

Iyashikei 401

Chapter 401

401 Please Consider This Carefully [2in1]

“Mission Requirement: Explore Ancestral Hall Street and repair the altar on the street.

“Mission Hint: It might not be gods living inside the altar.

“Warning! This mission has a time limit, please complete it within the next 3 hours!”

The system notification’s appearance was very abrupt. After Han Fei read all the mission notifications, his eyes narrowed with confusion. ‘Repair the altar? How am I supposed to do that?’

He was there to deal with the Singer who happened to be at Ancestral Hall Street. His focus wasn’t the street itself. However, since this was a Grade F Mission, Han Fei had to treat it seriously. Every mission that was related to the altar had to be treated seriously. Based on known information, altars were a required step for Pure Hatred to evolve to Unmentionable so Han Fei had to be careful around any kind of altar.

‘This is a time-limited mission, I only have 3 hours to complete it.’ Han Fei hugged the urn and entered Ancestral Hall Street. Instantly he could feel how this place was different from the other locales he had visited in the past.

There was no sign of any ghost or monster. There was no bloody scent or horrible stench that was normally associated with Lingering Spirits, instead a light smoke lingered in the air. Standing at the entrance, Han Fei could look down the entire street, Ancestral Hall Street wasn’t that long. The windows and doors of all the buildings that lined the street were sealed by bricks. The walls were painted with strange symbols.

“Can you feel anything out of place?” Han Fei communicated with his neighbours inside the urn. But even Weep, who was very sensitive to despair and negative emotion, didn’t sense anything.

'The Singer is heavily injured, if I'm him, I would lay low and hide in the dark. I would find a chance to assassinate me. Because after I die, the people at both the Ziggurat and Happiness Neighbourhood would dissolve and fight among themselves. That will make my life so much easier.' Han Fei's brain spun quickly even though his expression didn't show any of that. 'Before the Singer entered the Ziggurat, he was already injured. After he got entangled with the Butterfly, his injury deepened. I believe currently he only possesses 1/10 of his usual power.'

As strategies formulated in his mind, Han Fei slowly moved deeper into Ancestral Hall Street. When he reached the middle of the street, not only him, but all the ghosts, including Zhuang Wen stopped moving. An ancient ancestral hall sat in the centre of the street. The harrowing Song drifted out from the building.

'The Singer is inside!' They were only a few metres away and everyone could feel the pressure. Their bodies instinctively tried to turn away. They hadn't even seen the Singer but their minds already told them to return.

The tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood walked out from the urn to guard before Han Fei. When they encountered the Singer at the security company, Han Fei sacrificed himself to lure the Singer into the Ziggurat to buy time for them to escape. Now that they were facing the Singer again, the tenants at Happiness Neighbourhood would not allow that to happen once more.

'Things appear to have changed.' In the past, whenever they heard the Singer, all the Lingering Spirits and Animated Regrets would run as fast as possible but things were different this time. Everyone moved slowly towards the building situated at the centre of Ancestral Hall Street. Compared to the other building, this hall appeared older than the rest. It had a different architectural style, it looked like an old hall built several hundred years ago.

"Something else has been here before we do." The Mirror God carried by Drake suddenly spoke.

"There's a lingering presence at the door that I absolutely despise. Even though it is very weak, I am certain someone from another area has been here before us."

"What is that?" Drake found several red threads at the door. He reached out to touch them and the tiny threads immediately dissolved into horrible smelling blood.

"Stay away from those threads." Mirror God continued, "The area around Ziggurat is covered in Death Curse, so the most common thing around there is curses. However, different areas will have different geographical features. For example, these threads that will dissolve into blood. They are called life

threads, normally bound around the ankles of the dead. I heard from the previous manager that there's a Pure Hatred from another area who can use these threads to control Lingered Spirits, to make them into toys and dolls."

"Butterfly has just died and other people are already moving into its territory?" Han Fei took out Rest in Peace. He cut at the pool of blood on the ground. A scream came from the blood before it vaporized into black smoke.

"According to legend, life thread is connected to a person's destiny. Your blade appears to possess the ability to sever the destinies touched by a Pure Hatred." The Mirror God was surprised, this was the first time he encountered something like this.

"Since Rest in Peace can cut through it, then it can only mean that the opponent is a manifestation of extreme evil. We'll have to be prepared for it." Han Fei signaled for the rest to keep on moving. "We've just dealt with Butterfly and already other things are encroaching upon us. There's really no time to rest in the cryptic world."

Pushing open the door of the hall at the centre of Ancestral Hall Street, there were bloody red threads everywhere. Each thread was bound with black and white talisman. Using Rest in peace, Han Fei cut through all of them. Deep inside the hall was a black coffin. At the end of the coffin was an altar table and the broken altar sat on top of it.

"The altar from Ziggurat's top floor has been brought here by the Singer?" Han Fei and the tenants from Ziggurat recognized the altar at first glance. At the time Butterfly activated the thing hidden inside the altar and used it to attack the Singer. The Singer took the attack head on and then scurried away with the altar and the old man's head.

Everyone became nervous when they saw the altar. They were all on full alert. Their eyes slowly moved towards the black coffin. Inside the hall, only the coffin was large enough to hide a person. Several Lingered Spirits approached at the same time. With the Mirror God giving the direction, they opened the coffin lid.

There was a music box sitting inside the black coffin. The harrowing soul-summoning song came from the music box. No one dared to move recklessly. In the end, it was Xu Qin who picked the music box out from the black coffin. The music box looked perfectly normal but two sentences were written on the bottom of it.

The first sentence Han Fei had seen in real life before— I hope that everyone in the world can hear your voice and that you can move their heartstrings, bringing them warmth and salvation.

The second sentence's handwriting was completely different from the first. It spoke of madness and twisted desire. Just reading the words was enough for the readers to feel the writer's anger and pain— God only blesses those who are useful to him.

"If the Singer is really one of Fu Sheng's 3 children, then the first sentence should be something Fu Sheng left for his child. The second sentence then would be the Singer's reply to Fu Sheng." Han Fei could thus determine that there was some kind of unhappy history between the Singer and Fu Sheng.

'The faces of all the figurines inside this hall have been ruined. The name of the person being mourned has all been carved away. It's like the thing being mourned here has an unmentionable name.

'Among the people I know, only Fu Sheng, the previous manager, fulfills that quality. He chose to destroy the cryptic world. He was bound to make enemies with all the Unmentionables in the cryptic world. In the end, he was defeated until his memory was fractured and his name became a taboo.

'After the Singer obtained the altar and the old man's head, he came directly to the Ancestral Hall Street and placed the altar here. Does this mean that this whole street was built to mourn Fu Sheng? If he wasn't defeated, the whole street would be filled with figurines with his face.'

The path taken by Fu Sheng had led him to a dead end. Now no one dared to bring up his name and his figurines had all been desecrated. Other than Han Fei, the Singer was probably the only one who still remembered him.

'For Fu Sheng, destroying the cryptic world is his final goal. Even though the Singer is his child, to achieve his goal, the Singer will have to be sacrificed.' The Singer was an Unmentionable, just what kind of trauma he had experienced to become something like that?

Han Fei still had many questions but no one was able to answer them for him. It appeared like before they arrived at Ancestral Hall Street, the Singer had carried away the old man's head while leaving behind the altar. Theoretically speaking, Han Fei should be proud of himself to have cornered an Unmentionable so, but he could not find the joy within his heart.

The life threads at the door proved that other than himself, someone else had targeted the Singer.

“When I logged into the game, I could still see the Singer squatting at the Ancestral Hall Street with the human head, was he purposely waiting for me? Or he was trying to lure me here?” Han Fei’s impression of the Singer was strength, madness and vengeful. However, after the Singer gained the old man’s head, he appeared to have changed, it was like he had regained some shred of rationality and humanity. “What is it that he wants?”

Staring at the altar on the table, Han Fei slowly approached it, he felt like there was something summoning him.

“There’s an impression on the table for the altar. It fits perfectly. It’s like the altar has always been here...”

“Be careful, don’t go near the altar.” Mirror God warned. But Han Fei still grabbed the black cloth draped over the altar and peeled it back. Han Fei stood alone before the altar and looked inside it.

The broken altar had been fixed. However, the figurine inside it had no face. At that moment, Han Fei’s eyes appeared to leak with blood, he could hear echoes of maddened laughter inside his ears.

When his eyesight returned to normal, the face of the figurine inside the altar took on Han Fei’s features!

“Notification for Player 0000! Building an altar for yourself is highly risky, please consider this carefully!

“Warning! The possibility of death for players below level 30 to build an altar is 100 percent, please consider this carefully!”

Han Fei also panicked listening to the endless warning from the system. He only pulled the black cloth back, he had not done anything beyond that.

402 Han Fei's Altar [2in1]

Han Fei wanted to stop this, he had no interest in building an altar, but it was already too late. The figurine inside the altar was like a snowman left under the sun. As its size slowly dwindled, the cracks on its body healed and the face became more and more like Han Fei. The nose, eyes, mouth... the figurine looked just like Han Fei, the only difference was the Han Fei portrayed by the figurine was laughing madly.

Han Fei had never shown a laugh like that in real life, not even his Evil Soul would laugh so madly. 'The crazy laughter from the red orphanage in my mind is influencing me!'

The things that Han Fei worried about finally happened. After Butterfly drew out his souls, it activated the deep red memory in Han Fei's mind. Even though the Butterfly had been vanquished, the memory it triggered didn't recover to its previous state.

"Warning! Building an altar will summon misfortune and tragedy! After the altar is destroyed, the player will be permanently injured!"

"Warning! Building an altar requires a lot of sacrifice... Forcing the building of one will heavily injure the player!"

"Warning! After the altar has been successfully built, the player will always be traceable by Unmentionables! Please consider this carefully!"

The warning from the system didn't stop. Han Fei's scalp was numb but he couldn't do anything. 'Don't just warn me! Tell me how to stop this!'

After the figurine took on Han Fei's appearance, Han Fei's Life Points started to drop until it stopped at 1 Life Points. The worst thing was normally a player's Life Points would slowly recover on its own, but now Han Fei noticed no matter how many Life Points he recovered, it would immediately be absorbed by the altar and he would drop back to 1 Life Point.

What concept is having 1 Life Points? It meant that Han Fei would die from a touch by a spirit. Han Fei stared at the wooden splinters on the edge of the roughly-made altar and the red threads around him, he didn't dare to move too recklessly.

Due to the talent of Midnight Butcher, the lower Han Fei's Life Points, the better his physical capability and the sharper his senses. He could feel clearly that the altar was building some kind of connection with him. Noticing the strange behavior of Han Fei, all the neighbours actively surrounded Han Fei in the middle, just in case he was attacked from something in the dark. Han Fei wanted to open his mouth to warn the others, but he didn't really understand what had happened. He decided to wait for the system notification to finish first.

The old altar had changed. The appearance didn't change, but the strange words, curses and marks on the inside walls had disappeared. No one dared to move. Everyone stood in the middle of the hall.

Soon an hour passed. The Song from the black coffin suddenly disappeared and a fleeting cackle drifted out from the altar. Everyone present heard the laughter. They knew it was Han Fei but strangely enough, it also felt like it didn't belong to Han Fei. Han Fei wouldn't laugh like that.

"Notification for Player 0000! As the Guardian Spirit of Yi Ming Street, you've successfully built your own altar!

"Han Fei's altar: Unknown object

"Definition of Unknown Object: Object that has never appeared or has appeared for the first time in the darkest night.

"Players under level 15 cannot build an altar successfully so the anomaly makes this an unknown object.

"Altar Level: 0

"Please increase the altar level to 1 as soon as possible. Before the altar reaches level 1, it will continuously exhaust the player's Life Points. After the altar is raised to level 1, it will unlock all of its basic ability! Behind every altar hides the eyes of an Unmentionable, every altar corresponds to the power of an Unmentionable!

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve successfully peeled back the black cloth on the altar and obtained the approval of the figurine inside. You’ve unlocked your character’s hidden attribute, reputation!

“Reputation Points: 34.

“Raise your reputation to 100, to satisfy the lowest requirement needed to level up the altar!

“Obtaining friendliness from nearby citizens can indirectly increase your reputation; Earning hatred and anger from the nearby citizens also provides a chance to increase your reputation.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve successfully built an altar. You’ve unlocked your character’s hidden attribute, Afterlife Karma!

“Afterlife Karma: 80

“Helping others from the dark has a chance of gaining Afterlife Karma. You can exhaust Afterlife Karma to level up the altar!

“Leveling up the altar requires the player to have 100 Reputation and 100 Afterlife Karma!”

When Han Fei saw all the notifications, he was stunned. The altars were related to the Unmentionables. Without even realizing it, Han Fei had taken a huge step in his life but this step appeared to have brought him closer to hell. “Before the altar is leveled up, it will continue to exhaust the player’s Life Points? Meaning if I don’t raise the altar to level 1, I will permanently be in the state of having 1 Life Points?” In this cryptic world where murderers, ghosts and madmen roamed freely, even with his neighbours protecting him, Han Fei didn’t feel safe at all. After all, the moment Big Sin woke up and decided to come and ‘cuddle’ with Han Fei, Han Fei would die on the spot. “Looks like I better stay away from Big Sin before the altar levels up.”

Han Fei tried his best to calm down. Han Fei didn’t dare to eat Xu Qin’s food anymore. Xu Qin’s food indeed could help recover his Life Points but they also contained curses. Now was not the time to take risks, even though Han Fei’s luck was always not bad.

“Notification for Player 0000! Grade F Mission, Ancestral Hall Street has been completed! You’ve completed the task of repairing the altar, you obtained 3 free skill points!

“Mission completion rate is more than 90 percent, you obtained additional reward—Ancestral Hall.

“Ancestral Hall: Ancestral halls are places where people mourn their ancestors, but in your ancestral hall, you will be mourning yourself. As Lingering Spirits and Animated Regrets enter your ancestral hall, there’s a chance for you to gain reputation and afterlife karma.”

The system wanted the player to repair the altar and not build the altar, but in a way, building an altar was repairing the altar. The difference was the figurine inside the altar had been swapped for another ‘God’.

“I have no idea an altar can be taken over just like that!” Han Fei shared a look with himself inside the altar. It felt weird to see that even though he was only 20 plus, he was already being mourned on a sacrificial table. It was also inexplicably terrifying. He knew the thing inside the altar was not himself, or rather, it was not the version of himself Han Fei wished to be. Han Fei lowered the black cloth over the altar and then turned to the Mirror God, “What... do you think I should do now?”

Mirror God at Building 1 and the Phantom Dog at Building 2 were the earliest tenants at Happiness Neighbourhood. They knew many things.

“Altars have special meaning in this city. Theoretically speaking, you shouldn’t be able to build your own altar.” The Mirror God knelt inside the mirror. This was the first time Han Fei saw the Mirror God come so close to the edge of the mirror and look so confused. “It’s a good thing that you’ve built an altar, this will help you evolve into an Unmentionable in the future, but...”

“But what?”

“You’ll need to be dead to reap that benefit. First you have to die and then slowly make your way to become an Unmentionable, am I right?”

Han Fei couldn't disagree with the Mirror God. He was reminded of Fu Sheng, the previous building manager. Fu Sheng had his own altar, but in reality, other than Fu Sheng's younger brother, no one knew about his existence, it was like he was dead. On top of that, Han Fei had the testimony from Zhuang Ren. He knew that the CEO of Immortal Pharma grew up alone, Zhuang Ren had never seen Fu Sheng before. The combination of these two clues ignited a possibility in Han Fei's mind.

Noting how silent Han Fei was, the Mirror God added, "Of course, all the altar possesses at least 1 power of the Unmentionable. If we serve this altar well, perhaps you'll gain a new trump card." Mirror God stayed inside the mirror but he knew the altars very well. He must have experienced a lot before he was stuck inside the mirror.

"I guess that's all I can do now." Han Fei didn't hide the requirement to level up the altar. He needed to reach level 1 as soon as possible to stop the permanent drain of his Life Points. He saw the altar as a monster from the cryptic world. When there was no sacrifice, it would consume the player's Life Points to sustain itself.

The neighbours tried to mourn the altar but Han Fei's Afterlife Karma didn't budge. Looks like this hidden attribute wouldn't be so easily raised.

Ancestral Hall Street was at the fringe of Ziggurat, this place was quite dangerous. After a quick discussion, the group split into 2 teams. The tenants from Ziggurat would take the music box and continue to search for the Singer while the tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood would escort Han Fei back to the Ziggurat to ensure his safety.

Skiping a meeting with Big Sin, Han Fei tried to understand more about his two new unlocked hidden attributes at the Ziggurat. He decided to visit the Ziggurat's remaining tenants one by one. Using the experience he had from his own counseling sessions, Han Fei walked into the tenants' hearts. He could feel their despair and identify their obsession. During this process, Han Fei was indeed touched by the tenants' past and he became sincere in helping them to complete their last wishes.

Communication, counseling, promises, Han Fei was more like a travelling psychologist than a player in the cryptic world. He tried to save the 'monsters' who were trapped in this maze, to help them find their most authentic selves. Han Fei used 8 hours to get to know all the remaining tenants at Ziggurat. This included the reason for the businessman's greed, the red dress' last wishes, as well as the people who had died without a whimper in the Death Chat Group.

He memorized everyone's past. He would try to find traces of these people back in real life. After 8 hours, Han Fei's Afterlife Karma increased by 2 points. Why the increase? Han Fei had no idea.

"Afterlife Karma normally means doing good things in good life so that one would be repaid in kind after death. Does that mean I'll have to do more good things in real life?" Helping the victim's family was a good thing, capturing the culprit to bring justice to the dead was also a good thing. Han Fei thought about it, if that was really the case, then his Afterlife Karma mostly came from solving cases.

"I'll find out more after I return to real life." After saying goodbye to everyone, Han Fei chose a safe room to log out. His consciousness rose. When blood froze the city, he could sense clearly there was a blood capillary that came out from his chest which was connected to the altar at Ancestral Hall Street.

His eyes wandered. Inside a building in the area next to the Ziggurat, the Singer was hugging the old man's head, staring at Han Fei silently.

"What is the meaning of this? The Singer has been using this method to lure me to him? What is it that he wants?"

Opening his eyes, Han Fei removed the gaming helmet. His mind was filled with the last gaze the Singer directed at him.

"He appeared to be crying..."

Chapter 403

403 Huang Yin's Era [2in1]

The Singer appeared to be crying and the cries carried a melancholy with it. 'Sometimes, the more you remember, the sadder you'll be. Perhaps the Singer has already communicated with the old man's head.' Han Fei desperately needed Fu Sheng's memory fragment to understand the cryptic world, and the Singer should know about that. He left behind the altar but carried the old man's head to another zone. Clearly he was luring Han Fei away from the safety of Ziggurat.

'The building where the Singer is in is quite unique. All the windows are hanging with red threads and the walls are mottled. The walls have protrusions here and there. It doesn't look like it is built from

bricks, it looks more like a living monster.’ There was everything in the cryptic world. The system was not omnipotent. For example, it couldn’t identify the black creature raised by Xu Qin. No one knew how it came into being. There had to be many unidentifiable things like that in the cryptic world.

‘After I level up the altar, I should try to explore the area adjacent to the Ziggurat.’ The map left behind by Fu Sheng appeared in Han Fei’s mind. The cryptic world was humongous, the areas Han Fei had explored were only a very small part, he hadn’t really walked into the true darkness.

‘To upgrade the altar, I need to satisfy two conditions, reach 100 reputation and 100 afterlife karma.

‘I’ve attempted so many jobs in the cryptic world and have made my mark. Technically my name should be known already but my reputation is only 34, that’s still a distance away from 100. Looks like I was being too low profile before. After I collect sufficient afterlife karma, I’ll have to do a few big things.

‘Gaining friendship from the locals of the cryptic world can increase my reputation; getting them to hate me also can increase my reputation. It’s easier to anger people than to help people.’

Han Fei now only had 1 Life Points to work with but he still planned to make his infamy known. Taking a risk was an understatement for what Han Fei was planning. ‘There are ways to improve my reputation in the cryptic world but afterlife karma is more unique. Even though the system didn’t specify it, based on my understanding, afterlife karma is earned by doing good deeds while alive to reap the reward after death. Does that mean that my afterlife karma will increase if I keep doing kind things in real life?’

The source of everything had to do with the black box inside Han Fei’s brain. Earlier when he tried to expose the existence of the black box and the cryptic world, he was warned by the voice in his mind. Therefore, Han Fei could determine that the black box was constantly watching him and the things Han Fei did in real life would also be recorded inside the black box.

To verify this hypothesis further, Han Fei decided to visit the police. He didn’t just waste 8 hours talking to the tenants of Ziggurat. After knowing about their past, Han Fei knew more about their deaths. Other than some members of the Death Chat Group, the majority of Ziggurat tenants were murdered and their murderers were Butterfly’s disciples. Butterfly had perished but the ‘monsters’ it created still lingered in real life. Han Fei needed to bring these monsters in human skin to justice, to sever the influence of Butterfly completely.

Taking out his phone, Han Fei wrote down everything he knew. Other people usually came to the police after the case was made but Han Fei helped the police by providing the case, the key clues, and the culprit. It was a complete service.

Since he didn't have to go to the set that morning, Han Fei decided to personally visit Xin Lu Old City's police station. At first, it was Li Xue and the other officers on duty who came to welcome him but after hearing what Han Fei had to say, Han Fei was dragged into the police cruiser and driven to the headquarters.

After he was targeted by the Butterfly, everyone thought Han Fei had stopped his vigilante work but turns out, he had been collecting information until finally it could see the light!

Seeing the various cases in Han Fei's phone, even detectives with decades of experience were baffled. Han Fei's analysis into various cases showcased extreme professionalism. Without decades of experience, compiling cases like this was impossible.

"Are you sure you have no intention of joining the force?" The chief of the station personally invited Han Fei. He believed Han Fei had wasted his talent as an actor.

"You flatter me, I'm only lucky."

"Lucky? Where did you find your luck? The list of criminals on your phone is longer than the time I've known you." The chief commented. However, the law enforcement had to take things slow because some of the criminals were already dead or missing, plus it involved too many people.

After handing his files over to the police, Han Fei took out his phone and looked through the last wishes he recorded in his memo. This list of last wishes he gained from talking with the Ziggurat tenants. Some of them hoped to find justice, others wished to see their loved ones again, and some just wanted to have a good meal.

After Han Fei left the police station, he helped the tenants fulfil their last wishes one by one. He visited many families and eventually he encountered the last living member of the senior monster's lineage. After closing himself in for a full day, the young man finally walked out from his house. Based on what his neighbours said, the young man appeared to have changed into a different person. He was no longer as despondent as before and had started his job hunt.

The dead had departed and the sadness coagulated among the living. Some of them lost their family, others lost their loves, some lost everything but most of them were still trying their best to survive.

Laughing's parents had a second child; the businessman left all of his money to his mother, his mother became a famous philanthropist at Xin Lu; the red dress' parents had died from illness, but every year, her fans would come to clean her grave during her death anniversary and leave her fresh flowers.

After meeting so many people, the mad laughter in Han Fei's mind disappeared and he found peace. Through the police, Han Fei confirmed Firefly's identity. He was actually an A-list comedy actor at Xin Lu. He was still quite famous but he hadn't had a new project in 5 years already. Coincidentally, Firefly achieved fame at almost the same age and same method as Han Fei did. The difference was, one of them was in comedy, and the other in horror. Han Fei decided not to disturb Firefly.

Han Fei's last stop was a hospital. Lai Sheng and his grandparents were here. The old man sat in the corridor outside the sickrooms. One of them had his wife who suffered from serious illness; and the other had his grandson who was unconscious from high fever. He paced between the two rooms, only interrupted by calls who demanded him to pay the money.

Han Fei approached the nurse and after ensuring Lai Sheng was not in mortal danger, he sighed in relief. Han Fei stood at the corner of the corridor and studied the old man. Han Fei contacted Li Xue and with the police's help, Han Fei found Lai Sheng and his grandmother's main physician. Han Fei paid 50000 RMB of the medical fee. Han Fei wanted to pay the full amount since Lai Sheng's parents had saved his life but he didn't have that much money after buying the gaming hub.

'I need to do more for Lai Sheng. Perhaps Director Jiang or Sister Long can give me an advance for the box office from Twin Flower.' Han Fei didn't expect that he had to skimp so much even after he became famous. Other actors squandered after they achieved fame but Han Fei had to borrow money to keep on acting. 'I need to work hard and earn more money for everyone in the cryptic world.'

Han Fei's initial thought was merely to try and see if doing good deeds could increase his afterlife karma but now he changed his mind, these things needed to be done or the dead wouldn't rest in peace, and there was no greater deed than to bring peace.

Wearing his cheapest clothes, Han Fei hurried towards the set of Thriller Writer. Even though he wore the cheapest outfit among all the actors, he immediately grabbed everyone's attention when he arrived.

Han Fei greeted the crew and noticed everyone was talking about Perfect Life. The praises everyone had made Han Fei itching to try the normal version of Perfect Life.

Han Fei didn't plan to join their conversation when he heard a familiar name from one of the crew—Huang Yin.

“The fuck! Huang Yin's ranking has increased again! He has already dominated 3 rankings! Who the hell is this man?”

“Level 15? It has only been 14 hours since the opening of the server and he's already level 15?! He must be cheating!”

Han Fei leaned closer to the crew members and glanced at their phone screen. All the hot searches on all the major platforms were dominated by one name—Huang Yin!

“Do you guys know this Huang Yin? What has he done?” Han Fei was confused. He only knew that he was currently level 15 but Brother Huang managed to reach level 15 over the course of one night. That was even faster than most beta players.

“Mr. Han, are you not playing Perfect Life? This Huang Yin is invincible! He's a God!” The crew members pointed at the phone. There was a player who called himself a master player who was openly questioning Huang Yin.

“Perfect Life entered OB yesterday at midnight. Other than normal players, it had attracted many professional players. It is now the early stages of the game but it has already gained the attention of the world. Whoever can rise on the ranking can easily get big endorsements so many players are trying their best to climb the ranks. Initially the ranking kept changing but after late midnight, this Huang Yin appeared.” The crew member gasped in shock like when he saw the name Huang Yin for the first time.

“There are 10 rankings in Perfect Life and players all over the world are fighting for the top 1000. And Huang Yin is ranked 1 in 3 of the rankings!

“On the level ranking, he is 5 levels ahead of the 2nd ranked player! That’s a whole 5 levels! Even the ace player from the world’s biggest gaming studio is ranked behind Huang Yin! They can only watch him from the back!

“The second ranking is the friendliness level with NPC or also known as the reputation ranking. When other players’ reputation was still in the singular digit, Huang Yin’s reputation had reached 3 digits already. It was like he was the family of these NPCs, no one knew how he managed to accomplish this!

“The last ranking is the happiness point ranking. It’s the hardest to gain Happiness Points, it’s not something that can be raised with gaming experience and resources. The player has to really understand the meaning of Perfect Life and the meaning of happiness. But for this impossible attribute, Huang Yin increased it by 35 points in less than 12 hours! Did he live in hell before the game started to have gained so much happiness from just playing a game?!”

The crew member had voiced everyone’s thoughts. Not only them, but all the players of Perfect Life were also talking about Huang Yin. Some suspected Huang Yin of having maximum hidden attributes and at least 2 Grade A Talent. Others believed Huang Yin was the biggest investor behind Deep Space Tech, or he was the illegitimate son of the Immortal Pharma CEO. Of course most people claimed Huang Yin was a cheater, a pirate to steal the great future of humanity!

Even though Deep Space Tech had given multiple statements that there was no suspicious behaviour in Huang Yin’s account, the discussion on Huang Yin on the internet kept increasing. The name had become a legend, a symbol marking the start of Perfect Life’s OB. Whenever people thought about this period in the future, they would think of Huang Yin.

Huang Yin’s result was plain for all to see. He was like a pioneer, standing at a height where the rest could only see but couldn’t reach.

Han Fei searched for the real time ranking for the various rankings in Perfect Life. Huang Yin dominated 3 of the ranks, for the remaining 7 rankings, 5 of them were led by a player who had hidden their ID.

‘Could this player also be Huang Yin? He has taken the lead in 8 rankings?’ Han Fei had no idea if Perfect Life would herald in a new era but if it did, it would be stamped by Huang Yin’s name.

404 Moderator, Han Fei

You reap what you sow. Huang Yin's effort had been repaid in multitudes, even people around Han Fei were talking about him. This showed how famous he was. Opening the social media, Huang Yin had completed the dreams of many actors, which was to dominate all the hot searches. This mysterious man had an overwhelming charm, attracting everyone's eyes.

Numerous gaming studios, players and even in-game mods were observing Huang Yin. He was more than a little famous. After chatting some more with the crew, Han Fei took out his phone to send Huang Yin a message.

Perhaps because Huang Yin had marked Han Fei as a special number on his phone, not long after the message was sent, Huang Yin returned with a request for a video call. Han Fei didn't dare to accept the call casually. He found a secluded corner before he accepted the call. "You've exited the game?"

"I've been playing since yesterday midnight. I'm taking a break for lunch, then I'll go back to the game." Huang Yin looked surprisingly glowing, it probably had to do with the fact that he was using the top of the state gaming hub.

"Watch your health. In that case, I won't disturb you anymore." Han Fei trusted Huang Yin fully.

"Wait a minute." Huang Yin on the phone said after some hesitation, "There are a few things that I need to notify you about."

"What is it?" Han Fei was surprised. From what he heard, the surface world was perfect and sunny, there was nothing worth noting about it.

"Something's wrong." Huang Yin's expression was serious. "Since the game enters OB, it is taken over by the photon computer, there are many places which are different from CB. From the mannerism to the NPC to the progression of the plot, everything is changing. Other than that, there are a lot of inconspicuous missions related to the supernatural."

After a pause, Huang Yin ended the call and resumed through an encrypted call, "Using the items that we've prepared, while most players were still in tutorial, I had entered the zones current players

shouldn't be able to assess. I notice the NPC there are no different from actual living humans. In fact, it felt like a living person's souls had been attached to them. I often had the impression that I was not playing a game but had entered a different lived-in world."

"Before Deep Space Tech and Immortal Pharma released the game, they collected a large amount of citizenry information and purchased many electronic traces left behind by netizens after they passed away. It's not impossible for them to reconstruct authentic NPC from these digital memories."

"No, the feeling I had was not plausible with just reconstruction of digital memories." Huang Yin stressed. "I can't really explain it. In any case, no one has seen the so-called 7th generation photon computer before. I suspect certain things have spiraled out of Deep Space Tech's control."

"Can you give me an example?" Han Fei noticed Huang Yin's arguments were not as logical as before, it was like the man had been recently traumatized.

"I've already gained the profession of Blood Doctor, I'm the only person to gain a profession in the whole server. Technically speaking, if I don't wear the mask that can't hide my presence, there would be warrants out for me throughout the server and I would be hated by the NPC. That is the property of the profession defined by the system. However, after I left the Blood Doctor's home, I ran into the victims whom I saved. I wasn't wearing any mask but they were still willing to communicate with me and thank me. In fact, even their families were willing to give me refuge." Huang Yin was silent as he looked at his hands. "I've chosen to kill the previous Blood Doctor and become the new Blood Doctor. In the future I might be wanted by the whole server and become the game's first Grade S criminal. However, the people I saved didn't turn hostile against me as the system dictated. Instead they had made their own choices to aid me."

"You're saying the NPC are becoming sentient?"

"Compared to CB, they have already started to violate some set game rules. I suspect this has to do with the explosion that happened at the intelligent city not too long ago." Huang Yin said and then shook his head as if denying that suspicion. "Actually I can understand giving the NPC the ability to think, but the thing that really scares me is..." He was conflicted for a long time before Huang Yin voiced his other concern. "According to the prediction of the photon computer, no player should be able to reach level 10 and enter the zone for level 10 players in such a short amount of time, but I did. After I completed the mission for the Blood Doctor, I noticed the discrepancies with the NPC's behavior. But as the other players slowly caught up to me and more players reached level 10, I returned to the area for level 10 players and by then most of the NPC had returned to normal again."

This observation by Huang Yin grabbed Han Fei's attention, this was a valuable discovery.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Maybe..." Huang Yin scratched his beard, he hadn't shaved them for days already. "After being at your place, I was really affected. If your place is dominated by complete darkness and despair, then the normal Perfect Life should be enveloped in complete light and warmth but can there really be a world that is so clearly black and white?"

"For example, I saw light in your world too, like the woman who had saved me and looked like my mother; in the surface world, I also saw NPC who shouldn't fit in here, like the crazed Blood Doctor that I killed. The difference is your world is shrouded in darkness, hiding all the sins and hope; and in the surface world, any kind of imperfections and ugliness would immediately be discovered, and then forcibly changed by the system. I'm not saying that this is not good. I just have this feeling that the so-called Perfect Life doesn't really exist. The reason the surface world is so perfect is that the system had shoved all the NPC's evilness into the cryptic world."

Huang Yin took a deep breath. "After seeing such a warm and beautiful world, I couldn't help but be reminded of the endless darkness where you are. I feel like the Perfect Life that I'm playing is just a part of the real Perfect Life. The surface world is like an iceberg floating on the ocean. We play on the sea surface, bathed in the sunlight. But the real Perfect Life is under the sea surface. The area that is completely submerged in the deep dark water, no one knows how big it really is and no one knows what kind of evil it represents. Human beings are both good and evil. If one day, the iceberg tips over, everyone will fall into the dark sea.

"In the past, I thought the photon computer represented the ultimate future, but now I've changed my mind." Huang Yin was deeply affected by his experience. "I've been playing for too long. My brain is in a bit of a fritz. I need to ponder about this some more. If I discover anything new, I'll inform you."

After so many things that happened, Huang Yin saw Han Fei as his best friend and buddy. It was fate that they had run into each other. After hanging up, Huang Yin resumed his game while Han Fei considered what Huang Yin had said. Huang Yin didn't know about the black box and the choice Han Fei had to make. 2 different paths would face 2 different challenges.

“Each new generation of Deep Space Tech’s photon computer has a categorical improvement, the 6th generation can already control a whole intelligent city so the 7th generation has to be better. However, the 6th generation photon computer faced some problems on the night before the global OB of Perfect Life and caused the database centre for both Deep Space Tech and Immortal Pharma to explode, is that really a coincidence?” Han Fei stood at the corner with his head lowered, “The Butterfly flapped its wings in the cryptic world and it might create a storm in the real world and the surface world.”

There had to be monsters scarier than the Butterfly in the cryptic world but there won’t be that many monsters that had power similar to Butterfly. This could be seen from the unique talent acquired by Huang Yin. His unique talent was a result of him being repeatedly tortured by Butterfly in his nightmare. This meant that in the whole surface world, only Huang Yin would have the Nightmare talent, this showed also the rarity of talents related to nightmares.

“The giant black cocoon under the Ziggurat is also still a mystery, I need to keep a close watch over it.”

The crews were slowly moving into place. Han Fei’s expression returned to normal. He put away his phone and entered the set.

The shooting for Thriller Writer had almost reached its end. The movie’s budget wasn’t that high but many people had great anticipation of it. All 9 actors were skilled actors. There were already voices on the internet, trying to guess who would be the best actors among them.

The shot continued until 7 pm. Han Fei who would never work overtime prepared to leave. He had already finished his scenes for that day but he was halted by Director Zhang. Director Zhang planned to use this film to fight for another big award so he treated this project seriously. He would check every single frame and if there was any flaw, he would edit or reshoot the scene.

However, this led to the result where Han Fei had more and more screen time and a side character’s appearance slowly became more weighty than the female lead. No one had expected this before the shooting started. But now neither Director Zhang nor the producers were willing to cut Han Fei’s scenes, so they had to call the man over.

Among the 9 actors, Han Fei was supposed to have the least amount of screen time. As the killer, his main scenes would be at the end when the twist was revealed. And after this twist, there was another twist where the Spider killed off all of his other personas. Han Fei had handled this double twist perfectly. Other than these two scenes, Han Fei didn’t appear that much in other parts of the movie, his presence was purposely weakened in the early parts of the movie.

Since he was supposed to only be a side character and Han Fei wasn't that famous, in the original contract, Han Fei was also paid the least among the 9 actors. For young actors, to have a chance to work with Director Zhang was worth more than the salary.

However, now that Han Fei had become the soul and centre anchoring the whole movie, this early contract felt quite unfair to Han Fei. Due to various considerations, the producers decided to raise Han Fei's salary and also hoped that they could work with Han Fei in the long term.

Han Fei had not encountered something like this before. After he looked through the new contract and was fine with it, he agreed. Another windfall entered his bank account, Han Fei was glad to see that.

When he returned home, Han Fei didn't wait for midnight to log into the game. After all, there was still a player exploring the 'hidden map' in the cryptic world, Han Fei had to go ensure his safety. Entering the gaming hub, Han Fei put on the gaming helmet. As blood fell, Han Fei felt there was someone looking at him. He thought it was the Singer but as he turned around, Han Fei saw a bloody man standing right behind him.

His eyes flew open!

Han Fei was inside the room where he logged off. He whipped his head around and there was no one there. Taking out his phone, Han Fei summoned all of his neighbours. Now that Han Fei only had 1 Life Points, he didn't dare to stay too far away from them.

'Was the bloody man real? How come I didn't see the Singer this time?' In the past, Han Fei thought the period where he logged in and out of the game was the safest but as he encountered more Unmentionables, that sense of security had been shattered. Han Fei took some time to calm down and then he opened his profile page to examine his reputation and afterlife karma. His reputation didn't change, it was still 34 but his afterlife karma had risen to 86.

'Looks like helping the victims and their families in real life can really increase my afterlife karma!' After Han Fei knew how this attribute worked, with his neighbours escorting him, Han Fei went to check up on Zeng Haicheng.

The young man was not bad, he had passed Feng Ziyu's test and Feng Ziyu had managed to draw out all kinds of information from the young man. From his job experience, to the first porn he watched, Feng Ziyu now knew everything about this man. Han Fei had no idea what Feng Ziyu did to Zeng Haicheng but he realized Feng Ziyu was very capable, he had found a great talent.

Before Resurrection's timer refreshed, Han Fei found the tenants of Ziggurat and updated them about the events in real life.

After the businessman heard about his mother, his expression changed, it turns out there was something more important than money in his heart.

Lai Sheng's parents were informed about their son's current state. Han Fei promised them that he would help Lai Sheng, and with that, the couple gained more friendliness with Han Fei.

Han Fei went through the rooms spreading the good news. In the past, the tenants were afraid of Han Fei but now they truly welcomed him. As the tenants accepted Han Fei, his reputation increased by 2 but that was still far from 100.

'Bad news always travels faster than good news, maybe I should really do something about that.'

As midnight arrived, Han Fei approached the fainted Zeng Haicheng. After checking that the man was physically fine, he used Resurrection on him. After Zeng Haicheng was sent back, the system notified that Han Fei had gained some reputation and afterlife karma. 'Sending back the players who had accidentally entered the cryptic world will also increase my reputation and afterlife karma? Does that mean I will be able to use Brother Huang to farm these 2 attributes daily?'

Han Fei studied his profile. He felt more and more like a mod in the cryptic world and the system appeared to be grooming him according to that goal as well.

Chapter 405

405 Han Fei [2in1]

'Currently the cryptic world and the surface world are completely detached from each other, is this logical? Is this correct?' After Butterfly perished, the nightmare channel broke. The dresser at Ziggurat

became the hub connecting the two worlds. As the game progressed, there might be more hubs like the Ziggurat. The cryptic world appeared to have been unsealed by some kind of power. It was slowly floating out from the surface, to melt with the surface world.

'The black box's previous owner was Fu Sheng, he chose the path of absolute destruction and it caused the cryptic world to be fully sealed up by darkness, all the spirits and monsters submerging in despair.

'Fu Sheng was defeated until only his memory fragments remained so his original plan must have failed. Something in the cryptic world has been unleashed and started to latch onto the surface world. Butterfly was just a beginning or perhaps just a trial.' Han Fei kept processing the information. He had no power to stop the scariest thing in the cryptic world, all he could do was to follow along with the times and then used his own method to try to affect some changes.

'Combination of both worlds might not be fully a bad thing. There is too much pain and despair stored in the cryptic world. Sealing them up will cultivate monsters beyond human's wildest imagination.' Han Fei had seen Fu Sheng's memory fragment, extreme salvation or destruction wouldn't work. Now, be it for himself or for his neighbours, Han Fei had to fight for a new path.

After sending away Zeng Haicheng, Han Fei truly felt the pressure on him. If not for the fact that Han Fei had already taken control of Ziggurat when he arrived, Zeng Haicheng would have met a terrible end.

As the cryptic world continued to change, more people would accidentally stumble into the cryptic world, Han Fei had to take his role of the guardian seriously. He felt like a real security guard, but he was not guarding the Ziggurat but the door to hell.

'I'm still too weak, if I have the senior monster's power, then many problems could be resolved.' After witnessing the chaos caused by his Evil Soul, Han Fei was impressed by it. He pulled up his character profile and used all of his collected Skill Points on his various active skills to raise all them to masterful level.

Skill points were very hard to get in the surface world but in the cryptic world, there were hidden missions everywhere and no one was fighting Han Fei to solve them. It made Han Fei feel like he was playing on a private server but the owner of the server was a ghost. If one wished to level up a masterful level skill, one had to complete their specific missions. Currently Han Fei only had 1 Life Points, he didn't dare to accept unknown missions. For him, masterful skills were already good enough.

Looking through his profile, Han Fei saw his two talents again.

Resurrection was a talent of an unknown level and Han Fei could only use it once per night; after solving the mission at Yi Ming Private Academy, the talent of Spirit Farer had risen to Level F and Han Fei could use it twice per night.

With the thought of having no wastage, Han Fei used Spirit Farer twice in the room. His first target was Ming Mei's father, but he failed. This killer didn't seem to use Deep Space Tech's counseling device. Han Fei's second target was Ming Mei's mother. She was Ying Yue's father's biological little sister. She was Ming Mei's blood relative but she tortured Ming Mei like an animal. After reciting the name of Ming Mei's mother, the sea of blood before Han Fei responded. A black worm surfaced under the waves. It wiggled its body before it was consumed by a ghost face. 'It succeeded?'

The profile returned to normal and the doors closed. A crazy woman appeared at the corner of the room. There was temporary clarity in her eyes before it was quickly replaced by madness. When the Spirit Farer succeeded, the woman accidentally exposed herself. She was not truly mad.

"So you're not really crazy?" Han Fei looked at the woman happily, "Don't be afraid, I won't let you die so easily." Perhaps he had played too many antagonists or he had been influenced by the presence in the cryptic world, when Han Fei tried to smile, the whole atmosphere turned creepy.

"I know you must miss your daughter, I'll bring you to meet her." Han Fei walked towards Ming Mei's mother and grabbed her hand. The woman tried to escape but she was too weak compared to Han Fei. So she could only shout mock-crazily at Han Fei.

"Trust me, your daughter is really here." Han Fei dragged the woman out of the room and arrived at the corridor where all the tenants had gathered. Being stared at by all the ghosts, the woman who was pretending to be crazy instantly cried. She begged Han Fei to let her go.

"Do you really think begging is going to work? There was a little girl who begged you like this before. But you decided to dismember her and stuff her inside small toys. You know she is allergic to woolen dolls but you decided to make them her last resting place." Han Fei's tone couldn't be described as cold anymore, he was as scary as the ghosts who lined the corridor. "Look, your daughter is over there, she is waiting for you." Han Fei pointed down the corridor. A girl who was playing with a doll slowly looked up. The hollow eye sockets were empty, the doll she held looked very much like Ming Mei.

“Ying, Ying Yue!” The woman tried desperately to escape but she was closed in by the tenants from Happiness Neighbourhood.

“Go and reunite with your daughter, she has been waiting for a long time for you.”

“She is not my daughter! She is a ghost!” The woman shouted crazily as she pointed at Ying Yue. Han Fei shook his head seeing this, “Why would you think I was talking about Ying Yue? You don’t deserve to be her mother. Your daughter is the doll Ying Yue is playing with, the doll who has been crying nonstop.”

Han Fei handed Ming Mei’s mother to Ying Yue. The temperature in the corridor dropped as black pupils opened in the air. They all stared at Ming Mei’s mother. Dragging the doll made from Ming Mei, Ying Yue slowly walked towards Ming Mei’s mother. She grabbed the woman by her hair and dragged her into the darkness.

“Notification for Player 0000, you’ve gained 30 friendliness points with Ying Yue! Your friendship has reached a new stage! Ying Yue has now seen you as her family.”

‘Family? Like me and Wei Youfu?’ Han Fei lifted his head and he noticed his neighbours were all looking at him. The tenants at Happiness Neighbourhood knew about what happened to Ying Yue and they pitied the girl who lost her sight, however they weren’t capable enough to help her. But then Han Fei appeared. The weakest Han Fei could always bring miracles.

Ying Yue’s wishes were almost fulfilled by Han Fei, everyone could see that with their eyes. In terms of pure power, Han Fei was not as strong as the previous manager but even if the previous manager resurrected now, they would firmly decide to stand with Han Fei because the previous manager had never tried to help them like Han Fei did. The previous manager’s treatment method leaned more towards forced amnesia, while Han Fei really empathized with his neighbours and was doing his best to help them.

The system pinged with several notifications. The news that Han Fei had helped Ying Yue with her obsession had spread throughout Ziggurat. Even the Ziggurat’s tenants had arrived to gather around Han Fei.

“Currently my power is limited, I can only help a portion of you but in the future, I promise to help all of you.” Han Fei used this opportunity to gain more friendliness points.

When Ying Yue returned, she was holding another new doll. She walked to Han Fei's side and then waited. She grabbed Han Fei's shirt and tried to help upgrade Han Fei's ghost tattoo but it was clear that it was taking a huge toll on her. Han Fei quickly stopped her. "When you're more powerful, then we'll do this." Last time at the pet store, Ying Yue already exhausted herself after sealing Nine Lives into the ghost tattoo. If she forced herself to upgrade Han Fei's ghost tattoo again, it would seriously injure her.

Han Fei was looking out for Ying Yue. Ever since her parents' death, this was the first time someone showed concern towards her. Pulling back her small hands, Ying Yue retreated to Han Fei's side. She decided to stick close to Han Fei to protect him. After losing her family, Ying Yue cared a lot about her new family, she would not allow her family to be injured again. Thus Han Fei gained a new shadow. As long as he didn't chase her away, Ying Yue would silently guard beside him.

"Don't forget about our previous deal." A voice came from inside the mirror. The Mirror God grouched, "I need a body! If you can't think of a candidate, just summon that Huang Yin for me."

"He is my brother, Mirror God, you'll have to find another candidate. Speaking of, this is very strange. I was certain that I've already consumed the last bit of luck on him already last time but recently he has gained some new luck. Next time, I will swallow him whole." Before Han Fei could say anything, Lee Zai already cut in. Huang Yin was popular in the underworld too.

The neighbours argued. This was a common scene but it felt so unrealistically serene in the cryptic world. The tenants at Ziggurat were shocked, how could ghostly neighbours have such civil conversation with one another? Shouldn't they be trying to eat each other?

Han Fei wanted to use this chance to share his philosophy with the tenants of Ziggurat but suddenly a loud noise came from the 4th floor. They hurried towards it immediately.

The door of Room 4044 was knocked off its hinges. The floor was covered in broken black shells and blood. Everyone glanced into the room when a black shadow rammed towards Han Fei like lightning. Both Xu Qin and Ying Yue moved to stop the shadow but the latter easily evaded them. Han Fei's first reaction was to go offline but he hadn't completed the requirement to do so.

'Am I going to die?' The shadow radiated powerful misfortune and death. It stopped several cm away from Han Fei. "Big Sin?" Han Fei's pet had experienced a great transformation. Like a cat who had

smelled fish but couldn't have it, Big Sin circled around Han Fei. It could feel how close Han Fei was to death, it was so delicious!

Big Sin was so excited and Han Fei was so frightened. Han Fei had survived so many things but in the end, if he died in the hands of his own pet, that would be so depressing.

"After my Life Points recover, I'll come play with you." Han Fei's voice was shaking as he took several steps back to observe Big Sin from afar. Using a few days' time, Big Sin finally consumed the half heart in Butterfly's altar. It had completed another metamorphosis. Currently, it gave off a dangerous and mysterious feeling, that was its unique charm.

Han Fei didn't dare to touch Big Sin so he couldn't tell how much exactly Big Sin had changed. However, from the fact that it managed to easily avoid Xu Qin and Ying Yue, this little critter had gotten so much stronger than before.

"You dare to even consume the things inside an altar, I'm impressed." The moment Han Fei spoke, Big Sin would lurch towards him. Han Fei couldn't chase it away no matter how hard he tried. "I haven't seen a pet that is so attached to its owner."

Having 1 Life Point was very inconvenient so Han Fei decided to pull his plan ahead of schedule. He called all the neighbours and tenants he trusted and shared his crazy plan. "The previous manager from the Happiness Neighbourhood left behind a map, I have memorized all the paths around Ziggurat. Now I will share this information with all of you." Han Fei used the blood on the ground to carefully draw out the map on the wall. "To the east of Ziggurat, after Ancestral Hall Street is a plastic surgery hospital. That hospital is the most dangerous in that area. If you continue to move further east, you'll reach a curious theme park. The mannequin on the 9th floor of the Happiness Neighbourhood came from there."

Han Fei pointed at a mannequin wearing a strange mask standing at an unassuming corner. Once upon a time, it tried to challenge Fu Sheng but was sealed by Fu Sheng on the 9th floor.

"I need you to use my name and disguise yourself as staff from the plastic surgery hospital and create havoc at the theme park." Han Fei desperately needed to increase his reputation. He had always kept a low profile. The people he met either became his friends or his food, so he left no trace behind. "From now on, all of you will be called Han Fei. We will use this name as a symbol, a burning torch." Han Fei had already decided to make himself known and stop purposely hiding himself.

The Unmentionable came into being because no one dared to mention the names of certain creatures. Han Fei had no idea what kind of spirit the Unmentionable represented but he had decided to join their ranks.

“According to the previous manager’s map, there is a relatively safe path here. We can edge along these two areas. When we reach the theme park, our plan will have already succeeded by half.”

Currently Ziggurat didn’t even have a complete Pure Hatred. If the plastic surgery hospital sent over a Pure Hatred, they would all die. Instead of waiting to be killed, why not make the move first, that had always been Han Fei’s style.

“We’ll make use of the large number of life threads left at Ancestral Hall Street. I’ll discuss the details of the plan further with the Mirror God.” Han Fei had always kept his tracks clean. At Ziggurat, those who knew Han Fei’s name either were his friend or were killed, there was no third option. Therefore, the people from other areas had no idea Ziggurat’s new manager was Han Fei and the Pure Hatred at the hospital was extremely mysterious, no one knew much about it.

Combining these two points, Han Fei decided to disguise himself as the Pure Hatred from the plastic surgery hospital.

“My pet dares to eat the stuff inside an altar and an Unmentionable cried after meeting me several times, I think I should be good enough to play a Pure Hatred.” Han Fei knew putting his plan into action would be difficult but he couldn’t think of a better plan for now.

Han Fei started to pick the people who would venture out with him. He reminded them to bring up his name as much as possible. In the cryptic world, even Pure Hatreds refused to reveal their names to others but Han Fei voluntarily encouraged the tenants to use his name. That was a sign that Han Fei trusted them and that warmed these spirits’ cold hearts.

Chapter 406

406 Light up the Night! [2in1]

Passing through the fringe of the plastic surgery hospital's area to reach the theme park was extremely dangerous. However, after Han Fei shared his plan, no one bowed out. After a long discussion, they managed to decide the first batch who would head towards the theme park.

From the Happiness Neighbourhood, the people who volunteered were Xu Qin, Weep and the mannequin.

Before the previous manager went missing, Xu Qin had visited many places for 'fresh ingredients' so she had been to the theme park before. She was the most experienced and quite powerful, so she was a good candidate. The mannequin came from the theme park, so it was not a surprising volunteer.

The volunteer who surprised Han Fei was Weep. After being reborn in the blood pool at the Cattle Alley, Weep seemed to have changed. The place he occupied would still echo with cries but the boy himself rarely cried anymore. His despair instead was branded inside his heart, becoming a power that he could control. After meeting Han Fei, Weep had grown and managed to learn how to face his fear. Currently Weep only wanted to get stronger. He gave himself a goal which was to be stronger than the deepest despair, that way he wouldn't feel despair anymore.

The volunteers from the Ziggurat included a few members from the Death Chat Group and the red dress. Honestly, Han Fei wanted to bring the jumper woman with him but her heart had already lit up the black flame of hatred. Even though she had failed to evolve, once she entered the other areas, she would be immediately discovered. For the sake of security, Han Fei left Zhuang Wen back at Ziggurat.

After the people were assigned, Han Fei started the last step of his plan. Before the altar was upgraded, he had to ensure Ziggurat's territory was absolutely safe. He led everyone and did a carpet search of the area around Ziggurat.

For most normal players, they would stay at Ziggurat until level 30 before they left but perhaps because Han Fei had chosen to open both ends of the black box, the EXP he gained from the low level missions was pitifully low. There were still many Grade G Missions remaining at Ziggurat's area but unfortunately, even after Han Fei completed them, his EXP barely budged.

'Grade G Missions should correspond to level 1 to 10 and Grade F Missions level 10 to 20. Does this mean that if I finish missions meant for players lower than my current level, I won't get much EXP?' Perhaps someone had done this before so the system had banned this method.

Leading his neighbours and Big Sin, Han Fei used the whole night to turn all the buildings around Ziggurats upside down. With the aid of several Large Lingering Spirits, Han Fei completed 2 Grade F missions and countless Grade G Missions, which bumped him up to level 16. When Han Fei heard the system notification, he almost cried. To level up to level 16, he had to clear almost all the missions available at the Ziggurat's territory, he didn't expect to have to do so much work.

'Brother Huang managed to reach level 15 in a night. With so many friends, I only managed to raise 1 level after clearing out an entire map. Why is the difference in treatment for the both of us so huge?' Han Fei slowly understood how difficult the path he had chosen for himself was. To search for an answer between destruction and salvation, that was not doable by a normal person. 'When I find the singer and unlock another one of Fu Sheng's memory fragments, he might have me make another choice after opening another layer of the black box.'

When Han Fei opened the black box the first time, he was not really himself. If he was given the chance to pick again, he might have made a different choice.

The Ziggurats' area was finally safe. Han Fei had completed his first dream after entering the game, to have a safe home, and to own a 'business empire'.

Han Fei and his neighbours returned to Happiness Neighbourhood. This might be a one-way trip so the neighbours wanted to have a quick farewell. The neighbours went off separately to prepare until Han Fei and Xu Qin were the only ones left at the gate.

Toying with the table knife, after everyone left, Xu Qin took out a blood-stained paper from her pocket. The paper was wrapped in hundreds of curses, only the person approved by Xu Qin could open it.

Seeing Xu Qin walk over towards him, Han Fei's heart raced. He had not experienced anything like this before. Furthermore, he had not acted in any romance movies so he was rather nervous. 'Wait, is this... no way? So direct? Should I...' Han Fei's normally clever brain suddenly went on the fritz.

He tried to make himself look as collected as possible. His gaze wandered between Xu Qin's fingers and the stained white paper. The familiar scent of blood lingered in the air, a unique fragrance of meat surrounded Xu Qin. For the midnight butcher, this smell was better than the most expensive perfume in the world. While Han Fei got lost in her unique perfume, Xu Qin had stopped before him.

They were very close. Han Fei's adam apple trembled. Many scenarios ran through his mind. In this endless darkness, at the gate of this creepy neighbourhood, Xu Qin grabbed Han Fei's hands and placed the paper in the middle of Han Fei's palm. She didn't ask for permission, Xu Qin's meaning was clear, 'this is for you, so keep it.'

Feeling the chill from his fingertips, Han Fei lifted his head to look at Xu Qin. 'She's a bit forceful but internally she's very gentle.' When Han Fei first left Happiness Neighbourhood, it was Xu Qin who accompanied him. The red paper doll that saved Han Fei many times from certain death was also created from Xu Qin's own blood. If Han Fei was the guardian spirit of Yi Ming Street then from the very beginning, Xu Qin was Han Fei's guardian spirit. Han Fei had no idea what Xu Qin would say next but no matter what she said, he would not reject it.

"I've written everything on that paper."

"I understand." Han Fei took a deep breath. This was his first time being so nervous but from non-danger. 'I'm surprised that I would develop a relationship like this in this cryptic world.' In the past, he only saw this game as survival training, he didn't expect to find other opportunities in it. 'Then again, of course one's perfect life wouldn't be missing...' Han Fei opened the piece of paper. After he saw the content, his mind froze again. The white paper listed out 5 different places. Each of them corresponded to 1 large freezer.

"While you were away, I made different dishes from the ingredients I've gathered. They are all your favorite meat. Hopefully they're enough to satiate you until I return." Xu Qin looked at Han Fei. In a fleeting moment, there was a sickened obsession in her eyes.

"You look disappointed?" Xu Qin smiled. Her blood painted lips slowly approached Han Fei. "Is that not what you have in mind? Or would you like to have something else to eat?" Xu Qin's chuckles echoed in his ears.

When Han Fei came to his senses, Xu Qin dropped a giant black anaconda before Han Fei before she turned to walk back into Happiness Neighbourhood. Under the flickering streetlights, Han Fei and the black snake were both startled as they watched the woman saunter away.

"What exactly is her intention?" Han Fei turned to the black anaconda. Xu Qin's pet also turned to look at Han Fei. The man and the snake looked at each other like that for quite some time before the snake shook its head with disappointment.

“What is the meaning of that? Why are you so disappointed to be stuck with me? Let me tell you, I have many pets now and every one of them is more powerful than the last.” The moment Han Fei said that, the robotic voice came, “Notification for Player 0000! You’ve allowed your Demonic Pest too much free reign, you’ve obtained 10 reputation! Your reputation is now 46!”

After he worked for so long, Han Fei’s reputation only reached 30 plus points but without him doing anything, the system suddenly announced that his reputation had risen by 10. That startled Han Fei. ‘But we haven’t even departed yet, why would my reputation increase?’ Han Fei’s heart trembled with a bad feeling when he read the notification again. ‘Isn’t Demonic Pest Big Sin’s talent? Fuck, where is Big Sin now?!’

Han Fei looked around and Big Sin which had been following him had disappeared. Han Fei became even more anxious. He moved down the streets. When he saw the altar at the gate of Happiness Neighbourhood, his brain buzzed and his lips were pale. The black cloth had fallen to the ground, the bowl placed before the altar was tipped over. The bowl used to have a permanent supply of white rice but now it was empty!

“Notification for Player 0000! Your pet has entered the sight of the Unmentionable, both of you have gained the continuous cursed state—Taboo!

“Notification for Player 0000! Your pet has destroyed an altar, both of you have gained the continuous cursed state—Malicious Fiends!

“Taboo: Charm -1! There are many Unmentionable’s taboos in this city but you have to violate them. When you mentioned their name, they had already grabbed your heart in their palms.

“Malicious Fiends: Charm -3! Less people are willing to get close to you, because you will attract tragedy.”

After the notifications were over, Big Sin who heard Han Fei’s voice finally crawled out from the altar. It was munching something in its mouth. Han Fei had no idea what Big Sin had consumed from inside the altar. When he looked into the altar, the altar was already empty.

‘What have I done this time!’ Han Fei didn’t mind Big Sin eating altars but this altar was left behind by an ally!

‘O well, there’s no use crying over spilt milk.’ Han Fei stared at the empty altar and then glanced at his system notification. ‘Big Sin has eaten the thing inside the altar. Even though I suffer the punishment alongside it, the system did mention that only my pet has been sighted by the Unmentionable.’

‘The Unmentionable of this altar only saw Big Sin and not me. If that’s the case, maybe I should have Big Sin consume the altar from other areas. When the pet is cursed, as the owner, I’m cursed as well. But the reputation gained by the pet will be gained by me as well.’ Han Fei calculated the math. After Big Sin destroyed 5 more altars, it would be enough for him to upgrade his own altar. ‘Should I send Big Sin to the theme park too? Let it pretend to be a monster from the hospital?’

Han Fei stared at Big Sin who was happily circling around Han Fei and the latter had many ideas. Han Fei started to teach Big Sin about the altars, he tried to tell Big Sin that not far away there were more delicious altars for him to enjoy. The neighbours slowly returned to complete the mission Han Fei had given them. Big Sin was intrigued by the pictures painted by Han Fei. It was willing to go eat more altars but the problem was, other than Han Fei, no one appeared to be able to control Big Sin.

Han Fei who only had 1 Life Point couldn’t personally lead Big Sin to find altars. He needed someone else to help look after his pet or this Harbinger of Tragedy could easily go out of control. After everyone had given it a try, Han Fei was shocked to realize Big Sin only showed no malice towards Bai Sinian, the only survivor at the security company. “Bai Sinian? You have such ability?”

Big Sin was born in the mass grave under the pet shop and his first transformation was in the underground blood pool at the security company. Perhaps because its transformation process was prompted by the souls of the security guards, or perhaps Han Fei wore the security guard uniform daily, when Big Sin was close to Bai Sinian, it didn’t show any hostility.

“Thankfully I’ve saved you.” Han Fei also didn’t expect his kindness would repay him in this way. He summoned Big Sin and Bai Sinian together. He requested them to work together. He worked with them for an hour before Big Sin could barely accept walking beside Bai Sinian.

“Don’t worry, I will do my best to look after it!” Bai Sinian in his guard uniform indeed looked quite imposing with its ‘imposing watchdog’.

“You need to shed the guard uniform, best if you can find a patient’s garb near the hospital and put it on. From today onwards, you are from the plastic surgery hospital. And don’t call it Big Sin, its name is now Plastic Surgery Bug.” Han Fei focused on the details, he was like a director assigning roles. After they were complete with everything, they moved to Ancestral Hall Street.

With the Mirror God’s help, everyone carried a lot of broken life threads and was taught a few simple ways to use them.

“We are going to create a big ruckus, but we won’t harm the innocent. If you run into people who need help, don’t be stingy with your kindness.” Han Fei pointed at himself. “In the past, there was only 1 Han Fei in this dark night. But I believe that with hope, all of the Han Fei’s will be able to shine with glow and light.”

Han Fei scanned his neighbours, thinking of his memory with them. Without knowing it, their destiny had been bound together. The endless night in the cryptic world might not change due to Han Fei’s arrival but there were more and more people who were willing to bring light to this world with him!

Chapter 407

407 Target [2in1]

As his neighbours departed, Han Fei was quite worried about them. It was very dangerous outside the Ziggurat. He should be the one exploring the deeper darkness but he only had 1 Life Point left. His neighbours had stepped forward for him. As he watched his friends disappear into the night, Han Fei was thankful that he had encountered a group of reliable and trustworthy friends.

“Come on, we should go back too.” After leaving behind a few Ziggurat tenants to protect Ancestral Hall Street, Han Fei and Drake moved towards Yi Ming Private Academy. Most powerful spirits at Ziggurats had left. Wei Youfu and Little Eight hadn’t recovered so Han Fei felt extremely vulnerable.

Han Fei entered the school, now this hidden map felt like home. After greeting the guard, Han Fei pushed open the door to the infirmary and awakened Jin Sheng. Chains rattled and soon cursed words spread on the walls and floor. The weak boy in Han Fei’s impression had completely disappeared. Jin Sheng now carried a thick imposing presence that prevented others from looking at him directly. “After the Butterfly perishes, monsters from other areas might come here. We are not strong enough to fend them off, so I hope you can help us.” Han Fei said directly.

When Jin Sheng heard that, he shook his head. He opened his mouth to say something but words instantly crawled all over his tongue and teeth, it looked terrifying. Lifting his arm, Jin Sheng pointed at the floor before Han Fei. A row of bloody messages appeared, "I carry too many curses on me. Before I can suppress them, I cannot leave." The bloody messages then disappeared. Jin Sheng walked towards Han Fei and his fingers touched Han Fei's spine. A new curse was written on Han Fei. "You are fearless because you carry hope. Your presence will be known by all. However, no one dares to call you by your name. One day in the future, you'll be the king of the eastern zone, managing the tallest building in the dark night!"

The bloody words seeped into Han Fei's body and then disappeared like they had bound with Han Fei's destiny. After completing the new curse, Jin Sheng's size dwindled. Even the curse all over the room faded.

"Have you given me a new curse?" Han Fei was familiar with Jin Sheng's ability. The story Jin Sheng wrote on Han Fei last time had come true. Han Fei couldn't tell if Jin Sheng had predicted the future or had edited the future.

Compared to the previous curse, this curse was much stronger. This was shown from Jin Sheng's latest status. His body wavered like writing that few words had drained him fully.

"Are you alright? Do you want me to find a bigger cupboard for you?" Han Fei wanted to go and help Jin Sheng but the latter waved his hands. Using the last bit of clarity, he crawled back into the medicine cupboard.

"After I killed the Butterfly, Jin Sheng appeared to trust me more. At least he's closer to me than he was to Fu Sheng." After thanking Jin Sheng, Han Fei prepared to leave. As he opened the door, he saw the guard with the mountain of ghosts standing outside the room.

"Teacher Han, who were you talking to?"

"It's nothing." Han Fei smiled kindly at the senior guard. Like the other ghosts at the school, Han Fei decided to create a white lie for the old man. "Sir, in the future, I plan to recruit more students for this school, to cultivate them to become people who could light up the night." The students Han Fei mentioned included not only the ghosts but also some uniquely-talented players. Due to the influence

of the ghosts on his back, the guard couldn't see other ghosts but he could see players, so Han Fei decided to inform him beforehand.

"Good, that's a good thing!"

"Therefore, we need to spruce up the place. We need to set up some safe zones, places that don't look so hellish." Han Fei shared his thoughts. "For example, we should work on the hostels and cafeteria."

"Hellish?" The guard was confused, "I think our school is quite perfect, the incident of bullying has stopped and everything is going up."

'That's because you can't see the real school.' Han Fei said under his breath. He didn't chat further with the guard. He found a safe classroom and logged out. Blood froze everything. As Han Fei was pulled out from the game, he saw the Singer again. The Singer who carried the old man's head glanced at Han Fei but not precisely at Han Fei but the space behind Han Fei. Trying his best to turn around, at the last moment before the game pulled him out, Han Fei realized the bloody person had returned!

Bang! The head which wore the gaming helmet knocked against the gaming hub door. Han Fei removed the helmet and his body broke out in cold sweat. He still didn't get a good glimpse of the face of the person behind him. All he could tell was the person had gotten closer to him. 'Who is that bloody person? Why do they only appear when I'm logging in and out of the game? When everything turns red, will they finally show themselves?'

Han Fei crawled out from the hub and glanced at the clock. "Shit, I'm late!" Being too absorbed in the game, Han Fei forgot that he had to shoot his scenes that morning. After a quick clean up, Han Fei called a cab to the factory compound.

When Han Fei arrived, the shooting had already started. He bowed apologetically as he entered the set. But everyone from the director to the crew members showed him great understanding. If anything, they all looked at him with approval, this confused Han Fei. "Director Zhang, I'm sorry for being late." Before Han Fei could even give an excuse, the director who was famed for his sternness patted Han Fei's shoulders. Director Zhang looked at him warmly, "Don't wear yourself out. You have youth on your side but you have to watch your own safety!" Director Zhang was concerned. "We'll work on the shoot with the other actors first, so you can rest some more." Not only Director Zhang, the other actors and crew told Han Fei to go rest. Han Fei thought his secret of the black box had been revealed. Han Fei ate the lunch box given to him by the crew member, Xiao Zhao. It was not until Han Fei opened his phone that he understood what happened.

The police had released another statement to thank Han Fei. The old cases related to the Ziggurats' tenants had many breakthroughs thanks to Han Fei. Han Fei worked on the movie and the cases at the same time. Before the shot ended, he had solved more than one case. The other actors might have scandals for promotion but Han Fei's news was always related to law and crime. His name was once again pushed onto the hot searches, however his popularity was far from Huang Yin's. Due to the need to promote the Thriller Writer, the things Han Fei had done this time were used by the producers but even with their manipulation, they couldn't shake Huang Yin's domination of the hot topics ranking.

'I wonder how things are going with Brother Huang.' Han Fei opened the realtime ranking for Perfect Life. The names for rank 2 to 9 kept changing but the first was always Huang Yin.

Based on rumours, the underworld had already started a bet on how long Huang Yin could stay in the first place. Han Fei messaged Huang Yin and this time Huang Yin called back with his encrypted number. "Brother Huang, why are you only level 17? I see the second place player is already level 14."

"Each 5 level is a threshold, the EXP needed to level up will increase by a great margin." Huang Yin explained, "Furthermore, in Perfect Life, the game hopes that the players to find healing in the game, so levels are not that important."

"You have a point."

"I've almost exhausted everything I brought from your place so I might need to go there again tonight. This time, I'll be coming with the largest inventory bag I can have at my current stage." Huang Yin sounded tired. "Is there anyone else around you? I have something important to report to you."

"I'm alone." Han Fei opened the door and looked out.

"Before level 10, it's beginner stages for Perfect Life players. The system would help the players get used to the many in game different functions. The real game starts after the players unlock their profession at level 10. Even though I'm already level 17, I have to say that those who manage to reach level 10 and unlock their profession during this period are top professional players."

"Sounds like you're still far ahead of them."

“The problem is they will stop at nothing to catch up. They normally come from big gaming studios and they have multiple players sponsoring 1 player. How is this different from the powerless taking advantage of the weak in real life?” Huang Yin sounded angry, “But the thing that really angered me is that, part of the Beta players had started to attempt to enter the cryptic game. They tried to scam or lie to the NPC to gain money and influence. Even though most have failed, a small part has succeeded.”

“What is your point?”

“It’s nothing, I just can’t stand the actions of these large gaming studios. To help the NPC they bullied, I used the power of the Blood Doctor to drain the two main accounts cultivated by this one large gaming studio.” Huang Yin didn’t want to give trouble to Han Fei so he decided to come clean.

“You’ve killed 2 of them?”

“It’s not that serious. They’re accounts cultivated using the resources of other players. This would make me their target. Temporarily, they might not track this back to me but then again, not many players would be powerful enough to do this.”

“That’s it? I thought you had done something horrendous...” Han Fei was speechless.

“The penalty for death in Perfect Life is very serious. Once you die, you have to start over from level 1. The original character is wiped out from the game.”

“Let me tell you, dying in real life once your character dies is more serious.” Han Fei said, “Don’t be afraid, punish those who violate the rules. Don’t care about the official rules, make your own rules.”

“Won’t that push things too far?”

“What you need to do is to become the standard for all the players of the surface world. You have to do everything that you believe is right. If someone stands in your way, move them; if you can’t move them even with all your might, give me their names.” Han Fei’s voice turned frosty, “I can help you persuade them.”

“Do things that are right?” Huang Yin repeated. “I think I get it now.”

“Do you have any other discoveries?” Han Fei was Huang Yin’s biggest supporter. As long as Han Fei was still alive, Huang Yin would forever be a top player in the surface world.

“I’ve explored some maps that have been added after OB. More and more supernatural events start to happen in this heaven-like metropolis. However, the events are mostly between the NPC and have nothing to do with the players.”

“I think I’ve heard you mention that before.”

“Since the 4th CB, supernatural maps have been removed. Perfect Life instead opened Thriller Paradise and Death Inmate Jail for players who like that kind of element. However, after the management is handed back to the photon computer, things are different again.” Huang Yin became more observant with Han Fei’s training. “The strangest thing is that the supernatural events will immediately disappear once more players arrive, it’s like they are being purposely hidden.”

“This is not a good sign, after all, the OB is just only starting.”

“There’s one more thing that I think we need to pay attention to.” Huang Yin sent Han Fei an encrypted document, “Before Perfect Life opens its server, Immortal Pharma and Deep Space Tech announced the game’s biggest Easter Egg, which was to search for the black box left behind by the previous director. The reward is shares of Immortal Pharma. So there are now a lot of black box hunters in the game. They’re also looking for entrance to hidden maps. Don’t underestimate them, and be prepared to run into them.” Han Fei opened the document sent by Huang Yin. It was a detailed name list. Huang Yin used his Blood Doctor profession to infiltrate into the black box hunters and disguised himself as one of the higher ups.

“Well done.” With his superb memory, Han Fei memorized the long name list after hanging up. After all, he might encounter them soon.

After resting for some time in the resting room, Han Fei put away his phone and walked out with the script. Reality proved that even though Han Fei was late, he was still the first to finish his scene. As he prepared to leave, Director Zhang’s assistant accosted him at the door.

“Mr. Han, there will be an event soon. Director Zhang and the producers hope that you’ll attend it.”

“An event?”

“It’s the annual film festival. We’ve already recommended your name. After Thriller Writer is shown at the festival, you will be one of the major competitors for this year’s best new actor and best male supporting actor. After the festival starts, there will be a reviewing party for all nominated actors. We believe that with your performance, getting nominated is no problem, so we want to give up a heads up and hope that you’ll be there in person.” The words made Han Fei feel like he was dreaming. A few months ago, he couldn’t even put food on the table but now he could attend film festivals.

“I think I can make it...” Han Fei paused, “Will the event be held in the day?”

“It’ll start at 8 pm and I think you should attend it. There will be many important actors and directors at the festival, including the ace horror film director and national comedy actor who have been away from the camera for many years...”

Chapter 408

408 Plastic Surgery Hospital [2in1]

“If it’s at 8 pm, the timing is a bit rough but I’ll try my best to attend it.” Han Fei didn’t care about the guest list, he was only concerned if the event would cut into his gaming time.

“Then I’ll take that as a yes?” Director Zhang’s assistant sighed in relief. He was really afraid that Han Fei might say no. This young actor was perfect in every aspect but one. Normal actors wouldn’t give up any publicity opportunity but Han Fei spent his time instead helping the police solve cases. People said that Han Fei had been helping the law enforcement because he yearned for the reward money but the assistant believed Han Fei did this out of a passion for justice. Actually not only the assistant, most of the crew members also shared the same view.

“Mr. Han, I’ve already registered your information with the organizer. By the way, have you considered joining any agency yet?” The assistant leaned closer to Han Fei, “If you have not, then I’d advise you to wait some more. After you win the award, you will be able to get a better contract.”

“I don’t have any plans to join an agency. I’m an actor purely because I know acting.”

“Tell that to the criminals you caught!” The assistant accidentally voiced his real thought so he quickly changed the subject, “Before the event starts, I will inform you again. Director Zhang knows you don’t have an agent, so if you need anything, you can contact me.” Then the assistant jogged away like if he stayed too long with Han Fei, his soul would be sucked away. The assistant thought, ‘Why am I so nervous around him when I’m so much older than him? I’ve interacted with a lot of A-list actors before but none of them has a presence like Han Fei.’

Han Fei shook his head as he watched the escaping assistant, ‘That brother has accidentally said what was on his mind again. Am I that imposing in the crew members’ eyes? Or the talent I’ve earned in the game has slowly affected the people around me?’ Han Fei took a cab back to the old city, he tried using his in-game power and talent along the way but nothing happened.

When he arrived home, Han Fei saw a face that he didn’t want to see again. It was Ah Cheng. “Don’t you ever get tired? Why are you here again?” Han Fei was very brusque, he had no good impression of Ah Cheng. He also knew Ah Cheng was there because he was ordered by that manager from his former agency. The man was sitting in his car down the street.

“Han Fei, who do you think you are? Don’t think that just because you’re working with Director Zhang...” Before Ah Cheng finished, Han Fei already walked past him.

“You!” Han Fei’s attitude grated on Ah Cheng. The better Han Fei’s life, the envious Ah Cheng was. His opinion was that Han Fei had stolen everything that should be his. If not for Han Fei stealing his main character role, the person working with Director Zhang would be him. With fury running through him, Ah Cheng grabbed Han Fei’s shoulder. But before his palm fell on Han Fei’s left shoulder, his wrist was detained by Han Fei. Han Fei’s hand was like a vise, Ah Cheng couldn’t even move.

“Ouch, ouch! Let go!” Ah Cheng hissed through his teeth as his other hand tried to scratch Han Fei’s face. Han Fei moved a step back and then pulled. Ah Cheng lost his balance and knelt to the ground.

“If your mouth is half as clean as your clothes, then you wouldn’t be toppled over so easily.” Han Fei told the teary-eyed Ah Cheng. Then Han Fei shot an icy gaze at the manager who was sitting inside the car not far away. “I hope you people can understand one thing. It’s not that you’ve been giving me chances but the other way around.” Han Fei walked away but not before one last jab, “You took good care of

your hand, you should do the same with your mouth.” Han Fei closed the door, he didn’t want his mood to be ruined by these people.

“Fuck, how dare you attack me? I have at least several hundred thousand fans! Han Fei, just wait and see!” After Han Fei left, Ah Cheng climbed up from the ground and shouted at the building.

“Enough, looks like he really doesn’t want to cooperate with us.” The manager shouted from the car. His eyes were dark.

“I really don’t understand why we have to beg him. The man is related to murderers, he’s a ticking time bomb!” Ah Cheng stood outside the car, he held his arm. The parts gripped by Han Fei were already bruised.

“The film festival is coming. If there is an artist from our agency that can compete for the award, then I wouldn’t need to come find him.” The man adjusted the temperature of the air-cond in the car. “Drive! What a bunch of useless monkeys. Give you all the resources but all you create for me is problems.”

Before Ah Cheng got into the car, the man had the driver step on the pedal. The man didn’t even turn around to look at the stunned Ah Cheng. “Since you refused to help me, then I’ll have to ruin you. Ruining a person is always easier than cultivating one.” The man took out his phone and called a number, “I hear that the shoot for Director Zhang’s Thriller Writer is almost done. When they start their promotion, you will act as the victims’ families and target Han Fei. Force the team to cut out all of Han Fei’s parts, after all, I hear he is only playing an unimportant side character anyway.”

“Don’t worry, we’ve already arranged everything. This will be a fatal blow that will end his entertainment career!” A shrill male voice came from the other end of the line, “By the way, the boss has been very mad recently. The company’s starting plan in Perfect Life has been totally ruined. I hear that the boss hopes you will come back to manage the work here.”

“What do you mean by that? Isn’t Perfect Life just an iyashikei game?”

“Yesterday night, two of our main accounts were maliciously murdered. Until now, we haven’t found out the methods used. During the day, we tried to contact the other gaming studios. While we were trying to investigate the suspect, the killer struck again and killed all of our seed accounts who had good in-game talents!” The voice carried a barely-suppressed anger.

“Did you people offend someone?”

“Who could we offend in the newbie village? Everyone else is trying to level up but our company is being targeted by this crazy murderer.”

“After the film festival is over, I’ll return to the headquarters. Try to find the killer among yourself for now.” The man glanced at the logo on his sleeve. The headquarters was an entertainment business conglomerate. They were involved in many fields, drama and tv were just one of them.

The car drove back to the intelligent city. The man walked out from his neighbourhood’s underground car park. While he waited for the elevator, a house painter stopped beside him. He was waiting for the elevator too.

“How can I be so unlucky?” The man took out his silk handkerchief to cover his nose as he moved several steps away from the other man.

Soon the elevator arrived. The worker carried a bucket of red paint and entered the booth. The manager frowned and hesitated before he too entered the elevator unwillingly. After the elevator started, the man adjusted his collar using the reflection in the elevator door. He ignored the worker at the corner fully.

“Are you Mr. Garden Butterfly living in Number 24?” A voice came from behind the man. The worker suddenly asked.

The manager ignored the man and his question. He just felt annoyed because the elevator was now filled with the horrible smell of paint.

“I’m sorry but are you...”

“You got the wrong person!” The manager waved his arms impatiently. He covered his nose and frowned at the worker. “Are you new here? Who allowed you to bring paint into the elevator? Are you dumb?”

"I'm so sorry. This is my first time coming to such a high class neighbourhood, I don't know the rules." The worker apologized profusely. His attitude was very nice.

The manager turned his head around like he thought dealing with the worker was beneath his status. His eyes swept at the elevator panel and the words on it startled him. '24th floor?' The elevator at intelligent city was fast but the manager was sure he only stepped into the elevator not too long ago. Plus his house wasn't on the 24th floor. The elevator door opened and the corridor for the 24th floor led outwards. The man had not been to this floor before. He looked at the empty corridor and his brain had trouble processing this. 'The painter is coming to this floor?'

The manager stayed in the booth and then pressed the button for his own floor before he turned to look at the worker. The manager waited for the painter to leave when the latter did not, the manager thought to turn around to ask. Before he did, through the shiny booth wall, the manager noticed that the painter at the corner had been staring at him. The painter stared straight at the manager's back like he was trying to bore a hole through it. Chills ran up the manager's spine but he didn't think much of it. Visitors and residents had to go through multiple checks by the photon computer before they could enter this neighborhood. They were all people whose citizenry database had a rating of B or above.

"Are you going to descend on this floor?" The manager asked the painter. The painter shook his head. "I thought you were the one who called the booth to this floor."

"Me?" The man was so focused on the company's problems that he only noticed the anomaly now. By then the elevator doors were already closing. The elevators at intelligent city were all equipped with facial recognition technology. When the tenants entered the elevators, they didn't need to do anything and the elevator would automatically send the tenant to their respective floor. When the booth had more than one person, the computer would calculate the most effective way to transport the tenants.

The elevator restarted. The manager slowly noticed something was not right with the painter. Ever since they entered the elevator, the painter had maintained the same pose, standing at the same corner. Other than the heavy scent of paint, there was a horrible stench on him as well, like something that had decomposed. Looking from the corner of his eyes, the manager realized there was a thin thread around the painter's ankle. The rope looked very old and it didn't match the rest of the painter's outfit.

"Is this your first time here?"

“Yes?”

“Where did you work in the past?”

“I used to help out at my relative’s plastic surgery hospital. But after some patients died on the operating table, the hospital closed.” The painter explained evenly but the manager’s heart quivered hearing his story. The manager stopped the conversation and the elevator soon arrived at its destination. This time, the elevator was correct. It stopped at the 17th floor, the manager’s home. The manager quickly walked out.

As the elevator doors closed, the manager sneaked a look at the elevator. The painter was still staring at him. The manager noticed there was something like hair poking out from the bucket of paint.

“I must be mistaken.” The man walked back home. As he prepared to open the door, he noticed something strange. A pair of medical-use shoe covers was left at his door. The shoe covers looked old like they had been used for a long time already. “What is this?” The man kicked the shoe covers aside. As it rolled over, a child’s shoe dropped out from inside the covers. The shoe was small and very white. After staring at it for too long, the manager felt quite uncomfortable.

“Ever since I met that Han Fei, nothing has gone right in my life.” The manager ignored the shoe and used the password to open the door. Just as he was about to enter his home, he heard a sound. The closed elevator doors opened again. Unwilling to think much of it, the manager hurried into his house.

“How come you’ve been coming home so late recently? Have you gone back to your wife without telling me?” A cloying voice came from the living room. A woman walked over in her nightie.

“Something happened.” The manager removed his jacket which was stained with the smell of paint and walked into the bathroom.

“Why are you giving me an attitude? Do I not have the right to know about your life anymore?” The woman picked up the jacket and hurried after the man into the bathroom. The manager used warm water to wash his face. When he looked up into the mirror, he suddenly noticed his young and pretty girlfriend’s face was covered in stitches and there was a needle hole which was expanding.

Shocked, the man's hands slipped from the basin and he almost fell to the ground. Carrying the jacket, the woman gasped in shock and confusion, "What is wrong with you?"

The manager turned around and when he saw his girlfriend's face again, he realized she was still as beautiful as he remembered her. Her skin was supple and her facial features were amazing, she looked like a Barbie doll.

"I'm fine, it's work. I'm just too tired." The man waved his hands and locked himself up in his study.

"Hey! I'm still talking to you!" The woman knocked for a long time on the study door but the man refused to answer. In her anger, she slammed the man's jacket on the ground. There was a thud and the woman realized a child's shoe dropped out from the man's jacket pocket. The shoe was pure white.

...

Back in Han Fei's rental, there was still some time until midnight. He didn't hurry to log into the game but instead took out his phone to check his account information. Director Zhang's people worked very fast. Once the new contract was signed, the additional salary had already been added to Han Fei's account.

Seeing the number in his account, Han Fei was reminded of the tenants from Ziggurat and Happiness Neighbourhood. They took great risk to walk past the plastic surgery hospital to head towards the theme park for Han Fei. Without the help of his neighbours, Han Fei wouldn't be able to earn so much reputation on his own in such a short amount of time.

"I should use the money to help their families, it'll also improve my afterlife karma." With that in mind, Han Fei called the police and had them contact the victims' family. He wanted to use the money to help those who were really in need. The police were greatly impressed by Han Fei's kindness. Actually Han Fei was also doing this so that his afterlife karma could break the 100 threshold faster so that he could upgrade the altar. He rejected the police's offer to help him release another media statement. Instead, he asked the police to give his name to the victims' families so that they could come find him if they needed anything. After the money was transferred, Han Fei switched on the computer to start studying.

As a professional actor, Han Fei's challenge this time was to act as the Pure Hatred from the plastic surgery hospital. As he studied on knowledge related to plastic surgery, he also started to search for murder cases related to plastic surgeries.

At around 11 pm, Han Fei had a surprising discovery. A long time ago, there was a famous plastic surgery hospital in the countryside of Xin Lu. But after a certain period, all the news about the hospital disappeared from the internet. The only reason Han Fei could even find traces of that hospital was thanks to the technique taught to him by Feng Ziyu.

As Han Fei dug deeper, Han Fei discovered that the hospital was sponsored by Immortal Pharma and the former CEO often visited that place.

Chapter 409

409 Completion [2in1]

'Why would the CEO of a top company frequent a plastic surgery hospital that often? The director needs constant touch up too?'

The disappeared hospital not only provided plastic surgery services, but due to Immortal Pharma's sponsor, the scale of their services and research surprised Han Fei. From brain treatment to bone swap, the hospital claimed that they could even provide temporary immortality, extending a person's lifespan for a limited period of time. The hospital had a jaw dropping number of high end clients, earning Immortal Pharma a lot of money. However, this money-printing press was shut down overnight and all the info on it was wiped off the internet. Based on the limited clues, Han Fei realized that the plastic surgery hospital was closed by Immortal Pharma itself but no one knew the reason why.

'The hospital was shut down 1 decade ago, the same year when the human jigsaw case happened.' Much information floated on the internet but other than Han Fei, no one seemed to care about this hospital now.

Taking out his phone, Han Fei called Li Xue, hoping she could help him look for cases related to plastic surgery and to investigate the plastic surgery hospital once run by Immortal Pharma. Li Xue was immediately tensed when Han Fei shared his thoughts. The locations that Han Fei mentioned would always feature some kind of murder cases. Li Xue immediately contacted her superior and hung up the phone. Han Fei was quite proud that the law enforcement took his words so seriously.

He busied himself until midnight. After Han Fei checked the door and windows, he crawled into the gaming hub. 'I need to focus to see who is standing behind me.' The biggest allure of Perfect Life was it would never make the players feel bored. Even though Han Fei had defeated Butterfly, he didn't dare to put his guard down.

Putting on the gaming helmet, blood slowly covered his line of sight, his consciousness appeared in that blood red city. He tried his best to turn around to look behind him but at that moment, a bloody hand fell on his shoulder. His eyes flew open and Han Fei saw the ceiling. His pupils narrowed from fear. 'It has gotten closer!' The bloody person was almost sticking to his back. Han Fei tried to turn around but he saw nothing.

'The process of logging in should be equal to the process of the consciousness slipping into the cryptic world. The city would turn red and then from red, turn black... It feels like there is a blood red sea between the real world and the cryptic world. The real world and the gaming world are on both ends of the sea. The cryptic world and the surface world are like mirror images of each other.

'Unmentionables can see when my consciousness descends into the game, so does that mean the bloody person is another Unmentionable? But why would it target me? I haven't done anything to someone like that, I don't think. Or was it related to the altar Big Sin destroyed?' As Han Fei pondered, he shivered involuntarily, "Why is it so cold tonight?"

Then he noticed something was different about his gaming session. He felt quite clearly there was something wrong with his body, but he couldn't pinpoint what. He pulled up his menu and Han Fei sucked in a cold breath. Initially, his menu looked similar to normal players but as he used more instances of Spirit Farer, bloody cracks started to appear on his menu. However, this time, when Han Fei opened his character menu, he noticed the window had turned faded black and even his Id was glowing with an inauspicious black light.

'What is going on?' He scrolled down and noticed his afterlife karma had risen from 86 to 92. This proved that using all of his film salary to help the victims' families was useful. The change to the afterlife karma was still normal but the change to reputation gave Han Fei a real shock. 'When I exited the game last time, my reputation was only 46, how did it rise to 71 so fast?'

Han Fei had no idea what his neighbours had done in his name, but seeing the rise to his reputation, Han Fei started to panic. As he scrolled down further, Han Fei found the reason for the change to his menu.

At the tab for player status, other than the original two continuous curses, Taboo and Malicious Fiend, there was a new curse that was dark as night,

“Blood Debt: Altars contain the memory of Unmentionable and the fearful respect of all the Lingering Spirit, your pet, Big Sin has ruined figurines inside multiple altars, leaving behind a huge blood debt!

“The player’s charm decreases by 5. When you appear in the territory protected by the ruined altars, you’ll be eliminated by the eyes behind the altar! Blood debt can only be paid in blood! The shadow behind the altars has been fully angered by you. It has awakened from slumber to search for the people responsible for ruining its altars!”

Han Fei pressed on his lips. ‘Ruining 1 altar will increase 10 reputation. Does this mean Big Sin has ruined 2 altars belonging to the same Unmentionable from the same area? It has been hounding after the same Unmentionable?’

The player’s negative status tab would only show the 10 most dangerous negative status. If this continued, Han Fei had a feeling that his tab would be filled in a few days. “As the only Pure Hatred from the plastic surgery hospital, I am not that afraid of Unmentionable.” Han Fei tried his best to calm down. He hoped that his neighbours had tied everything they had done to the hospital.

‘No, I have to go remind Bai Sinian that the Unmentionable has already started looking for them.’ Han Fei logged into the Death Chat Group and started to communicate with the Ziggurat tenants who left. Han Fei was told that Bai Sinian and Big Sin had separated from the group, they were also looking for them. Han Fei told Bai Sinian to look after Big Sin but he had a feeling Big Sin led Bai Sinian into tragedy instead.

‘Big Sin wouldn’t have started a feast, would it?’ Han Fei only needed to destroy 5 altars to achieve the necessary reputation. Now he was worried that Big Sin would eat any altar that it came across. ‘O well, worrying is not going to solve anything. After my Life Points return to normal, I should go and find Big Sin personally.’

Big Sin was the harbinger of tragedy, it was viewed by the system to be the source of tragedies. If Han Fei let it be, there was bound to be big problems. However, compared to Big Sin, Han Fei was more concerned about Bai Sinian. The guard was afraid of ghost stories even though he was a ghost, could he survive being around Big Sin?

Han Fei was about to put his phone away when a Ziggurat tenant posted at Ancestral Hall Street sent a message. The red message appeared on screen and the content made Han Fei's heart skip a beat.

Based on what the tenant said, Lingerings bound with life threads started to infiltrate deep into Ziggurat. They didn't have conflict with anyone and even voluntarily avoided Ancestral Hall Street. They charged blindly towards the deepest part of Ziggurat like someone was pushing them to do so. The tenant had no idea how many monsters were sent into Ziggurat in this manner. One thing was certain, the Ziggurat area was no longer as safe as before.

'Is the plastic surgery hospital sending people over to test out Ziggurat's bottom line? Once they find out Butterfly is really dead, then they will come over to take over its inheritance.' Han Fei only had 1 Life Point. A common small Linging Spirit could kill him. It felt like he was sent back to the start of the game. He was highly stressed. Before he could go offline, he needed to pay attention to every corner around him.

'I'll leave my reputation with my neighbours but I'll have to figure out how to increase afterlife karma on my own. After using all of my salary from Thriller Writer to help the victims' family, I'm still 8 points away from the goal.' Han Fei decided to place his focus on raising his afterlife karma for now. He needed to do every good deed he could to help his neighbours complete their last wishes. 'I need to upgrade my altar as soon as possible or else when the plastic surgery hospital finds out about the real situation at Ziggurat, I won't be able to survive their onslaught with just 1 Life Point.'

Han Fei didn't want to be a burden to others. After staying for 3 hours at Yi Ming Private Academy, with Drake and Zhang Guanxing's help, Han Fei completed a Grade G Mission he had left for himself before. For now, Grade G Missions would only give Han Fei 1 skill point and negligible EXP. He left a few simple missions behind so that he could reach the requirement needed to quit the game easier. After the exit button lit up, Han Fei found out more about his neighbours' movement. After ensuring everyone was safe, he logged off in the room next to Jin Sheng's infirmary.

Han Fei removed the gaming helmet and climbed out from the hub. It was only 3 am. This was the first time he had exited the game so early. "Ever since I bought the hub, I haven't had a good night sleep in a long time."

Even though it was late at night, Han Fei didn't feel sleepy at all. He had gotten used to the night, he felt comforted by the enveloping darkness. Closing all the lights, Han Fei hugged his comforter and studied the murder pictures on the wall. 'I've helped so many people without realizing it. At first, I only did this because I needed to survive.' Han Fei opened his phone and noticed he had more than a handful of unread mails. Most of them came from the victims' families, thanking Han Fei for his aid.

'Some people have to try their best even just to survive. They might not be in the cryptic world, but life is not that easy for them either.' The loss of a loved one was like a needle pierced through the heart. The heart pained whenever the thought came up. The Butterfly was the originator of sin but they had to bear the pain.

In the past, Han Fei hadn't really gotten to know them so he couldn't empathize with them, but after hearing the story of so many victims, his ideals had changed. A patient who needed to be healed now did his best to heal others. He drafted the replies to each victim's family carefully. But to not disturb them, he set to send out the replies in the morning. After writing the last reply, Han Fei still didn't feel sleepy. He tapped on his phone and then something came to him and he clicked open his phone's photo album.

Han Fei who was lying in bed immediately sprung up. His eyes were fixed to the screen and his trembling finger scrolled down the screen. There were 4 new pictures in the album. They were all of him playing games. The door and windows were all locked and he was in the room alone, so who had been taking pictures with his phone?

The pictures were all taken at night when Han Fei was in game, the specific time couldn't be told. After comparing all the pictures, Han Fei noticed something strange, all the pictures had a shadow at the top part of the picture. It was not that obvious for the first 3 pictures but the 4th picture was taken after he had bought the gaming hub. The shadow looked like a crooked person. He was right above the gaming hub, as if trying to crawl into it.

'The person who took the picture wishes to record the presence of the shadow, they want to warn me using this method? But the person was right inside this room, they didn't harm me but left behind these pictures. If they wanted to remind me, why didn't they just tell me in person? Or they couldn't be around when I'm awake?' Seeing the pictures, Han Fei had a guess, 'Could it be the mad laughter... who took these pictures?'

Han Fei had encountered this before but because he was too caught up in the battle with the Butterfly, he didn't have the time to ponder on this further. But now he decided to delve deeper into this, for the safety of his present and future.

Certain memories were too painful and blurry for the past Han Fei to face, but he was different now, he was ready to face the truth.

'First I need to set up surveillance inside the house to see how my phone manages to take pictures when I'm in the game.'

Before the sun came up, Han Fei already ordered all the equipment. Then he hurried towards the plant living compound. After 1 month, the shooting for Thriller Writer, this extremely rare national thriller horror movie was almost done. The whole movie was done with the police watching. There was a case that happened during shooting and the shooting process was harrowing.

There were already many people talking about this movie before it was even released.

Han Fei had to take a break in the middle of the shoot but after he returned, he was the first actor to complete all of his parts.

After killing all the subpersonas, when the real Spider walked out from the room, the absurd world and real world meshed in Spider's eyes but the world Spider saw was still different from the real world. The man stood at the axis of two worlds and extricated himself from the nightmare. Any actor would have trouble reconstructing this complicated scene but Han Fei did it perfectly.

Everyone saw the real Spider on him. A man who killed 8 versions of himself, a man who loved the world but was forgotten by the world.

Undeniably, the movie ended perfectly with Han Fei's solo scene.

Chapter 410

410 Voices [2in1]

Certain individuals were born to be actors, not because of their skills but their experience. After the Spider played by Han Fei killed everyone and the audience realized he was the killer, the audience wouldn't have the usual hatred directed towards the antagonist but instead they would be overwhelmed by a complicated emotion.

Spider was a killer, he killed himself 8 times but the ironic thing was he had to murder to save everyone. Han Fei used his acting chops to showcase the complexity of the emotions. At the last scene, when

Spider walked out from the factory living compound, it was like the audience's heart was cleansed alongside Spider's.

Director Zhang had made many movies in his career. It had been so long since he was affected by his own production, but for this ending, he stared at the screen for a long time. Perfect, in all senses of the word.

The role of Spider was meant for Han Fei, it couldn't be carried by anyone else. Director Zhang didn't give Han Fei any comments because he felt he was unable to. Han Fei's understanding of Spider had surpassed everyone present. After Han Fei got into character, even Director Zhang didn't want to shout cut lest it interrupted Han Fei's emotions. A young actor in his 20s could do something like this? It was unheard of.

Han Fei didn't even need to rely on the switch in his mind. Han Fei felt like he was playing both the Spider and himself. After Spider finished his salvation and walked out from the nightmare, Han Fei felt saved as well. If one day the night at the cryptic world was eliminated, the first ray of light would definitely shower on Han Fei. With that belief in mind, Han Fei achieved an unexpected ascendancy of character at the last moment of the movie. There were no lines, no extra effect, it was just a man walking out from darkness, but it was enough to move everyone.

"Turns out there are people born for acting in this world." Bai Xian, who had been nominated for the best actor, lamented as he watched Han Fei. In Thriller Novelist, Bai Xian was the main character but in the end, he would be killed by Han Fei, it made Bai Xian look like a side character with many scenes. To be honest, not only Bai Xian, the other 8 actors all felt like they were supporting characters in the movie.

"And cut!" After finishing the last shot, Director Zhang rushed towards Han Fei. He was so excited he was at a loss for words. Initially, it was a pure accident that he came across Han Fei in Twin Flower. He was impressed by Han Fei's skill so he wanted to offer this complicated role to Han Fei as a test. Frankly, he didn't have much hope in Han Fei at first. After all, the man was only so young. But as the shooting progressed, Han Fei made this most complicated character the brightest feature of the movie.

"Han Fei, you are the most talented actor I've ever met, brilliant." Director Zhang rarely praised people, especially after he got older. In many people's eyes, he was strict and stern. But on that day, he publicly praised Han Fei before everyone. Facing the praise from Director Zhang and his colleagues, Han Fei smiled sheepishly. He didn't think he had done anything extraordinary.

Han Fei retired to the dressing room and planned to go home to play the game when the crew member came to get him to take pictures for the movie promo and posters. Because Director Zhang intended to use Thriller Novelist to participate in the upcoming movie festival, the promotional effort began the moment the shooting ended.

While the promotion began for Thriller Novelist, another voice appeared on the internet. It criticized Han Fei for making use of murder cases and innocent lives to gain popularity. Han Fei gained popularity and wealth on the back of the dead. For the sake of his career, he forced the victims' families to deal with the sadness and pain. Watching Han Fei's film was like having their wounds torn open again and again. Initially no one minded these voices until someone released a long post and video on the nation's largest social platform demanding an explanation from Han Fei. Claiming to be the family members of the victims, they pleaded with Han Fei to stop using them for the sake of his own wealth and fame.

The platform itself was widely used but the post was being spread and shared with a supernatural speed. When Han Fei finished taking the pictures for the promotional material, the post and video had already reached the hot search topic for most search engines.

The strangest thing was that the post was always attached to the promotional material for Thriller Novelist. Their number of clicks increased at the same time. Clearly someone was manipulating this. While Thriller Novelist was doing its promotion, this party was targeting the movie and Han Fei.

Han Fei didn't even know about this. After he changed, he just wanted to head home. However, he was stopped by the crew members. They kept telling Han Fei to calm down and not get angry, it only confused Han Fei further. It was not until Director Zhang arrived in person that Han Fei knew the storm which was brewing online.

"It's clear that this is the work of a professional team. It's probably my 'old friend' from the industry trying to target Thriller Novelist." Director Zhang saw the problem immediately. "Han Fei, so sorry for dragging you into this. These people should be coming after me, but since you don't have an agency, you became their target." Han Fei had no manager or agent, no one would use money to help him buy clicks online and he had no professional team to help him with image management. If someone wanted to bring down Thriller Novelist, Han Fei was indeed the easiest target.

"This team must have been preparing for a long time already. They are taking the perspective of the victims' family to garner pity from the public. It doesn't matter whether you have done those things or not, it is an unchangeable fact that as families of the victims, they are suffering and we are indeed taking inspiration from an actual murder case. Both of these points are truths and they have us cornered." Director Zhang's assistant pointed out directly, he was very experienced with crisis control. "The

moment we start our promotion, they chose to do something like this. They are riding on our popularity while slandering our name, this is just atrocious.”

While the crew members were discussing the situation among themselves, Han Fei read through the long post and watched the edited video. The video started with interviews with families of the victims. Their faces were blocked off. The families cried and pleaded on video, describing their pain and misfortune. Then their topic slowly moved to Han Fei. They hoped that their family’s deaths wouldn’t be made into movies because they didn’t wish for others to cut into their pain and sorrow.

Han Fei actually empathized with these comments. When he participated in the shooting for Twin Flowers, he had already interacted with the families of all the victims. Han Fei took on a big risk to participate in Twin Flowers because it planted a giant target on his back. One of the reasons Han Fei decided to shoot the movie was because he wanted the public to be more careful of the Butterfly. All of Han Fei’s decisions had been approved by the victims’ families, so these complaints didn’t quite make sense.

The latter half of the video featured a few more family members. They cried until they choked like they were devastated. Among them were Wei Youfu’s father and other families from the human jigsaw case.

“Elder Wei will not do something like this.” Han Fei said after watching the video. “I understand how they did this already. They found actors for the front part of the video, pretending to be the victims’ family to attack me. Later they added the videos from actual victims’ families to lend authenticity to their accusation.”

By then, Han Fei’s eyes were frosty. The real culprit who was manipulating the families’ pain and misery were the people who released this video! It was these people who tore apart the families’ wounds again!

“They didn’t even care about the feelings of the actual victims’ family in order to bring me down. These people are real animals.” Han Fei stared at the screen when a call came in. When he saw the caller Id, Han Fei was startled before he answered it.

“Han Fei! That video is fake! A few days ago, some people came to interview us, they wanted us to boycott you but we rejected them, so they took parts of the interview to piece together that horrible video!” The sound of Wei Youfu’s father and other victims’ families came from the phone. Han Fei had helped the police and captured the killer. Han Fei provided them with closure. They only had appreciation for Han Fei, why would they boycott him?

“Sir, you need to calm down. This is nothing serious. I’ll handle it.” Han Fei’s calmness surprised Director Zhang and the other crew members. This was definitely something serious. One wrong step and Han Fei’s career would be over. “Health is most important. Just stay away from the internet so that you won’t be affected by this horrible news.” Han Fei consoled the families on the phone. He was currently in the middle of the storm but he was still caring towards the others.

Sobbing came from the phone. The aunt of one of the victims felt taken advantage of. She was the one saved by Han Fei at the set for Twin Flowers. She had nothing but thanks for Han Fei. When she was interviewed about her family, she cried because she missed them but that footage had been used to attack Han Fei!

“Han Fei, you’ve helped all of us during the human jigsaw case. In my heart, you are just like my son. Those monsters wanted to bully you, I refused to cooperate with them, none of us did!” Wei Youfu’s father claimed confidently. He was old, so he didn’t understand much about online stuff so he gathered the families of the other victims to try to figure out a way to help Han Fei. The crew members could hear Wei Youfu’s father’s voice from Han Fei’s phone. They had a new appreciation for Han Fei. Behind every medal awarded to Han Fei by the police was a warm human story.

“It’s fine, don’t worry. I’ll deal with these demons.”

After hanging up, Han Fei’s voice changed. He didn’t care how others treated him but to drag in the innocent, using their despair to harm another person? How was that different from the Butterfly?

The video and post were still gathering momentum online. As Han Fei watched the edited video, he hissed out word by word, “They’re really pushing it this time.”

“They’re really heartless. How can they make use of the victims’ families?!” Director Zhang’s assistant scolded.

“They haven’t found any real victims’ families to boycott us, so there is still a chance to turn this around. I’ll have my people go settle this.” Director Zhang was different from Director Jiang of Twin Flowers. As an experienced director in the industry, many people had to give Director Zhang face.

“That’s right, they probably didn’t expect all of the victims’ families to side with Han Fei. Finding people to masquerade as the families, that’s their weakness.” Bai Xian walked over. As a senior in the film industry, he valued Han Fei’s talent and he decided to help.

“Han Fei, leave this thing to us. Don’t do anything reckless.” After saying that, Director Zhang left in a hurry. From his point of view, Han Fei was the innocent victim. The enemy wanted to bring down Thriller Novelist and Director Zhang was not going to let that happen.

All the actors also sided with Han Fei. For both justice and their future, they had to save Thriller Novelist.

Walking to the corner, Han Fei took out his phone to call Jin Jun. Jin Jun said that he was already investigating, Jin Jun promised that he would give Han Fei a report by 10 pm.

The popularity of the Thriller Novelist and the victims’ families kept climbing. Han Fei’s social media account was bombarded by haters. Horrible comments and attacks dominated his page. At that moment, anyone who sided with Han Fei would be torn apart and lambasted. It seemed like it was already over for Han Fei.

Around 8 pm, an old man with greying hair released a video from the hospital. He guarded beside his sick partner and his grandson who had just woken up. He released his own information and told the world how Han Fei had helped his family. This was Lai Sheng’s grandfather.

The video wasn’t watched by many but there were still many accounts scolding and insulting Lai Sheng’s family.

Not long after that, a high school student used his teacher’s phone to release a video from school. He shared his experience with Han Fei, and how Han Fei’s appearance changed his life. This was Qu Yun’s son.

Inside an old house, a well-dressed old man took out all his valid identifications and stood beside the death portrait of his son and daughter in law. He was the family of the human jigsaw case’s victims. Whenever he thought about the case, his heart would bleed but he was willing to stand forward for the truth. This was because he knew Han Fei was also someone’s son and he too would feel pain and despair. A person who had done so much for everyone shouldn’t be treated so unjustly!

This was Wei Youfu's aged father.

The victims' families who were helped by Han Fei shared their voices one after another. In spite of their pain, they stood with Han Fei resolutely. One person's voice might be weak but when they were gathered together, it could move the world.

At 8.30 pm, Xin Lu Police also released a statement. They didn't side with Han Fei, they sided with justice. They revealed all the donations Han Fei had made to the victims' families through the police. Han Fei didn't take a cent from the reward money for the Ziggurat cases. Han Fei had donated every single cent to the victims' families.

Risking his life to find the truth, and after all that, he still silently donated all of the reward money to the families who needed it more than he did. How could such a gentle soul exist in this world?

If not for the malicious attacks against Han Fei, these silent acts of kindness Han Fei did wouldn't even be known.

Slowly the voices boycotting Han Fei weakened as more and more people sided with Han Fei.