

## Iyashikei 381

### Chapter 381

#### 381 The Underground Boy

“I’d advise that we stay inside the elevator, the world inside and outside the elevator might be completely different.” The male student, Yan Zu stood at the corner, he was a very introverted boy. He rarely spoke to others. He was so chatty around Han Fei because if he didn’t say anything, he might not have the chance to anymore. The man before him was like the child of tragedy. In less than 30 minutes since they met, the whole Building 4 was shaking from its foundation.

“We didn’t come here to hide but to find the reason why the Ziggurat is in the state that it is in now.” The Soul Chaser took the elevator to head upstairs but Han Fei went against the grain. When the building was in chaos, he used the elevator to reach the underground.

“There is a tenant in the chat group who has been here before, I’ll let him talk to you.” Yan Zu opened the chat group and had one of them pm Han Fei. Han Fei was familiar with this ID. “Fish and Water is requesting a video call!”

Fish and Water, “I’m now hiding inside an urn, so the lighting is not that good. Just bear with me.

“The Ziggurat always has the habit of conducting soul-summoning rituals. Every few days, there will be a ritual and every 4th of each month, the ritual will happen too. One day, I was curious, where did the summoned soul come from? So during the 4th of April last year, I sneaked behind a Soul Chaser and came to the underground. I discovered something terrifying.

“The manager was taking advantage of the spirits inside the building. It used the connection between the resentment of the dead and the memory of the living to thread a rope, making knots in the depths of nightmare. Then it had the dead conduct the ritual to send the living into the dream, to complete the so-called ritual.

“This way, the dead souls would be able to see the living individuals that we missed but after dawn, all the living souls would not disappear, guess where they’ll all be taken to?”

Lee Yanzu, “Underground?”

Fish and Water, "That's right. Other than extremely powerful tenants like the senior monster in Room 4234, the souls summoned by the other tenants would be trapped by the manager in the underground. It worked on these souls and used them to cultivate something."

"Then would the living that lost their souls die in real life?" Han Fei asked.

"Death is the best result. If they survive but their souls are no longer inhabiting their bodies, do you still consider them living?" Fish and Water's words reminded Han Fei of his Resurrection Talent. One of its usages was for Han Fei to kill the summoned soul and then pour his own consciousness into the target's body. Since the power was too macabre, Han Fei had not used it before.

Fish and Water, "The Manager's power is related to nightmares. Its power allows it to pull the living's souls into the Ziggurat through some kind of method but the limitation to its power is very big. Just look at the various decorations at Ziggurat. Based on what I know, the success rate of the ritual is very low as well, it requires high resentment from the dead and intense memory from the living."

"As low as it might be, Ziggurat must have summoned quite a bit of souls over the past decade." Han Fei still remembered his mission. If he ran into any living soul, he would have to save them.

"That is the other point I have to tell you, if you run into another soul underground, do not get close to them and do not talk to them." Fish and Water's voice trembled, "When I headed underground that time, the elevator suddenly stopped at the negative 4th floor. I waited for a long time until a child poked his head in. He said he lost his way and needed my help to bring him home."

"So did you help him?"

"Since I ran away from home myself, his words resonate with something inside my heart. So I did help him. But slowly I realized something was wrong. The 4th floor basement didn't have rooms like he mentioned, there was no way home, the underground was a giant grave!" Fish and Water said desperately, "The boy wanted to drag me into the grave!"

The light in the elevator flickered. While Han Fei was on the phone, a dirty hand reached out from the corner of the elevator door. Then a boy's head poked into the elevator booth. He looked at the people inside the elevator with open curiosity.

“Is this the boy you met?” Han Fei slowly turned the camera around. The phone, which was tainted by the presence of more than 10 Lingering Spirits and Animated Regrets were unable to capture the boy’s full image. Instead the phone started to crack like it had taken videos of things it shouldn’t.

“Run! Stay away from him!” The screen darkened and the call ended.

‘Looks like this child is quite interesting.’ Han Fei put away the phone and walked towards the boy. He didn’t feel fear but quite intrigued like a biologist finding a new species. It was not that Han Fei had no fear but he understood fear would not solve any problem, instead rationality and calmness would.

“Little boy, why are you alone here so late at night? Where are your parents?” Han Fei hid his hands behind his back. If the boy acted aggressively, he would pull out Rest in Peace immediately.

“I live here but I can’t remember which door leads to my home...” The boy said between sobs. His clothes didn’t fit him like he had picked up a random shirt and put it on.

“There’s no need to rush, why don’t you stop and think about it slowly?” Han Fei said gently and his eyes were warm. Then he used the arm where Big Sin was hiding to pat the boy’s shoulder. Soul Poison dripped on the boy’s clothes. Big Sin suddenly came alive.

“I can only remember that my home’s door has no lights. It is very dark, but all the rooms here are dark.” The boy then broke into tears.

“Do you want me to walk you home?” Han Fei pulled back his arm and a small red paper shred slipped from his fingers and fell into the boy’s collar.

“I have to return before 4.44 am. My parents told me that if I don’t, something scary will happen.” The boy cried as he walked out from the elevator. He appeared to be afraid of the dark.

“It’s fine, I’ll walk you home.” Using Soul-Depth Touch, Han Fei held the boy’s hand. He could feel the stink that radiated from the boy’s soul, it was the smell of the soul’s decomposition. Han Fei had used this talent on many ghosts before, but this was the first time he actively wanted to let go.

“Kid, what’s your name?”

“I don’t have a name, my parents said I don’t need a name.”

“Then how do they call you?”

“They normally won’t, they don’t speak to me. They are very unresponsive, it is like having dead bodies look after me.” The stench from the boy’s soul thickened but his eyes remained pure and innocent.

“Such an interesting family dynamic.” Han Fei noticed Big Sin, who was fidgeting in his arm, and he noticed something strange. When Big Sin got close to the boy, it would become extremely agitated like it had met its nemesis. ‘Big Sin’s nemesis is the Butterfly, that is defined by the system. Is this boy related to Butterfly? He was here 1 year ago, which means that he can move around this place freely. That is extremely strange.’

## Chapter 382

### 382 Butterfly's Sin

The biggest difference between the surface and the underground at the Ziggurat was the lingering black mist. Everything underground was touched by death and reeked horribly.

The lights in the 4th floor basement appeared to be broken, but it was not completely dark thanks to the weak lights that emitted out from the gaps between the tenants’ room doors. These little bits of light provided the only comfort in the dark corridor.

Han Fei held the boy by his hand, they looked like father and son. But in reality, one of them was ready to grab the knife while the other had the stench deep within his soul slowly pouring out. As Han Fei walked down the corridor, the male student in the elevator booth chased after him with Firefly and Lai Sheng.

“Han Fei, wait for me!” The male student shouted but Han Fei appeared to be purposely maintaining a fixed distance between them. On this floor, the doors of the tenants were fixed with white couplets. The centres of the door were painted with the caricature of a small child. He had a very cute face and wore a shirt with colourful patches.

“Is there anything special around your house? That might help us find it faster.” Han Fei kept maintaining his speed, so that he was not too far from the male student but he didn’t disappear from his view either.

The boy lowered his head to think. “My house has my father and mother... and a big dresser.”

“That’s all?” Han Fei wasn’t really that concerned about the boy. He had already figured out another way to take advantage of the boy. He slowed down to observe the half-closed doors beside him. There were many such rooms in the 4th floor basement. These appeared to be the Soul Chasers’ home.

“Let’s see if this is your home.” Han Fei pushed the door open and gently urged the boy into the room. After the boy didn’t trigger anything dangerous, Han Fei walked in after him. The living room was very tidy. There were fresh fruits on the coffee table, ready for guests. ‘How come the rooms here look even more normal than the ones on the surface?’ Han Fei saw no ghost, there was not even a trace of Yin energy, it was like he was back in real life. Studying the fresh fruits on the table, Han Fei slowly approached. This was the first time he saw actual fruits in the cryptic world.

He reached out to grab one but before his hand could touch it, the fruit’s brilliant skin started to peel as several bugs crawled out from within. The gorgeous fruit plate was a cultivator bed for bugs. It looked pretty but venture too close and you’d be bitten by poisonous bugs.

Once they entered the room, Han Fei noticed the boy’s mannerism change drastically. He hunched his back and looked defeated like a beaten dog. As if afraid of dirtying the floor, the boy only dared to inch along the wall to approach the bedroom door. He rubbed his hands on his clothes before he dared to grab the bedroom door handle and pushed it open.

A heady scent of perfume wafted out from the room. The bedroom was huge and extremely luxurious. The biggest furniture was the big bed and a big dresser with reinforced doors. The dresser faced the bed so if one hid inside the dresser, one could spy everything that happened in bed.

The boy stuck his back to the door. He didn’t dare to enter the bedroom until he was slowly nudged into it by Han Fei.

“It appears to be a normal bedroom.” Han Fei scanned the room. There was rug on the floor, a big vanity table beside the bed, a projector at the end of the bed and a minibar at the corner of the room. It was

clear that the couple that lived here enjoyed the finer things in life. But perhaps they weren't that exclusively rich, instead they spent their money on the décor to create the impression that they were. While Han Fei examined the room, the boy wandered to the dresser like something inside was calling him.

"Shall we open it?" Han Fei coaxed the boy to grab at the dresser door. The pair of small hands opened the door. Black mist with a stinging smell leaked out immediately and overwhelmed the perfume scent. Strange sounds echoed inside the dresser. After the black mist faded away, Han Fei realized a boy with a ruined face was trapped inside the dresser. The boy was about the same age as the boy beside Han Fei, but his face was seriously disfigured, and his limbs were bloated. He couldn't break out from the dresser on his own.

Seeing this horrible scene, Han Fei frowned. He then spotted a few more pictures inside the dresser. In the first picture, the boy looked very cute and normal. His eyes glowed with curiosity and idealism about the world.

The second picture was still the same boy but his expression had gotten duller. Tears flowed freely down his face. His limbs were injected with something. Compared to a person, he looked more like an object.

In the third picture, the boy was no longer recognizable. His limbs and face had completely changed, even the tears had stopped.

'Why would they do such a thing to a cute boy?' Han Fei took out the red paper doll from his inventory and tried to save the boy. But once he got close, the boy's skin started to crack. Black vessels crawled around his heart like vines. The moment the boy left the dresser, the vines would crush his heart.

The boy's skin was almost translucent. Han Fei saw that he no longer had flesh but instead the skin was wrapped around many different expanding nightmares. Han Fei stopped and didn't dare to move too recklessly but the boy beside him ran forward actively. He reached out to try to yank the boy out from the dresser.

Maybe the boy did it on purpose or maybe he just wanted to save the boy in the dresser.

Regardless, the vines crushed the boy's heart and the boy's body exploded. The boy turned into a ball of black memory. The memory was constructed from the boy's pain. It was weaving into a nightmare... or at least it tried to.

This was something that was extremely rare. The boy's memory failed to become anything. It disintegrated and was consumed by the dresser. The smell from the dresser thickened. All the living traces of the boy became part of the dresser.

The boy beside Han Fei looked perfectly stunned like he didn't expect this to happen.

'This boy is extremely cunning.' Han Fei failed to save the boy but he took away the 3 pictures of him. The boy was already dead, the least he could do was to bring his pictures away from this place that imprisoned him.

When Han Fei touched the pictures, the robotic voice announced, "Notification for Player 0000, you've found the hidden quest item for the Death Curse Mission—One of Butterfly's Twisted Hatred."

'These pictures contain Butterfly's hatred? The bastard replicated the things that had happened to it on other innocent children?'

Putting away the picture, Han Fei exited the room. Looking at the rooms that led down the corridor, he had chills running up his spine. He tried the room next door. All the rooms in the underground appeared to have the same layout and furniture, as if they were modelled after one person's memory. But to Han Fei's consternation, this bedroom also had a giant dresser.

Opening the door, there was an immobilized boy wearing a girl's flowery dress. His face was deformed. These kids had lost their sentience. Even if they felt pain, they couldn't clearly express it.

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## Chapter 383

### 383 The Mad Han Fei [3in1]

Han Fei entered a few other rooms and everything he saw was equally terrifying. All the rooms had the same layout and a boy was trapped inside every dresser. From the pictures, the standard the Butterfly used to select the boys was very simple.

The boys had to be cute, or at least matched the beauty standard of its monstrous parents; and the boys had to have a blissful life before they were captured. The pictures inside the dressers recorded the changes to the boys, only a dresser was needed to turn a human into a monster.

'Why is the Butterfly doing this? Just to vent its hatred?' The pictures in the dressers contained Butterfly's hatred and in that hatred, Han Fei sensed jealousy but he believed things were not that simple. Butterfly's talent had to do with nightmares, it could enter a living human's nightmare and then through the dream, started to influence its target's reality. After a certain condition was met, the Butterfly could drag its target's consciousness into the cryptic world. The talent was extremely scary and Butterfly's childhood played a huge role in cultivating this talent in him.

When Han Fei accepted the Night of Resurrection mission, he received a few hints about the Butterfly's past. During the process of having its body dumped by its biological parents, the hatred and resentment within its heart appeared to reach an unimaginable height that its consciousness fell into nightmares. It encountered some unique things and its transformation started then. The world lost a tortured child but gained a nightmare with flesh and wings.

All the dressers in the 4th floor basement had a boy trapped in them. Butterfly duplicated its pain on these innocent boys, to have its own hatred fill up the boys' brain and consciousness until the boys reached their limits and their consciousness would shatter and become a part of the dressers.

'Butterfly is producing endless pain and nightmare, it seems to derive power from them.' Han Fei turned to look beside him. This boy could run freely through the 4th floor basement, his face was filled with innocence and loss. He very naturally held onto Han Fei's hand. The small hand felt smooth as a baby's skin. His face was flawless and cute, forming a great contrast to the boys Han Fei saw inside the dresser.

Actually Han Fei already thought about killing this boy. He remembered when they entered the first bedroom, it was this boy who caused the trapped kid inside the dresser to burst into a nightmare bubble. Such a cute boy but he had murdered so many people in the corners no one could see.

"We've visited all the rooms on this floor, I don't think your home is here." Han Fei came to the corner of the stairwell. The steps that led underground were blocked by black boards. The boards had strange patterns on them. The boards didn't look metallic or even wooden. They looked like the shell of some strange creature. Black mist squeezed out between the boards, the origin of the mist was hidden deeper underground. Since the stairwell was off limits, Han Fei brought the boy back to the elevator.

The boy was resistant to the elevator, he seemed to have claustrophobia. Han Fei held the boy's hand and coaxed him into the booth. Compared to when they arrived, red patterns now adorned the elevator booth's walls. As the old axle creaked, the elevator started to move downwards.

The underground 5th floor, 6th floor... The elevator booth appeared to send them deep into the sea. The feeling of suffocation grew and the booth started to cramp like it was being squeezed. No one knew how deep this place would go. Han Fei looked at the number on the panel and wondered about something else. If every floor had rooms filled with boys inside dressers, just how many boys Butterfly had mutated at the Ziggurat? Just on that point alone, Butterfly deserved to die.

The elevator slowed down. When the number on the screen turned to negative 7, the booth was already irregular in shape. Blood leaked out from the gap. They looked like drying red paint.

Bang! The booth shook. Just as Han Fei thought he was not able to breathe, the elevator finally stopped. The elevator doors opened and the black mist rolled into the booth. The male student guarded Firefly and Lai Sheng. The 3 of them were affected by the black mist. Death appeared in their eyes and their Death Curses were slowly being triggered.

"I feel my brain breaking, we can't go any lower." The male student gritted his teeth as he supported Firefly and used his body to block Lai Sheng, he never cared so much about others when he was alive.

“I don’t know how to make this elevator go up. If you can’t come with us, then better wait inside the elevator.” Han Fei’s words stumped the male student. ‘How did a living person manage to survive in this environment?’

Holding the boy’s hand, Han Fei walked out from the elevator. On the surface, neither of them looked like they had changed. It didn’t appear like the black mist affected them. The boy was born in the black mist so he had gotten used to it. Red characters appeared on Han Fei’s back. The ‘blessing’ left behind by Jin Sheng helped him block the black mist. Han Fei had no idea how long he could resist the black mist, he desperately needed to get close to the truth as soon as possible.

The 7th floor basement was much larger than the 4th floor. There was a clear pattern on the wall. The blocks that formed the walls on this floor were not bricks but something that resembled a cocoon. Han Fei studied the pattern and felt like they looked familiar. ‘The pattern on these walls is similar to the pattern on the human cocoon. ‘The whole Ziggurat is a cocoon? Why would a cocoon radiate such a scary black mist?’

The black mist that emitted from underground was able to entrap the Singer, so the thing inside the cocoon must be at least an Unmentionable too!

‘Ziggurat is just a Grade E map, the fact that it has a Pure Hatred is gross enough, there shouldn’t be an Unmentionable.’ The grading of the mission by the system was based on a fixed pattern, there might be some variations but it shouldn’t be that huge. Touching the pattern on the wall, Han Fei opened one of the doors. The layout of the room was similar to the one on the 4th floor basement, like the rooms for the whole underground were constructed from one person’s memory.

Han Fei strode into the bedroom and spotted the huge dresser. Before he got closer, a light weeping and pleading voice came from inside the dresser. Han Fei raised his brow. All of the kids Han Fei encountered inside the dressers were already insentient. They couldn’t even express their pain, much less communicate.

Opening the dresser, black mist rolled out from the small space covered in dirty clothes. When the smell and mist dissipated, a wounded arm reached out from the pile of clothes.

“Kill me, please kill me.” The voice inside the pile was begging to die, he had given up on the struggle.

“Please don’t panic, can you hear me?” Han Fei finally saw the boy in the dresser. His eyes were glued together. His face was deformed, he looked barely human.

“Who is there?” The boy had maturity beyond his years. He waved his arms as he was about to say something when the boy following Han Fei ran over. “This little brother knows how to speak?” The boy asked the question in his mind with an innocent tone. However, when the boy in the dresser heard the voice, he broke down immediately. He knew the ending waiting for him so he shouted loudly, “Go to the lowest floor! You have to destroy the heart there! The dead heart! Only by destroying it can we be saved...”

Black blood burst out from the boy’s mouth. The blood glued around the boy’s mouth and ears. He couldn’t speak anymore. “Heart...” The wounded arms dropped. The boy was instantly absorbed by the dresser. Only his pictures remained.

‘The further down we go, the stronger the consciousness of the boys trapped inside the dresser?’ Han Fei quietly put away the pictures from the dresser. Based on his expression, one wouldn’t be able to tell what he was thinking. People might think he was lamenting the boy’s death but in reality, he was postulating how to kill the boy beside him. His brain spun. In a short amount of time, Han Fei came up with around 10 scenarios, but as he was about to put them into action, the arm where Big Sin hid would jolt with pain, as if telling Han Fei, he would die if he did that. ‘What is up with this boy? Is he Butterfly’s childhood? O well, no matter what, at least he doesn’t mean to kill me yet.’

Han Fei walked through the entire 7th floor basement. The boys trapped here verified his thoughts. The boys here were stronger than the ones on the 4th floor, both mentally and physically. The balls of nightmare that they formed after their consciousness shattered were also scarier than the ones on the 4th floor basement.

‘Perhaps I’ll be able to find children I can fully communicate with the deeper I go.’ Han Fei’s heart lit with hope. He had the male student guard over Firefly and Lai Sheng in the corridor of the 7th floor basement while he went deeper underground with the boy. Unable to quit the game, Han Fei had nothing to lose. ‘Before obtaining Perfect Life, I did think about death but being in touch with death daily does make you appreciate life a lot more.’

Holding the boy’s hand, Han Fei looked at the slowly closing door. He might die if he descended further but he still chose to do it. ‘Now is my best opportunity. The manager still hasn’t resurrected, the only thing I need to face now is this boy.’

Butterfly was immensely more powerful than Han Fei but Han Fei had many aids on his side. In real life, Butterfly was being pursued by the police and its main consciousness was dragged down by Huang Yin. However, Butterfly should have nothing to fear from Han Fei. The guards Butterfly left behind at the Ziggurat were good enough to deal with the most powerful Lingering Spirits but Han Fei somehow brought an Unmentionable to the Ziggurat.

The number on the panel kept changing. The booth creaked like it was about to break. When the number reached negative 9, the black mist was like a sea. There was no trace of Soul Chaser on this floor, there was only Death. The booth's walls were dented like they had been smashed in from external force. Han Fei wasn't faring too well either. The story Jin Sheng left on him was being forcibly removed and edited by the black mist.

A heavy pressure fell on Han Fei's body. Death suffused every cell in his body, like it was transmuting him. The red characters left by Jin Sheng were unable to stop the black mist. After they shattered, they morphed into red chains and crawled into Han Fei's body, as if locking around his heart.

As the black mist permeated into his body, three major changes could be seen on Han Fei. Like the boys inside the dressers, his physical body started to mutate. The 3 mutated areas represented 3 different Death Curses. Han Fei had no idea when he was cursed. He tried to pinpoint where the pain came from.

The capillaries near his heart bulged. A character for Death surfaced but the character was blocked by Jin Sheng's chain, it was unable to enter Han Fei's heart.

Then it was Han Fei's arm. The bones in his palm crushed and mutated until the point where Big Sin was hiding. The first 2 curses were blocked by Jin Sheng and Big Sin, but nothing intercepted the last Death Curse. A horrible pain came from the back of Han Fei's head, it felt like someone was trying to inject a nail into his brain. He couldn't see what was happening back there but he had a feeling someone was messing with his memory.

"Before you enter the Ziggurat, I've already cursed you. You will die if you enter the Ziggurat!" A stranger's voice echoed in his head. Everything Han Fei had experienced was touched by death and lost their light. His life that became more colourful after he gained Perfect Life was dropped back into a despairing blackness. Han Fei's consciousness dipped into the sea of despair as the elevator!

The elevator booth was slowly pressed out of shape by Death and it was happening to Han Fei's consciousness as well. He was unable to breathe or even move his finger. He felt like he was being crushed.

Red blood flowed out into his black mind. Initially there were only 1 or 2 drops but slowly his mind was dyed red.

“Finally, I can see it?” The stranger’s voice appeared to hide in the Death Curse. “After removing the constraints of kindness and sin; after removing the chains of childhood memories, let me see what is hidden inside your brain!” The strange voice said in desperation. The 3 Death Curses exploded at the same time, intending to crush Han Fei’s mind and body. Han Fei’s memory was now 90 percent black. But that last 10 percent refused to blacken no matter what. That part of his memory was already red, every scenario from that memory was dripping with blood.

Under the pressure of the Death Curses, a laughter echoed out from the red memory. Initially the voice was small but it eventually grew louder and more unhinged.

When all the blood red memories were pieced together, the bloody fragments formed an old orphanage where a laughing madman was trapped! No one knew what he had experienced, but he kept laughing and laughing.

“So this is the real you? Let me help you remove your fake mask and let us see if we are the same kind of people! Let me see if you are qualified to be the vessel for my resurrected soul!”

The number on the panel changed swiftly and the space inside the booth became smaller and smaller.

Han Fei’s surface memory had all turned back. The laughing madman was waiting for something but no matter how deep the Death Curses branded into the mind, they were unable to break through the orphanage where the madman was.

The deep red was already beyond the blackness of death. The Death Curses blasted at it but they were unable to even get away with a single figment of Han Fei’s most important memory.

The voice inside the Death Curses became agitated. They fought inside Han Fei’s brain until the black memory started to ripple and lights resurfaced in Han Fei’s grey life.



His first time talking with Wei Youfu, seeing Little Eight growing flowers in the neighbourhood, helping Meng Changxi capture Meng Changan, helping Ying Yue take her revenge on Ming Mei, destroying the meat packing plant at Cattle Alley... The bright spots in Han Fei's memory glowed in the dark.

Han Fei regained some rationality in his mind. His arms waved blindly around until his fingers gripped something firm!

"Rest in Peace!" The brilliant blade was like a burning flame. It cut through the sea of black mist. Then without any hesitation, Han Fei used the blade to cut at the back of his head where it was the most painful. The blade slashed through something but Han Fei felt no pain.

Instantly light burst in Han Fei's memory. The mind corrupted by darkness was slowly taken back by the red blood. The stranger's voice in the Death Curses disappeared. It failed to take over Han Fei's brain but instead had released some of the blood red memory in Han Fei's mind.

The terrifying guffaw came from the deepest part of Han Fei's mind and it echoed in Han Fei's ears like there was a maddened version of himself standing behind him.

Han Fei's eyes flew open. The corners of his eyes were bleeding as he looked around. The elevator was no longer retaining its shape. The boy collapsed on the ground. Death spots appeared on his previously cute face. The elevator had stopped. But Han Fei had no idea which floor he was on because the panel had died.

He looked out the gap in the elevator doors. The ground covered in red flowers had the shattered shells of a giant cocoon. The cocoon had the imprint of a human face, it carried the deepest resentment. The black and grey mist that surrounded the Ziggurat emitted from these giant cocoon fragments.

## Chapter 384

### 384 The Heart of Nightmare [2in1]

"A shattered cocoon?" Han Fei was confused as he stared at the giant cocoon on the sea of red flowers. There was something deep underground which had completed its metamorphosis. 'Butterfly should still be a Pure Hatred but the shell of this cocoon is already at the level of an Unmentionable. This is not Butterfly's cocoon!'

The black mist that emitted from the cocoon enveloped Ziggurat. It was because of the black mist that the neighbourhood was named Ziggurat. Han Fei leaned closer to the flowers. The crimson petals had dew condensed from the death in the mist. Han Fei held Rest in Peace and stood at the elevator door. He resisted entry into the sea of flowers but there were two voices in his body urging one.

One of them was Big Sin. Big Sin who hid inside Han Fei's arm was overjoyed. It couldn't control the spikes on its body, causing a large amount of Soul Poison to leak into Han Fei's blood, mixing with the Death Curses.

The other voice was the laughing man. The Butterfly's Death Curses broke something in Han Fei's mind and the guffaw kept echoing in his ears. "Well, since I'm already here." Han Fei dragged the unconscious boy and walked out from the elevator.

As his shoes stepped on the flowers, it felt like he was stepping on flesh and blood. The scent of Death was thick around him. Han Fei felt like he was wading underwater. 'The boy inside the dresser on the 7th floor basement wanted me to destroy a heart. But this sea of flowers is so big, where am I going to find a heart?'

The manager would be resurrected at 4.44 am. Han Fei needed to destroy the ritual, he really didn't have the time to go search for this elusive heart. The laughter in his ears annoyed him. He had to turn back every few steps, because it felt like there was someone persistently tailing him.

'Perhaps Big Sin can prove helpful here. After all, both Butterfly and it came out from the human cocoon, it should be able to sense something.' The scenario here reminded Han Fei of the mass grave under the security company. However, the sea of flowers here was much larger than the one at the security company. The one at the company was just a mound, this here was an undulating range of redness.

Raising his arm with Big Sin, Han Fei used his pet's instinct to guide him through the flower sea. Han Fei climbed up a small hill and when he looked down, his face was pale. The giant cocoon shell that was on the surface was just a tip of the iceberg! The real cocoon shell was buried under the sea of flowers!

Standing on the hill, Han Fei had a better vantage point. The giant cocoon that was imprinted with human faces was torn open from the middle. Han Fei could see its original state. This was a human-

shaped cocoon. The giant shell held up the four buildings at Ziggurat. If that was all, Han Fei might be shocked but his face wouldn't pale.

Inside the broken giant cocoon, there hung plenty of children. Their bodies and heads were joined with the roots of the flowers. Part of their skin had been virtualized. The thing that sent chills up Han Fei's spine was that most of the children's expressions were still changing like they were in a very long nightmare.

"My God..." Butterfly had collected many children and their nightmares. The nightmares contained their memories and emotions, which became the nutrients of the blood flowers. "Each blood flower corresponds to one child?"

The laughter in his ears became shriller and madder. Han Fei felt someone push him from behind. He dragged the unconscious child and climbed down from the hill. With his hands on the roots of the blood flowers, Han Fei examined closer the human faces on the cocoon and the children that were strung inside the cocoon. Now he understood why these things were called human cocoons. The thing looked like a bug but actually it was made from the sin within the human heart. To metamorphose, it had to feed on its host's memory and emotion. "But how did a human cocoon grow to such size?"

Han Fei stepped on the children's nightmare as he slowly made his way into the valley of the cocoon. Lifting his eyes up, Han Fei felt like he was inside the home of the devil. Blood flowers were everywhere and the cliff was decorated with children trapped in endless nightmares.

Seeing this, Han Fei couldn't help but be reminded of the hints the system gave him when he triggered the Night of Resurrection mission. "I fell into the abyss of nightmares. The demons and ghosts looked at me without saying a word. They are curious why haven't I called for help, I am curious why they would have such a question.

"Aren't all children in the world like me? Trapped inside a cocoon since birth until one can break open with wings?"

'The Butterfly was born inside a cocoon until it grew wings?' Han Fei related that to the scene that he was seeing and he was shocked. 'The abyss of nightmare refers to the centre of this cocoon? Butterfly was dragged here due to some reason and he was made to dangle on the cliff like the other children. But unlike the other children, he was transformed by the nightmare into a new monster.

'This cocoon is the Butterfly's place of birth!'

However, this confused Han Fei further. It meant that this cocoon was not Butterfly's cocoon, it was already here before Butterfly was born. So what came out from this cocoon and who dangled so many children's nightmare here?

'Butterfly has been trying to manufacture a replacement...' Han Fei was shocked by the idea. 'Perhaps Butterfly has already succeeded? The Butterfly outside is merely a scapegoat?'

Staring at the broken cocoon, Han Fei felt the thick scent of Death from it. This was just a broken shell but the presence it emitted was beyond a Pure Hatred. Han Fei wanted to stop to think but Big Sin and the laughter refused to give him peace. The Soul Poison trickled through his body, the system kept reminding him to seek treatment.

Han Fei continued to hike downwards. He realized someone was fighting at the bottom of the giant cocoon. The hatred caused the black mist to swirl. When Han Fei got close enough to identify the person, he was given another shock.

"Zhuang Wen?" After the jumper woman was moulded back together, she stormed to Building 4 to murder her own father. Han Fei didn't see her at Building 4 because she had been here all along. The black mist gathered around Zhuang Wen. She was standing at the centre of the black mist swirl. Zhuang Wen wanted to destroy this place but the black mist kept her firmly apprehended. At this place, the more powerful you were, the more the black mist would target you.

But then again, a weak spirit wouldn't have gotten to this place. They would be crushed by the black mist already. Han Fei was an exception. He was a living human but he had Big Sin and the blessing of a Large Lingering Spirit.

'Most of the black mist has already billowed out to trap the Singer, the remaining mist is still strong enough to suppress Zhuang Wen?!' Without the Singer and Zhuang Wen, Han Fei would have to face a black mist which was so much more intense.

Han Fei inched closer to Zhuang Wen to see if he could communicate with her. But when he got closer, he realized Zhuang Wen had been completely dominated by hatred. A normal Pure Hatred should be

able to control the hatred in their hearts but Zhuang Wen failed to make the breakthrough. The hatred on her was intense and if Han Fei got any closer, she might attack him.

'O well, let's see what Big Sin wants.' With Big Sin guiding the way, Han Fei started to move to the bottom of the cocoon. He looked at the children around him and he was unsettled. Even the laughter in his mind had quieted down. After walking for some time, Han Fei finally stopped at an inconspicuous corner. This corner was no different from the rest of the place, but Big Sin insisted on coming here. Slightly nudging away the children which were entangled by vines and roots, Han Fei found an old altar underneath the sea of blood flowers.

"Another altar?" Han Fei was averse to altars. In fact, the reason he had to enter the Ziggurat earlier than planned was because he had opened the altar in front of Happiness Neighbourhood. That attracted the attention of the Singer, who chased him all the way to the Ziggurat. "At the bottom of the cocoon, deep inside the blood flower, what kind of God will live here?"

The altar before him was covered in blood flowers and the children's souls rested around it. Han Fei was conflicted, he was afraid of the altar but also had the urge to see what was inside it. It was like having an unknown red button placed before him and he just wanted to press to see what would happen.

Big Sin was throwing a party already. The red pattern extended from Han Fei's arm to his palm. It urged Han Fei. "I'm not even sure if you want what's best for me anymore."

Han Fei pushed away the children's souls and crawled deeper into this inconspicuous corner. If not for Big Sin, he would not have discovered this altar. The closer he got to the altar, the more intense Big Sin reacted. The blood pattern had almost spread through Han Fei's body, scorching his skin.

This altar inside the cocoon was different from the altar in front of the Happiness Neighbourhood. It looked older, even the black cloth over it had decayed. Taking a deep breath, Han Fei used Rest in Peace to cut away the blood flowers outside the altar before bending down to look inside it.

"Notification for Player 0000! Lighting of the altar has failed! Different 'Gods' are served inside each altar, some altars will provide you great boons while others will claim your life should you open them!" As the notification appeared, Han Fei also glimpsed the thing inside the altar. It was a broken heart, the heart was covered by tiny capillaries, they were connected to the roots of the blood flowers, sucking nightmare from the endless children's souls. This heart reeked horribly. It had been dead for a long time but it was still beating.

“This is the source of all the Death Curses at Ziggurat?” Big Sin was very excited, but the more excited it was, the closer Han Fei was to death. “Should I just slice through it?”

Gripping Rest in Peace, Han Fei stared at the heart inside the altar, he felt transported back into the meat packing plant. After the blade was forged, the thing that was used to sacrifice to complete the blade was Spider’s Heart of Sin and now he was going to cut through a heart which was heavily connected to the Butterfly. Perhaps Butterfly had planned for Han Fei to cut through Spider’s Heart of Sin.

As Han Fei thought back to the things he had seen at Ziggurat, the crimes Butterfly had committed, the pain and despair it had placed on others, his hands held the blade and he focused to bring the blade to life!

Human figures appeared behind Han Fei, they grabbed the hilt with Han Fei. The brilliant blade shone with the hope and beauty of humanity. Then everyone swung at the same time!

The blood flowers wilted as the blood vessel-like roots were severed. Han Fei’s butcher knife cut through the altar and fell on the rotten heart!

No blade had managed to pierce into this heart before. At that instant, Han Fei felt pairs of eyes open inside the altar. Before he could see what they were, his body was sent flying. His hands that held Rest in Peace were covered in blood. The front of his body which faced the altar was heavily wounded.

Rest in Peace did manage to injure the heart but Han Fei was sent flying before the blade could cut beyond the heart scab.

Han Fei lost control of his arms. Han Fei turned to examine them and he realized the blood pattern had disappeared, Big Sin had escaped from his body!

Han Fei turned back to look at the altar. Big Sin, which was several times smaller than before, was lying on top of the broken heart. It snuggled into the fresh wound Han Fei introduced on the heart and started to feast on the heart inside the altar!

The roots connected to the blood capillaries started to tremble. The children strung on the cocoon cliff began to shake like they were waking up. The tremble moved outwards. The black mist lapped against the cocoon shell like waves. 'This broken heart doesn't belong to the Ziggurat's current manager, so who does it belong to?'

Han Fei's Life Point was almost zero so his talent was activated. He retreated as fast as he could but it was still too late. There was a giant earthquake at the bottom of the abyss, the foundation that held the Ziggurat started to collapse!

The small altar was connected to the whole cocoon. The sea made from blood flowers started to gush inwards. Seeing as Han Fei was about to be buried alive, a red giant shadow enveloped him. Han Fei turned to look with fear. Zhuang Wen's eyes were burning with the black flame of hatred. But the fire was also scorching a little girl's soul. The girl represented Zhuang Wen's last shred of rationality, when the girl was burnt into ashes, Zhuang Wen would lose control again.

"Go up! The exit is up there!" Han Fei shouted but Zhuang Wen showed no sign of leaving. The woman with black flames in her eyes finally found the thing she could vent her hatred on. In that situation, she started to attack the altar!

## Chapter 385

### 385 The Awakening [2in1]

As the saying goes, what goes around comes around. Han Fei received Zhuang Wen's protection because he had helped her escape Butterfly's control at Building 1. Even though she was scorched by the embers of hatred, Zhuang Wen still incidentally helped protect Han Fei's life. However, that was the extent of their relationship. Han Fei couldn't persuade Zhuang Wen beyond that.

At this dangerous moment, Zhuang Wen didn't mean to escape but gathered all of her hatred to slam at the altar!

The old altar started to bleed. The ancient blood was extremely smelly. The blood capillaries snapped and blood flowers wilted in the air. A very scary force was awakening inside the altar. It seemed to be connected to the cocoon shell for it could manipulate everything within the valley inside the cocoon and the sea of blood.

Blood vessels crawled out from the sea of flowers and formed a giant net to envelop Zhuang Wen and Han Fei with the altar.

Under Zhuang Wen's relentless assault, the surface of the altar started to crack. A Lingering Hatred was unable to destroy an altar. That gave Han Fei a new understanding of the Unmentionable. However Zhuang Wen's attacks were not meaningless. At least she had provided Big Sin with a better opening to feast.

Big Sin had consumed part of the heart and it drank all the blood that leaked out as well. The heart inside the altar was connected to the souls and nightmares of the endless children. Every drop of blood from this heart contained the deepest terror. 'Big Sin probably sensed this thing the moment we entered Ziggurat. It chose to hide inside my arm because it didn't want to be discovered by this thing. It was not until I approached the altar that it came out from my body.' Big Sin treated Han Fei as its disguise. This pet looked honest but in reality, it was more cunning than its owner. 'Both Big Sin and Butterfly came from the human cocoon, Butterfly represents the human side of things and Big Sin is the opposite. Regardless, they should have the same yearning and desire.'

The situation had gone out of Han Fei's control. The only thing he could do was to finish the last few pig's hearts that Xu Qin left for him. His Life Points started to recover.

Big Sin inside the altar feasted on the heart, Zhuang Wen outside the altar continued her attacks. The black mist around the cocoon shell churned violently. The building above them started to crack. Roots-like blood vessels crawled into the Ziggurat. Before this, it was the heart inside the altar which was supporting the Ziggurat, but now it started to absorb something from the Ziggurat.

After it was injured, the Unmentionable inside the altar opened its eyes. The underground floors began to collapse. The black mist swirled agitatedly. Propelled by some force, the 'God' inside the altar was being slowly awakened.

A strange voice sounded inside the heart of nightmare. It mumbled something that no one could understand as the dead heart inside the altar started to beat again!

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While drastic changes were happening underground, the sound of Soul Bells swinging came from Room 4244. The sound was a portent of something evil. Initially the Soul Bells only rang inside Room 4244 but soon all the rooms at Ziggurat chimed with the tingling of Soul Bells.

“Grandma, it’s not 4.44 am yet, I still want to stay with everyone.” Beside a normal dining table sat a girl with a ponytail. She had chubby cheeks and her dimples were cute when she smiled.

“Grandma also wants you to stay longer but it is time.” An old lady stood up from the wooden table. She entered the kitchen to grab a knife. “Thank you for accompanying me for so long.” The old lady looked kindly at the little girl by the table. The girl held a spoon in one hand and grabbed a bowl filled with paper dumplings with another. The girl was a natural smiler. Even when the old lady reappeared with the knife, the girl was still smiling.

The raised arm chopped at the girl’s head. The knife cut through the girl’s skin but no blood came out. The girl laughed as her body shattered like paper mache until a fragment of a family portrait remained on the chair.

“Love, it’s your turn now.” The old woman turned to the old man who sat beside her. The elder was reticent but the way he looked at the old woman was gentle and soft. Similarly, the old man’s body cracked like paper with a chop. The old lady’s muddled eyes were teary but she had to do these things.

She turned around to look at her family who gathered at the dining table. 4 generations were there and the atmosphere was joyous. But other than herself, everyone at the table was a paper doll. This was the child’s fault, the child who should have already died. “This is the punishment we deserve for the sin we committed.”

The old lady resisted her tears as she chopped down her family one by one. She collected the fragments from her family members and pieced the family portrait together. Then she turned to look at the chair at the end of the table. The chair was smaller than a normal chair, and it looked new like it was not meant to be used but was just a décor.

“You were never a part of the family dinner when we were alive, but now you are the only one left at the dining table.” Picking up the chair, the old lady came to the centre of the living room. She studied the altar that she built and placed the completed family portrait before the altar.

The lit candles were extinguished. The food on the sacrificial table didn't change but they released a horrible smell like they had decayed from the inside. The lights inside the room died after a few flickers. The old lady silently moved the unseated chair to place it before the altar.

Picking up the Soul Bell, the old lady shook the bell as she chanted something. She opened all of the doors inside the house and snipped off the red ropes that were tied around the house. The previously normal room instantly became eerie. The wind fluttered the remnants of the paper doll on the ground. The smiling paper doll faces started to weep. The axles of the windows and doors creaked. The door of the altar started to tremble as well. The family portrait also started to change.

The family portrait was of the old lady's 4 generation so many people were in that picture. But suddenly a disfigured shadow appeared. It was not part of the portrait but its appearance didn't feel forced like it was supposed to be part of this family.

The old lady jingled the Soul Bell as she chanted the spell for the ritual. Her own body was breaking but her body was bound with red threads. The red threads fixed her flesh and soul in place so that her body wouldn't break. She used all her strength to chant the soul-summoning ritual. As the old lady's voice came out from Room 4244, the dirge rang out in the entire Ziggurat.

The Soul Ladders in front of all the rooms shattered, and paper money shuffled into the air. At the moment of twilight, the doors of the altar inside Room 4244 slowly opened!

The family portrait placed before the altar was sucked into the altar. The family portrait appeared to be the only picture left behind by the Ziggurat manager. The old lady hunched over as she chanted faster and faster.

Slowly the altar inside Room 4244 started to change as if resonating with the altar underground. Black capillaries erupted from the altar in Room 4244 and spread madly throughout Ziggurat. All the Death Curses hidden inside the tenants were triggered. Fear, despair and pain reminded everyone of that terrifying presence.

All the dressers inside Ziggurat started to bleed. The channel between nightmare and the cryptic world was opening. The tenants' fear was the bridge between these two worlds. Screams of despair echoed inside the buildings. The stench of evil permeated every corner of Ziggurat.

The black capillaries from the top floor carried intense hatred and pressed downwards; the black capillaries from underground carried the scent of Death and crawled upwards, eventually they met on the 4th floor. The blood capillaries entangled together. When the hatred and death were about to combine, a shrill Song exploded. The tenants felt a new source of fear!

The Unmentionable was enraged as the combination of the hatred and death was halted by the Singer. Tears appeared on the 4th floor of Building 4. Room 4044 was the centre of death and hatred. The blood door where the headless door guardian once resided was torn apart. The dressers inside the Ziggurat were tipping. No matter how big the commotion was before, the dressers were never affected.

However as the door to Room 4044 was shattered, the cracks splintered into Room 4044. The dressers inside the room started to creak, the instability of the cryptic world had affected the dresser world.

Inside the dresser world, the bloody clothes started to swing. Blood red cracks appeared on the ceiling and ground like scars. The monsters who resided here started to run and hide. The edges of the dresser world were collapsing as it slowly joined with the cryptic world. Originally the dresser world was the bridge between the nightmares and the real world but now it was being dragged into the cryptic world.

To make matters worse, currently that was a gigantic senior monster wildly attacking the dresser at the centre of the dresser world. His eyes burned with the blame flame of hatred. The seemingly normal dresser door had held up against all of the senior monster's attacks. It was not until the cracks started to appear in the dresser world that the dresser at the centre started to show signs of damage.

"This dresser is the core of the cursed object and the reason this dresser world exists. If I cannot have this, then no one can!" The cackle was mixed with hatred. The senior monster looked more like a madman. The small splinters on the dresser grew in size. The transmutation had far-reaching effects.

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Coastal Apartment was Huang Yin's childhood home, it was located at the best spot in the old city, this was where all of his best memories were located.

The bowl slammed to the ground. The dishes splattered everywhere. A woman in an apron stood before the dresser inside the bedroom. She was not tall and looked gentle. Her lifelong occupation as a teacher

lent her a scholarly presence. The woman looked just like Huang Yin's mother but Huang Yin who was locked inside the dresser knew that no matter how good the disguise was, she was not his mother.

Picking up the oil-stained pieces of the bowl, the woman knelt before the dresser. She glared at Huang Yin who was trapped inside the dresser like a dog and the hatred in her eyes surfaced.

"So this is all you know?" The wounded Huang Yin lifted his head. After he was killed multiple times by his 'mother', he slowly understood something. At the start, he thought that being killed by his mother would help ease the guilt in his heart. He even asked for death, which confused the Butterfly for a period.

But as he died again and again, Huang Yin realized the guilt in his heart was the same. Certain things would forever be imprinted in the mind after it had happened. No matter how many times it was repeated in the nightmare, there would be no changes in real life. When his mother saved him, she would never want him to carry self-blame and pain for life.

To live in bliss and happiness, that was the biggest appreciation he could give her.

Trapped inside the dresser, with only a few breaths left, Huang Yin still had a smile on his face. It was the few genuine ones he had. Without averting his eyes, he looked at the face that fully resembled his mother's. The self-blame in his eyes had been replaced by pity.

"My mother will never do these things to me but your parents have. You're pitiable but I don't pity you." Huang Yin was openly provoking the Butterfly but he didn't care. "You've used so many ways to torture me, have your parents done the same things to you? They treated you like an animal so you act like an animal?"

"Such a pitiable creature, you have not even a shred of humanity left in you. Compared to you, I cannot even begin to describe how happy I am. Even though I'm going to die, I am happy because I have been loved. And you'll never experience that, because no one will love you and you do not deserve to be loved. Ha ha ha!"

Huang Yin inside the dresser laughed at Butterfly. The woman who stood before the dresser had her face twisted. The nightmare was twisting like she was trying to break Huang Yin's soul with brute force.

But at that moment, the woman sensed something strange. She lowered her head to look at her chest. There was a crack near her heart and the crack was expanding!

She frowned as she turned to look at the wall clock. In every one of Huang Yin's nightmare, there was a clock. Currently the time was 4 am.

It was not yet the designated time but there was already problems with her body. The woman dragged Huang Yin out from the dresser and crawled into it herself. She looked so desperate like she wouldn't be able to return if she stayed any longer.

## Chapter 386

### 386 The Resurrection [2in1]

#### Sponsored Content

"Where are you going in such a hurry? Rushing to reincarnate? Someone like you should be thankful if you can become a bug in your next life." Huang Yin was not afraid of anything anymore. He thought about stopping the Butterfly but he was too weak to even lift his hands.

The woman's body was changing. She wanted to use the most painful method to torture Huang Yin but she had no more time. The crack on her chest grew and black vessels popped in her eyes. Blood leaked out from underneath her dress. Her mutated arms closed the dresser doors.

The normal looking dresser started to tremble like a living heart after the woman entered it. Blood capillaries extended out from inside and pierced through the deepest part of the nightmare. Huang Yin's nightmare started to collapse. The woman's skin surfaced with strange patterns. The patterns formed a tapestry with the intersecting blood capillaries inside the dresser. It had once been trapped inside the dresser for a long time. Inside this dark, cramped space, it imagined the world and accidentally saw the end of nightmares. The small space was filled with darkness. When the blood red consciousness consumed everything, the woman's body blurred as she used her full energy to push at the door inside the dresser.

Huang Yin's nightmare shattered instantly. The figure that trapped him entered a strange room through the dresser deep inside the nightmare. This room had no door or window. Instead of calling it a room, it

was more like a corridor. Two dressers stood on each end of the corridor. One was connected to nightmares, the other the cryptic world.

Currently, the dresser connected to the cryptic door was splintering and the cracks were spreading. It was worth noting that the cracks on the dressers also appeared on the woman's body like the woman shared the same body with the dresser. She had combined herself with this unique cursed object.

The long corridor was decorated with entangled souls and consciousness. They were like sacrifices waiting for their Gods to come for them. Feng Ziyu who had gone missing could be found here as well.

Blood covered her body, the woman started to change from a human into a monster. Standing at the side of the nightmare dresser, it couldn't just walk down the corridor. There was a powerful resistance stopping it from doing so.

However, soon the sound of Soul Bells came from the other dresser. The chanting of all the tenants and the fear in their hearts surged into this strange space. The fear of Butterfly wound around its body like threads as they slowly dragged it to the other side of the corridor. The indeterminate body consumed the 'sacrifice' in the corridor. The more it became like a monster, the greater its hatred. Due to the emergency of the situation, it only had time to swallow a few key sacrifices before it was led to the other end of the corridor.

The feast turned its body into a fleshy monster with irregular appearance, but it didn't have the time to care about that now. The arms bound by hatred and fear grabbed at the dresser door. The blood stains on the door immediately melted and seeped into the monster's body. The number on the door slowly clarified—Room 4444.

Room 4444 was not an actual room but it was Butterfly's dresser. For this monster that was trapped inside a dresser since it was young, the dresser was its own room. Carrying all the pain and hatred from the nightmares, the hands pushed open the door of Room 4444!

The collapsing dresser world disintegrated at that moment. Intense hatred burst out from the dresser at the centre of the dresser world. The senior monster who was closest was swept away as everyone stared at the centre. Bloody clothes scattered like bloody paper money. The Soul Bells chimed across Ziggurat.

A wounded arm reached out from the dresser, dragging an extremely ugly soul. It looked more like a human-shaped meat pile. The terrifying presence materialized inside the Ziggurat, everyone's Death Curses were triggered!

The fear and hatred within the tenants exploded instantly. Ugly faces appeared on the monster's body. In this world, everyone's hatred belonged to it. No one cared about it so to ensure that it was not forgotten, it abandoned its humanity and buried its hatred and pain inside everyone's heart.

Death Curses absorbed something from all the Ziggurat tenants. Everyone's Death Curse was different. As the tenants were tormented by the curses, the same curses appeared on the monster's skin. It was the source of all the Death Curses. The more pain the cursed tenants were in, the stronger it would become.

As the Death Curses were activated, the monster's skin started to crack. The necrotized skin started to peel off. A pair of flawless and fair arms broke through the wounded skin. The tapered fingers peeled off the rest of its skin. A creature that looked like human and had indeterminate sex appeared from the shell of flesh.

Hatred blasted through the whole dresser world. It metamorphosed into the Butterfly, the flesh splattered like an open butterfly wing.

The Death Curses and fresh blood painted strange patterns on its body. Its fair skin had no scar, but there were endless Death Curses flowing under its skin. However, perhaps because it had not consumed enough sacrifice, or perhaps the ritual was performed earlier than designated, its legs were stuck in the blob of flesh. It failed to achieve its most perfect state. The dresser world was still collapsing. The Death Curse on the senior monster was triggered again. The bloody butterfly deep inside his heart flapped its wings, trying to take everything away from him.

The black blame in his eyes flickered. The senior monster's presence weakened. The thing that remained unchanged was the reflection in his eyes and the maddening presence.

'That's the manager?' The Evil Soul didn't retreat. He had taken over the senior monster's body and thus his lineage as well as their pain. The pain that branded through the legacy was enough to collapse a normal person's mind but Evil Soul's expression didn't even change. He could feel the senior monster and his own soul dissipating. The Death Curse was activating, resisting it meant certain death. But for this journey towards death, he still had time. He wanted to use this last moment to kill the manager!

The Evil Soul never considered retreating or compromising. Since the curse caster would never lift the Death Curse willingly, then there was only one solution left.

“Old man, this might be the last few minutes we will share together. I have a few messages for you. Your biological grandson is too weak, he can’t even maintain the clarity of his soul at this place but I can sense his love for his father and grandfather in his heart. When you were alive, you always scolded him for being cowardly and weak. But the fact is, he has actively answered your soul-summoning and that is extremely brave. I know your family loves him dearly but don’t forget that since the soul-summoning ritual was successful, it meant that he loves you all as much as you love him. He never blamed or hated you, he only felt appreciation and love towards you.

“He is unable to speak so I shall be his messenger.” After saying all that, the Evil Soul reached his hands towards the senior monster’s heart. “A person like that shouldn’t die here, we have to save him.” The fingers pierced through the chest. Pain, memory and despair, all these became the fuel for hatred. The Evil Soul wanted the fire in the senior monster’s heart to burn brighter!

Butterfly who stood before the dresser looked at the maddened senior monster like he was some kind of struggling bug. From the Butterfly’s perspective, the only way it could be beaten was to block its way back to the Ziggurat. As the manager of Ziggurat, everything was over once it arrived here.

The ritual was not complete and the time was earlier than designated but these were small inconveniences. The Butterfly’s gaze slowly moved onto the Evil Soul’s face. The body it had prepared for itself was still there, that was enough. It was hard to find a good vessel, there were not many living humans who could sustain its consciousness. The years of preparation it did was not wasted.

Sensing the senior monster’s burning soul, the Butterfly’s long finger pressed lightly on its heart. The Death Curse appeared on its skin. The finger cut through the skin like butter. Blue butterflies flew out from its body. The butterflies possessed its soul and consciousness. They could be seen as its substitutes.

The tenants of Happiness Neighbourhood had seen similar blue butterflies before.

When the blue butterflies approached, the Evil Soul became highly alert. However, the butterflies didn’t attack him but instead flew past him and left the dresser world.



When the Butterfly cut open its chest, the Evil Soul noticed the Butterfly was missing a heart so it was not at its strongest state yet. The Evil Soul charged at the Butterfly, ready to be vanquished!

This was the first person who dared to challenge the Butterfly after the latter became the manager of Ziggurat.

“The resurrection ritual has begun. I have split you into different souls to make it more convenient for me to consume you.” The Butterfly’s extremely handsome face was emotionless. Everything was within its control. As the senior monster charged at it, the Butterfly didn’t do anything but stare into the Evil Souls’ eyes. The emotions in its eyes slowly became like the Evil Soul, the Butterfly was copying the Evil Soul!

“Your souls are trapped inside other people’s bodies. If you want to reunite all of your souls, you’ll have to personally murder all of their hosts. The moment you do, you’ll become just like me.”

It was not until the senior monster’s arms almost reached the Butterfly that the patterns on the Butterfly burst with extreme hatred. The hatred was like a wave, easily overwhelming that of the senior monster’s. The blood of his lineage flowed through his body. The flame in the senior monster’s heart was like a candle, it flickered in the waves but it never extinguished. The spine on his back cracked open. All of his children’s eyes flew open. The culprit of their familicide was before them. All of their hatred pooled together.

The Butterfly’s legs hadn’t fully metamorphosed. They were stuck in the ugly flesh blob. It couldn’t move too far away from the dresser but this didn’t affect it too much. Compared to the mobility limitation, it cared more about the physical deficiency. It was not the prettiest creature.

“I kept you around because you are beneficial to me and now it is time for you to make yourself useful.” The Butterfly told the Evil Soul as it spread its arms. The butterflies scattered across Ziggurat. Endless blood vessels crawled out from the Ziggurat. They pierced through the cracks of the dresser world and joined with the Butterfly’s body. Then the Butterfly suddenly turned towards a direction as if sensing something.

“I’ve personally left the curse on you, giving you 3 months to get ready. I’m surprised you dare to come into the Ziggurat in less than a month. The Singer outside is the reason why you dare to do so?” The Butterfly’s voice dripped with anger. It had already calculated everything but Han Fei had broken its

plan. Since Han Fei participated in the human jigsaw case, the Butterfly had been paying focus on Han Fei, both in the real world and the cryptic world. It knew Han Fei was weak but it only saw Han Fei as a vessel.

It didn't expect that in just a few weeks, the weak human managed to enter the Ziggurat and even attracted an angry Unmentionable with him!

A normal Unmentionable had their own altar, mentioning their names would get the speaker cursed. But for such a ghost to get so intensely mad, that was extremely rare.

The blue butterflies were the split soul of the manager. They contained its consciousness and despair, they were also its eyes and ears. By then the blue butterflies had scattered all around the Ziggurat. As the manager of Ziggurat, Butterfly saw how horrid the condition of Ziggurat was. If it returned one moment later, the whole neighbourhood might be gone. The black mist got entangled with the Singer. But the thing that worried the Butterfly the most was the foundation of Ziggurat had been shaken. Its biggest secret had been exposed.

"The Unmentionable is a problem but the thing outside has been heavily injured. It is not as strong as it should be. If you think you can rely on it to stop the ritual, then you're more naïve than I thought." A black drop of blood leaked out from the Butterfly's hollow chest. It controlled all of the blood vessels and pierced them through the ground. The floors cracked one after another. Death surged from the underground like an endless sea!

Among the sea floated the nightmares of children and wilted blood flowers as well as a giant cocoon weaved from blood vessels.

"I've waited too long for this moment, no one will be able to stop me!" The Butterfly was most worried about the underground altar, so it wanted to check up on it.

Chapter 387

387 The Scariest Thing at Ziggurat

Sponsored Content

'The source of the Death Curses comes from the underground cocoon?' The black mist formed by death was evoked by the Butterfly and it swallowed everyone present. The thick scent of death assaulted every soul, branding the deepest despair into everyone's hearts. The nightmare flowed through the black capillaries which were heavily intertwined together. The giant cocoon floated out from the deep sea like a leviathan. 'That is the Butterfly's trump card? Why is it so confident to take on the Unmentionable?'

The foundation of the Ziggurat was taken out by the Butterfly. When the flesh cocoon surfaced, the dresser world fully collapsed and melted into the cryptic world. The bloody clothes turned into spirits covered in blood. They had no consciousness. They existed as tools, like clothes that could be worn by anyone. The monsters inside the dresser world became Butterfly's nutrients. All the dresser monsters shattered and Butterfly used their remnants to heal the cracks on the dresser behind it.

The wounds created by the senior monster were rapidly healing. Butterfly also slowly moved its feet out from the deformed blob of flesh and blood. No one present dared to make sudden moves. Perhaps the Butterfly had not been lying after all, everything was in its control.

As the manager of Ziggurat, it knew every single thing at this place. All the monsters and ghosts were puppets in its control, how could they have the chance to rebel against their owners? As the black mist soaked into its body, Butterfly's handsome face took on a façade of serenity. "Everything is back on track!"

Its empty chest turned towards the giant cocoon. It mumbled an unfamiliar name under its breath. Blood vessels dragged the giant cocoon further from the underground. Everyone could feel the dangerous presence hidden inside the giant cocoon. The presence was mixed with death, it was more terrifying than Pure Hatred, they sensed an Unmentionable inside it!

"The future that you saw inside the nightmare is still a nightmare." Butterfly told the giant cocoon. A seductive smile appeared on its face and then it poked its tapered hands into the giant cocoon. The blood vessels flowing with nightmares opened like petals. The flower that contained the nightmare of endless children bloomed in the cryptic world. The scariest thing at the Ziggurat was about to show itself!

Everyone was consumed by fear and nervousness as they stared at the content of the giant cocoon. Black mist rolled out. The metres long black capillaries were merely the veins on the leaf, the real bloody bud was hidden deep inside the giant cocoon. When the shade of redness appeared, everyone, including Butterfly's gaze changed.

A giant red figure stood in the deepest part of the giant cocoon. Her body was burning with hatred, and before this giant figure stood a man holding a knife. He half-squatted before the altar, taking in everything with emotionless eyes.

“Han Fei?”

When they saw that man, everyone responded differently. The tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood recognized Han Fei immediately. While they were surprised, they moved subconsciously towards Han Fei. They didn't feel fear, after all, he was their building manager.

The senior monster who was dying also turned to Han Fei. The Evil Soul's sinister eyes flashed with confusion. Based on what the Butterfly said, he knew his soul had been split. After conversing with the senior monster, he also knew that a person's splintered souls would manifest differently depending on the main soul's memory, some souls would be kind, others would be evil. Staring at the living madman who stepped on the altar, the Evil Soul narrowed his eyes. He made the mental comparison and came to the conclusion, 'So that is my Evil Soul? Bravo! A madman indeed!'

With the Evil Soul cackling, the Butterfly's face surfaced with scars that looked terrifyingly like death spots. The chill in its eyes dropped the temperature inside Ziggurat. No living human would be able to enter the deepest floor of Ziggurat and other than itself, no one knew about the altar's location.

'So how did this man resist the black mist under the Ziggurat? How come the Death Curse has no effect on him? After losing his souls of childhood and kindness, his memory should have turned blank so how come it doesn't look like he's been affected at all? How did he manage to get the failure from Building 1 to work with him? Why do all the ghosts like to stick close to this ugly thing?!' There were so many questions in Butterfly's mind. It had planned everything, using years to plot everything from the real world to the cryptic world. However at the last moment, a normal human was standing on the altar it had prepared for itself!

The torn chest was yearning for something. A knife deep inside its soul cut at its flesh. More death spots surfaced on the Butterfly's body, it hadn't had such emotions in a long time already. “When I become you, I will have you personally murder everything you care about, so that you'll forever live in pain and despair!”

Endless hatred gushed out from the torn open chest. It was clear that the hatred from the Butterfly was much more intense than the senior monster and the jumper woman. The blood vessels reached towards the altar. As the giant cocoon was dragged towards the Butterfly, everyone could get a better view of the altar hidden inside the layers of blood flowers. They could see the broken heart inside the altar as well as Big Sin who was munching on it!

The Butterfly could stand Han Fei squatting on its altar but having an ugly bug chewing on its heart, that was the Butterfly's bottomline!

The Butterfly's flawless skin colored with death spots, they looked like the bite traces on the heart. As the manager of Ziggurat, Butterfly had mastered how to hide its emotions... that was until it met Han Fei.

It waved its finger. The deep blue hatred contained a night sky belonging to the butterflies. It pointed right at Han Fei!

Indescribable terror crawled on the ground. The Butterfly's hatred constructed its own night sky. The humanity trapped by it became the stars in the sky. Under the night sky, endless dark butterflies fluttered about. On their wings was the horror of the Butterfly's victims. The butterflies formed nightmares and flew towards Han Fei.

Zhuang Wen was unable to stop all the butterflies. Even herself was covered by the butterflies. No one was able to save Han Fei.

A weak flicker of light lit around the altar. The smoke dissipated into the air. Han Fei stood on the altar and straightened himself as he tapped at the cigarette. When the last cigarette was ignited, a blood-curdling song came from outside the building.

Chapter 388

388 Butterfly Must Die [2in1]

Sponsored Content

After the manager died, his 3 kids honored him with 3 cigarettes and all 3 of them found their way to Han Fei. Each of the cigarettes corresponded to each of the 3 children. Lighting the cigarette could awaken the other party's consciousness and gain their protection before the cigarette smoke dissipated.

In the real world, Han Fei and Zhuang Ren snuck into Immortal Pharma Director's old home and discovered a broken music box, a masked wooden mannequin and a children's outfit covered in paint. Each of them came with their own blessing. The music box played a song that sounded similar to the soul-summoning ritual sung by the Singer. Therefore, Han Fei had reason to believe the Singer might be one of the manager's 3 children.

Even if he got it wrong, it didn't matter that much. Han Fei already noticed something. Whenever he lit the cigarette, the Singer would respond to it. The first time was at Yi Ming Convenience Store, after the cigarette burned, the Singer appeared at Yi Ming Street. The second time was at Ziggurat's Building 1. Just as he lit the cigarette, the Singer grew louder like it was triggered.

For the previous 2 times, Han Fei quitted the game the moment he lit the cigarette so the Singer wouldn't come after him. But this time, Han Fei didn't plan to do that. Stripped of his escape, Han Fei exuded an inexplicable insouciance. He glanced at the Butterfly through the tendrils of smoke as if saying, 'I am stepping on your altar and I have the bug eat your heart, what can you do about it?'

The smoke curled around Han Fei, blurring the lines between reality and imagination. Behind Han Fei, a pair of cold eyes opened. If Han Fei turned back to look, he'd realize the eyes matched the ones he saw inside the altar in front of Happiness Neighbourhood. Han Fei had no idea what was behind him, he was just used to hiding his fear. Therefore, there was no trace of panic or fear on his face. He had nothing but he made it look like he had everything.

No matter how Han Fei acted, it actually didn't affect Butterfly that much. The problem was after Han Fei lit the cigarette, the Singer outside appeared to be seriously triggered. It tore through the black mist, forcing its way into the Ziggurat!

Butterfly hadn't completed its full metamorphosis and the dresser behind it hadn't been fully repaired, it couldn't allow an Unmentionable into the Ziggurat. "Something this terrible hasn't happened in a long time already. Everything was going according to plan. I'm surprised by this accident."

The building shook like it could collapse at the next moment. Under the Singer's relentless attack, an opening was carved through the black mist. The chilling song echoed in everyone's ears. The cold seeped into everyone's soul.

The blood vessels hidden inside Ziggurat ruptured and black blood leaked out from the floor and ceiling. Everything was being suppressed by that terrifying presence. Even if the Unmentionable was injured, its horror wasn't something comparable to a normal Pure Hatred.

The Butterfly's night sky started to turn red. The Butterfly knew that if it didn't do something soon, the Ziggurat would fall. No one could stand in the way of the Unmentionable because the outcome would be elimination.

"This neighbourhood is the sacrificial table for me to change into a new body. If you intend to ruin my ritual, then don't blame me for destroying your altar. Do you even have an altar?" The blood vessels that stretched out from Butterfly's feet reached upwards. While it controlled the black mist to stop the Singer, it dragged the altar down from the top floor. There were 2 altars at the Ziggurat, one at the top floor, another in the basement.

The one from the basement was stepped on by Han Fei, the broken heart inside was chewed by Big Sin, so Butterfly placed its focus on the other altar.

"Now that the Night of Resurrection is here, I don't need the altar left behind by the previous manager anymore. Soon, I'll have a new body. To be a human, to be God, I'll have the choice!" The family portrait was shoved by the Butterfly into the altar. Before the Song infiltrated the Ziggurat fully, it opened the altar from the top floor. The normal-looking altar had a headless figurine inside. The figurine looked like an old man. He was standing tall but his body was carved in endless Death Curses. When Butterfly's family portrait touched the figurine, the twisted shadow in the portrait crawled into the figurine. The Death Curses were activated and Butterfly started to imbue the black mist into the figurine.

At the same time, the endless holy figurines that the Evil Soul attracted from Room 4144 started to change. They cried and wailed before exploding. The hair and bits of flesh covered by white paper inside the figurines gathered together to form the head of an old man. The head's eyes, ears, nose and mouth were sewn shut by Death Curses. He couldn't speak, see, or hear.

Han Fei and the tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood saw the human head, it had the same face as their previous manager!

'That must be the memory fragment left behind by the previous manager!' Han Fei's pupils narrowed. The previous manager's memory was splintered, the part with the memory of the black box was hidden

at Happiness Neighbourhood and the others were scattered around the cryptic world. Han Fei wanted to go and rescue the previous manager's head but he lacked the power.

"I've gotten tired of digging for your memory. Since you refuse to tell me anything then disappear forever with them." Butterfly grabbed the manager's head and plopped it inside the altar. The Death Curses joined the head back with the body. Death Curses crawled out from the old man's body, piercing through his skin. Death Curses splattered like blood, desecrating the altar. Some kind of taboo was activated. The old man's orifices started to leak with black blood. All the curses on his body morphed into the Chinese character for Death.

"I'm using an Unmentionable's memory and altar to manufacture this curse. That should be able to injure it." Butterfly who stood under the night sky controlled all the black mist to tear apart the old man's figurine. A giant black flower bloomed in the night to gather all the black mist to one spot.

Han Fei saw the terrifying scene. When all the black mist was absorbed, he saw a giant pair of bloody hands appear in the song. Previously, when he tried to quit the game, he had encountered these hands before, he was almost captured by them. 'I am unable to see its full appearance?' Han Fei, who was only Level 13, had witnessed something way beyond his current level. The flower that exhausted all the black mist in the building bloomed among the Song.

To Han Fei and Butterfly's surprise, when the scariest Death Curse exploded from the old man's figurine, the giant bloody hands and the Singer behind them didn't evade. Instead, the Singer appeared to voluntarily move forward to embrace it, as if it wanted to store the old man's head into its own heart.

The Death Curse exploded! The Song echoed with deep despair and pain. Everyone could hear something breaking. Blood rain fell from the sky and the black mist dissipated. Only Building 4 looked rather normal, the other 3 buildings were covered in blood and curses.

Butterfly exhausted the black mist collected at Ziggurat for decades, an altar and all the Death Curse on it to heavily injure the Singer.

"Is it dead?"



After a temporary pause, the Song echoed in everyone's ears again. Even though the black mist had lightened, no one could pinpoint the source of the Song, it was like the Song had moved into their hearts. As long as the fear of it remained, it would always return.

"We have to be prepared to save Han Fei." Mirror God behind Drake said, "The Singer has left, taking the previous manager's head and the tainted altar. When it returns, it will be stronger than a normal Unmentionable."

"Shouldn't we wait some more? The situation is still up in the air, the manager looks like he's still safe." Lee Zai turned to Han Fei. All the butterflies who flew towards Han Fei lost their way in the smoke. Butterfly's night sky covered everything but it was unable to harm Han Fei. Han Fei lit the cigarette, standing under the Butterfly's night sky. He saw the stars of humanity trapped in the night sky and his eyes shone with pity. Even at a time like this, he cared more about others than himself.

"We can't wait any longer!" A voice came from the back of the group. Wei Youfu removed his cap and his eyes landed on Han Fei. He knew Han Fei too well. "Let's move out!"

The Death Curses at the Ziggurat just exploded. The remaining curse could still scorch the soul but no one from Happiness Neighbourhood hesitated. They charged into Butterfly's night sky. The Butterfly's night sky contained many nightmares and the scariest things in the world, but none of them held back.

"You people are so desperate to die?" Death spots appeared on Butterfly's skin. Its handsome face turned into a low-quality puzzle as Death Curse crawled out from underneath its skin. The collision earlier exhausted the Butterfly deeply too. Most of the blood vessels it controlled broke but for the Butterfly, this was a good enough price to pay to chase away an Unmentionable. "When I was still alive, everyone wanted me to die. I tried my best to make them happy but all I got in return was added hatred and disgust. A problem has been troubling me. If I pretend to lose my memory, will they toss me out like an unwanted guest? Perhaps I didn't even count as a guest in their eyes, perhaps only an item?"

The tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood strode through the Butterfly's night sky. Ignoring the danger, they forged their way towards Han Fei. This was a group of pitiable people, cute people and that made Butterfly burn with anger.

"Do you want to save him? Then I will make sure that won't happen. The only thing that can bring me joy is to reap the despair after the struggle has failed." With each of Butterfly's words, the stars in the night sky would scream in pain.

Only then everyone realized the stars were souls Butterfly had entrapped in his night sky! The Butterfly had been tormenting them, to hear their wails of despair, to gain happiness from them! As the stars cried, their despair would leak into the night sky, making the canvas darker.

“Be careful, the darkness is made from the butterflies metamorphosed from the human cocoons. The ugliest part of humanity made up this disgusting thing.” Mirror God knew a lot. His mirror showed not the night sky but a cluster of black butterflies overlapping over each other. “Pure Hatred can manipulate their surroundings freely but to wish to melt into the night sky, this monster is not yet powerful enough.”

The butterflies that formed the night fluttered. The Butterfly reached out towards the tenants. But when it raised its arm, a monster with hatred wrested Butterfly’s wrist. The Butterfly said, “Do you really think you can hurt me?”

The senior monster’s eyes burned with hatred. The pain of his lineage burned through his heart, weaving with his hatred. His fingers turned red. Every soul that he touched would rapidly age and rot. This was the senior monster’s hidden power. The soul that he touched would age with him.

The members of his lineage lived on his spine. When one of his children or grandchildren died, they would manifest on the senior monster’s spine. In less than 1 second of contact, 2 faces on the senior monster’s spine were wiped away but Butterfly only had a few new wrinkles on his wrist. If he didn’t kill the caster, the Death Curse would not be removed and everyone in his family would die. To ensure the continuity of his lineage, none of the faces on the senior monster’s spine showed fear. They gave it their all to protect their legacy!

“I didn’t keep an old dog around to bite me.” The Butterfly’s fingers closed. The stars in the night exploded. The negative emotions surged into the Butterfly’s body. While they cured the Butterfly, they formed new Death Curses and crawled towards the senior monster.

The senior monster was no match for the Butterfly. Even if he sacrificed his life, he was only able to stop the Butterfly for a few seconds, but there was more than the senior monster who hated the Butterfly with a passion.

With a shrill scream, a giant red shadow charged towards Butterfly. Zhuang Wen had lost her mind. When she saw Butterfly’s face, she couldn’t control herself anymore. She found the reason for her

existence, which was to cut this creature into pieces. To create another Butterfly, the manager forced Zhuang Wen to kill herself. That despair and pain created a twisted Pure Hatred.

As Zhuang Wen charged at the Butterfly, Wei Youfu stepped out from the crowd. The weak-looking man stepped through the lingering black mist and hatred. He looked at the wounded Han Fei and the endless souls trapped in the night sky before he looked at himself.

“A human jigsaw might just be a game for it but it has made 8 of us lose everything.” His pale arms reached towards the mighty Butterfly. The always nice Wei Youfu started to shed blood from his eyes. “No matter the reason, Butterfly must die!”

Blood expanded behind him. Eight arms tore through Wei Youfu’s body and slammed heavily on the ground!

## Chapter 389

### 389 Who Can Help You Now? [2in1]

Seven twisted souls bound together, they were demented by despair and pain but even so, the 7 of them managed to carve out a home deep inside their hearts for the 8th soul. Little Eight blinked her eyes as all the resentment poured into her body. The seeds she held fell to the ground, and terrifying blood flowers bloomed deep inside the soul.

When the flowers opened, 8 arms shattered Ziggurat’s walls and floor. The cute girl and the 7 tortured souls combined to become a gigantic monster!

The murderous intent was clear. Without wasting any word, the monster waved its arms to slam at Butterfly’s face. When Zhuang Wen and the senior monster challenged the Butterfly, the latter showed no response. The calmness in its eyes only shattered when it saw Little Eight.

“The key? Has the human jigsaw been completed?” The shock lingered on its face. Butterfly stared at Little Eight, it remembered the girl’s face!

The Butterfly took the punch head on. Butterfly and the meat blob joined to its feet rammed into the door of Dresser 4444. The already fragile blood red world collapsed.

"I'm going to kill you 8 times!" Wei Youfu's body was torn apart layer by layer to morph into a giant red shadow. He used his last rationality to order the monster to attack the Butterfly relentlessly. Blood oozed out from the monster's flesh. The monster's method of appearance was quite similar to how Butterfly broke out from the fleshy cocoon. The difference was, the Butterfly consumed others as sacrifices to metamorphose a perfect human from the shell of an ugly monster; the human jigsaw case's victims, though tore apart their human souls to create a monster.

This showed the connection between the two. Little Eight was part of the Butterfly's plan before it was ruined by Fu Sheng.

"I can't believe my luck. Today is my lucky day. After I obtain this key, I can venture deeper to find more memory fragments left behind by Fu Sheng!" A twisted smile appeared on Butterfly's face. However, its joy lasted for only 2 seconds before the monster with 8 arms continued to pummel the Butterfly. Before they met Han Fei, the victims of the human jigsaw case had not fully joined together before. Their bodies missed the most crucial parts and that was only rectified by Han Fei not too long ago. In other words, other than the previous manager, even Little Eight had no idea how scary they were.

The large body stomped fearlessly through the Ziggurat. Its body was shrouded in a flowing blood mist. Most Death Curses were unable to affect it. Each of the 8 arms represented a different resentment. But the scariest thing was the 8 victims' resentment could match one another's so perfectly. Little Eight's arrival caused a change to Butterfly's gaze, it was not fear or panic but desire and greed.

"You want to kill me? I love you so dearly and poured so much heart into you. My heart even bled after I lost all the news about you." Butterfly looked at the monster that jumped at it. It spoke to it like a parent would to a child. Perhaps it did treat Little Eight as its child but it had treated her like how its parents had treated it. The greater the torture, the deeper the love.

Little Eight couldn't stay in the monster form for too long or else all the victims might lose their precious humanity. However, this time, the victims appeared to have reached a consensus, even if they went insane, they had to kill the Butterfly.

"I hope to see you struggle. When I was trapped inside the dresser, I would capture the bugs at the corner and slowly pull them apart. That was my only source of joy and that has become a habit of mine." Butterfly stood under his own night sky. The endless pitch black butterflies flapped their wings. When Little Eight and Zhuang Wen got near, the skin and flesh on Butterfly's back exploded. A pair of brilliantly

colorful butterfly wings constructed out of nightmares expanded behind him. “After the Singer was chased away, you have lost.”

There were two giant black eyes on the wings. Nightmares flowed on the wings, connecting to the eyes like capillaries. Compared to the perfect body, the butterfly wings appeared to be the Butterfly’s real identity. Its soul and flesh had shattered in the nightmare. The pseudo-human body was merely clothes it had created for itself.

Laughter echoed. When the pair of black eyes opened, endless grey particles scattered from the winds. They looked like nightmarish dust or miniature human cocoons. A dust storm blasted through the Butterfly’s night. The particles metamorphosed into black butterflies in the air. They could easily crawl into monsters and ghosts marked by the Death Curse to influence their mind. As more black butterflies entered their bodies, the Butterfly could even directly control them. This power was not only usable on Lingering Spirits but also the senior monster and the jumper woman who were close to their breakthroughs. “Your hatred came from me and I am in your body. How does it feel to be one with the thing you hate? Does it make you want to kill yourself?”

The Butterfly was a master manipulator, and that had become one of its talents. After being infiltrated by the black butterflies, Zhuang Wen’s hatred exploded in her mind. She attacked everything, including herself, madly. The rationality which was already teetering shattered.

The senior monster fared slightly better. The Evil Soul was completely unaffected by the black butterflies and the lineage he inherited was stubbornly resisting the butterflies. However, the Death Curse within the senior monster had been triggered, dying was just a matter of time.

“Now, you are the only one left, but I will not kill you. Instead I will assume the body and soul of the person you care about the most and then become the new him.” Butterfly’s legs were stuck to Dresser 4444. While it blocked Little Eight’s attack, it used the blood vessels to drag Han Fei who was still smoking towards it.

Butterfly had already been watching Han Fei but the latter still managed to ruin the foundation of Ziggurat. The Butterfly didn’t show it but its heart was bleeding. To injure the Singer, it had sacrificed the accumulated black mist and an altar as the price. Now only a single altar remained at the Ziggurat. If it wanted to become an Unmentionable, it had to protect this last altar.

No one could delay it at the Ziggurat anymore, there was only a single Han Fei between it and the altar. How could a living human stop the Butterfly?

The wings fluttered and more black butterflies appeared. The cracks on the dresser also grew bigger. It appeared like this was the price Butterfly had to pay to use its special powers. However, this was a price the Butterfly could pay.

The cigarette Han Fei held was almost burnt out. The moment the smoke dissipated, the black butterflies would torment Han Fei until his body and soul were taken over by the Butterfly. Seeing the danger Han Fei was in, the tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood didn't hesitate, they climbed on the cocoon and tried to stop the Butterfly. However, it looked more like they would die with Han Fei.

To the Butterfly's surprise, Little Eight who had lost control, immediately stopped her attacks when she saw Han Fei was in danger. The giant body wanted to stop the cocoon but the altar inside the giant cocoon was a part of the Butterfly, there was a connection between them.

"If you have broken through to become a Pure Hatred, you might be able to save him but you're just a key. The person who stole you from me never wanted to cultivate you either. Like me, he was only using you."

The giant cocoon exploded as demanded by the Butterfly. The blood vessels from the Butterfly grabbed the cocoon as well as Han Fei. It dragged the two towards him.

Han Fei's eyes were bloodshot as he was dragged towards the Butterfly. He bit on the last bit of smoke and grabbed the altar with one hand and Rest in Peace in another.

"It's pointless, the future you saw in the nightmare will only happen in the nightmare." The black eyes on the Butterfly's wings stared at the knife in Han Fei's grasp. As the wings flapped, the black butterflies gushed like waves. Everything had been written. Even though Rest in Peace could kill Butterfly, Han Fei didn't have the energy to wield it anymore. One was a normal human, the other was a monster who had metamorphosed into Pure Hatred years ago. The gap in their power difference was unbridgeable.

"The eyes on my wings have been watching you, be it in real life or at this place. I will make good use of your body to become your most hated version of yourself." The smoke dispersed and the black butterflies pierced through Han Fei's limbs like chains. The man tried to reach for the knife but the knife feared by the Butterfly fell into the night sky.

“Now what do you have left?” Even though Butterfly couldn’t move and was injured, it was a Pure Hatred. Its wings trapped the senior monster and Zhuang Wen while its body held back Little Eight, at the same time, it controlled the blood vessels to drag Han Fei and the altar towards it. Until now, everything had gone smoothly. When it saw the blade fall away from Han Fei, the Butterfly smiled. The future had been decided, it was the last one smiling.

The dirge sounded in the Ziggurat again. The paper dolls climbed out from the ruins to prepare for the final step of the ritual.

Butterfly dragged Han Fei towards it. It needed Han Fei’s body, it wanted to be reborn as Han Fei and then go after Fu Sheng’s memory fragments to obtain the most mysterious thing in the cryptic world. Han Fei was pulled closer and closer to the Butterfly. Just as the Butterfly tried to reach out towards Han Fei, the man’s eyes colored with a special emotion. The hand that had been trying to reach for Rest in Peace suddenly opened to show the talisman it hid in its palm. When he was close to the Butterfly, he broke the talisman he got at the Cattle Alley.

The smell of decomposition unfurled at the Ziggurat. A blood red spider web tore open Butterfly’s night sky. When the talisman was torn open, a man with a pig’s mask followed by 8 shadows walked out. He radiated the smell of decomposition. His chest was hollow, his heart was placed somewhere else. His hollow chest was powered by his hatred of the Butterfly!

“It sure is hard to fool you. I’ve used 10 years to prepare for this moment.” When the familiar voice rang out, the smile on Butterfly’s face froze. It hissed out the man’s name. “Spider!”

Huang Yin was the only person to have won the Butterfly but before that, there was a man who had fought with the Butterfly from real life to the cryptic world and their fight was still ongoing.

## Chapter 390

### 390 Nightmare [2in1]

In this area, Ziggurat was the scariest building and Cattle Alley was a close second. Han Fei remembered this observation, the outsiders controlled by the Butterfly would never enter Cattle Alley. At the time Han Fei thought Cattle Alley would be very scary to deter Butterfly but when he was at Cattle Alley in person, he realized that was not true, there was not even a Large Linger Spirit there.

Now that he thought about it, while Han Fei was at Cattle Alley, he did not meet the complete Spider. The Spider who he encountered was made up from endless pig-faced monsters. The Heart of Evil that was used as a sacrifice to the knife and the Heart of Kindness which was manipulated by the Doctor were just Spider's hearts. According to the Doctor, Spider's body had been shared by the monsters at Cattle Alley, but was that the truth?

When Spider fought with his Doctor persona, Spider only used one talent which was to spread his spider web throughout Cattle Alley and overwhelm his opponent with pure strength. But as the manager of Cattle Alley, was that all he was capable of? The Spider who fought with the Butterfly to a draw would be weak enough to allow his sub persona to control him? After all, the real Spider had personally murdered all of his 8 other personas just to have an upper hand over the Butterfly.

Therefore, Han Fei had a feeling that everything that happened at Cattle Alley was just part of Spider's plan, a performance for Butterfly to see. Cattle Alley was a rare place where humanity could still be found. Just like how Butterfly had been collecting 'pots' to create outsiders, Spider had been searching for souls with humanity.

Butterfly tried its best to create its clones to prevent the scene from its nightmare from coming true where it would be sliced by the Butcher's Knife. For the Spider, it was the opposite. He separated his heart to gather the greatest sin and kindness at the cryptic world in the aim of forging that knife from Butterfly's nightmare!

These two psychopaths fought from the real world to the cryptic world. Neither of them managed to kill the other until Han Fei's appearance. With Han Fei's help, Spider managed to forge the Butcher's Knife cryptic world had never seen. The knife would be used to massacre monsters greater than the Butterfly.

The spider web was thick with sin. This power was different from hatred and resentment in most ghosts' hearts. This was the first time Han Fei encountered a power like this. If most monsters and ghosts were creatures of negative emotions and despair, then Spider's power came from his penance towards his sin.

The talisman which hung over the Writer's window was torn open by Han Fei. The spider web of sin sliced through Butterfly's night sky. Under the blackness, it weaved into an inescapable spider web. Normally speaking, Butterfly should be entirely capable of avoiding the spider web but it had lost its mobility and it discovered the Spider a bit too late.



The Spider had been waiting for years for this moment. He was like the predator hiding deep in the spider web, he only showed his fangs at the most crucial moment. Strands of spider web dropped on the Butterfly, trapping the Butterfly. It flapped the wings of nightmares as strong as it could but it could not break the seemingly thin spider web. The Death Curse would bring despair and the Butterfly could use the negative emotions to strengthen itself but it could not do anything against the penance and salvation of sin.

Spider's every web was spun from his own consciousness. They connected his memory of reality and illusion. They also represented Spider's understanding of murder and humanity. Over the past decades, the cryptic world had given Spider a lot of time to think. His eyes had seen many things between life and death, the current Spider was much stronger than the Spider in real life.

"The biggest mistake I made was not killing you in real life." The more Butterfly struggled, the more tightly he was bound inside the spider web. The wings that had drained the cryptic world of its colors flapped powerfully. In the end, the Butterfly stirred its own night sky. Black butterflies crawled out from the night and attacked the tenants at Ziggurat indiscriminately.

Before the tenants knew what was happening, their souls were punctured by the black butterflies. The butterflies fed on their resentment and then carried their Death Curses back to the Butterfly. Butterfly was the manager at Ziggurat but it was completely different from Han Fei. It saw the tenants at Ziggurat as nothing but its own food and tools, when necessary, they all could be sacrificed for its own survival. In contrast, Han Fei was willing to use his own body as bait to lure away the Singer to save the tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood. They were both managers, but they were completely different.

"You won't be escaping this time." Blood reflected in the Spider's eyes. His fingers plucked a strand of the web and the 8 shadows behind him started to expand like they had received some kind of order. Each of their hearts had a bleeding butcher's knife stuck in them. They grabbed at the Butterfly's wing and yanked in 8 different directions!

After the Butterfly's wings were apprehended by these shadows, the senior monster and Zhuang Wen who were affected by the nightmare dust slowly recovered. Little Eight used this opportunity to pummel Butterfly. The beautiful wings became tattered. The situation was leaning towards the Spider but the Spider didn't let his guard down. He noticed Butterfly still had its eyes on Han Fei. Even at this juncture, Butterfly hadn't given up on Han Fei, it still wanted to complete the ritual, that meant that Butterfly still had tricks up its sleeves. Butterfly's impossibly handsome face was covered in death spots. Its eyes were frosty.

“You will regret this. Everything is just a nightmare, but you do not even have the chance of beating me in a nightmare.” The Butterfly warned cryptically. After saying that, blood vessels lurched out from its hollow chest. The vessels surged towards the altar under Han Fei’s feet and connected to the broken heart. Butterfly couldn’t use the vessels to remove Big Sin from the heart, so it pulled both the heart and Big Sin directly into its chest.

The altar inside the giant cocoon crumbled. The hope for Butterfly to break through its hatred had disappeared. Instead, it used the power of the heart to absorb all the Death Curse inside the Ziggurat. All the tenants were drawn into its darkness, the bride who hid at the corner, the female livestreamer who was blocked outside Building 4, the madman from Building 1, the old lady on the top floor, even Zhuang Ren’s oldest daughter was tormented by Death Curses. She was holding a broken figurine in her arms or else her soul would have been crushed by the Death Soul already. Butterfly consumed everything at the Ziggurat madly. The floors were collapsing. All the tenants wailed in despair but the paper dolls made by the Butterfly played their instruments, the dirge overwhelming the wails.

“You will die in my nightmare, I will become your new nightmare and revive using your bodies!” The Butterfly resisted everyone’s attacks. Before its wings were torn apart, its blood vessels bound around the neck of the old lady on the top floor. Of all the tenants, only this old lady didn’t resist the Butterfly.

“Grandmother, there are around 30 plus people in our family. All of them see me as a monster, only you were willing to share a sentence with me.” The old lady couldn’t breathe, her neck was misshapen. Her eyes flowed with muddled tears. “But I know you never love me too, you don’t even know my name.” The blood vessels bound harder. They dragged the old lady into the Butterfly’s heart. “Your one sentence allowed you to live another 10 years in the afterlife but now it is time for you to join the rest of the family.” The old lady’s soul was stuffed inside that broken heart. The heart cracked and inside were the faces of Butterfly’s family. Their faces were glued together and lived inside the chamber of that heart. After the old lady returned, the shattered heart started to beat again. New vessels grew out from the heart, they looked more like flesh tendrils. They crawled out from Butterfly’s chest.

Butterfly turned to grab at the dresser behind it. It smiled coldly at everyone. It exploded the giant meat blob underneath it and then grabbed Han Fei and pushed open the door to Dresser 4444. The broken wings fluttered madly. Before Butterfly entered the door, it pulled Han Fei towards the broken heart. The fleshy tendrils lashed towards Han Fei. Butterfly wanted to force the ritual. It wanted to control Han Fei’s both consciousness and shell and then escape through the nightmares.

Perhaps due to the intervention of Big Sin, the fleshy tendrils moved very slowly. Spider, Little Eight and tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood charged at Dresser 4444. The spider web limited Butterfly’s movement. It couldn’t directly consume Han Fei to complete the final step of Resurrection.

Both parties were fighting for time. Spider's 8 shadows had fully shredded Butterfly's wings but the endless Death Curses had heavily injured everyone present. At this last moment, a hand picked up Rest in Peace that had fallen into the night. The Evil Soul whose face was soaked in blood picked up the knife.

The senior monster's body had been fully destroyed by the Death Curse. The faces on his back were unrecognizable. His skin wrinkled like aged bark and his hair was fully white. The black flame of hatred was flickering weakly but the butterfly's Death Curse was still very much active.

"Is my lineage forced to suffer this curse forever?" The senior monster used the last bit of his strength to stand up. His crooked hand grabbed Rest in Peace. The souls on his spine shattered and crawled into the hilt. The senior monster teetered among the broken bodies, holding the bladeless knife. With each of his steps, a segment of his spine would turn into dust. His giant body was shrinking but the fading black flame of hatred was still burning stubbornly.

When only the Evil Soul's face remained, the senior monster who had been silent finally spoke, "I wouldn't be able to use your knife, it is time for you to inherit this lineage."

"Will we meet again?"

"As long as the lineage is alive, we will forever live in your spine, supporting you."

"I will relay that to your grandchild, is there anything else?"

"No more." The senior monster and Evil Soul's faces turned blurry at the same time. A giant and transparent soul disappeared into Rest in Peace and all the faces on the senior monster's spine vanished. Instead the senior monster's own face took on the Evil Soul's appearance.

"The eyes are wet, were you crying earlier? Since you know your family loves you that much, why run away from home? But then again, you managed to escape the familicide because of it." The Evil Soul grabbed Rest in Peace and the black flame of hatred started to burn again. He ran and the expression on his face turned from calmness to madness!

He charged at full speed. A large withered hand appeared on the hilt and then it was followed by many other hands!

The brilliant blade cut through the Butterfly's night sky. The senior monster sacrificed himself to provide the Evil Soul the power similar to that of a Pure Hatred!

The temporary brightness blinded everyone. The Evil Soul dragged Rest in Peace and the blade made from humanity cut at the broken heart inside Butterfly's chest!

"Let me make your nightmare come true!"