

Horrors 881

Chapter 881: Split Open Eye

“There’s a problem with the school’s consciousness?” Chen Ge was standing on a pile of broken mirrors. If he moved too much, he would break them into pieces.

“Stay alert! Do not get close to the window!” the old headmaster screamed. Without thinking about it, he had the students run to safety. This was something implanted in his body, and his body moved faster than his mind.

“What’s going on outside?” There was chaos in the corridor. Before Chen Ge could get an answer, there came a loud crash from the corridor. All the windows in the school shattered!

The thick fog rolled into the corridor. Chen Ge looked out the door. The sound of screaming and glass shattering echoed nonstop. The only thing that calmed him down was that no matter what happened, Xu Yin was dragging the doll with one hand, guarding the door like nothing could shake him.

“When the man in the red shirt inside the mirror screamed, something happened to the school’s consciousness. Could they be related?” Chen Ge pulled back his gaze to turn and look at the blood red mirror before him. Cracks appeared on the mirror, and blood leaked out from it like a heart that was pierced by knives. The small man in the mirror kept tearing at his face like he desperately needed to tear Chen Ge’s face away.

“What is this?” Chen Ge was very brave. He knew that Red Specters and ghosts had a hard time getting close to this place. Gritting his teeth, he extended his hand to the mirror in the corner. When his fingertips touched the edge of the mirror, Chen Ge heard a yell coming from inside the mirror. The torn, bloodied face turned to scream at Chen Ge. He was like a patient with a seriousness inclination for cleanliness, and someone had just touched his face with a muddy hand.

The man inside the mirror was screaming, and the consciousness above the school was rampaging. The sound of shattering continued, and the fog rushed into the rooms like a wave. But the room that Chen Ge was in was not affected. Xu Yin stood at the door, holding the doll with one hand, and his other hand held the door. Trails of blood curled around his body. The pale hand gripped the door tightly, barring any fog from entering the room. The red shirt was fluttering, and he was under immense pressure, but the expression on Xu Yin’s face did not change.

“Are you the one who summoned the school’s consciousness? You can affect it?” Chen Ge gripped the edges of the mirror with both hands. He shook it heavily as he tried to pick it up. The mirror was much heavier than he had anticipated. Even with all the force in his body, he was unable to lift the mirror up. To make matters worse, as he attempted to do that, the other pieces of mirrors in the room started to change. They were like wounds on a person’s body as they leaked blood. Chen Ge felt like he was being observed by numerous bleeding eyes. They came from different people, and they were staring at him with different emotions.

Bang!

A loud boom came from the corridor; it was very close to them. It sounded like someone had come and was fighting the old headmaster.

“Is it one of the staff or another Red Specter at the school?” Chen Ge was anxious. The man inside the mirror could directly influence the school’s consciousness and seemed to know the secret about his face. The man must have realized something, and that was why he would stop at nothing to tear down the face that was changing.

This mirror is probably the mirror of the door pusher from Western Jiujiang Private Academy! His memory is left inside this mirror! Chen Ge remembered that the first thing that had caught his attention when he entered the room was the mirror and the young man in red shirt inside the mirror.

If it was really Zhang Ya who killed the door pusher, this mirror cannot remain; it might harm Zhang Ya.

Considering the fact that the doll was just next to him, Chen Ge did not say this out loud. His desire to take the mirror out of the room deepened. Chen Ge was more alert than before. Only by claiming this mirror could he prevent others from influencing the school’s consciousness.

“The door pusher is already dead; now, the School of the Afterlife belongs to everyone, so you have no reason to exist.” Chen Ge was unable to remove the mirror, so he launched a kick at it instead, but nothing happened to the mirror.

Instead, the young man in the mirror slowly calmed down. The man hid inside the mirror to study Chen Ge, and he slowly realized that perhaps he had mistaken Chen Ge for someone else. The face looked like another person, but there was a crucial difference between them!

Chen Ge also noticed the change to the young man. After experiencing so much, his senses were sharp. Without hesitation, he ordered, “Xu Yin! Take out this mirror!”

The mirrors on the floor cracked. Xu Yin darted to Chen Ge’s side, and his pale hands reached for the mirror’s edge. The man inside the mirror screamed. More blood gushed out from the cracks on the surface, and the blood pierced into Xu Yin’s palm like they were sharp needles. Small wounds appeared on the pale arms. Xu Yin’s red pupils were pulsing, and the familiar pain caused him to open his lips. Blood vessels rushed out from his wounds. Xu Yin let go of the doll and gripped the mirror with both of his hands.

Crack!

The blood red mirror that was buried inside a pile of broken mirrors was snapped in half; this was something that no one expected. The half that Xu Yin held exploded into splinters. The lower half lost its luster of blood and shrank amid the cemetery of mirrors.

“Do you think you can escape?” Chen Ge gritted his teeth. He had already noticed something from the young man’s strange reaction. Assuming that the man was the door pusher’s remaining memory, this would explain why the school had not accepted a new door pusher because the real door pusher had not fully ‘died’.

The second and most important point was, if the young man was the real door pusher, based on what the doll had said, he had entered the red city before. When he changed into Chen Ge’s face, his reaction

could only be described as madness, like he had opened a present and found a bomb inside it. This man had probably seen someone with a face similar to Chen Ge's!

"Just how deep was the trauma that even the school's consciousness was turned mad? Could he have run into the ghost fetus in the red city and mistaken me for him?" Earlier, in Li Wan City, the dog kept by the shadow had also made that mistake.

"Chen Ge, have you gotten what you need? We can't stay here any longer!" the old headmaster reminded Chen Ge. The latter rushed out the room with Xu Yin and the doll. "I plan to inspect every broken mirror in this room, so for now, I can't leave..."

The rest of the sentence was stuck in his throat because when Chen Ge saw the school's consciousness outside the window, his words were stuck. The large eyeball reflected the entire school in its eyes, and the strange thing was... the eye was still expanding like it could burst at any moment.

Chapter 882: Meaning of the Mirror, Inverted World

The red eyeball that loomed over the school was like the mirror that Chen Ge had just seen. The surface was running with blood, and there was a black gap in the middle of the pupil.

"This has never happened to the school's consciousness before..." Yin Hong held Yin Bai's hand as they stood at the door. Her mad expression had already disappeared; what was left was anxiety and shock. The windows at the school were seriously damaged, and it would be hard to repair all of them. Without the windows guarding them, the students at the school realized how close the red city was.

"Sir, gather all the students immediately. Do not let them near the window. It's too dangerous outside." The closer the red city was, the easier Chen Ge could make out the buildings in the city with his Yin Yang Vision. "Very scary existences are hiding inside the blood fog, things that even Red Specters are afraid of."

Doctor Gao had been made mad by the red city—Chen Ge was trying to protect the children. The mirror in the hidden room snapped in half, and the eyeball in the sky had the same change. Chen Ge refused to believe there was no connection between the two.

"Quick, look! There is someone in the fog!" someone in the corridor shouted, and everyone looked out the window. There were glimpses of shadows on the field outside of the school; they all ran from inside the school!

"What are they doing?" Before Chen Ge could get the answer, the school's consciousness had already reacted. Many screaming shadows crawled out from the eyeball and tore the people who ran out of the school into pieces. The first batch was soon taken care of, but more people ran out from the building, and most of them were students. It was unclear whether they had been tricked or this was planned, but everyone rushed toward the front gate. When the school's consciousness tore into the adults, it did not hesitate, but when facing the students, it did. Even though it had power stronger than a Red Specter, it was made up from numerous consciousnesses and was different to an actual Red Specter.

In this moment of hesitation, there was a small number of students who got to the front gate. It looked like a normal large gate, but there appeared to be a curse on it. Once the student touched it, they would explode in a shower of blood, and their blood would turn into the school's nutrients.

"Entering the school is easy, but it'll be hard to leave the school. The desperate consciousness will stop anyone who tries to do so. It will not allow others to have salvation while it is trapped in hell." Yin Hong looked at those students with pity. "They won't be able to escape. No one can leave this school."

"That is not true. I know someone who has escaped from this school." Chen Ge kept his eyes on the front gate, searching for something. Not long after that, when most students turned into blood flowers and returned to the school's consciousness, there was a barely discernible figure that neared the gate. The man appeared to have practiced this many times. He held something in his hand and whacked it heavily on the gate. The gate budged, and a man's voice came out from the large eyeball in the sky. Many shadows rushed at the strange man near the gate. The school uniform was torn apart by blood vessels, and the white coat underneath was revealed. It was the school's 'doctor' who was banging against the front door. His real identity was an escaped patient from the cursed hospital.

"Why is this guy there? Hasn't he come here to escape from the cursed hospital? Why is he purposely taunting the school's consciousness?" Chen Ge had a feeling that things were not that simple. The school's consciousness was held back by something and could not unleash its real power, but it should be powerful enough to stop a Red Specter. The 'doctor' attracted the school's attention. He suffered all the pressure. The white coat became tattered, and the blood red patient's outfit underneath was slowly revealed.

"Something's wrong." In Chen Ge's mind, most Red Specters were cunning and selfish. This patient would cooperate with a non-smiler to escape from the hospital, so he was not a gullible person. Why would he show up at a time like this?

"Someone is targeting the school's consciousness. This is a plan targeting the Greater Red Specter!" Chen Ge had an answer that floated up in his mind. When the school doctor took all the attacks, from the back of the crowd, a small man with a hunchback walked toward the gate. He kept his head lowered. When his body touched the gate, he raised his face. It was a normal, weathered face. His right eye was murky, and his left eye was just a dark hollow!

"Chang Gu?"

Without any hesitation, when he raised his head, he pressed something in his palm on the lock of the gate.

BANG!

A boom resounded through the school like something was smashed. It was hard to tell where the source came from. It appeared to come from the large eyeball and the left eye of every student at the school. The black gate was pushed open a fraction, and then blood fog blasted through the gate from outside like a wave, swallowing up everything in its way!

At the same time, all the students at the school felt a pain that came from the darkest part of their heart like a piece of their soul had been forcibly yanked out. Many strange yet familiar memories rushed into their minds. The students around Chen Ge collapsed to the ground, wailing in pain.

Lightning flashed across the sky. The eyeball made up from the student's consciousness split apart from the middle. The large eyeball was like a melting iceberg, and various rolling blood vessels weaved out a large 'mirror' in the sky.

There was another 'school' inside the mirror. Many students raised their heads to look at this inverted blood red world!

"That is the campus constructed by the painter!" Chen Ge's eyes widened. Everything looked so familiar. He looked at the sky above his head, and he was shocked beyond words. As the eyeball cracked, the blood vessels crumbled, and the large mirror that loomed over the school slowly collapsed.

The seemingly normal students in the mirror were slowly changing into blood vessels that carried memories, and at the center of the school on the side of the mirror, a boy and a girl stood at the roof of the lab building. They were closest to the blood red world. A broken canvas was left next to the boy, and one could not see the expression on his face.

The girl sat at the edge of the building as she looked at the blood red sky above them with admiration.

"Painter, you lost."

Chapter 883: What Is the Color of Destiny?

The blood eye that dangled above the school split open from the middle and turned into a giant mirror that loomed over the entire school. The surface of the mirror was red. On this side of the mirror was the blood red world behind the door while on the other side was the campus constructed by the painter.

"The painter used the students' memories to create two campuses, so when the school consciousness is injured, the campuses that he built are naturally influenced."

Chen Ge lifted his head to look at the mirror in the sky. The girl who sat on the rooftop of the lab building on the other side was doing the same.

"Chang Wenyu?" The name crossed Chen Ge's mind. The girl was completely different from what Chen Ge had imagined. In Chang Gu's movies, Chang Wenyu possessed many personalities, but generally, she was a cute, quiet girl. This should be how Chang Gu imagined his sister to be, but the big brother did not really know his sister well, and because of that, Chen Ge's impression of her had been misguided as well.

The real Chang Wenyu was an inapproachable person. Her left eye was dug out, and a hollow hole remained. There appeared to be fire blazing in her right eye, where extreme madness was hidden. This kind of 'person' would do anything; there was nothing that would limit them in the world. Even they would have difficulty controlling themselves. In comparison, the painter was another extreme. He did not say a word. He was as quiet as death. Even though the canvas lay broken, even though the campuses that he had spent so many years constructing were crumbling, even when the school's consciousness was seriously injured, his expression did not change.

The painter and Chang Wenyu were two extremes. When a huge problem occurred, when the school was exposed before the red city, of these two 'people', one was lowering his head to look at his canvas

like he was remembering the paintings that he had made with it, while the other sat at the edge of the building, looking up at the sky, as if admiring the chaos on the other side.

“Two madmen.” Chen Ge’s eyes moved from the girl to the boy. Now he could confirm that there was a connection between the painter and Fan Yu. They had the same face but different bodies. Probably due to low confidence, Fan Yu kept his head lowered and had a slight stoop while the painter looked more normal.

“I’ve met Fan Yu outside the door and spent some time with him. I really did not expect this to happen.” Chen Ge found that he was unable to move his eyes away from the painter. He could not understand why there was a ‘Fan Yu’ behind the door when the Fan Yu outside the door was still alive. The two had different personalities and completely different abilities.

“It is really that child.” The old headmaster recognized Fan Yu as well. Other than surprise, there was guilt on his face.

“Sir, are you sure the incident where Fan Yu was bullied at school had nothing to do with you?” Chen Ge pulled the headmaster to his side.

“I am the headmaster at Mu Yang High School. Anything that happened at the school had everything to do with me, so of course I am responsible if he was bullied at school.” He did not understand Chen Ge.

“I mean, did you do anything directly or indirectly to harm him. Like you were too busy to care about him when he came to you for help...”

“If he came to me, then this tragedy wouldn’t have happened.” The old headmaster looked at Fan Yu. “He is a good kid.”

“Since you have nothing to do with his bullying, then our plan is not affected.” Chen Ge’s eyes were firm. “I will try my best to make you the headmaster here, to help you control the school’s consciousness. You can see the situation for yourself. None of the people here can bring salvation and release to the students here—only you can.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that. Every child has their own mind, and it’s not easy to seek salvation.”

“At least you can lead them on the right path and prevent them from more suffering,” Chen Ge said seriously. “There is no one more suitable, sir. You can treat this place as a second Mu Yang High School.”

“Alright, I will try.” A bitter smile hung on the old headmaster’s face. He was just a Half Red Specter, and his competition consisted solely of Greater Red Specters.

“There are thirteen paintings in the art room. They represent thirteen people with the qualification to become the door pushers. We can ignore most of them. We only need to pay attention to the painter and Chang Wenyu.” The plan had started when Chen Ge entered the School of the Afterlife, and now it had reached the climax.

“What should we do next?” the old headmaster asked nervously.

“We will find a safe place to hide for him. Since Chang Wenyu dared come for the school’s consciousness, there’s a great chance she has made some kind of deal with a monster in the red city. When the school descends into chaos, we have to maintain our power.”

Chen Ge had the students that followed him stay together. They walked down the corridor to search for a safe place. The blood fog rushed at the school. The mirror covered the school and was trying hard to prevent the monsters from entering the school. However, the mirror was made up from the students' consciousness. When their spirit was broken, the collapse was only a matter of time. The mirror was something from the two campuses. As more people regained their lost memories, more negative emotions rushed in. Bloody handprints appeared on the wall between western and eastern campuses, and many strange things were happening.

"This is their real appearance. There is endless pain and despair behind every beautiful memory. Destiny is that fair and cruel." Cheng Wenyu swung her legs back and forth, enjoying all this.

"Destiny?" The painter slowly lifted his head. "Do you know what color destiny is?"

"I don't know, probably red, I like red." Chang Wenyu turned to look at the painter. From the way they spoke, those who did not know would assume that they were friends.

"Destiny is white in color. It will take on the color that you decide to paint on it." The painter's voice was calm.

"Therefore, you borrowed the power from the school's consciousness to change their memory? To retain the only good thing about their lives? How do you know that is what they want? Who gave you the right to change the things most valuable to others?" The painter appeared to have tweaked Chang Wenyu's memory before. This should be one of the reasons behind their conflict. "Do not assume you are the person most approved by the school and can make yourself out to be the school's god!"

Facing Chang Wenyu's interrogation, the painter did not deny it. He merely picked up the broken canvas. "There is no god behind the door. Even if there is, it is just a devil who decided to perform an occasional kindness."

When he said the last word, a horrible stench drifted out from the canvas.

Chapter 884: Red

The rooftop of the lab building was closest to the sky; it was somewhere you could touch the other world with your hand. The normal school had started to change. More students turned into blood vessels and ugly monsters. They wailed at the once quiet school. They, who had gotten used to the beauty, did not expect the pain that they had once been through.

Every second the blood mirror loomed over the school, there would be more crumbling blood vessels. The memory that it contained would disappear, and the trace of its owner would be wiped away. Irreversible collapse was occurring on the two campuses. As the owner of these campuses, the painter was standing on the rooftop of the lab building. He picked up the canvas, and instantly, black-reddish blood appeared on it.

"You wish to kill me?" Chang Wenyu dangled her legs at the edge of the building. "You have gained the approval of half of the students at the school, but you have no control over the other half. If you kill me, the school's consciousness will be swallowed by that city."

"I have never killed anyone, but many have died because of me. I used this canvas to record their last moments and occasionally took it out to admire it." The painter gripped the edge of the canvas, and his pale fingers were covered in undried blood. He did not seem to care what Chang Wenyu said. He was talking to himself, saying what was on his mind.

"You have not killed anymore?" Chang Wenyu opened her arms and crossed her hands. "You will always find excuses for your actions—that is what I hate most about you."

The stench of blood thickened on the rooftop and Chang Wenyu stood up. Fire burned in her eyes. "Do you know why I returned after successfully escaping from this place?"

The painter shook his head lightly.

"I saw the family of the students outside the door. They were guarding beside the unconscious students, waiting for them to come home." Chang Wenyu stood at the edge of the building. The reflection of the blood world was above her, and the crumbling campuses were below her. "But I know that's impossible. The door has bound them. It looks like salvation, but in reality, it has only pushed them into deeper despair."

The black hair was lifted by the bloody wind. Chang Wenyu's right eye was pulsing with a red light, and her hollow left eye socket had black blood leaking out from it. "So, I returned. I can't save all the students here, but I can ruin the door and bury all of you with it. I do not wish for what happened to us to happen to anyone else."

Blood bloomed on her dress, and the expression on Chang Wenyu's face turned maddened. "I will stop at nothing to destroy this place."

"But can you do it? After losing the school's approval, you will weaken. What you have learned at the school will be returned to it." The painter's voice was even like he was asking whether she had eaten her breakfast or not.

"I do not need the school's approval, as long as someone approves of me at the school." The atmosphere tensed. Chang Wenyu was prepared to fight the painter.

"It's a good thing to have your own persistence, but why would you attract the ghosts from the city?" The painter looked past Chang Wenyu at the red city beyond the school. "Fighting for the school's approval to become the new door pusher is something between us. Why would you drag them into it, or are you still afraid of me?"

"I know that you will not make the same mistake again, so I only have this chance. Before you become the new door pusher, I have to destroy this place."

"Destroying the school's door, attracting the ghosts from the red city, contacting every Red Specter who has once resisted me and has the qualification to become the door pusher, is that the entirety of your plan?" The painter's finger nudged the canvas. "Actually, I'm curious, how did you open the school's front gate? All the Specters are limited by the school's consciousness. No one should be able to get close to the gate; that is one thing that I do not understand."

"Specters will be targeted, but the living will not." Chang Wenyu wiped away the blood that flowed out of her left eye. "I've been looking for the door pusher's left eye—it has been hiding outside the door."

I've waited so long for this day. After all, it was he who pushed open the door. Only his eye can trick the school's consciousness. So, I had a living person possess the door pusher's left eye and push open the door."

Blood flowers were blossoming on Chang Wenyu's dress. This Greater Red Specter was showing her true form. But probably because she was inside the campus created by the painter, her power was limited.

"It's taken several years to build this heaven on top of a cemetery, but you have used several years to figure out a way to destroy everything." The painter sighed. "Looks like I shan't have any hope in any of you. To focus on what I need to do, the only way is for all of you to shut up."

"Stop lying to yourself. No one will be able to create heaven. You are merely decorating hell." Chang Wenyu stood at the spot closest to the sky. Her dress had changed almost fully red. "Painter, when I first met you, I knew that the school's consciousness would approve of you because, in this school, only you believe that it is not a cage of despair behind the door. But I did not anticipate the day when you would have control over almost everything."

This time the painter did not reply. His pale fingers were moving on the canvas.

"What are you doing?" Only Chang Wenyu's heart had not turned red.

"I am painting." The painter raised the broken canvas. "I like to paint how they look like before they die."

On the broken canvas, there was a woman in a red dress. One of her eyes was ruby red while the other had been dug away, leaving behind a black hole.

"How do you think she wants to die?"

The painter used his bloody hand to pierce at the woman's heart in the painting. Chang Wenyu collapsed backward at the same time, laughing madly.

"Then, why do you think I came here to waste time with you?"

In the laughter, Chang Wenyu morphed into a blood flower. Her body collapsed into numerous blood vessels. The spot of her heart remained in the air, and the rest of her body was dyed red.

"You know my power, so you've hidden your heart away?" The painter looked at the painted Chang Wenyu. "She lost her body but has wasted one of my paintings..."

The painter ignored the bloody dress in the air and turned to the front gate. In the blood fog, a new threat was approaching from the red city.

Chapter 885: My Canvas Broke

A heart raced, and the sound of beating came from the chest. It was cold, painful, and hard to breathe. The mouth opened, and the smell of blood was solidly stuck in the throat. "This is the memory I've lost? This is the taste of memory?"

Voices like this echoed around the school. Broken monsters came out from all corners of the school. Their eyes were filled with venom as they cried and roared. The mirror that loomed over the school had more cracks. As more students regained their memory, the mirror got more out of control.

The mirror was made from the students' memories and consciousness. A human's negative emotion and forgotten memories became the ghosts' power behind the door, and it was them who made up the school's consciousness, something that was beyond a Red Specter. The school's consciousness had been protecting the school, but that day, due to Chang Wenyu's betrayal and many other reasons, it suffered unprecedented damage.

"Everything has returned to the beginning." The painter held the broken canvas with one hand, and his other hand slowly rose to reach toward the crumbling blood red mirror above him. "My canvas... broke."

It did not feel good to have one's memory stolen. How innocent the students on the eastern campus had been was how ferocious they were now. Slowly, some of the blood vessels left the mirror, the buildings in the campuses became blurry, and the dream that the painter weaved was slowly dispersing. The blood curtain dropped, and the inverted campuses were slowly overlapping.

The point of overlap was the lab building where the painter was. He was standing in the middle point of the mirror world and real life; that was his current situation. The red world was filled with students who rejected him and the threat from the red city while the campuses from the mirror had students who slowly had their memories returned and were trying to find the culprit. Both worlds were pressing against the painter, but his expression did not change too much.

"If the canvas broke, I'll just get a new one. The world will never lack paint and canvases, just painters."

When the blood mirror was about to crumble, the canvas that the painter was holding dissolved into dust. This appeared to be a signal, and blood leaked out from the buildings around the campuses. A monster with blinded eyes walked out from the eastern campus' library, and a bloated carcass floated out of the manmade lake at western campus. One of the doors in the eastern campus' male dormitory was pushed open. A small boy pulled off the nails pinned on the back of his arm. There was a student ID left next to him, and it had the name 'Lin Sisi'. The last building was the trash collection center between the two campuses. One of the closed doors was opened by a monster crawling on the ground with four limbs. A horrible stench rushed out, and endless negative emotions crashed forward. The four buildings were like four supporting points. The mirror was still crumbling, but the four temporarily stopped the two worlds from recombining.

"It's pointless. The basis of the campuses is the school's consciousness. Once the mirror is attacked by the ghosts outside of the school, it will still collapse." Yin Hong looked at the mirror in the sky, and her eyes were scarily red. "The school's consciousness can resist a Greater Red Specter, and that is why the School of the Afterlife hasn't been consumed by the red city. Now the two who have the biggest approval from the school have fallen out. The reality and dream are being cut into two; this place is over."

BANG!

The school's front gate was blasted open. Black vines appeared in the fog. They looked like plants or the limbs of zombies. Anyone who touched them would be dragged into the fog and disappeared.

"Chen Ge, shall we leave through the well? The school is now being targeted by the red city; they probably won't expect there to be another exit in the school." It was not that the old headmaster was cowardly. However, this was a situation that a Half Red Specter like him could not change. The old headmaster was kind, but after experiencing so much, he was not blindly kind anymore.

"If we leave, this school will really be over." Chen Ge gritted his teeth and looked at the painter and Chang Wenyu's red dress on the rooftop. "Everyone is saying their own thing. Who do you think opened the door?"

"Chen Ge?" The old headmaster noticed the strangeness in Chen Ge's tone. "Are you alright?"

"Of course, I'm alright. I am much better than I've ever been." Chen Ge narrowed his eyes, and his pupils shrunk. "It's still the same. The scenario behind the door belongs to the door pusher, and the person who killed the door pusher will be the new owner here."

The old headmaster did not know what Chen Ge meant. He knew that Chen Ge was one child that would always make people worry, so he did not think much of it, but he softly suggested, "Shall we head toward the well for now?"

"Sure, with backup, things should be easier," Chen Ge said, his eyes fixated on the lab building. "Many clues in my mind have been linked together. It is not an accident that I entered the School of the Afterlife. I still have something to discuss with the person who's used me."

"Then... shall we move toward Mu Yang High School now?" The old headmaster was afraid that Chen Ge might do something rash. He hoped that Chen Ge would be honest, but he soon realized how wrong he was.

"It's no problem to go there, but before that, I have to capture that person." Chen Ge pointed at Chang Gu who was running at the field. The school's consciousness was collapsing. The painter was held back by Chang Wenyu, and Chang Gu, who had opened the gate, was rushing toward the education block with the 'doctor's' help. The doctor had a wicked plan of his own as well. He had formed some kind of contract with Chang Wenyu, but he was worried about Chang Wenyu turning on him, so Chang Gu was his hostage.

"It's not good to meet them now, is it?"

"I will leave after I'm done. I will try to avoid a direct conflict." Chen Ge had a reason he needed to capture Chang Gu. He could not tell anyone else about the real reason because the black phone was his biggest secret, and that secret was probably with Chang Wenyu now. Opening the comic, Chen Ge summoned all the Red Specters. "Find a chance to strike. Anyone who blocks your way is our enemy!"

At the same time, Chang Gu and the doctor escaped back to the education block. As they planned, once they ran back to this place, harrowing cries came from the gate. The cries were louder than the wails of the students, and they drifted into everyone's ears. A figure appeared in the fog. She stood at the front gate, but she did not enter it. The fog that rolled into the school thickened, and more monsters were mixed in it.

That was not all. Not long after, the sound of munching could be heard mixed in the crying, and a large shadow appeared next to the first figure.

The fog blocked everything. The people in the buildings only saw a rough outline, but just from that, it was enough to strike fear and helplessness in their hearts.

Chapter 886: Third

“That is the thing from the red city?” Using ‘thing’ to refer to ‘someone’ whom he had just met was very impolite, but after meeting Doctor Gao who had entered the red city, he no longer viewed the monsters from the city as ‘people’ that he could communicate with. Crying and munching echoed in many people’s ears. Before seeing them in person, many students were already afraid.

“Chen Ge, this is not good—the school’s consciousness is split. These students won’t hold on for too long.” Yin Hong knew the school very well. “The door attracted the spirits and souls of despairing children. Some of them are wandering souls while others have their physical bodies in real life—only their spirit is trapped behind the door. Those students are very weak, and they are the basis and foundation of the school.”

Chen Ge understood what Yin Hong meant. The foundation of the school was actually very weak. It was simply not noticeable normally, but now that there was this chaos, the school’s consciousness had revealed its own weakness revealed. That would attract more monsters.

“After all, the school’s consciousness is a Greater Red Specter. There are many things we do not understand about that. We can’t underestimate the red city, but that doesn’t mean we should underestimate the school’s consciousness.”

A Top Red Specter was already very scary, much less a Greater Red Specter. He felt like even though the school’s consciousness had collapsed due to the internal fighting between the painter and Chang Wenyu, there was still something that it had held back.

“The door’s managed to grow to such a size without a door pusher, so it won’t have placed all its hope on the children.” Bai Qiulin was always in support of Chen Ge. It was not that he did not want to help the students, but from his perspective, other than his fellow employees, any other people there could turn out to be an enemy, so there was no reason to risk their lives for those people.

“But...”

“We have to find Chang Gu first. We’ll discuss the rest later.” Chen Ge had Xu Yin guard beside him as everyone headed toward the education block where Chang Gu and the doctor were. “To hold the painter back, Chang Wenyu has paid a heavy price. Even though her heart is still there, she will need some time to recover to her prime form. This is my chance.”

Red fog rolled into the school. The black plants that looked like dried arms crawled into the buildings through the broken windows. The school looked like a heart with shriveled capillaries. The students ran for their lives down the corridors. The students who hid in the classrooms were not doing so well either. The black things knocked against the windows, and more cracks appeared on the glass.

"If you do not wish to die, come with me!" Chen Ge saved as many students as he could. Lingering spirits and Specters wailed around the school. The sanctuary that had once provided a haven for ghosts now turned into a cage covered in briar. With three Red Specters opening the path, Chen Ge's group reached the first floor of education block in record time. The blood fog rushed in from the broken gate, and the thickness was even heavier there.

"Found them!" At the turn in the corridor to the nurse's office, Yin Hong stopped the doctor and Chang Gu. With blood in his left eye, Chang Gu was covered in blood and had only one last breath left.

"A living person has opened the door. Even if he does not die, he will be in serious trouble." Chen Ge stared at Chang Gu in the doctor's arms. "Leave us Chang Wenyu's brother and go."

Chen Ge did not dawdle and specified his reason for being there.

"Are you guys the other trump card she's prepared?" The doctor was fully red. He had resisted the attack from the school, and he was not in a good condition.

"If you are not willing to go, you can stay as well." Chen Ge's stance was clear; he would stop at nothing to have Chang Gu.

"Don't mind me. I hope Chang Wenyu can fulfil her promise." Doctor dropped Chang Gu on the floor, but his eyes wandered to Bai Qiulin, who was standing behind Chen Ge. "The mirror that your friend is carrying looks very familiar."

"Do you want to take a look at it?"

"Nah, I just want to remind you, there is a mirror just like that in the last room of the nurse's office. There is a demon trapped inside that mirror. He is filled with lies and is very scary. He is a madman that escaped from a certain hospital." The doctor slowly retreated. "If you do not want anyone around you to be harmed, it is best to not believe anything he says."

The doctor was referring to the non-smiler inside the mirror. After he said his piece, he disappeared down the corridor.

"Such a dangerous character." Seeing the doctor depart, Yin Hong sighed in relief. She did not wish to fight the doctor. As one of the earliest students at the school, she was familiar with how scary the doctor was.

"The man made you feel unsafe?" Chen Ge realized the problem with the doctor too. When he got close, Xu Yin and the headless woman had both stopped him.

"Who can guarantee they won't be sick forever? Plus, he is the school's only doctor." Yin Hong seemed to be hinting at something. "Who is this man? He is still alive after opening the school gate."

"He is one of my friends." Chen Ge squatted down before Chang Gu. "I have done everything you siblings asked me to. Now, can you tell me where Chang Wenyu is?"

The dying Chang Gu saw Chen Ge. He opened his lips, but nothing came out. Black blood leaked out from his lips. His body temperature was scarily low. Using all the energy he had left, he only managed to raise his hand to point at the painter behind the mirror.

“She hid her heart in the campuses constructed by the painter?” When Chang Gu heard Chen Ge, he shook his head and kept pointing at the painter.

“Only the painter knows? Or...” Chen Ge’s eyes twitched. “She hid her heart on the painter?”

Chang Gu still shook his head, and his finger was on the painter until he lost consciousness.

“Boss, what should we do now?” Bai Qiulin looked at Chang Gu on the ground and hesitated. He worried that Chen Ge might do something dangerous.

“We will go back to Mu Yang High School to ensure that the well is working fine, and then we’ll wait.” Chen Ge gripped his fists. “Now is not the most dangerous hour; there is no hurry to leave.”

As Chen Ge’s group retreated to Mu Yang High School, the crying and munching from the gate disappeared. A third figure appeared in the fog. From afar, there was nothing special about him, but this last figure stood between the other two.

“There is really an ownerless door.” The man’s coarse voice appeared from the gate. When he spoke, even the wind stopped blowing, and everyone at the school could hear him clearly. After watching it for some time, the man took a step into the School of the Afterlife.

Once he took that first step, it was as if some kind of seal had been broken. The gate slammed against the wall. The man moved into the school. Many harried screams appeared, and the blood mirror that corresponded with the front gate collapsed at an incredible speed.

Chapter 887: You Can Call Me Painter

The students in the school ran like crazy, but where could they run?

Hiding was merely delaying the final ending. The monsters from the red city did not need the school’s consciousness, so everything was nutrients for them to consume. The school gate slammed against the walls, which collapsed under the weight of the briars. The man’s left foot stepped into the school, and the blood fog pooled behind him like a wave.

“This is much simpler than anticipated.” Fog covered his entire body so that only a blurry figure could be seen. His head slowly moved before turning to look at the blood mirror above his head.

“Every Specter behind the door is creating hell; only you would create a heaven.” There was a trace of mockery in the man’s voice. “But if you’d seen true heaven, you wouldn’t be abandoned behind the door.”

He raised his feet and continued forward. There was no one in the school who dared stop him, be it the Specters collected by the school or the Red Specters born at the school. More cracks appeared on the mirror in the sky, and the buildings in the mirror kept crumbling. Lin Sisi’s group could not hold on any longer.

“Looks like there is no need to keep holding on.” The painter stood on the roof of the lab building. He looked at the crumbling campuses and lifted his hand. One of his fingertips touched the sky. It was a

mirror, a mirror made from endless memories and consciousnesses. "This is not heaven. This is merely a painting, a painting that I haven't named."

The fingertip phased through the mirror, and blood vessels rushed toward the painter. When his finger extended through the mirror, it was stained with blood.

"Since this painting is ruined, I'll just draw a new one. I need a new canvas and new paint." His body passed through the mirror, and his shirt was dyed fully red. The painter on the campuses was as quiet as the ocean, calm and silent, but the painter who passed through the mirror gave off another feeling. It was hard to describe. His every move pushed people away. After the painter left the mirror world, the mirror in the sky started to peel in large flakes like it was raining blood.

"Have you given up?" The person in the blood fog did not rush forward. He lifted his head to the sky like he was trying to sniff something out. The painter on the rooftop had disappeared, but every mirror that fell from the sky was reflecting his image. When the first mirror landed on the ground, it shattered into small vessels that eventually coagulated into the shape of the painter. He stood alone in the field before the school. The blood fog curled around his body, and black briars grew around him, but he did not evade like the other Specters.

"The school's consciousness has split, and you have personally ruined your last hope. Chang Wenyu is seriously injured. How do you expect to stop a whole city alone?" The man in the fog stopped moving. "You could have learned from Chang Wenyu and run from this place. I know there has to be other exits inside the school."

"Exit?" The painter's shirt was dyed red. The blood vessels weaved around his body, covering his heart. "You are standing at the exit, aren't you?"

The broken mirror fell on the painter's body, cutting out wounds. The distance between the sky and the ground seemed so short that there was only a person between them.

"I am the Specter that is feared by everyone at this school, so when everyone is afraid, I will stand at the forefront." He opened his arms, and many arms weaved from blood shot out from behind him. They pushed back the fog and lifted the mirror above him!

"Come at once, I will use your blood to finish my new painting." Without saying anything else, the painter who held up the sky rushed at the gate. Countless consciousnesses were screaming alongside the painting. The mirrored world was howling, and endless negative emotions drained into the painter's body like a waterfall!

"I do not like how I look now, but who in this world will ever love themselves?" Cruel faces appeared on the painter's body. They tore at him, injecting their pain and hatred into his body!

"Who's never absorbed nutrients at a grave? Who's never grown from flesh? I have seen plenty of hells, and because of that, I have to find heaven!" Black trails appeared on the red shirt. The faces munched on the Red Specter's body. Each wound was nurturing a deep despair, and faces grew out from every wound!

“What kind of power is this? How come it’s different from what Chang Wenyu said?” The man’s voice changed. Things went out of his expectations. “You painted the dead people on your own body? You can obtain their power? No, you are suffering their pain and despair! They are consuming your body!”

There was no answer to his question; the painter had already charged into the blood fog.

“I only want that ownerless door. Why do you have to stop me?” The man in the fog waved his arms, and the two figures beside him stepped forward.

Wherever the painter passed, the fog would roll back, and thus, the two monsters from the red city showed their true form.

One of them was wearing a goat mask. She had a perfect body, and her skin was painted in red lines. She looked so weak, and tears flowed out of her mask. The woman did not seem to have her own face, and the mask had become part of her.

The other monster was large. It was like the combination of a human and a boar. He was walking on four legs and looked roughly human. He had a boar mask on. The scariest thing was that the man’s body was split open by a mouth about one meter long, and the mouth was filled with sharp teeth.

“Kindness and Evil, hold him back. I will go look for that door.” The man was confident in the two monsters, but before he started to move, the woman in the goat mask suddenly stopped crying, and the tears turned into blood tears.

“Kindness?” The man turned back to look and saw the woman being exposed before the painter. Her goat mask was slowly being removed, and her head fell down, her body with it.

“Kindness!” The blood fog rushed in from all sides to protect Evil. The man ensured that he would not be seen by the painter before coming to get Kindness, but it was already too late.

“I do not like Kindness because my kindness has never been treated kindly before.” The painter peeled off a piece of skin near his heart. It had the goat head woman painted on it!

“Now there are two left.”

Chapter 888: Black

The man in the fog did not expect that the underling he valued the most would be killed with one glance. He thought back to what Chang Wenyu had said. The painter had a very scary power—by giving up a certain sacrifice, he could draw the people or ghosts that he saw into his painting and take everything away from them. There was huge limitation to this power, but Chang Wenyu did not tell him what the limitation was. She did, however, tell him that the painter could only use this power three times in a short amount of time. In other words, he could only paint three people.

“Kindness’ soul didn’t disappear. She only had something taken away from her.” The man checked the condition of the woman with the goat’s mask. He knew very well that after a Red Specter’s soul was destroyed, there would be nothing left, but Kindness’ body had remained.

“If Chang Wenyu wasn’t lying, then there is nothing to be afraid of since the painter can only use this power thrice.” The man put down Kindness’ body. “To stop the painter, Chang Wenyu has wasted one time of the painter’s power, so now he only has one chance left.”

The fog blocked the visibility. The leading man hid in the fog and did not show his face. “This is a scary power, but it is useless since we have the advantage in numbers. When he completes the third painting, it is the time for him to die.”

The fog that surrounded Evil slowly dispersed. The leading man practically gifted Evil to the painter. For him, using Evil’s life to trade for a painting was valuable. “When I open the ownerless door and become something greater than a Red Specter, I will find the thing that you have lost and help you recover.”

The man said these things to Evil. After hearing that, the boar-man creature charged at the painter like crazy. Blood fog tremored. Black liquid came out of Evil’s mouth. Unlike Kindness, there was nothing that was likeable about this monster.

“The painter’s special power is very strong, but the man himself isn’t that strong. Evil is his natural enemy. If only Kindness was here. With Kindness’ help, they would hold even a Red Specter back for a while.”

The man appeared like he could control the fog behind the door. Just this power made him quite mysterious.

“Unfortunately, he probably saw this problem, so he chose to waste one painting to deliver a heavy blow to Kindness.”

Blood fog gathered around him. The man was like the eye of the storm. He gathered all the fog before entering the school. Black plants grew underneath him, and the man and Evil headed toward the education block from two different directions. The man purposely avoided the painter, but to his surprise, the painter whose body was changing moved to stand between him and Evil.

“You think you can take on the two of us at once?” The man in the fog was very strong. Until now, he had not shown his face. His identity and power were a mystery. If he had not been worried about the painter’s power, this battle might have ended already. The painter used his actions to prove everything. The arms behind him bulged with black capillaries under the influence of negative emotions; the painter’s presence was getting stronger. He wanted to collect the entire school’s consciousness, to turn the negative emotions of all the students into his weapon. There was a magical power in people’s emotions. Specters were born because of this, and doors were formed because of this.

“A Red Specter can only support a limited amount of negative emotions. Without getting the door’s approval, you won’t be able to support the entire school’s negative emotions. You will lose your mind and explode.” The man in the fog waved his hand again, and more shadows appeared outside the school. “There are plenty of monsters in the city. They are mad and twisted. They have their eyes on this school. So what if you can stop me and Evil? As long as you are held back, the school’s consciousness will be consumed by them, and the more consciousness that disappears, the weaker you will be.”

The man in the fog did not want to fight, but the painter did not give him the chance.

BANG!

A large mirror fragment above them broke, and an arm behind the painter grabbed the broken mirror and stabbed at Evil. When the mirror peeled off, it instantly turned into screaming consciousness. It became the blade in the painter's hand and cut open a blood glow in the air. The mirror cut through Evil and tore open the boar mask and Evil's large mouth. However, just as the mirror was about to cut through the body, a sound came out from Evil's mouth. Many small teeth bit on the mirror. Black liquid dropped on the mirror. The mirror formed by the students' memories shattered, and the lingering spirits of the students were swallowed by the giant mouth.

"Greed is one of the forms of Evil. It can consume many things, and the more it consumes, the stronger it becomes." The giant mouth was rapidly recovering. It consumed the mirror and then bit at the painter's arm.

"He wants to consume me as well?" The mirror in the sky was already in pieces. The buildings turned blurry. Only four places were not affected. The painter's hands reached toward one of these places—the trash collection center.

"True Evil is not ugliness or lack in human nature but an innocence without purpose. Pure evil is the darkness on my canvas. It has no thought. It is cold and dark simply because it is black."

The arm grabbed the trash collection center in the mirror. The monster with four limbs on the ground destroyed the door of the last room and then ran away in a hurry. The mirror broke. One of the support points had been destroyed. The sin collected by the campuses rushed into the painter's body. Using his body as medium, he transferred the sin and curse into Evil's mouth. The sinning souls were cursing. They did not expect their final destination to be an ugly mouth. The screaming, pleading, cursing, and begging did not change the painter's mind.

"I am the painter; I need white, and I need black. To complete the final painting, either color will suffice."

Evil's body became bloated, and the painter's expression was getting uglier. The calm on his face slowly disappeared. He had personally trapped the sin in the last room of the trash collection center. It was trash that could not be reused, the darkest part of the human heart.

"If you want to eat, then I will prepare a feast for you!"

Chapter 889: Let Me Paint for You

Even behind the door, there were not many Specters as mad as the painter. He was different from the other monsters; he could not be judged by conventional standard of good and evil. No one could tell what he was thinking, and no one could predict what he could do next, but one thing was for sure—this Red Specter was very scary. He would stop at nothing to reach his goal. He did not care about what other people thought, and he was not bound by morality. He did everything according to his own rules. This kind of person was very scary, and the man in the fog knew that.

Wind with the smell of blood swept across the sky, and screams echoed around the school. Be it the painter or Evil, no one had surrendered. Evil bit the painter's arm, his stomach bulging. Blood vessels appeared on Evil's face, and his body started to become uneven. The painter was not looking very well

either. He turned his body into a medium as he poured the sin that had gathered on the campuses into Evil's mouth. He wished to fill Evil up to its death and clear away the school's sin at the same time.

That was a good idea, but the problem was that he had to be the medium. The sin would have to enter the painter's body before being poured into Evil's lips. This was a battle of determination. The first who crumbled would have a worse ending. Black capillaries appeared on the face, and they crawled around like little venomous snake. They pulsed like they could burst at any moment. Even under such circumstances, the painter turned to the man in the fog. Due to the layer of fog, the man knew that the painter could not take a good look at him, but he still wavered slightly. He was fearful of the painter's power.

"Are the dirty things in the city all like you?" The painter's expression was scary. Savage was not enough to describe it anymore. "You only know how to hide inside the fog. Do you not even have the courage to face me?"

"You have become more chatty. It means that you have weakened." The man in the fog did not care about what the painter said. He controlled the fog to wrap around him. "I only need the door..."

"You will never find that door. Even if it was before you now, you wouldn't be able to see it." The painter appeared to say that to maintain his own rationality. His face had completely twisted, and he was scarier than any monster that he had painted. Endless sin and negative emotion rushed into his body. The pain that every student had experienced appeared in his mind.

There were many things that could pierce one's heart. It could be a single sentence or a single event. Either way, they jabbed one's heart like needles. One could be smiling, but as long as the heart was still beating, the wound would be torn open, bleeding black blood. It was not hard to remove the needles, but even so, an ugly wound would remain. The deeper the pain, the deeper the wound. The painter could not undo the wound in everyone's heart; he could only first remove the needles and then wipe away the memories that were related to them.

If they did not think about it, the pain would not come. That was how the painter helped the students on the campuses; he left them with good memories and transferred the needles that represented pain to the trash collection center. The harsher the pain, the deeper they were buried. These needles would not disappear even after their owner had forgotten about them. After all, they were part of one's memory. One's life was only complete with pain and sadness. The painter had lacked a way to deal with such 'trash' until the appearance of Evil.

"I have been doing something wrong. It is not that there is no sin in heaven; with the sun, there is bound to be shadow. Perhaps I can build a heaven in darkness," the painter mumbled of himself, like only by thinking that would he not lose himself. He was at the edge of a breakdown. When Doctor Gao suffered all the sin behind a three-star scenario, he also almost broke down even if he was a Top Red Specter. Currently, the painter was dealing with the sin from a four-star scenario. It had not been easy for him to have held on until now. This was a battle of conviction. The painter was at the edge of madness, and things were not going well for Evil.

He could consume negative emotions, but he needed time to process them. He had never experienced something like this before. Before the painter, no one would spend several years to collect the sins from a four-star scenario. Evil had a huge appetite, but even he could not swallow the sins of an entire school.

The monster from the red city had underestimated the School of the Afterlife. Even though there was no presence of something beyond a Red Specter there, this was a scenario that was deemed four-star by the black phone!

Sin poured into Evil like a black waterfall. Time lost all meaning behind the door. After who knew how long, Evil's body started to change. His boar mask was stuffed, and his body grew for several times its original size.

"The mouth is the not the ending. If you want to have freedom, fight for it. Expand and make it burst, then you will have everything you want." The painter knew what he had trapped at the trash collection center—it was the darkest side of the school. The pressure that Evil was under was much bigger than the painter, and he had no time to take a breath. Before he could digest the sin in his stomach, more evil spirits crawled into his throat. The pupils in the boar mask darted with anxiety, a horrible noise came out from his throat, like someone who loved fish had a fish bone stuck in his throat. The man in the fog had a bad feeling. He needed to do something to help Evil buy some time.

"You are an anomaly behind the door." The man finally made his move. The blood fog turned into a storm, and the man stood in the middle. "Let me tell you how idiotic it is to build a heaven behind the door."

Once the man made his move, the painter reacted. The other arm behind him reached toward Lin Sisi's dormitory building. On the side of the mirror, Lin Sisi appeared like he knew this day would come. He turned to look at his bedroom before swiftly leaving. The arm cracked through the window, and the second support point was broken. The mirror pieces made from dreams and memories shattered and fell, each of them showing the painter's reflection. His body was cut by the sharp pieces. The arms that reached out from the wounds were stained black, and they waved lazily, "Every mirror here is my eyes. If I see you, I will take everything away from you."

The painter was not afraid of anyone. His madness was far beyond everyone's expectations.

The arms grabbed Evil and pierced into his body. The painter did not care about the man in the fog but focused on pushing all the sin into Evil's body. The black waterfall roared, and after Evil's body expanded to its maximum capacity, it exploded!

Many evil spirits crawled out from the body, and the whole school was covered in negative emotions. Pressured, the painter who was covered in black blood abandoned Evil's carcass, standing in the middle of the school.

"I have ruined Kindness and abandoned Evil—now you are the only one left. Come, let me paint for you!"

Chapter 890: I Can See You

The broken mirrors fell like heavy rain, and above them, the sky was missing. The blood fog pooled around them, and underneath them was black briar. Behind them was the School of the Afterlife, and before them was the red city. All the scenarios that were only visible in nightmares turned into reality behind the door. The end of the world was not enough to describe the tragedy at the school; perhaps

this was what hell looked like. Evil's body grew until it burst, and many evil spirits ran out from its stomach before circling around the school. They cursed the remaining Specters and everything that they saw.

The heaven that was constructed by the painter had completely crumbled. The sins that were buried in the trash collection center regained their freedom, and the thing buried in the deepest part of each people's heart gained release. Their cursing and joy told others with their actions how far could the sins in people's hearts went. They were once things that the painter tried to deny, but now they were personally let out by the painter. They took revenge on any Specters and people that they met, be it the students or outsiders.

The monsters that came from the city were dangerous, but the most dangerous party had been neutralized by the painter. He had used his special power to destroy Kindness and the negative emotions that had been collected over the years to incapacitate Evil. Only one enemy remained.

The arms were connected to the blood mirror. The painter possessed the approval of half of the students and it was the reason why he was able to hold on until now. As long as the painter did not step out from the school, he would possess incredibly powerful abilities. This was possible for Chang Wenyu as well. Because the painter knew that, he had been trying to kill her.

Dangers were everywhere behind the door, and the smallest mistake could cause one's soul to disappear. The man in the fog had underestimated the painter, and that was why he had lost his advantage. Kindness and Evil had lost, but the man in the fog did not surrender; this was a chance that he could not miss. He had been able to reach the school in such a short amount of time, which meant that he was living in the area that was close to the school. There were monsters that were several times scarier than he was. If he was unable to take down the school, once it attracted the attention of the other monster in the city, the door might be taken away by some other 'people'.

The storm formed by the blood fog was slowly approaching. The wounded painter looked at the center of the storm silently. His eyes were slowly changing. Blood vessels pulled on his pupils, and his dark pupils were slowly dissolving, leaving behind only black eyes.

"Do you think I won't be able to see you if you're hiding?" Every mirror that fell from the sky had the painter's reflection on it, and his black eyes were staring in a certain direction. The storm was approaching, but the painter did not go into hiding. He had no idea what the enemy's power was, and he did not know how the enemy would attack. In such circumstances, the best defense was to keep attacking, to pressure the enemy so that they would not have the time to use their power. The painter did not defend; he was trying to look for a chance, but the man in the fog did not give him any opportunity. The mirrors that fell from the sky were unable to reach him. If he could not see the target, he could not paint them, which should be one of the painter's weaknesses.

"Your power comes from the school's consciousness. When you fought Evil, you were borrowing power from the mirror in the sky. Your power comes from that place—looks like the thing that I'm looking for is also there."

The man in the fog was extremely cunning. He had not shown himself while gathering more and more information in the darkness. He would only make his move when he had full confidence. The storm

touched the mirror in the sky. The man did not fight the painter head on—instead, he hid behind the storm to look for the door.

“You are very clever yet also very stupid; your greed is far beyond your ability.” The painter moved the arms on his back, and the broken arm that had been bitten by Evil earlier reached toward the mirror. This time, his arm reached toward the manmade lake on the western campus. The dead body floating on the surface was facing down, but when the painter’s arm phased through the mirror and reached into the water, the body turned around to show its face. The face shocked everyone because it was completely identical to Fan Yu!

“Everyone’s mirror is floating in the sea of mind. That lake is the sea of memories at the school. It is filled with all the students’ memories, including the thing that I have forgotten.” The painter had a similar face to Fan Yu, but due to their different presence, no one would put them together. The arm that had been bitten by Evil earlier grabbed at the body in the lake. The painter paused before slowly tightening his fingers. The body dissolved into blood in the painter’s palm, and the blood dripped into the lake. The memory was unlocked, and the normal lake turned into something else. First, there were ripples, and then it turned murky. Red bubbles appeared on the surface, and the lake was slowly turning red.

“Since this is my painting, I shall destroy it myself.” The painter’s arm yanked back, and the mirror burst. The bloody lake water leaked out. Many voices rang in the school. The memories seemed to come alive, and the distance between the sky and the ground was their whole life. In this short amount of time, the past turned into heavy rain, passing through the storm, covering the entire school. The painter had stolen everyone’s memories, and now he was personally returning the memories to them.

The students at the school remembered many things that they had lost. Those boring moments from they were alive turned into memories that could not be cut off after death. After all, it was those normal moments that formed the different version of oneself.

The blood on the surface of the mirror started to peel off again. The students’ conviction was shaken. The mirror shook, and there were three relatively stable places left on the campuses. One was the lab building where the painter was, the other was the library where the blind person was, and the last place was the broken education block on the eastern campus. Lin Sisi and the four-legged monster had both run to the library. There was no one at the education block on the eastern campus, but that place was not affected. That was not normal.

“The door is hidden in the education block?” The man in the fog headed toward it immediately. This time, the painter did not stop him.

The rain of memories dropped in the blood storm. No one noticed this but the painter—every drop of rain was reflecting pain. His dark eyes looked right at the middle of the storm, and the wounded lips slowly opened to say, “I can see you.”