

Iyashikei 331

Chapter 331

331 A Wish

'The door to Building 1 has been opened, the black mist can bring with it the Singer too. Next I'll have to find a way to other buildings and search for Feng Ziyu, but before that, I need to obtain the hidden profession of Ziggurat guard first.' In the cryptic world, every step Han Fei took had to be careful. Han Fei planned to stay for 3 hours at Building 1 first before he left. 'Zhuang Wen probably has gone to find the Butterfly, hopefully she'll get her wish.' Han Fei tried to close the entrance door but the lock had been broken. Even if the door was closed, the mist kept leaking through the gaps.

While Han Fei was fiddling with the lock, a black arm suddenly reached out from the black mist. Han Fei jumped back, holding up Rest in Peace in defense but before he did anything, the arm was bound by blood vessels and then shredded. The blood pooled around the red dress who had arrived at the 1st floor. She studied Han Fei closely, this was such a fragile person, where did he find the courage to meddle in the business of a Large Linger Spirit and a Linger Hatred.

"Thank you." Han Fei put away the knife and walked towards the red dress, "I hope you don't mind me asking but you wouldn't have any problem with me being the guard here right?" The red dress nodded because she couldn't find a reason to say no. "Then can you help me convince the others? I wish to stay here and help more tenants regain their selves. I know I am weak and have no special power. Many times, I can't even save myself." Han Fei smiled faintly, "I don't even know when I'd die but I still wish to tell more people that there are people like me who are still working hard even in this dark world."

Han Fei's every word hit the red dress' heart, that was exactly what she believed in the past. The red dress fluttered, evoking the resentment inside the whole building. She nodded again, "They will agree to it."

With the red dress following him, Han Fei was no longer as scared as before. He planned to knock on the door one by one and get all of the tenant's approval. Han Fei personally didn't want to make things so complicated but this was the system's requirement, if he wanted to gain the hidden profession, he had to get the approval from all the tenants.

First Han Fei came to the room of the bride. Earlier he had been too busy running for his life to locate her. Han Fei realized that the bride was considered powerful in comparison to most of the tenants here. The most important thing was that she could leave Ziggurat freely. That was highly valued by Han Fei. Han Fei knocked on the door but there was no answer. Han Fei turned to the red dress for help. The red

vessels on her dress snaked into the keyholes and every door in Building 1 surfaced with mysterious, arresting patterns, similar to the ones on her dress.

The red dress appeared to misunderstand Han Fei's meaning. Not only the bride's room but all the rooms in Building 1 had been unlocked. The doors slammed against the wall, the bleeding room number looked like they were crying. Looking into the room, Han Fei noticed the décor of the room was similar to the one in the Ziggurat game. As he entered the bedroom, his eyes travelled to the wedding picture above the bed. "I run my business with honesty, I will live up to my promise to you. It's just that I've come sooner than expected."

Han Fei appeared to be talking to himself. No one answered him. There was not a trace of yin energy inside the room, it looked even cleaner than most rooms in real life. "I know you're here." Han Fei took out the bride's veil from his inventory. Just as he prepared to hand the veil over to the red dress, the woman inside the wedding photo started to cry tears of blood. Pale fingers clutched at the frame and a woman over 2 metres tall crawled out from the photograph. Her eyes wandered between Han Fei and the 'person' behind Han Fei. Her cracked lips slowly opened but after a long hesitation, she decided to say nothing. 'I just want a small favor from you, you didn't need to bring this building's scariest ghost into my house, did you? You plan to destroy me on your first visit?'

Her heart was deeply conflicted, the bride didn't dare to speak out of place because she might not have the chance to survive to speak again. "Recently, the situation here is not that peaceful, we can delay our mission until much later."

"It's fine now. The jumper woman on the top floor has already left. Currently the most powerful tenant in Building 1 is standing behind me."

"The... top floor?" The bride looked at Han Fei with disbelief, "You are responsible for the chaos in the building for the past 2 nights?"

"I wouldn't say responsible but I was part of it, but this is all thanks to you for recommending me a job posting here." Han Fei smiled at the bride. The bride had the urge to escape but she didn't dare to make any sudden movements.

"Haven't you been meaning to enter one of the rooms at Ziggurat? We can go now, I am a man of my words." Han Fei repeated several times before the confused bride finally said, "I need to enter a room at Building 4, my husband's eyes are hidden there."

“Building 4? You know how to get there?”

“I was once a tenant there but my room has been taken over by something else.” The bride tore off the human skin around her neck. There was a blood red key hidden in her throat, “You only need to buy me around 5 minutes away from that thing.”

“Deal, but before that, I need to visit the other tenants here. Why don’t you follow me for now?” Thus another member joined Han Fei’s team. The bride maintained a very far distance from the red dress. Along the way, almost all the tenants approved of Han Fei, they gave Han Fei very high reviews. There was a ghost whose lips were sewn shut who showered Han Fei with praises in sign language. As a guard, Han Fei was glad to be approved by the tenants.

He came successfully to the 14th floor. Han Fei, the 2 other guards, and the red dress stopped before Room 1144. Before they knocked, an old lady appeared in the stairwell beside them. She wore black clothing and the butterfly pattern was barely visible on the back of her neck. Han Fei had met this old lady before. She liked to wander around at midnight, looking for the way out. She seemed to know some things.

“Young man, I’d advise you to not knock on that door. You’ve done very well but you won’t change anything. During the next midnight, everything will revert back to normal.” The old lady looked at Han Fei coolly, it seemed like she had been hiding on the 14th floor.

“How would you know without giving it a try?” Han Fei walked to the old lady, “Granny, you’re a tenant here too. Are you satisfied with my job so far? If you have any suggestions for improvement, feel free to tell me.”

“I wish we can change for a batch of more obedient guards, that way we can all live longer.” The old lady with the hunchback looked at Han Fei like he was some kind of cursed object.

“Granny, did you mishear me?” Han Fei took out a cigarette from his inventory. “I was asking for your suggestion, I didn’t ask you to make a wish.”

332 Dresser of Death

A suggestion could be made possible; a wish was pure hopeful thinking, there was a great difference between them. Han Fei didn't light the cigarette but only took it out as caution. Most tenants only had praise for Han Fei when they saw the red dress but this old lady dared to say otherwise, that meant that she was not afraid of the red dress, and thus the reason why Han Fei had to be careful around her.

The old woman heard the threat in Han Fei's words. The butterfly pattern on the back of her neck rippled as she took several steps back. She advised, "You will kill all of us, you think you've saved them? You've only made things worse for them. Only in that form could they survive at Ziggurat, you've sent them to their death."

"Just assume for a moment that you are the jumper woman or the livestreamer behind me, would you rather live aimlessly being used by your nemesis as tools or would you fight for that bit of hope?" Han Fei didn't want to harm the old lady, he always loved the children and cared for the elderly. The old woman was stumped but she still stood before the door of Room 1144 and refused to move. "Admit it, you're not thinking about them, you're just worried that you might get caught in the crossfire." Han Fei might be young but with masterful acting skill, he could easily read through people's hearts. "No one wishes to die, everyone is trying their best to survive. They have merely been given another option of living."

"It's pointless, you're just wasting your time."

"That is my time to waste. Haven't you been searching for the way out? The front door on the first floor is already open, but once you leave this building, you're no longer a tenant here." Han Fei agreed to let the old lady go but he didn't say when. If she really did choose to leave, then he would capture her, force out all of her secrets before he considered what to do next.

"You have no idea how scary the manager is. If it enters Building 1, everyone except the tenants in Room 1044, 1144, 1244 will die." The old woman pointed at the door behind her, "Before you make a bigger mistake, repent."

"Now that you mention it, I'm curious. I've met the tenant inside Room 1144 before. He looks rather weak in person, why does the manager value him so much?"

It was then that the old lady realized she had said too much. As conflict was about to occur, the door to Room 1144 suddenly opened. The bald madman leaned on the door and looked out in caution. "Dead woman, why are you here again?!" The madman glared at the old lady in black as he waved his hands at Han Fei, telling him to come closer.

"I'm saving you, also... My name is Auntie Jia." The old lady was irked whenever she saw the madman but she couldn't do anything about it.

"I don't care what your name is, I only care that you're a ghost!" The madman screamed but the strange thing was as offended as the old lady was, she didn't do anything to harm the madman.

"Since we're all here, then we should just be direct and open." Han Fei put away the cigarette and took out Rest in Peace. "Tell me everything you know." Seeing Han Fei threaten the ghost with a knife, the madman's expression slowly changed. 'Are all the recent guards so imposing?' Han Fei alone was not that scary but when he pulled out the knife, the red dress and the bride walked over. The corridor was covered in red, cutting off the old lady's escape route. After weighing all the options, the old lady raised her hands to remove her scarf and throw it on the ground. The butterfly pattern was now plainly visible. "Fine, I'll tell you the truth. This man inside Room 1144 is the body the manager has prepared for itself. If its current body is ruined, it can revive in this man's body through some kind of method." The old woman tore off the madman's shirt.

"The hell?!" The shirt tore apart and the madman's painted body was revealed.

"He is the manager's back-up plan, if he leaves Room 1144 for too long or if something happens to him, then the manager will arrive here immediately." The old woman hoped Han Fei would understand the severity of the situation.

"In other words, we could use him to lure the manager here? Set up traps to apprehend it here?"

"I didn't say that!"

"Speaking of which," Han Fei pushed through the door of Room 1144, this time, his attitude was completely different from last time.

“Brother, why are you siding with them? They are ghosts! They are all ghosts!” The madman pleaded as he stayed near the door.

“There are good people and bad people, the same applies for ghosts. Think of it this way, they are also victims like you, innocent souls who are tortured by the manager. They are not our enemies, in fact, we have the same enemy.” After he heard that, the man slowly calmed down. His eyes were injected with confusion like he found some reason in Han Fei’s persuasion.

“Last time you said you have to return to your bedroom before 4 am or else something bad would happen. I’m curious, what exactly is inside your bedroom?” To get the hidden profession, Han Fei had to obtain the approval of every tenant at Building 1 so he had to make sure there was no one else hiding inside Room 1144.

“I can’t really explain it. Why don’t you come take a look at it yourself? This bedroom appears to be connected to someplace else.” The madman glanced at the clock and pulled the bedroom door open. When the door was open, the madman’s body leaned into the bedroom like there was something pulling him into it!

Without wasting time, Han Fei slashed at the door. The brilliant light of Rest in Peace cut through the black and red door board. A wail came from inside the bedroom, an arm which was disproportionately long snaked back into the dresser which sat at the corner of the bedroom. Picking up the madman, Han Fei looked into the bedroom. The room had a table and bed, most furniture looked normal except for the dresser which radiated death. The dresser appeared to have a life of its own. The cupboard doors were decorated with capillaries and butterfly patterns. It was fixed at the corner of the room and faced the bed in which the madman slept.

“The dresser is a very rare cursed object. The manager can enter Room 1144 through it, this is one of the back-ups it has left for itself.” The old lady said darkly. At this point, it was too late to leave anyway.

“The manager can come here through this dresser? This means that this dresser is connected to Building 4?” Han Fei walked towards the dresser out of curiosity but he was immediately stopped by the red dress. Blood vessels weaved out beautiful flowers to form a cage around him.

“Other than the manager, no one knows where the dresser is connected to and what is inside it. There were a few idiots who tried to look inside it but we never heard of them again.” The old lady sighed. She was about to say something more when she felt Han Fei’s eyes on her. She saw Han Fei look between her and the dresser. Chill crawled all over her skin. She rapidly retreated but it was too late now.

Chapter 333

333 Predictive Dream

“Shall we enter it together? Aren’t you guys curious about the manager’s secret?” Han Fei asked while holding Rest in Peace.

“No, it’s too dangerous!” The bride spoke. Han Fei had to be one of the few who would force a ghost to speak.

“You’re right, it’s dangerous, so how about we find someone to scout ahead for us?” Han Fei took out the cursed chain from the pet store. It was stuck with animal fur. “As the guard, I have the responsibility to protect the tenant here. But we can capture ‘someone’ who is not a tenant, tie this around her and send her into the dresser.” Han Fei didn’t explicitly mention the old lady in black but she had a feeling Han Fei was talking about her. If she remembered correctly, Han Fei did say that she wouldn’t be a tenant here after she walked out of Building 1.

“That should work. But why would you carry a chain around with you?” The madman squatted beside the bed and wrapped the bedsheet around him. He was seen as mad by the other ghost tenants but he was not dumb, “A normal chain wouldn’t be of any use. I’ve entered that dresser before. You’ll faint after taking a few steps for no reason. When I woke up, I was already lying in bed outside of the dresser.”

“You’ve been inside the dresser?”

“Random broken body parts would appear inside Room 1144. At the start, I had no idea where they came from, but I was afraid, so one day, I crawled into the dresser to hide. It was only then that I realized the dresser was connected to somewhere else.” The madman tried to think back to it. “It is very hard to describe. It’s like there’s a nightmare living inside the dresser. Once you fall asleep, all kinds of stuff would crawl out from it, to inspect whether you were really asleep. They would wander around the bed and sometimes even crawl into the bed with you. If you feel a chill beside you, do not look under the comforter, I was given the fright of my life once before.” The tone used was easy but the scene described was horrifying.

The madman sat cross-legged on the bed. He looked at Han Fei and the other 'people' inside the room. After a long time he said, "The dresser would only open at 4 am but for the past 2 days, there has been something wrong with it."

"What do you mean?"

"From the day you arrived as the new guard, the dresser door has been unable to close fully." The madman's words reminded Han Fei of something. The madman was the back-up body the Manager prepared for itself and the dresser was the shortcut used to access this back-up. After Han Fei arrived, the path door had been left open, which meant that the Ziggurat Manager felt threatened enough that it had the need to keep the passage open for a quick escape.

'The day I arrived, the Singer entered Ziggurat as well, the threat probably came from it. Now that I think about it, it was wise for me to lure Singer here with me.' Han Fei wanted to know the inner workings of the dresser. If possible, he wanted to set up an ambush inside it as a way to eliminate the heavily injured manager. Han Fei was brave, he was not afraid of any manager, in fact, the reason he was here was to find a new manager for Ziggurat. His eyes wandered subconsciously towards the old lady. The chain in his hands rattled, "Now who shall be our first volunteer?"

"This is not the Manager's only backup. There is more than one such dresser in the neighbourhood. Even if you enter it, you might not encounter the Manager, if anything, you might expose yourself to extreme danger." The old lady had figured out how to communicate with Han Fei. The man was not afraid of danger and death, only by speaking facts could he be persuaded.

"Haven't you been meaning to leave Building 1?" Han Fei narrowed his eyes at the old lady, "So why haven't you left?"

"Even in my dreams, I wish to leave this place but not in this kind of manner." The old lady touched the butterfly pattern on her neck. "After what you've done here, you're completely capable of becoming Building 1's security guard or even its new building manager. However, we are different from you. You are a complete soul, we are just pots used to cultivate seeds."

Han Fei was not an unreasonable person. Since the old lady was willing to share the building's secrets, he listened patiently.

"I've lived here a long time already and have seen too many things, things that you might not even believe." The hunchbacked lady sighed, "Every single room at Ziggurat represents a heart, these heart rooms trap the tenant's memory and pain. It's not that we've moved into the Ziggurat but we are part of the Ziggurat. The previous manager of the Ziggurat was an old man. He had no more hope within him, it was his rotten heart which became the foundation of this place. One day he walked deeper into the city and was never seen again.

"About 10 years ago, a new Manager arrived at the Ziggurat. No one knew where it came from and no one understood where its heart was hiding. No one was able to really kill it. From that night onwards, the rules at Ziggurat changed, all the hearts and memories became the Manager's toy.

"It never kills and would not use its power to destroy any of the spirits, but don't take that as its kindness. Those who fell into its grasp all wished for a quick death." The old lady shivered as if remembering something awful.

"Do you know why it never kills?" Han Fei was curious. The Butterfly in real life was someone like that too, it had done all the bad things possible but it would never bloody its hands.

"There's a legend about this manager, but I'm not sure whether it's true or not." The old lady hesitated before saying, "The last Pure Hatred at the Ziggurat left behind this hint before it perished. The manager's talent has to do with dreams. It saw its own death in a predictive dream."

"A predictive dream?"

"Yes, the manager dreamt that it was chopped into pieces by a knife. The blade was very unique. The bloodier the target's hands, the sharper it would be." When the old lady said that, no one in the room reacted to it. But different from others' non-reaction, Han Fei had to use his masterful acting to suppress the emotions in his heart. The blade in the manager's dream sounded like Rest in Peace!

"The manager has been searching for that blade but it is to no avail." The old lady's eyes filled with pain. "Perhaps because it had foreseen its own death, its action became even more inexplicable. It started to conduct crazier experiments. He turned all of the tenants into fertilizers to cultivate a different version of itself, so that its replacement could die on its behalf."

The old lady helped Han Fei understand many times, previously unrelated things were now connected. Things like why the Butterfly never personally murder anyone and why Spider's Cattle Alley was filled with so many butcher's knives.

Chapter 334

334 The Butterfly's Dresser

All the coincidences aligned into necessity. The battle between Spider and Butterfly continued, from the result, it appeared like Spider had won by a hair. Han Fei listened to the old lady patiently. She told him everything about the manager. Things he had done inside the neighbourhood. For the manager, all the tenants, outsiders were just tools. Those who had the butterfly tattoo on them were the manager's victim or 'people' who managed to survive its torture, they knew firsthand how horrific the manager was.

"There are four buildings at Ziggurat and the manager mostly stays at Building 4, it rarely leaves it. But some of the tenants suspect that there is a special room in Building 4 that allows the manager to teleport to any location inside Ziggurat. The room is also the manager's heart room. If you really want to kill the manager, you have to locate that room first." The old lady never even fathomed resisting the manager but now to survive, she had to give Han Fei everything he wanted. "No one knows where that room is, but it is rumored that the room number is 4444."

"Theoretically speaking, no room at Ziggurat should have that number. Therefore, it must require a special method to arrive there." Han Fei turned to the dresser, he felt the need to give it a try. After some thoughts, Han Fei came to a decision. To get other tenants' approval, he would persuade everyone to see the same goal. And then he'd attempt to enter the dresser. Having the bride stay inside Room 1144, Han Fei led the others to visit the other tenants. Using his own personal charm, he won over the remaining tenants. After getting all of their approval, the system provided Han Fei with the notification.

"Notification for Player 0000! After endless hard work, you've obtained the hidden profession—Ziggurat Guard!"

"Are you going to set this up as your main profession?"

"No!"

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve obtained the side profession, Ziggurat Guard! Randomly acquired 2 talents from 4 of Ziggurat Guard’s talents!

“Profession Talent 1, Death Immunity: When Death Curse is triggered, there is a 10 percent chance that you’d be immune to its effects!

“Profession Talent 2, Patrol: After midnight, your running speed will increase!

“Warning! It will take longer to upgrade past time professions and side professions, upgrading these professions’ talents require 3 times normal EXP. Now that you own 2 professions, you’ve slowly familiarized yourself with the working life. You have seen more and learnt more, your Perfect Life became more colorful because of it!”

“All I’ve seen so far is red, how is that colorful?” Han Fei tried to run in the corridor. The side profession of Ziggurat Guard was far more useful than he thought. Just the effect of Patrol alone was worth it. After returning to room 1144, Han Fei sat beside the bed and stared at the dresser. His eyes were calm like he was pondering something important. No one dared to disturb him. When the exit button lit up, Han Fei stood up and walked towards the dresser. “We mustn’t lose this opportunity, we’ll all go together.” Han Fei picked up the chain. He stood with the madman and red dress while his eyes turned coldly towards the old lady.

“Surviving here is already hard enough, why the insistence to court death? Can you complete something even a Pure Hatred cannot?” The old lady unwillingly headed towards the dresser. Just as her hands touched it, the capillaries on the doors bulged, like they were coming alive. The capillaries crawled onto the walls. The gap between the dresser door emitted a horrible smell. Before the old lady even opened the door fully, an arm reached for her and pulled her into the dresser. A ‘person’ disappeared just like that. The madman scurried backwards to hide.

“You’re the manager’s backup, so it won’t hurt you. You have to know how to make use of that to your advantage.” Han Fei explained to the madman, at that moment, it was hard to tell who was the mad one. The closer it was to 4 am, the more changes occurred inside the bedroom. Han Fei opened the dresser with the red dress. There were many clothes hanging inside the dresser, they were drenched in blood. The red dress entered first, then she waved at Han Fei to follow. Han Fei grabbed her wrist and the madman. They entered the dresser together. He parted the clothes before him but to his consternation, there were more and more clothes and the blood stains on them became heavier. It looked like dead bodies hanging around them.

The dresser looked small from the outside but inside it was like a maze, there were bloody clothes everywhere. The only person who could provide security to Han Fei was the red dress. But as they walked, Han Fei noticed something was wrong. Even though the hand that he held also had on red clothes, it was not a red dress.

'Is this an illusion?' Since the person didn't stop, Han Fei didn't let go either. He turned back and realized the madman was missing. And when he turned back to the front, he was only holding a red shirt sleeve. Holding the sleeve, Han Fei looked around. Each of the bloody clothes represented a dead spirit. 'Is this the Butterfly's dresser? Since no one knows what it looks like, could these be the appearances that it could put on?'

Han Fei didn't panic. He knew most cursed objects had special power. 'I saw with my own eyes the red dress enter the dresser. She is a Large Lingering Spirit, a normal Grade F Cursed Object wouldn't be able to trap her. The most logical thing I should do now is to wait for her to return.' Since the exit key had lit up, Han Fei was fearless. Furthermore, he still had one more cigarette in his inventory. If he ran into danger, he would light it up for protection.

About 10 seconds later, something disturbed the clothes not far away from Han Fei. They swayed, suggesting that something was moving in the dresser. Putting the paper doll on his shoulder, Han Fei crouched down holding Rest in Peace. He followed the trail of moving clothes before fixing his eyes in a direction. The thing inside the dresser appeared to sense Han Fei's eyes on it. Grey long arms reached out from the darkness. It rustled through the bloody clothes, the sound was enough to make a normal person's mind go insane.

The distance between the two drew closer. Han Fei held his breath, he was ready to kill.

Chapter 335

335 Man-Eating Dresser

Bloody clothes hung everywhere. Most of them had been worn by someone dead, every clothes here represented a despairing memory. In this maze made from the dead's memory, Han Fei ran into his first danger. The red dress and the madman who entered the dresser with him disappeared. Han Fei, who was stranded, was discovered by something inside the dresser. The slender arms were of varying lengths so they clearly belonged to different people but they appeared to grow on the same body.

The bloody clothes were pushed aside. The hands snaked into the pockets. They searched for any remaining objects, derived from them the wearers' last memory and then feasted on them like snacks. There was no wind inside the dresser but all the clothes swayed slightly.

More arms reached out from the mysterious direction. The pale fingers appeared to have noses and ears because try as Han Fei to hide, he was inadvertently discovered. The arms became more brutish as they shoved the bloody clothes out of the way. One of the arms seemed to sense something. Like a snake, it suddenly slithered towards Han Fei!

Pulling out Rest in Peace, Han Fei prepared to activate Ghost Tattoo but at that moment, a music box several metres to his left was toppled over. A strange yet familiar music echoed inside the dresser. The moment the music started, the pale arm instantly changed direction. From the angles Han Fei didn't even notice before, several more arms appeared, crawling towards the music box. 'There were so many of them?' Han Fei honestly only saw one arm but in reality, there were five of them which were silently approaching him.

The bloody clothes behind him touched Han Fei's cheek. A weight fell on his shoulder and Han Fei sighted a bandaged hand press down on his body. Turning back, Han Fei saw a 30 plus woman standing behind him. Her right arm was bandaged and she held a fruit knife in her right arm. Without saying anything, the woman used her eyes to signal Han Fei to follow her. They crouched low and silently retreated. The woman appeared to know the closet very well. Through the location of the blood stains on each clothes and the size of the blood stains, she was able to tell her direction. After leading Han Fei for a few minutes, she stopped.

"Why did you enter this place?" With her body still crouching, the woman finally spoke. Her voice sounded like grating glass, it was a torture on the listener's ears.

"I keep feeling there is something wrong with my dresser. I have this recurring dream that I am inside the dresser. Honestly, at this moment, I can't even tell I'm in a nightmare or in reality." Han Fei's expression was flawless. Fear, panic, forced calmness and the barely suppressed anxiety. It was hard to imagine a face could express so many emotions so naturally.

"This is not a nightmare, we're somewhere worse than a nightmare, everything you experience is real." The woman curled into the bloody clothes and tried to hide herself among them.

“Then how did you get here? Looks like you’ve been here for quite some time already.” Han Fei studied the woman. She was of average build but she had great upper body strength. Her biceps and triceps were toned.

“I’m here to search for my son.” The woman whispered, “I can’t remember when I came in here. Back then, my son used to cry at night. One night, he ran to my room to tell me there was someone watching him from inside the dresser and he was very scared.”

“You didn’t think too much of it at the time?”

“I went to his room and checked the dresser, there was nothing inside.” The woman’s voice was raspy. “In any case, I decided to sleep with him that night but during late midnight, I was woken up by a noise. I opened my eyes and discovered my son standing before the dresser all alone. He was mumbling something on his lips... I couldn’t really hear him that clearly but I believed he was saying—‘she is my mother now, please don’t come back to find me, it’s too dark inside the dresser’, or something like that.

“The bedroom’s light was off. I was so scared so I didn’t move. The dresser door slowly opened and I saw the clothes hanging inside. When I thought everything had returned to normal and my boy was just sleep-walking, the clothes parted away to reveal a woman’s face, she looked 90 percent like me! But the scariest thing was, she appeared to be looking at me and the more she stared at me, the more she took on my face!

“I sat up from bed and switched on the light. But that didn’t make things better. I saw my son still lying in bed, while the boy in front of the dresser had disappeared but the dresser door was left open. I shook my son awake. He rubbed my eyes and asked me innocently, ‘Mom, what’s wrong?’

“When I heard him call me ‘mom’, my heart chilled. There was an instinct in my heart that questioned, ‘Is this really my son?’

“From that day onwards, I felt like I had gone insane.” The woman gripped the knife and when she spoke, she looked around with alertness. “When my son was at school or out playing with friends, I would hear his voice inside the room, and see his shadows run across the house.

“I knew I had to investigate the origin of the dresser. I bought the dresser from a flea market. The workmanship was exquisite and the price was cheap, at the time, I thought I had a steal. When I went

back to ask, only then I was told, someone had once died inside the dresser. I was ready to go home to destroy the dresser. My son who was supposed to be home had disappeared. The only possibility I could think of was that the dresser had stolen away my son.” The woman’s hand that held the knife burst with veins. “I didn’t dare to damage the dresser because it might steal my son forever away from me. From that day onwards, I guarded beside the dresser every night. I slept during the day and stayed beside the dresser at night but nothing happened.

“That continued for a long time, until one time, I was too tired and accidentally drifted off to sleep at night. When I opened my eyes again, the closed dresser door opened. The clothes appeared to be hiding something behind them. I pushed apart the clothes and grabbed the fuel and matches which I had prepared. As I poured the fuel, I crawled into the dresser. I was ready. If I couldn’t find my son, I would return before the fuel ran out and burn the damn dresser.

“But to my surprise, this dresser appears to exist between reality and dream. I didn’t take that many steps before the smell of fuel dissipated. I noticed the trail had gone dry. I tried the matches but none of them would light.

“To make matters worse, there are all kinds of monsters living inside the dresser. They started to hunt me. I was lucky that I was able to survive until now.”

Chapter 336

336 Feng Ziyu's News

“Monsters? What kind of monsters have you met here?” Han Fei didn’t fully trust the woman. It was impossible for a normal housewife to survive inside this monster-infested dresser with just pure luck.

“The monsters with many arms that we encountered are the most common one. They are like parasitic moths commonly found inside dressers. They rustle through the clothes to find leftover objects to feed on the wearers’ memories. I call these multi-limbed bugs the Scavenger. Other than these Scavengers who feed on memory fragments, there are humanoid monsters or rather they used to be humans. They have lost their identities so I call them The Lost. A long time ago, I had a partner who roamed this dresser with me, but one day, he suddenly disappeared. The spot where he occupied turned into a set of bloody clothes, they were the exact same set he was wearing before he went missing. I believe he had joined the Lost.

“The Scavengers and the Losts normally wouldn’t come after us, there are far more dangerous monsters here. One of them will disguise themselves as the dresser door. If you open them, you’ll not find the exit but a gaping maw waiting for you.

“The other kind of monster looks just like humans and they are the most dangerous. They will morph into clothes and melt into the surroundings. When you get close to them, they will bind and slowly consume you.”

The Butterfly’s dresser was a space between nightmare and reality, dominated by people and monsters lost in it. This creepy dresser might have to do with Butterfly’s talent. Han Fei knew that Butterfly’s favorite tactic was to enter people’s minds and then use their dreams to slowly influence reality.

“It’s amazing that you have managed to survive here for so long.” Han Fei said sincerely, “Can you remember how long you’ve been here?”

“There is no day and night cycle here so I really can’t tell. At first, I did try to keep a track of time but time eventually runs away from you. Now I can’t even tell whether it’s day or night outside this dresser.”

“Then how did you manage to take care of your everyday needs? Is there food and water here?” Han Fei regarded the woman with suspicion, this was a suspicion a normal person would have. Although to be honest, Han Fei already had a guess in his heart. The woman was probably already dead, she was just a ghost who had not yet fully forgotten about her past.

“Water...” The woman was silent for a long time before she lifted her head. “I didn’t want to tell you this early lest I scare you away. But since you’ve asked, then I shall not lie to you. Come with me.” The fruit knife in her grasp shook. She was very nervous like an inexperienced hunter. The blood stains on the clothes around them thickened. After evading a few more Scavengers, the woman led Han Fei deeper into the dresser. Strange voices whispered into his ears, it was like the lingering spirits on the clothes were talking to him. The deeper he went, the more unsettled he felt. The clothes were getting bloodier, some were so fresh that the blood was still dripping. If he leaned closer to the clothes, he could even hear groans of pain.

“We’re here, I call this place the canteen.” After a half an hour of trekking, the woman finally stopped. She picked up the clothes beside her and after apologizing to it, she placed it in her mouth. The blood flowed into her body and her eyes turned crimson. After she had her fill, she turned to Han Fei. Blood dyed her lips and teeth red. Blood splattered down her face. She looked just a monster, different from the housewife that she presented herself as earlier.

“I have scared you, haven’t I? Don’t forget that I’ve also saved you earlier.” The woman put down the clothes. “This is the only way if you want to survive here. Initially I was very against it too but I have no other choice. I have to save my son. To do that, I am willing to do anything.”

“You are a great mother.”

“Don’t patronize me. When hunger and thirst catch up to you, you’ll make the same choice because it is the only choice.” After the woman drank the blood, her own capillaries started to bulge and her face paled. Whenever she spoke, 2 voices emitted from her throat, but the other voice was extremely weak. Han Fei now understood why the woman’s voice was so unique. To survive, she had literally absorbed countless people’s blood.

“Other than me, have you met anyone else here?”

“I have but most are at the edge of madness. Some have turned into the Losts, others would become part of the hanging clothes soon.” The woman looked at her skin which was turning red. “Actually that is the other reason why I’ve saved you.”

“What is it?”

“I feel like I won’t be able to resist for much longer. If I turn into a set of clothes, I hope you’ll bring me with you instead of leaving me here among the hanged.” The woman didn’t force Han Fei, she negotiated with him, “And if it’s possible, help me look for my son. When he disappeared, he was wearing pyjamas with bear print. If he’s still alive, please take care of him for me; if he has been changed into clothing, please put me next to him. Okay?”

“Don’t be so pessimistic, perhaps we can find him and leave this place together.”

“I hope so.” The woman clearly didn’t believe Han Fei.

“I am serious.” Han Fei was about to ask for more information when the woman suddenly waved for him to bend low. The clothes not far away started to sway and soon they saw a 40 plus man with balding head and formal shirt tumble out from the maze of clothes. He didn’t notice Han Fei and the woman. He

was half-crouched on the ground as he moved slowly forward. "What is this place?!" The middle-aged man's face was twisted from fear. His mental state was unstable. He didn't dare to make too much noise lest he attracted the monster. He could only rely on himself. The middle-aged man crawled some more but all he could see was red. Everything was red. "What is happening?!" The man's emotions frayed. Before he lost his mind, Han Fei and the woman came out from their hiding spots.

"Don't worry, like you, we're trapped here as well..."

"Don't come any closer! Stay right there!" When the middle-aged man saw the blood on the woman's face and the knife she was holding, he warned shakingly.

"I'd advise you to keep your voice down. If you attract the monster's attention, do you think you can run faster than us?" Han Fei already put away Rest in Peace before he showed himself. Raising his arms in surrender, Han Fei slowly approached the middle-aged man. "Brother, looks like you haven't been here for that long. Am I right?"

"I can't tell how long it has been, perhaps about 10 hours? I stayed still for a long time before I was forced to move because I saw the monsters coming towards me." The middle-aged man was extremely frightened. Han Fei's calming voice was like a balm to his soul.

"Can you tell me how you got into this place?"

"I don't know!" The middle-aged man pulled on the little bit of hair he had, "My upstairs neighbour was making a lot of noise at midnight. I couldn't sleep so I went to give him a piece of my mind. But when I arrived, his door was left open."

"And you entered his house? Why didn't you call the police?"

"At the time, I was so angry I didn't think that much. When I got in, there was no one around. Just as I was wondering whether to call the police, I heard a sound coming from the bedroom. I pushed open the door to take a look."

"And you saw someone inside the dresser?"

"I saw my neighbour lying in bed, he was sound asleep. I believed he was faking it because he was just making all those noises earlier. But when I touched his face, I noticed something was wrong." The man said with regret. "His face was so cold, there was no human warmth."

"That means he has been dead for some time already, it was not him who made all that noises, but probably the actual killer." Han Fei analysed.

"That was what I thought, but at that moment, my brain suddenly went dizzy and I collapsed. When I woke up again, I was already inside this place." The middle-aged man pouted, "The stock that I bought just had a sharp rise recently, I thought my luck was finally changing, but I guess I was wrong."

"The person who placed you here probably wanted to get your neighbour but got you by accident. Can you tell me more about your neighbour?" Han Fei was confused. The middle-aged man sounded like he was just dragged into the dresser not too long ago. The Butterfly should have been busy dealing with police and Huang Yin, it wouldn't go after random people.

"That neighbour of mine is very strange. We've been neighbours for years but I shared less than 3 words with him. He was a hermit and avoided all human interaction. I heard from the other neighbours that he used to work at a big company but due to some trauma, he became like this."

"Worked at some big company?" Han Fei narrowed his eyes. "Do you know his name?"

"It's Feng Ziyu. He was getting weirder recently. He acted so strangely like he was living in some kind of mysterious world that only existed in his mind."

Chapter 337

337 Run!

"It is him!" When the middle-aged man mentioned a big company, Han Fei already thought of Feng Ziyu. Back when the Ziggurat map hadn't been deleted from the surface world, Feng Ziyu and his colleagues were the last to enter the neighbourhood, so it was understandable for the Butterfly to go after him.

"Feng Ziyu kept a very low profile and rarely interacted with people. If not for the sounds coming from his apartment, I would have thought the unit above me was empty." The middle-aged man frowned

with regret. "I should have minded my own business. The sensei already told me that I would face a major hurdle around age 40."

"I'd advise you to trust in yourself rather than in fate." Han Fei picked up the middle-aged man, "Has your neighbour acted unusually recently?"

"I haven't seen him for the past few days, I believe he has been staying at home. Oh, wait! I kept hearing knocking in the corridor at night, I believe it came from his door!"

"Knocking at night?"

"Yes, it's always around midnight. I thought he was calling some kind of service, after all, he has been alone for so long." The middle-aged man shrunk away from the clothes and carefully nudged closer to Han Fei. "Other than the knocking, I can't think of anything else."

"Can you remember the spot where you first woke up?" Han Fei wanted to trace his track, to see if he could find his way to Feng Ziyu's place.

"I can't, but I believe it's from that direction." The middle-aged man pointed behind him. "I was too flustered to note the route I was taking. But I did remember one thing. The spot where I woke up was scattered with shredded clothing and they all had black characters on them."

Feng Ziyu had gone missing in real life. Based on the last messages he sent to Huang Yin, he was probably led by Butterfly deep into the dream and Room 4444. Assuming Room 4444 was the channel Butterfly used to connect the real world and cryptic world, then Feng Ziyu should be inside the cryptic world as well. The middle-aged man's appearance here was an accident. Butterfly most likely dropped him into the dresser because it had no use for someone like him.

Han Fei tried his best to string all the limited information together. 'Real world, dreams, cryptic world... Is it possible that Butterfly in Room 4444 could connect to people in the real world via dreams and then use the dresser in Room 4444 to send these people from real life into a cryptic world? After all, Room 4444 technically shouldn't exist in Ziggurat, it wasn't part of the Ziggurat. But in that case, what is Room 4444? Is it really a room?' With the black box and Spirit Farer talent, for Han Fei, the entire Perfect Life game was his Room 4444. As long as people logged into the game and fitted certain requirements, he

could summon them to the cryptic world. If that was the case, what would Butterfly's Room 4444 look like?

'Looks like I've been fooled by preconceived notions and assumed that Room 4444 has to be a room. But one thing's for certain—if Room 4444 doesn't physically exist at the Ziggurat, then perhaps this dresser is the only way to get there.' With that in mind, Han Fei knew he couldn't waste anymore time. While he could quit the game at any time, he needed to locate the exit as soon as possible.

"Come on, let's go to find the spot where you first woke up." Han Fei supported the middle-aged man and turned to the silent woman beside him. "Come along, I have promised to help you find your son." Han Fei who used to have social anxiety now had unconsciously become the core of the group. Before the pressure of survival, he had metamorphosized. Walking through the maze of bloody clothes, time lost its meaning. The despair on the middle-aged man's face thickened but whenever he thought about giving up, he would see the determination on Han Fei's face. He couldn't find any trace of fear on Han Fei's face. This man who was much younger than he was, inspired him with power. The confidence and ease came from within, like he already had the solution in his mind and could leave this godforsaken place any time he wanted. Influenced by Han Fei, the middle-aged man and the woman didn't feel as defeated as before. Han Fei had planted a small seed of hope within them—perhaps they really could find the exit.

There were more bloody clothes. After some time, Han Fei who was at the rear of the group suddenly tapped on the middle-aged man's shoulder and then whispered into his ears. "Do not look back and maintain this speed."

"What's wrong?"

"Tell the woman before you that there is a monster disguised as bloody clothes following behind us, tell her to speed up after a minute to try and see if we can shake it off." Han Fei used the most peaceful tone to describe something incredibly scary. They had been targeted by the scariest creature inside the dresser. The middle-aged man relayed Han Fei's message word for word. A minute later, the woman suddenly raced off. Han Fei and the middle-aged man who were prepared followed after her.

After knowing it had been exposed, the monster revealed its true identity. Two red arms reached out from the sleeves and a face stitched up with patches of fabric appeared on the clothes. The red pieces of fabric were sewn into the flesh. The clothes had become part of it and it became part of the clothes. It moved very fast like a red shadow, it quickly caught up to Han Fei's group.

After some running, the difference in stamina between the 3 survivors could be clearly seen. Han Fei ran at the front completely unfazed, the woman followed closely behind him, the middle-aged man though was already gasping for air. His legs were weakening. If they abandoned the middle-aged man now, Han Fei and the woman would have an easy escape. With the middle-aged man's size, the monster would take a long time to digest him.

Perhaps due to fear, the middle-aged man tripped on a pile of clothes on the ground. When he collapsed, the man's face turned ashen. At that moment, he was consumed by despair and his previously pristine shirt surfaced with patches of blood stains.

"Give me your hand!" Han Fei kept his eyes open even when he was making his escape. After so many experiences of running for his life, many things had become part of his instinct. Seeing the bloody clothes monster rapidly approach, Han Fei grabbed the middle-aged man's arm and ran at his full power. Buffed by the talent of the Ziggurat Guard, Han Fei's running speed was ridiculous. If someone saw Han Fei running like this in the middle of the night, they would think he was the ghost.

Chapter 338:

After obtaining the Ziggurat Guard profession, this was the first time Han Fei ran at full speed. It felt like something had been pumped into his legs, the more despairing he felt, the faster he'd run; and the faster he ran, the greater the despair which imbued his heart. 'The talent of this side profession is quite useful, maybe I've lost out from not making it a main profession.' Even dragging an adult, Han Fei's speed didn't slow down. In fact, he had even passed the woman. He ran as fast as he could but the one who suffered was the middle-aged man. His face bumped against many clothes and his face was tainted by blood.

"Eventually we'll be caught up, does the bloody clothes monster have any weaknesses?" Han Fei shouted at the woman, the latter didn't answer because running already took away all of her breath.

When he listened closer, the bloody clothes monster seemed to be saying something. The mouth was patched with cloth, when it spoke, there was only a black hole.

"I am you... Save, save me." A croak escaped from the monster's lips. Han Fei was about to turn around when the woman shouted at him, "Don't listen to it! Close your ears!"

"Mom, mommy... So painful, my neck is so painful." The woman had just warned Han Fei when a child's voice came from a piece of clothes beside them. Hearing that, the woman slowed. In just that fraction of

a second, her exposed ankle was dragged and pulled. Her body tipped forward. The woman looked at the approaching ground with panic. A slender arm reached out from a set of children's clothes. It was followed by a boy who had a large head. It smiled innocently while its long arms latched onto the woman's legs like some kind of stubborn vines. The children's outfit stuck to the woman's calves, preventing her from running. "Mommy, mommy, don't go..."

The woman didn't even recognize the boy. She quickly took out her fruit knife and stabbed at the creature. She was ruthless and quick. She didn't care even if she had hurt herself. It was with this fortitude that she managed to survive until now. In other words, the survivors inside the closet all had blood on their hands. The fruit knife did no damage to the children's clothing. She nicked off a small patch but it was soon stitched together by fabric. The boy cried and refused to let go. At the same time, a dark red shadow appeared behind the woman. Blood and flesh stitched together with fabric. It slowly opened its sleeves to welcome the woman with its deadly embrace. "Come try on these new clothes, you'll love it!" A chilly voice came out from the clothes. The bloody clothes monster enveloped the woman!

Blood swam over her vision. All of the clothes inside the dresser seemed to come alive, her eyes filled with despair. She struggled but it was to no avail. The bloody clothes slowly closed around her. Her vision narrowed like her life was fading away. 'With my death, they should be able to escape. Hopefully that man will live up to his promise...'

The spirit that kept her going for so long started to loosen. Fatigue came from every part of her body. The woman's skin started to scar with horrible burn wounds. She didn't notice any of these, at the last moment of her life, all she could think of was her son. She would never forget about her son.

"Rest in peace!" The closing red suddenly opened a crack. The bloody clothes that the fruit knife was unable to cut, was easily sliced through. The woman saw an arm branded with ghost tattoo reach into the clothes and then she was dragged out by a powerful force. She recovered her vision and clambered up from the ground. She immediately grasped the chance and ran away from the injured bloody clothes monster.

'My blade appears to be incredibly effective against these monsters inside the dresser.' When Han Fei made the cut, he also made this observation. When the blade touched the bloody clothes, the threads made from sin would instantly melt. The bloody clothes monster probably didn't expect this as well. Red threads sprouted out from its black mouth and the face patched with fabric filled with shock and fear.

"Rest in Peace's blade is made from humanity, none of the monsters inside Butterfly's closet appear to be able to face humanity face on. Butterfly who toys with humanity probably didn't expect that one day

humanity would morph into a blade sharper than even hatred and sin!' While the bloody clothes monster was still in shock, Han Fei charged at it. He didn't plan to let the creature escape, the less who knew about Rest in Peace's secret, the better.

"Nine Lives!" Activating the ghost tattoo, Han Fei took out the paper doll and planned to give it his all. Rest in Peace was sharp but Han Fei was just a normal person. His level 13 body was fragile and was extremely prone to danger. Therefore, every time he battled, it was like a dance on the high wire. Either his enemy or himself would be heavily injured. There were common everyday items inside the closet like fruit knives and cleavers but these blades were unable to harm the bloody clothes monsters, they were the ultimate predator inside the dresser.

But now the monster felt threatened by Han Fei. It noticed a strong presence of curse coming from Han Fei. Consumed by anxiety, its first reaction was to run. To find one singular bloody clothes among a maze of them was difficult, however, incidentally, Han Fei had the hide and seek talent. With extreme observational skill and memory, he memorized all the details about the monster and chased after it. The Patrol talent of Ziggurat Guard came in useful again. Han Fei tore off a piece of the doll and shoved it into the woman's pocket and then he chased after his prey without looking back. Like a shark who had smelled blood, he was not going to let his prey go.

"Hey! Stop chasing after it!" The woman wanted to stop Han Fei but the latter soon disappeared from her sight. Staring at the bloody clothes around them, the woman crouched beside the middle-aged man. The happiness from having just escaped death dissipated. She knew it was practically impossible to reunite after being separated at this place.

"How could he be so rash?" The woman stood there. Han Fei was reliable but the half-dead uncle was a burden.

"Where is him?" The middle-aged man's thought mirrored the woman's. After Han Fei left, his hope was extinguished immediately.

"I have no idea, we'll wait for him here." The woman looked around with caution. About 10 minutes later, the clothes around them swayed. As she held up the fruit knife, Han Fei walked over holding a set of bloody clothes. The security uniform was drenched in blood but Han Fei wasn't injured.

"Where is the bloody clothes monster?"

“This is it.”

“You’ve killed it?” The woman and middle-aged man looked at Han Fei with disbelief. A normal looking security managed to kill the bloody clothes monster?

“I was merely the aid, I didn’t deliver the killing blow.” Han Fei took out the paper from the woman’s pocket, the paper was part of the paper doll. Han Fei managed to find his way back because of it. “There is lingering resentment on these bloody clothes and they dominated and animated the clothes. I’ve already destroyed the resentment inside this particular set, it has been ‘cleansed’.” Han Fei tossed the bloody clothes to the middle-aged man, “It still has the monster’s lingering presence. You should be able to fool others with it. That will help you survive here.”

The middle-aged man hesitated but after he heard it could improve his survival chances, he immediately put the clothes on.

“Come on, the longer we stay here, the more dangerous it’ll be.” The secret of Rest in Peace hadn’t been exposed but Han Fei already felt the danger closing in. After walking for some time, they finally reached the spot mentioned by the middle-aged man. It was a pile of clothes, rotting and decaying.

“When I woke up, I saw these clothes, so I hid inside them...” The middle-aged man looked quite scary wearing that bloody clothes, provided that he didn’t speak.

With a frown, Han Fei studied these clothes. He noticed they were more ‘dead’ compared to the surrounding clothes. It was like their consciousness had fully been sucked away. ‘The Butterfly probably dropped the middle-aged man here among the trash heap. That means that the channel to Feng Ziyu’s room might be near, after all, no one would have gone a long distance just to take out the trash.’ Han Fei silently picked apart the pile of clothes, he wanted to see if they were hiding anything. The 3 of them worked together. Half an hour later, they found a half-open door deep inside the pile. When they saw the door, 3 of them were stunned.

“A pyjamas with bear prints...”

“Feng Ziyu’s shirt?”

“My child’s school uniform?!”

A piece of clothing was wedged between the gap of the dresser door. All 3 of them saw the clothing but it appeared differently in their eyes!

“No! That should be fake! The clothes are merely reflecting what we want to see!” Han Fei immediately caught onto the trick. After a temporary lapse, the woman held herself back. Only the middle-aged man stumbled towards the dresser door. “Even my child is in here?! The damn bastard, how could they go after innocent children?!” The middle-aged man said angrily. When he was about 1 metre away from the door, the door suddenly opened on its own!

There was no exit beyond the cupboard door, but a giant mouth!

The clothes that they saw was not really a clothes but actually a red tongue. Bad breath and hatred gushed out from the mouth. The red tongue bound around the middle-aged man’s waist and swallowed him whole. “There is a mouth inside the dresser?” The middle-aged man was too stunned to resist. Han Fei sliced at the long tongue immediately. But as he got close, several more tongues extended out from the mouth, they were like tentacles. Han Fei was too weak to fight them back. His body lost balance and he was sucked into the mouth alongside the middle-aged man. The blackened teeth were stuck with rotting fabric. Waving his fingers, Han Fei tried to pick out the cigarette from his inventory and rummaged through his pocket for the lighter. The middle-aged man beside him was flummoxed. ‘At a time like this, you decide to smoke?’

Holding onto a tooth, the middle-aged man cried for help while Han Fei was dragged deeper into the darkness. Pain came from all over his body. While he fell, Han Fei finally found the lighter. He tried to light it and the occasional sparks brightened his surroundings. Inside the mouth’s stomach, human faces lined the ‘intestines’. They looked at Han Fei emotionlessly. When Han Fei brushed past them, they bit at Han Fei’s flesh. ‘Just what kind of monster is this?!’

The intestine narrowed. Han Fei was squeezed. The lighter failed and the wounds on his body increased. ‘Do I need to quit now? But I’ll just return back to this place next time!’

The wounds bitten by the human faces started to darken, it contained some kind of soul poison. The middle-aged man was already unconscious from one bite but Han Fei was still clear-minded after so many bites. ‘The human faces purposely avoided the arm where Big Sin’s pattern is. They are probably victims of the Butterfly so they have an instinctual fear of anything that is related to the Butterfly.’

Han Fei gritted his teeth and put away the last cigarette. He adjusted his posture and stuck Rest in Peace into the wall of the 'intestine', and then he shoved his arm with Big Sin's pattern into the wound. Holding onto the flesh and human faces, Han Fei stopped himself from falling. The wall started to shake. The human faces crawled towards Han Fei. More wounds appeared on his body and his Life Points dropped. Suddenly words appeared underneath his skin. The words told a complete ghost story and the main character was Han Fei himself. The story carried a unique power, the destined tale was moving towards a different direction.

When the ghost story was triggered, Han Fei's arm started to bleed. Sharp spikes with deep misfortune pierced through Han Fei's skin like something was trying to crawl out from the blood pattern on his arm. When Han Fei entered Ziggurat, Big Sin disappeared. Now Han Fei realized it had morphed into the blood pattern and hid inside his arm. In a way, Han Fei was similar to the tenants at Ziggurat, but they had Butterfly's pattern while he had Big Sin's pattern.

Big Sin hadn't reacted to anything before this. But as Han Fei approached death, the excited Big Sin finally awakened from its slumber. It wanted to be by Han Fei's side to accompany his master to welcome death. Han Fei's Life Points dropped and the blood pattern on his arm became more vibrant.

When the Life Points dropped beyond a certain point, Han Fei's Midnight Butcher talent was activated. The sense of pain was eclipsed as his physical ability tripled. His eyes turned red and the animal instinct within him was released.

Chapter 339:

The beast inside the heart was unleashed. As blood took over his eyes, everything turned red. His brain pounded like someone had stuck needles in it. His forgotten subconscious was waking up through another form. As the animal instinct took over humanity, fragmented memories surfaced in his mind. There was a night in his past which was as red as this. He couldn't tell his eyes were bleeding or the world was painted red. The bodies of familiar faces were twisted into ugly postures, blood bloomed like flowers at their open wounds. The young Han Fei hid somewhere while the orphanage under the blood moon was as isolated as an island on the red sea.

"Notification for Player 0000! Your SAN Value is at extremely low level! Please adjust accordingly!" The robotic voice pulled Han Fei back to rationality. He took a deep breath and instantly pain surged through his body.

'When the talent of Midnight Butcher was activated, my brain appeared to have brought up some suppressed memories with it.' Han Fei knew that his San Value was determined by the system to be at 100 while a normal player only had 10 but even so, the system had to warn him that his San Value had dropped dangerously low. 'The black box appeared to have meshed with my own memory, I don't know whether that is a good thing or not.' Certain memories were suppressed for a reason but now they could be triggered in the cryptic world.

In any case, Han Fei's action became more feral as his physique improved. With one hand, he pierced Rest in Peace repeatedly into the walls of the 'intestines' while his other arm which was protruding with Big Sin's spikes reached deeper into the wound. Han Fei had personally tested Big Sin's brand of Soul Poison before, other than himself, no one would be able to resist Big Sin's poison. The toxin was powerful and carried with it a heavy scent of misfortune. The poison also spread quickly.

The human faces on the wall darkened. They were not that strong, there were simply too many of them. The Soul Poison spread through the human faces. Initially the contamination was slow but as Han Fei swung his fist madly around, the Soul Poison spread like wildfire. The black faces started to crack. Their expression scrunched up in pain and they stopped pressing against Han Fei. The monster with the tongue intended to swallow Han Fei, to turn Han Fei into one of the faces, not knowing Han Fei was as poisonous as they come.

The lower Han Fei's Life Points, the more joyful Big Sin became. Its owner was about to die soon, this was a day worth celebrating. It wanted to be by Han Fei's side, to share this joy with him. The blood pattern on Han Fei's arm brightened. The shape of Big Sin's body became more pronounced. It was trying its best to crawl out from the blood pattern, but probably because it was still in its youngest stage, it didn't know how to fully control its powers yet. Some of its Soul Poison injected into Han Fei's body.

Han Fei could sense the joy within Big Sin and he didn't know what to say. Not everyone would be able to appreciate the happiness from such a unique pet. As the Soul Poison made its way through the monster's body, the monster didn't want to consume Han Fei anymore, if anything, it wanted to spit this dangerous object out from its stomach. All the human faces retracted. Han Fei climbed upwards as fast as he could. He tied the red chain around himself and the middle-aged man. Before he lost his energy, he managed to crawl out from the mouth. Bursting through the dresser doors, Han Fei dragged the middle-aged man and jumped out. The two of them collapsed to the ground, covered in wounds.

The middle-aged man was fine. With the protection of the bloody clothes and the fact that he was not the monster's primary target, he was only injured slightly. Han Fei was not so lucky. His security uniform became more tattered. The cursed consciousness lingering inside the uniform had become extremely weak.

Han Fei turned to his arm. The blood patterns on it looked as fresh as blood, Big Sin's presence could be felt clearly. His Life Point had already reached rock bottom. Han Fei took out the pig's hearts Xu Qin made from his inventory and munched on them hungrily. With the Gluttony Talent from Midnight Butcher, his Life Points finally rose back a little. 'That was too close.' Han Fei laid weakly on the ground as Big Sin absorbed the Soul Poison out from Han Fei's body. Han Fei had a new understanding of Big Sin's persona, the closer Han Fei was to death, the happier Big Sin would be. It loved death and preferred to stay close to those marked by death. However, it didn't want Han Fei to die either because if he did, it wouldn't find a new owner who would face death so often anymore.

'I don't even know what to say! What a pairing this is!' After he recovered somewhat, Han Fei walked towards the monster. Only when Han Fei was out of its stomach did he realize the monster had the appearance of a dresser. All he saw was the insides of the monster earlier. A monster disguised as a dresser inside a dresser, this place was truly confounding.

"Stay away from it." The woman warned. When she saw Han Fei tumble out from the dresser monster earlier, she gained a renewed belief in miracles.

"Our friend woke up around this place, that means that the exit is most likely around here. The existence of this monster shouldn't be a coincidence either, there has to be a reason why it was lurking here. Now that I think about it, the human intestine is also a passageway of sorts, could the exit be hidden inside the monster's stomach?" Han Fei enquired. "You've been here for so long, have you ever seen an actual exit?"

"No, only monsters."

"All the more reason to believe that I might be right." Han Fei didn't want to give up so easily. He used the chain to tie around his body and then reached his arm where Big Sin was hiding towards the dresser door. Thick tongues rolled out from the mouth. But compared to last time, the tongues had blackened and rotted. The tongues wagged weakly at Han Fei. The latter avoided the half-hearted attacks with ease and used the opening to counter. After cutting off 7 tongues, the mouth stopped producing more of them.

"It looks like it has been poisoned!" The woman stared at the monster's blackened teeth and gasped in shock.

“It’s still not enough.” Han Fei neared the dresser and extended the arm with Big Sin into the mouth. He grated his arm against the monster’s teeth and fed his poisoned blood to the monster. The dresser monster was unable to move, after being tortured for an hour, the blackened teeth loosened and the wails inside the ‘intestines’ faded away. Han Fei poked his head through the monster’s mouth to look. The walls of the ‘intestines’ were pustulating with black blood and the human faces were no longer recognizable.

“It should be safe now.” Han Fei took out Rest in Peace and climbed into the dresser monster’s stomach again. With the woman and the middle-aged watching on in shock, Han Fei leaped into the mouth. He used Rest in Peace to carve out steps on the wall of the intestines. The dresser monster didn’t resist at all, probably because it was already dead. Han Fei successfully reached the depth of the ‘intestine’. It was a fully enclosed space, and to Han Fei’s surprise, the end of the ‘intestine’ was another dresser door.

This dresser door faced outside, it made Han Fei feel like he was inside an actual dresser. He tried to push the door open but it was locked. It was sealed with tape as well. Adjusting his angle, Han Fei leaned on the door and looked out. There was a normal-looking bedroom beyond the door. There was a double bed and a table. The dresser was placed facing the bed.

“Is this the exit?”

Chapter 340

340 Zhuang Ren's Family

The dresser door was locked and sealed, as if the people outside also knew the dresser was extremely dangerous. “It looks like a normal bedroom beyond this dresser. There is no blood, dead bodies and strange items. It feels like... the real world.” Leaning on the dresser, Han Fei tried to take in as many things as he could while his heart raced. He waited for a long time and the room beyond the door was extremely quiet. There was no one there. “I wonder what is outside this door. I’ll have to take a look now that I’m here.” Han Fei didn’t leave on his own but crawled back the way he came to fetch the woman and the middle-aged man.

When Han Fei said he had found the exit, the woman refused to believe him, she even suspected Han Fei had been possessed. But when she saw the doors inside the dresser monster’s body, she had to admit that Han Fei wasn’t lying. “So the exit was inside the monsters all along, no wonder I was unable to find them.” The woman thought back to her experience and her fist around the knife tightened.

“Does that mean I can go back home?” The middle-aged man asked excitedly, he looked at Han Fei with appreciation. “My wife and child must be worried sick! We should open this door now!” The man looked at the door with anticipation but this time he had learned his lesson. Before he made any move, he asked for Han Fei’s opinion.

Han Fei didn’t have the heart to tell the middle-aged man that people who were dragged into the cryptic world were most likely already dead. Even if it was reality beyond this door, the middle-aged man would only return as a spirit which could disperse at any moment.

“I doubt it’s the real world beyond the door. A normal dresser monster only connects 2 places, among the many dresser monsters, only 1 will be able to lead us out from the nightmare.” Han Fei knew very well that the dresser which connected the cryptic world and this nightmare was most likely inside Room 4444. They only needed to look at the room number and they’d know if this was a normal dresser or not. Poking Rest in Peace through the gap in the dresser door, Han Fei slowly sliced through the tapes. If someone was outside, this must have been quite scary to witness. The lock was impossible to remove so Han Fei decided to destroy the hinge of the door.

Fluorescent light showered on their faces. The middle-aged man leaned beside the door, as if the light could bring him bliss. The woman though subconsciously turned her eyes away. After living for too long inside the dresser, she had gotten used to darkness.

“We’re back, the nightmare is finally over!” The middle-aged man jumped out from the dresser and kissed the ground. “I promise to live a good life and love my family dearly.”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself, the nightmare is not yet over.” After replacing the removed dresser door, Han Fei walked towards the windows and peeled back the heavy curtains. The night sky was oblique, there were no stars or moon, only endless darkness. The black mist blocked the visibility but Han Fei did make out the shape of 3 other buildings not far away. ‘We are still inside Ziggurat, we haven’t left the cryptic world.’ For some reason, Han Fei sighed in relief when he found out, ‘The dresser is definitely some sort of passage, I’ve moved from Room 1144 to another room inside the Ziggurat neighbourhood.’ His most important task was to find out his exact location. As Han Fei was about to exit the bedroom, the woman suddenly said, “What is this?”

The woman found a black and white picture beside the dresser. It featured a thin middle-aged man. It was a portrait of the deceased but the man was smiling so brightly. His face filled with bliss. He smiled at the camera, it looked like he had cooked a scrumptious meal, waiting for his family to come home.

“The victim looks even older than I am.” The middle-aged man commented and handed the picture over to Han Fei. When he saw the picture, Han Fei’s expression changed. “Zhuang Ren?!” The man in the picture looked younger than the man in real life but Han Fei was sure it was him. The portrait depicted Zhuang Ren at the happiest moment of his life. His family was still alive and he had an enviable life. ‘Zhuang Ren said his family is trapped inside the Ziggurat, am I at Zhuang Ren’s family’s house?!’ Han Fei took a deep breath. “Where did you find this picture?”

“Beside the dresser.” The woman pointed at the corner. There was a fire basin with remnants of ashes sitting there. Han Fei was familiar with this scene. When he challenged the Manager Mission at Happiness Neighbourhood, he had seen a similar fire basin but it was Han Fei’s own death portrait inside the basin then.

“There is something written behind the picture!” The middle-aged man gasped. He turned the picture around and noticed a strange human caricature was drawn on the back. Each part was labelled with ancient Chinese script and bloody symbols. “Can any of you understand these?” Han Fei shook his head. At that moment, he decided to study more on this script when he returned back to the real world.

“I can understand some. This seems to describe a ritual, a ritual to summon the dead’s soul.” The woman studied the words for a long time. Then her face paled as she stepped away from the dresser.

“What’s wrong?”

“Based on what is written here, the first step of the ritual is to salvage the dead person’s coffin and remake it into a piece of furniture that the living would use. The furniture is to be placed at home so that the presence of the living can mingle with the presence of the dead.” The woman said with a shiver. “This dresser is made from a coffin.”

“A soul-summoning ritual? What are the other steps?”

“After the furniture is placed inside a home for a certain time, you might hear strange footsteps and sounds at night. You have to be careful because the arrival might not be your family but something else.” The woman frowned, the rest of the script was too vague and complicated for her to translate anymore. Someone had taught Zhuang Ren’s wife this ritual but Zhuang Ren didn’t die but instead it was his family who died in real life.

Han Fei frowned with confusion, 'What would happen to the living when a ghost conducts this summoning ritual every day in the cryptic world? Is this why Zhuang Ren's body has been weakening?'

Han Fei memorized the symbols and characters behind the picture. When he exited the game, he would show them to an expert. If this ritual worked, he would try to use Spirit Farer himself. If he could summon something interesting at Ziggurat, things would get livelier here.

The eerie and scary skill became some sort of a Gacha game in Han Fei's hands. After all, no matter what he 'won' from the game, it would be the Butterfly who had to pay for it. Any of the prizes would be good for Han Fei. If the worst happened, all he had to do was to find a corner and quit.