as Scissors smoothing down his clothes and putting on his 'appearance'. He did not disturb the man. "Whether you are a fellow passenger or not, I'm sorry to have interrupted you at this sensitive moment."



Chen Ge walked backward, purposely letting Scissors hear that he was retreating. Moments later, the door was pushed open, and an insidious voice came from within. "You managed to find me?"

The bloodied Scissors walked out from the cubicle. He carried a maddened smile on his otherwise expressionless face. He kept up the habit of licking the wound on his cheek even though he could barely suppress the grimace of pain that came from it. "We'd better leave this place. There are many strange things inside this hospital. You should have seen the blood splatter on the second floor, right? That was my doing when I cut a bloody path through the crowd of ghosts that surrounded me."

His eyes were rolling with anger, his expression scary. Chen Ge looked at the Scissors before him, and he had a hard time reconciling this man with the weak and helpless little soul that he had seen inside the cubicle earlier.

"Stop staring into my eyes, it's very dangerous." Scissors grabbed the bag with one hand and issued a cruel laugh. Perhaps because he had been squatting too long inside the cubicle, his legs were wobbly like noodles, and it gave him a limping gait while he walked.

"I understand. We'd better leave this place then." Chen Ge did not move forward to help Scissors. 'Murderers' were often lone wolf, and lone wolves did not need help. "Here. Your scissors. I found them outside the hospital."

Taking back his weapon, Scissors' gaze sharpened even more. "Very good. If not for the fact that the cunning ghosts caused me to lose my scissors during the last struggle, they definitely would have regretted running into me."

"Understood, I believe you." Chen Ge dragged the hammer and walked out the toilet. It grated against the floor and made a spine-chilling noise. "Actually, we are not so different. We both have a past that we do not wish to bring up, and I'm also here to find the two most important individuals in my life."

#### **Chapter 640: Secret of the Hospital [2 in 1]**

Chen Ge's words resonated greatly with Scissors. He had grown up at an orphanage. He was a loner that preferred his own company, and the only friend that he had ever had was his older brother. When he was bullied, when he was treated unfairly, when he could not find the meaning to live caught in a web of pain and despair, his elder brother would step forth to lend him a hand, to shield him from the ravages of life.

For Scissors, his older brother was the most special person in his life, and it was due to the connection that they shared that after his older brother disappeared, Scissors would stop at nothing to come and investigate.

Looking at Chen Ge, who was wandering away, Scissors was reminded of how Chen Ge had appeared when he was forced into the corner by those things inside the hospital, when he was at the brink of giving up. That warm and kind voice had pulled him up from hell right into heaven. It was such a roller-coaster ride of emotions. Even though Scissors did not voice it out, internally, his heart was gushing with appreciation.

Due to the appearance that he needed to maintain, he did not openly thank Chen Ge, but he made a promise to himself that should he survive this ordeal, he would stop at nothing to repay the man's kindness.

Those who appeared distant on the surface often had a blazing heart. Since their warmth was normally encased within a thick layer of ice, only when that layer of ice cracked would they reveal their real emotions.

Licking the wound of his face lightly, Scissors turned around to spit out the black dog's blood on his lips. He followed behind Chen Ge, and for a moment, he saw his older brother's shadow overlap over his savior.

*I should calm down; he still might be a real murderer. It'll be better if I don't stay too close to him, but I should be there to lend a hand should he get into any trouble.*

Scissors' impression of Chen Ge had changed drastically. He silently moved to follow behind Chen Ge.

Realizing that Scissors had become more honest, Chen Ge's lips curled into a grin. From his perspective, Scissors was quite a hard to find talent. It was fine that he was in reality a coward—the most important thing was that he had the courage and determination to put everything on the line should the situation call for it.

Chen Ge turned his head around to ask Scissors, "By the way, I spotted different types of footprints downstairs. Other than yourself, there should be other passengers trapped inside this hospital. Did you see them earlier?"

"I came in here alone." Scissors grumbled internally, *What is this about footprints?*

When he entered the hospital, he had not paid attention to that at all, but since Chen Ge had brought it up, to maintain his appearance, he could only follow the thread of conversation. "I've noticed the footprints that you mentioned... Yes, if I'm not mistaken, when I was caught in a deathly bout with the monsters on the third floor, I heard echoes of footsteps coming from the second-floor security corridor. So, they might have run down that direction earlier."

Chen Ge nodded as he stared at Scissors, giving him a once-over.

"What are you looking at?" Scissors quivered under Chen Ge's incisive gaze.

"The pair of red high heels on the bus disappeared. I remember distinctly that there were two echoes of footsteps whenever you moved, so that thing should be following you." The other reason Chen Ge valued Scissors was due to the pair of red high heels. Even the smiling man had to be cautious around the pair of heels, which was a sign that it was at the very least a Red Specter.

"When I entered the left corridor, the sound disappeared. She probably sensed the danger and escaped." Scissors lifted the pair of scissors in his hand, staring at the sharp edge of the blade. "It's obvious that she was afraid. She was a coward, too frightened of my presence."

Chen Ge really wanted to lurch forward to clamp his hand over Scissors' lips. There should be a limit to the act that he was putting on. If his words fell into the ears of the pair of red high heels, he probably would not even know how he died.

“Alright then, consider I’ve not asked that question. Let’s go find the other passengers first.” Chen Ge led Scissors out of the toilet. The drunkard and the doctor were waiting for them in the corridor. When the two of them saw Scissors, who was covered in blood, they were so scared that they did not dare move one step closer to the supposed serial killer. In their eyes, Scissors’ whole persona fitted their traditional idea of a murderer perfectly. He was covered in blood and carried a crazed smile on his face. He partook in the pleasure of pain as if only pain and murder could give him the only sense of joy in his life.

“Somehow it feels like I’ve fallen into the wolves’ den.” The drunkard stood at the edge of the group alone. His face was blanched and staring at the blood trail underneath his feet; he felt like vomiting. Of everyone that he had come across so far, he was the only one who appeared relatively like a normal person.

“You fought the monsters alone for so long—you must be drained. Leave the clean-up work to me then.” Chen Ge very kindly helped find an excuse for Scissors before he started to explore the rooms one by one.

The hospital was only three stories tall; it was not that big, but since Chen Ge’s exploration was detailed, they took half an hour before they managed to finish a tour of the place. They found the footprints for the family of three and the pair of shoes for a boy at the second-floor security corridor. The footprints trailed down the security corridor, heading toward the other side of the hospital.

The family of three happened to cross Chen Ge’s group by. When Chen Ge crashed through the door, they slipped down the stairs on the other side of the hospital and slithered away.

“These few people sure are something else. We came to save them, but they fled without even leaving a message for us. They only care of themselves, how selfish can they be?” The drunkard placed himself in the shoes of Chen Ge. He felt like if he was Chen Ge, he would not have been such a busybody.

“This is hardly their fault. It is simply human nature to choose to escape when faced with fear.”

“You sure have an open-minded attitude about everything.” The drunkard thought that Chen Ge had a positive outlook on life. Following their interaction, he realized that Chen Ge was a good ol’ man with no cunning in his heart. “Since the people that we’re here to save have already left, isn’t it time for us to leave this place as well?”

“There’s no need to hurry. We’ve circled around the hospital at least once already, and there are three locations that we need to pay close attention to.” Chen Ge stood where he was to think for a while. “In the first room on the left after turning up the stairs on the second floor, there’s a diary. It recorded how a patient was forced to the brink of insanity by the ghosts inside the hospital before becoming a ghost himself. That should not be an isolated case.”

Naturally, Chen Ge knew that was not an isolated case. The poor spirit whose legs were encased in plaster and had his eye poked blind was currently residing inside Yan Danian’s comic. With the guidance from Scissors, he had rushed toward the dresser once he stepped into the sickroom, and it did not take long for Chen Ge to locate the spirit that possessed the diary.

“But what does that have to do with us?” The drunkard had a bad feeling about the hospital. It felt like it was more dangerous than the ‘doghouse’ that he had stayed in earlier.

“If the patient decides to play the game of hide-and-seek, they will be trapped inside the hospital, becoming a part of the game after they die. However, have you ever considered this question—who was the first person who started this game of hide-and-seek?” Chen Ge turned to look at the other passengers. “There has to be a person who came up with the idea of the game, only then would the string of ghost patients follow.”

The few passengers looked at one another; this question naturally had not crossed their mind before. Chen Ge gave up completely on asking for their opinions. The perspectives that they adopted were completely different. The way that they viewed this strange world was too different to reconcile.

“Like I said earlier, there are three locations inside this hospital worth noting. The first location is the room where the diary was found, and the second room will be the filing room. Just now, I’ve looked through the information regarding the problematic sickroom roughly, and I noticed something weird. Basically, any patient that stayed in that room would encounter a less than peaceful ending, and because of that reason, that sickroom—Room 201—became the room that should be avoided among the doctors and nurses.”

Ignoring the response of the other people, Chen Ge continued his analysis. “The files recorded very clearly that the first case in Room 201 happened five years ago, and coincidentally enough, it was within that same year that this private hospital accepted a patient that was transferred over from another hospital.”

He took out a case file from his backpack and it was stained dirty. Most of the content could not be read anymore, and the name of the patient’s original hospital was conveniently smudged. Only the term ‘Hai’ could be roughly discerned.

“Do you know any hospital that has this character in its name?” Chen Ge turned to look at the burn unit doctor.

The good doctor shook his head. “It’s too difficult to tell with just one character. This could be many things.”

“The last time we took the bus, there were a few female patients wearing hospital gowns. Do you remember that?” Chen Ge stared at the doctor.

“I do.” With the reminder from Chen Ge, it got the doctor’s brain moving. “There appeared to be a Hai character on their patient’s gowns as well.”

“You’re right.” When Chen Ge first saw the female patients, he had immediately suspected they were related to the other four-star Trial Mission in Eastern Jiujiang—the Cursed Hospital. Now, with the strange happenings at this hospital, it was also probably to do with the patient that was suspected to have transferred over from the cursed hospital. In other words, the game of hide-and-seek was a continuation of some kind of curse at the four-star scenario.

This discovery might not mean anything to anyone else, but it was a key piece of information for Chen Ge. A three-star scenario and a four-star scenario could not have been more different, and any clue would be immensely important.

“But even if we know that this situation might be related to that hospital, it does not provide any help to get us out of Li Wan City.” The drunkard was the most realistic. He just wanted to leave this place with his life intact.

“I think you’ll change your mind after giving this a read.” Chen Ge turned the file to its last page. It contained the information of the transferred patient. The patient who arrived from the other hospital was a child around six and a half years old. The doctor’s diagnosis was that he suffered from rabies. Whenever he acted up, he needed to be tied to the bed. He would scream in extreme pain and contort his body into impossible angles.

However, even when he was not ravaged by sickness, the boy’s condition did not appear normal. He would say very weird things like telling people around him that he was being chased by something incredibly scary. He would tell them that he must not be found by the thing, and for that sake, he had to make sure that he hid himself very well.

Of course, if that was the end of the story, the doctors would not have isolated his case file from the rest. After the boy’s death, stranger things started to happen.

First, it was the disappearance of the boy’s body from the morgue. Even now, it had not been found. Then it was the nurses who worked the night shift claiming that they would often see the boy running through the hospital corridors at night. Then strange words would start appearing in printed materials, words like—come and find me.

Initially, these incidents were not paid serious attention to by the hospital until a worker died inside the morgue. No one knew why he would wander to the morgue at midnight. However, the police found a medical history sheet stuck to the back of the body, and written on the back of the piece of paper were the words ‘come and find me’. They were written unevenly like they came from the hands of a child.

After the death of the worker, a tale spread within the hospital. Anyone who had that paper stuck on their back would need to play the fatal game of hide-and-seek with the child. The file had probably been sealed around that time. The file did not describe the action taken by the hospital, and that was pretty much all the information the file could provide on the child.

Closing the file, Chen Ge’s gaze swept the rest of the group. “Some of you have had the paper stuck on you before. If we do not undo this curse, you’ll still be in danger even after you leave Li Wan City.”

“Then what do you think we should do now?” Scissors started to panic. He distinctly remembered seeing something like that being stuck on his back.

“I say we go to the third location of interest now—the morgue. That was where the worker was found dead and where the boy’s body disappeared from. We should be able to find some useful information there.” Chen Ge patted the white cat on its head and led the way forward holding the hammer. He had only managed to round up two lingering spirits in the hospital, which was quite a disappointment for the man.

“But if we are still unable to find the method to undo the curse at the morgue...” Scissors’ expression was shifting—he was having difficulty holding onto his disguise.

“Since this might be dangerous, I suggest we stick together and see how things unfold first,” Chen Ge told Scissors. “I’m currently staying at the Western Jiujiang’s New Century Park. If you have any problem, you can come find me. We should be on the lookout for each other.”

Scissors nodded slightly. He repeated Chen Ge’s address inside his mind, committing it to memory.

“Okay, let’s go take a look now.” The group went back to the first floor and entered the security corridor, which was on the right wing of the hospital. The morgue was in the basement. When Chen Ge led the group to the entrance, he suddenly stopped. The lock that was supposed to be on the door was lying on the ground. The steel door was left half-open like something had just entered it earlier.

“The doors to the morgue are normally close,” the doctor whispered to Chen Ge. “There should be something inside, be careful.”

“Okay, stick close to me.” There was no safe space inside the city shrouded in blood fog. Chen Ge did not wish for any accidents to befall his fellow passengers, so he had them follow him closely.

Pushing open the door, the chill swamped them from all sides. Chen Ge studied and memorized the layout of the morgue inside his mind. He realized that he might need to recreate this location for his Haunted House in the future.

“Big brother, do we really need to do something like this?” This was the drunkard’s first visit to a hospital morgue. He gripped the doctor’s arm tightly.

“We can’t be fearful if we want to break the curse.” Chen Ge once stayed the whole night inside a sprawling underground morgue, so this was nothing for him. Walking deeper into the morgue alone, Chen Ge noticed traces of a recent brawl. Many iron platforms where dead bodies were supposed to be placed had been flipped over, and some white clothes littered the ground.

“What happened here?” Chen Ge noticed a few of the white clothes had stains of blood left on them. He laid the clothes according to the shapes, and they eventually combined to form the blood red silhouette of a person.

“It looks like the shape of a six or seven year old boy.” Chen Ge studied the pattern. “It appears like someone pulled up the boy and slammed him against these white clothes, and that caused this blood silhouette to be left behind. But who would do something like that? This boy that I suspect to have escaped from the cursed hospital should be the scariest presence inside this private hospital, the source of the hide-and-seek game. So, who would be powerful enough to assault him like this?”

After more detailed search, Chen Ge found a strange bloody footprint on another white cloth. It appeared to have been left behind by a pair of female heels.

“The pair of red high heels stopped following Scissors because she turned directly to the morgue? She personally dealt with the boy haunting this hospital?” Chen Ge noticed that one of the windows at the back of the morgue was broken, and there were sticky blood vessels that were gyrating around the broken glass. “They left through here?”

Looking at the broken window, Chen Ge realized that he had greatly underestimated the power level of the red high heels. The fact that she was able to deal with the boy so easily meant that she should be quite powerful even among Red Specters.

“It’s unfortunate that I arrived too late. I only found two lingering spirits. Hopefully the red high heels will spare the boy. I still hope to get some information about the four-star scenario from his lips.”