

## Iyashikei 451

### Chapter 451 See it Yourself

Some people saw their workplace as a runway, others saw it as a coliseum but Han Fei's workplace was more like a slaughterhouse. Two days ago, they were still arguing but now one of them was literally opening his stomach to the other, this was a rare working experience. Han Fei felt pity for the guard and his hand tightened around Rest in Peace.

"You must be in great pain, right? Let me save you." To heal his colleague, Han Fei decided to give him powerful medication. After a person's soul perished, so would the pain. That would solve the problem. He swung with all his force. Sparks flew in the night. The flash cut through Lee Daxing's neck. The splatter of blood didn't happen. The man didn't collapse to the ground either. Instead, after being cut, two pale arms grabbed Han Fei's shoulders. "He's gone! He's really gone! But he was there! I have placed him there..."

The eyes were only several cm from Han Fei and the ghastly face exuded a light stench. Han Fei glanced at Lee Daxing's neck. Han Fei realized the man's neck only had a small cut on it and the wound was already healing! 'Rest in Peace will be sharp against enemies with great sin. Does this mean Lee Daxing doesn't commit much sin?'

Staring at the man's face, Han Fei's mind spun. Since Rest in Peace couldn't kill the man, it meant that Lee Daxing was not a normal ghost. 'Even if he is an illusion, as long as he contains sin, Rest in Peace should be able to kill him. Looks like Lee Daxing hasn't committed the sin of murder, this can be considered good news.'

Being interrogated by a man whose stomach was cut open, Han Fei was still smiling, this was a skill he had cultivated to survive. He held Lee Daxing's arms. They were chilly like a dead body in the morgue. "Try to remember, when was the last time you saw him?"

"Last time... It was here!" Lee Daxing grabbed at his open stomach. "He begged me. He was so afraid and asked me to hide him somewhere no one could find him! Someone was chasing after him! Yes, someone was targeting him!"

"But you're the only one looking for him at this mall..."

“No, that’s not true!” Lee Daxing’s eyes were completely white now. He flung Han Fei’s arms away. He tore open his shirt and stomach like he was trying to drag Han Fei into it as well. “Come, help me go inside to look. See if he’s in there!”

Han Fei stopped the man and started to run to the 3rd floor. Even though Lee Daxing hadn’t killed anyone, he had lost his mind and couldn’t be communicated with. Han Fei rushed up the escalator. Lee Daxing stood at the bottom. His shirt and stomach dangled beside him. His skin was shriveling. ‘What is he doing?’

Lee Daxing pressed the switch beside the escalator. Han Fei assumed it would activate the escalator but he had overestimated the kindness in Lee Daxing. Sticky saliva appeared between the steps and tongue coating appeared on the surface. Han Fei’s feet lost purchase. The escalator became very slippery. Lee Daxing knelt down at the bottom. His open stomach was like a giant maw, waiting to consume Han Fei. ‘This ghost is quite creative.’

Han Fei ran as fast as he could. He arrived at the 2nd second before the escalator became a death trap. He didn’t stop and continued to run upwards. Lee Daxing was not the only abnormal ‘human’ at the mall, he was merely one of the victims.

‘What is the key to completing this mission? Face my fear? Feed myself to Lee Daxing or insist that they are all fake?’ Han Fei tried to convince himself that Lee Daxing was not real but when he turned around, Lee Daxing not only had not disappeared, he had appeared closer. ‘Since Rest in Peace can’t work, how about soul-depth touch?’ When he passed a female boutique, Han Fei slowed. He wanted to see if he could use soul-depth touch to injure Lee Daxing. This was the first active skill Han Fei acquired in the cryptic world. Han Fei had inputted all of his skill points into it, it was now a masterful level skill. If he wanted to level it up further, he needed to complete a mission related to it or use some kind of special item.

“Come, I’ve found a way to help you find your partner.” Han Fei stared at Lee Daxing. “I will help you shove your head into your stomach, that way you can look for him yourself.”

When Han Fei stopped, Lee Daxing’s eyes stared at him. When they were only 3 metres from each other, they both sped up, neither one hesitated.

With a pounce, Han Fei kicked at Lee Daxing’s chest but the latter didn’t tumble backwards. His arms grabbed at Han Fei’s right leg. Just as Lee Daxing intended to drag Han Fei into his stomach, Han Fei

grabbed Lee Daxing by his neck. His hands pressed into the back of the man's head and yanked him downwards.

Han Fei's left hand had inherited the altar owner's broken fingers. Han Fei thought the reward would only make his left hand stronger but now he realized he had greatly underestimated it. The five fingers pierced into Lee Daxing's skin and stuck like nails.

Lee Daxing wanted to stuff Han Fei into his stomach but Han Fei had a gridlock on Lee Daxing's head. Han Fei used his force to bend the man's head towards his chest. "You care about your partner that much, so you should be the one to go look for him!"

Holding Lee Daxing's head with his left hand, Han Fei grabbed Rest in Peace on his right. The scene was extremely scary and strange. Han Fei chopped at Lee Daxing's neck. Lee Daxing's head slowly lowered. When he saw his split open stomach and the fleshy insides, the man appeared to be triggered. Han Fei didn't need to do anything more, and Lee Daxing started to literally dig into himself. "He is hiding here? This is the place where he said no one can find him? This place is so familiar but why can't I go deeper?"

"Let me help you!" Han Fei pressed on the man's spine. "We're colleagues after all!"

Lee Daxing crawled into his stomach happily while Han Fei slowly retreated. He was curious why Lee Daxing would appear like this in the altar owner's mind. Was it purely because he had bullied the deliveryman?

Han Fei slowly calmed down as he moved away from Lee Daxing. The 3rd floor was equally unsafe, this was where Huang Li was possessed and the floor where the mall boss' ex-wife killed herself.

With that in mind, the gears in Han Fei's mind started to turn again. 'Technically we have the same enemy, perhaps I can try to get her approval.'

Chapter 452 The Mall

Standing on the corridor of the 3rd floor, staring into the windows of the shops, Han Fei noticed that the mannequins were dressed in different colored clothes but their faces had the same expression. They were looking at Han Fei and Han Fei looked at them until one of the mannequins blinked.

Goosebumps broke out on his neck. Han Fei had no idea how many ghosts were hidden on the 3rd floor. With a mustered courage, he headed towards the boutique where Huang Li once was. A new mannequin had been placed in the window. She wore a similar outfit as Huang Li. When Han Fei looked closer, he also realized the mannequin looked just like Huang Li, from the open eyes to full lips as well as the blood that trailed down from her stomach.

At that moment, Han Fei felt like all the mannequins were looking at him, each of the mannequins had their own lives. They had no malice towards Han Fei, they just wanted Han Fei to stay. They bent their arms and legs, trying to fold Han Fei into a mannequin just like them. Eyes stared at Han Fei from the dark. Initially they were just looking but as the darkness spread, the heads reached out through the windows. They wore brand new clothes, opening their arms at Han Fei. The curtains in the dressing room kept shaking. Han Fei came to the place where he first met the woman in red. The floor was scattered with tested outfits. However the customer was still not satisfied. Perhaps she was not looking for suitable clothes but her missing skin and body.

Blood and flesh were the clothes of a soul. The mall boss had taken away his wife's favorite clothes so now she was back to look for it.

The broadcast system at the mall had this static voice, it sounded like a child laughing. The mall music was switched on. The dark melody enveloped every moving creature in the mall. The song was soft and mellifluous like a trapped oriole singing, however blades had been shoved down her throat so her every note was bloody. The altar owner's illusion was getting more and more severe. The sounds in Han Fei's two ears changed from completely distinct to somewhat similar. When the real and the fake overlapped, Han Fei had fallen. He could hear his heart beating along to the rhythm of the music. It raced like it was about to jump out from his chest. The feeling of anxiety came from all sides. The mall was turning into a prison and a maze and he would be trapped here forever.

"You will die here, just like me, just like all of us..." The laughter echoed inside the boutique. In the mirror, a woman was testing out one after another red outfits until she plucked her human skin off. The chest had a hollow where it had been punctured by the steel pipe. The hollow in the mirror framed Han Fei's face perfectly. The woman slowly turned around. All the women in the mirrors turned to look at Han Fei. She raised her hands and Han Fei could feel pressure around his neck. This was a power that he couldn't rival.

Lee Daxing was scary but he was the weakest one here. Han Fei's feet left the ground. The feeling of suffocation turned Han Fei's face purple. If he didn't do anything soon, he'd die. He swung Rest in Peace and scratched at his own neck with the altar owner's broken fingers. When his neck started to bleed, the suffocating feeling lightened.

'I can't stay too long on the 3rd floor.' Abandoning the idea of talking to the mall boss' ex-wife, Han Fei ran upstairs. All the escalators became salivating tongues, the banner and fairy lights that dangled from the ceiling turned into strands of black hair, the chandeliers hanging from the ceiling became blinking eyeballs.

Absurd, strange and scary.

Running on the tongue, Han Fei finally reached the 4th floor. The first thing that Han Fei saw was an old man. The old man wore the same employee's outfit and ID as Han Fei. When he saw Han Fei, the old man was shocked. He quickly staggered towards Han Fei. His mouth opened like he was about to tell Han Fei something. Han Fei noticed that the man's uneven yellow teeth were stuck with wooden chips.

"You're finally here to take over my shift? I thought you had forgotten all about me." The old man moved faster. He was like a bug, his limbs wiggled swiftly and his body was heavily twisted.

"The person who will take over your shift is called Lee Daxing." Han Fei continued to move upwards. He climbed onto the escalator and glanced at the back of the old man's head. The back of the old employee's head had been hollowed out. A giant hole was left there, wooden chips with a horrible smell kept falling out from the hole.

"Wait, wait for me!" The old man climbed onto the escalator too. He used his hands and legs, the expression on his face turning more and more twisted.

'Is this the culture of this mall? Everyone is so passionate?' Han Fei couldn't shake off the old man. He had to be exceptionally careful because once he fell, he probably wouldn't get up again. The benefits of having a high stamina showed then. Han Fei reached the 5th floor before the old man.

A light stench lingered in the air and different from the other floors, there were some weak lights on this floor. Han Fei decided to stop on the 5th floor. When Han Fei first saw Lee Daxing, the man was on the 5th floor. Han Fei suspected that the big object Lee Daxing was holding was his missing partner.

The smell that came out from the restaurant was enough to daze Han Fei. Han Fei looked at the small shop with the lit lanterns. Before he entered it, he could hear the sound of a cleaver hacking against the chopping block. Pieces of meat splattered against the wall, the chef appeared to have lost his mind.

Han Fei entered the shop and glanced into the kitchen. The chef who stood facing away from Han Fei was tall and muscular. The counter in the kitchen had stuff like swords, axes and so on. The chef didn't pull ingredients out from the fridge but from a luggage bag. After he was done chopping the meat, the chef kicked the luggage bag aside. He pulled open the door of the kitchen cupboard and the cupboard was filled with black luggage bags. The chef pulled out a random one. The bag was stained with black blood. The chef unzipped the bag and then he suddenly stopped. The luggage bag was empty.

The chef slowly turned around. His neck drew longer as the bloody face focused on Han Fei. "Oh... there you are." Dragging the luggage bag in one hand and the cleaver in another, the chef charged out from the kitchen.

"Have you gone crazy from working overtime?" Han Fei turned and ran. More than one person had died in this restaurant. After the chef exited the shop to chase after Han Fei, all the luggage bags inside the cupboard started to move as if the 'food' inside was trying to come out. The mall turned very unfamiliar. Han Fei looked at the paths before him and every one seemed to lead to a dead end.

'He can run so fast even when dragging a luggage bag? If I am caught, then all the stamina I have will be wasted!' Han Fei had no impression of the chef at all. He had not encountered the chef before. However, he could speculate his identity through his experience.

The 4th floor was for male fashion. The old man who wore the employee outfit was probably Fei Yang's senior, the old man who died inside the 2nd hand shop. Perhaps it was the altar, everyone who died inside the mall would be trapped inside the mall.

There was more than one restaurant on the 5th floor. Even though the other shops didn't have a crazy chef, they did have customers seated at the table waiting to be served. They all sat facing away from Han Fei. When Han Fei saw Lee Daxing on the 5th floor, he was probably a customer here already. As Han Fei continued to run, the customers that originally faced away from Han Fei slowly turned around. Their red eyeballs stared at Han Fei. The bloody buns that they held fell to the ground. Red tongues lolled out from their lips to lick at the crack lips. They had discovered something more delicious. The customers stood up one after another. They were dressed differently, some in suits, others in tatters. They came from different backgrounds but when they saw fresh human flesh, they showed the same excitement.

Some of them pretended to be gentlemen, but knives were hidden behind their backs. Others tossed lasso at Han Fei, claiming that they were trying to save him despite the greed on their faces.

Every customer had put on a disguise, none of them openly admitted that they wanted to eat Han Fei even though all of them had that same thought. Han Fei had no idea why the altar owner had this illusion. Han Fei believed that the altar owner had started to become desperate and deranged after his experience and he couldn't stop himself from falling into the abyss.

"I can't let them capture me!" Using all of his might, Han Fei escaped from the customers. He could barely keep himself safe, much less to look for Lee Daxing's colleague. The stench from the restaurants lightened and the light from the little lanterns dimmed. Han Fei held his heart and gasped for air.

Intense running, stressed nerves, Han Fei's body and mind were under great duress. Han Fei doubled over. He didn't know where to hide. The voices in his ears had started to mix. The oriole in the broadcast had stopped singing. Instead it screamed in pain.

With his heart beating, just as Han Fei was about to reach his limit, a static suddenly came above him. A weak square of light landed on the floor before him. Han Fei turned around. The television which was placed on the shelf had been switched on. A woman with tousled hair and bleeding stomach appeared on screen. She wore bright red clothes and she sounded like she was laughing. She took one after another step en pointe, like she was dancing.

The slender arms unfurled to the sides as she danced towards the unfinished concrete platform. Everyone looked at this madwoman, this beautiful elf in shock. Her wounded feet stepped onto the ashy ground, she looked up at the giant scaffolding around her. Her mouth opened like she was saying something. She missed a step and fell through the air!

The woman in the screen flew but Han Fei could hear the sound of wind in his ears!

He looked up and the ghastly face was right above him. The woman's face was almost torn apart by the wind!

Han Fei waved the blade upwards but he hit nothing. He looked around with fear. All the televisions had been switched on and the red screens repeated the process of the woman falling. 'She doesn't look like she was trying to commit suicide that day.' The woman's final moments were too abnormal. She was laughing too madly, it was even more horrifying than if she was crying. And Han Fei saw very clearly that she didn't leap but she fell because she missed one step. 'She was dancing like a puppet.'

Han Fei rushed out from the electronics zone but where could he run to? The entire mall was like a demon's lair. Everything was mutating. The altar owner was slowly losing his mind. His illusions were based on his memory of reality. Without the mother's blessing, perhaps the entire memory world would eventually end up like this.

'The mission requires me to survive for 30 days but that is impossible for a normal player. I have to become the altar's new owner before the world mutates to its worst form.' The screams echoed in his ears. Han Fei was forced to continue running upstairs, he didn't dare stop. The mall had sunken into chaos. Han Fei had reached the end of the escalator and he slowly turned around. There were paths everywhere but there was no exit. The hungry customers, the slowly moving luggage bags, the crazy chef, and many more unimaginable monsters crawled out from the dark. They were endless.

'I assumed these things would appear slowly so that I could be prepared.' The shadows gushed at Han Fei like waves. They were slowly approaching, planning to drag Han Fei down with them.

"If everything has fallen into darkness, who will save you?" Han Fei slowly retreated until he reached the top floor. To stop himself from being swallowed up by the darkness, he climbed on top of the table beside the rails. He was currently standing on the highest spot of the mall. Han Fei turned around and looked down.

At the centre of the 1st floor, there were many familiar and unfamiliar figures looking up at him as if waiting for him to jump.

#### Chapter 453 The Price of a Soul

Standing on the wooden table on the 7th floor, Han Fei had the abyss behind him. This was the first time he was so cornered since he entered the memory world. The shadows were like rising sea water, attempting to submerge Han Fei. Soon the mall would lose everything that glowed.

"I know you've experienced something similar but if you don't break this cycle, the tragedy will continue and no one can break the curse." Pain came from his legs. Bloody fingers grabbed the edge of the table. Worms that crawled out from the rotten skin bit at Han Fei's legs. There were too many scary things hidden in the dark. Even for Han Fei who had survived in the cryptic world for so long, he couldn't describe the ugliness of the monsters at the mall. "Have you all lost your mind?" Han Fei could feel the shadows at the mall were imperfect. They were incomplete, they were missing parts of their soul or body.



Some of them had no brain and their heads were stuffed with wooden splinters; some were excellent chefs but they could only cook with human flesh; the customers on the 5th floor had retained their human shapes but they had lost their humanity. “What is wrong with all of you?”

The banners at the ceiling turned to black hair and giant eyeballs stared down at Han Fei, he was the only sane person at the mall. When the whole world was crazy, the sane person was the odd one out.

Darkness invaded and madness spread. Han Fei was forced closer to the edge!

Dong! The bell chimed inside the mall shrouded in darkness, it was like a call from hell. The jumpers on the first floor started to spread. Their expressions took on great sincerity. The old man whose head was filled with wooden chips knelt to the ground. He placed his hands before him and stuck his face to the ground; Beside the old man was a pretty-looking girl. She was tall but there appeared to be some problem with her brain because her expression was lifeless. Her limbs were tied with ropes like a puppet; behind the girl was a drunkard. He was covered in mud and his clothes were bound with long hair.

Dong! The giant banner strung in the middle of the mall started to bleed. As the blood froze to blackness, the banner which was about 40 metres large started to slide downwards like a black cloth covering the Earth!

Dong!

The moment the black cloth fell, a black altar appeared on the 1st floor of the mall. The altar was severe and intense. It ascended beyond all the darkness, no one dared to look at it.

Accompanied by the oppressive bell chimes, the wooden doors of the altar slowly opened. The screams and wails stopped. Behind the black doors, pairs of trapped arms reached out. Inside the altar was like a world made up from arms. Like a flower blossoming, enveloped among the endless palms was an arm carved with human faces. The human faces on the arm took on Han Fei's appearance. When the arm lifted up, all the darkness rushed at Han Fei!

The mall trembled and Han Fei's world collapsed. His soul and consciousness were grabbed by that arm. An invisible force was pulling him towards the abyss!

He couldn't resist. When a person had completely fallen, any word was pointless. No one could save him, no persuasion or comfort was going to work, at that moment, death became the only salvation. His feet moved. He stepped on the edge of the rails. His body slowly tipped forward, he was about to fall with the world!

The hand that reached out from inside the altar held Han Fei's heart and drilled into his skull. The fingers covered in blood and sin pierced into his soul.

Dong!

The bell shook people's souls. As Han Fei felt like he was about to get dragged into the altar, the memory in his mind actively separated itself out. Perhaps it was his subconscious coming into being or it was his 3 souls, the split memory escaped from his mind carrying his most unfortunate and negative emotions. It slammed into the palm of the hand. An evil and cold soul was grabbed by the arm painted with human faces. As the bell chimed, the Evil Soul replaced Han Fei to jump down from the 7th floor!

Han Fei watched his other self fall down. The man's eyes were filled with evil and madness, instead of saying he was being dragged away, it was more like he had volunteered to embrace the darkness and despair.

'The altar has taken away one of my souls!' Han Fei didn't make any deal with the altar, but the deal was forced into completion. The Evil Soul was grabbed by endless hands. They tore at him madly, melting him into the endless darkness inside the altar. The crazy world was still mutating. The arms from the altar spread everywhere, none of the figures dared to raise their heads.

Just as the altar's attention moved away from Han Fei, a light crack came from his chest. Han Fei looked down and he noticed the children's wooden doll which he had hidden in his pocket was covered in cracks. The doll's face was crying. The doll's hand was pointing to the left side.

Turning to the left, a slender arm reached out from the darkness to grab Han Fei. It pulled him out from the endless shadows. "Uncle, keep on running down the left side." The familiar voice said. The altar realized the problem and the endless arms started to crawl again. At that moment, Han Fei didn't dare to slow down. He rushed down the left side like crazy. The shops beside him receded and the safety door of the 7th floor appeared before his eyes. Without any hesitation, Han Fei charged through the door!

However, the next second, his face paled. There was no staircase beyond the safety door, only an empty abyss!

The altar owner had trapped everything inside the mall, there was no exit at this maze, only death. Han Fei fell downwards but before he was claimed by the abyss, a weathered arm reached out from the other side of the abyss. Holding the arm with all his might, Han Fei looked up. The darkness was like falling snow as they cascaded around him. The scene that he saw from both of his eyes slowly overlapped. A wrinkled face entered his eyes. Pain came from all sides of his body. Han Fei widened his eyes and looked around. Half of his body was hanging outside the rails of the 7th floor. His right arm was dangling downward while his left arm was holding onto a slender arm tightly.

"I almost died." Han Fei who regained his senses quickly pulled himself up. He leaped over the rails. Han Fei collapsed on the ground and gasped for air. He turned to study the senior beside him. The old woman's face was covered in wrinkles. A tattered rucksack lay beside her and red sweaters could be seen from inside it.

Even though Han Fei was already safe, the old lady was still holding onto Han Fei's wrist. Perhaps she was too scared to let go or she was afraid that Han Fei might do something stupid again. Neither of them spoke. After a long time, it was Han Fei who shattered the silence. "Granny, thank you."

Han Fei thanked the old lady. However, the old lady appeared to be quite confused. She looked at Han Fei and kept shaking her head. Perhaps Han Fei had reminded her of her son. Before her son died, he had done many inexplicable things as well.

"I will not go near the rails again, don't worry." Han Fei tried to make the old lady let go but without hurting her, he couldn't really do that. In the end, Han Fei stood up from the ground and helped the old lady get up. Letting her hold onto his wrist, Han Fei led her downstairs.

"Granny, why were you on the 7th floor earlier?" When they reached the 1st floor, the old lady finally recovered from her shock so Han Fei tried to communicate with her.

"I came to donate clothes, the sweater from when my son was 7 but there was no one in the shop... A boy said you were on the 7th floor, he was drenched, it was him who led me to find you..." The old woman's hand trembled. She finally let Han Fei go.

'It was the boy who came to buy the toys who helped me.' Han Fei took out the wooden doll from his pocket. The doll was cracked and looked fragile. 'The customers of this shop might be my hope of solving this conundrum.'

They entered the 2nd hand shop. Like usual, the old lady walked towards the fake altar. She mumbled something to herself and then handed the rucksack to Han Fei.

"Granny, actually this altar..." Before Han Fei could finish, the old lady staggered away. She left without turning back and disappeared into the darkness. The old lady would come every night and then leave after doing a good deed. She believed that her son would return after she committed 1000 good deeds but she had no idea the altar she worshipped was actually a fake one.

'There should be more people like her, they have all been scammed by the mall boss.' Han Fei saw the wounds on his left arm. He remembered he had lost a soul. 'I need to expose this fake mall boss to everyone! This demon in disguise!'

Sitting behind the counter, Han Fei opened the menu. When he saw the old woman's face, he had already escaped from the altar owner's illusion. However, at the time, he was hanging outside the 7th floor, not really a good time to check the system notifications.

"Notification for Player 0000! You've completed a random mission—illusions.

"You didn't succumb to the illusions as I had hoped but you have carved a path of your own. You managed to do something I couldn't. Perhaps your answer is the right answer.

"You've rectified 45 percent of the altar owner's regret! You've obtained a large amount of EXP and a free trade with the altar. You do not need to pay anything for this trade.

"Warning! Using your soul as leverage, you've obtained this trading chance. But a trade is always of equivalent value! Please consider the value of your soul and then accept a trade from the altar."

After completing the mission, Han Fei realized he was getting close to the core of this world—the altar.

After completing the 'me' mission at western city, he gained the altar's preliminary approval, and now he gained one chance to use the altar. All the missions were progressing forward, as they tortured him into a devil, they also fashioned him to become more like the altar owner.

'My Evil Soul has been taken by the altar, without his help, I wouldn't have escaped from the illusions.' Han Fei leaned on the counter. He had no idea how much his Evil Soul was worth and honestly he didn't even want to use his Evil Soul to trade for anything. He wanted to release his soul from the altar.

'A very scary creature lives inside the altar. Can my Evil Soul leave the altar unscathed?' This mission had provided Han Fei with some hidden benefits, it had allowed Han Fei to look into the fears within the altar owner's heart; it also introduced him to the other workers at the 2nd hand shop. Perhaps Han Fei could find the mall boss' weakness from them.

After overcoming the illusions, Han Fei turned his attention away from the job, he needed to start a counter attack, to use everything he had to shatter the mall boss' false mask of kindness.

#### Chapter 454 White Rice

Han Fei who had walked out from the illusions was clearly different from before. Han Fei managed to do things that the altar owner was unable to. The changes that he brought to the memory world started to have future consequences.

The door of the 2nd hand shop opened and Han Fei turned to the door. A man holding a delivery box stood dumbly at the door. His expression was dull and his mouth was slightly tilted.

"Pingan?" Han Fei was surprised to see the deliveryman. "What time is it, why haven't you gone home?"

Wang Pingan raised the delivery box and shouted, "I brought fried chicken."

"You've brought food for me?" Han Fei's heart warmed and he quickly invited Wang Pingan into the shop. After he opened the delivery box, Han Fei saw that the boxes of fried chicken had cracked and there was a visible shoe print on them. "Someone has attacked you?" Han Fei walked around Wang Pingan. The man's clothes were stained with mud and sauces.

“Fried chicken.” Wang Pingan didn’t care about his dirty clothes. He carried the hot packs of fried chicken like treasures and placed them on the table. “I can’t finish them. Give, give you some; give father some.”

Staring at the 2 giant boxes of fried chicken which were heavily damaged, Han Fei shook his head. Wang Pingan wouldn’t have bought so many fried chicken for no reason, something must be behind this.

“Can I borrow your phone?” Han Fei accepted Wang Pingan’s phone and logged into the delivery platform. Wang Pingan had gained 2 new bad reviews and compensated the customer full price for their orders.

“You’re still so happy after you’ve lost money?” Han Fei made some calculations. The earning Wang Pingan that night was nullified by that one compensation.

“Fried chicken... delicious.” Wang Pingan opened one of the packs and handed Han Fei a bottle of cola that had lost its fizz. Then he started to enjoy the food on his own. Wang Pingan had no worry and no fear. He munched on the fried chicken, his lips stained with oil.

Looking at Wang Pingan, Han Fei had a surreal feeling. He didn’t expect that there would be such a ‘normal’ person inside this abnormal world.

‘Thankfully I’ve walked out of the illusions or else I might have accidentally killed you.’ Destiny had changed. Han Fei ate the chicken. These 10 minutes were the most relaxed period of his entire day. After they finished the first box, Wang Pingan took out the second box of chicken. He wanted to have a taste of the other flavor but he also wanted to save the second box for his father.

“You better go home and share the second box with your father.” Han Fei grabbed the second box of chicken and placed it back into the delivery box. When he reached into the delivery box, he realized the bottom of Wang Pingan’s delivery box was filled with bowls of white rice.

‘Why are there so many bowls of white rice? And they’re all cooked?’ Han Fei was confused, “Pingan, did you buy these white rice yourself?”

“Delivery, all delivery.” Wang Pingan pointed at his phone. “Can’t find address. House, house full of dead people.” Han Fei suspected he had heard wrongly. The previous minute he was enjoying a warm moment with Pingan and now everything changed.

“Dead people? Dead people ordered the delivery?”

“Dead people.” Wang Pingan was still smiling happily. The fried chicken lost its flavor immediately. Han Fei handed the napkin over to Wang Pingan to help him wipe his hand. Then he had Wang Pingan sit before him. “Where are you supposed to deliver all these white rice?”

“Upstream, Head River, white city.” Wang Pingan answered with difficulty. Han Fei grabbed the man’s phone and soon he discovered something terrifying. Every night, someone would order bowls of white rice from Head River and they would order the rice from the same shop.

Han Fei took out his own phone to call the number of the restaurant, it rang for a long time and there was no answer. He tried to call the same number with Wang Pingan’s phone, but it only rang twice before it was picked up.

“Did something happen to you?” A man’s voice came through the line, the man sounded very nervous.

Han Fei’s eyes darted about. He took the phone and walked deeper into the shop. “The address you gave me is not right, why is the house filled with dead people?”

There was a crash on the other end of the line and then the call ended.

After a while, the same number called Wang Pingan back. Once Han Fei answered it, he could hear the boss’ worried breathing. “Brother, I didn’t mean to scam you but only you would accept the order now.”

“So... why are there so many dead people?”

“I really don’t know! Head River is where the rich people live. There was a family who liked to order from us but from a certain day onwards, they only ordered white rice and stopped ordering the dishes. I was curious so I asked around. I found out the whole family was kidnapped and then killed by the

kidnapper! However, the other deliverymen swore the family was still alive when they made the delivery after the supposed massacre of the family!”

“The people are dead but they still order rice every day?”

“I don’t know! Regardless, until now they will still order white rice every night. And recently more customers started to order white rice at night! They came from all over the place, many delivery people didn’t dare to accept such orders anymore. Only you didn’t seem to care about it. Wait a minute, why do you sound different from before?”

“Guess who I am.” As Han Fei said that, the man hung up the phone.

“The boss didn’t sound like he was lying.” Han Fei returned to Wang Pingan’s side. He looked at the bowls of white rice that covered the bottom layer of the box. “The boss said that the number of customers who ordered white rice at night has increased recently, are they all dead people?”

Looking through the info on the shop, Han Fei realized with a shock that the shop was also owned by the mall boss. The boss also had a lot of real estate along the river. However, for the past 2 years, his luck had been sliding. Most of his businesses shut down and the only ones that remained were the Mall, Five Grains Restaurant and River Private Hospital.

“Pingan, how many of such orders have you received? Orders for just white rice.” Wang Pingan scrolled through his phone and proudly showed Han Fei his delivery records. When Han Fei saw the records, his face was green. No wonder Wang Pingan had worked through the night, most of his delivery involved delivering white rice.

‘It’s the ghosts who have been keeping this man alive...’ Han Fei looked through the phone. Wang Pingan had even made a delivery to Han Fei’s neighbourhood before. The address was the room on the 3rd floor where the hanging woman was.

“Are there any problems with these white rice?” Han Fei took out a pack and looked through it with chopsticks. The rice was half-cooked and the rice was mixed with joss sticks and paper money ashes.



“Pingan, you need to stop accepting orders from River Head. You might survive once, but it doesn’t mean you’ll survive every time...”

Wang Pingan, who always listened to Han Fei, hesitated. He asked a very strange question. “Must dead people be ghosts? Why must we be afraid of dead people? Those who bully me are living people.”

“The living people might be after your money but the dead will be after your life.” Then Han Fei was suddenly reminded of something. Be it Wang Pingan who made the night delivery, or the old lady who did good deeds every day, they didn’t seem to be afraid of ghosts. And the ghosts in the memory world also left them be.

‘The altar owner was taught that good people have good karma since he was young but when he tried to do good things, bad things kept happening to him. He was corrupted to become the scariest monsters. However, in his memory world, his subconscious has protected these good people. Until now, he probably still believes good people have good karma, at least that is true in his memory world.’ Han Fei glanced at the good people title that he had. Then he turned to Wang Pingan, “Pingan, if you insist on making these deliveries, then you have to promise me one thing. You will bring me to visit these people after the sun comes up.”

“Which people?” Wang Pingan didn’t quite understand Han Fei. His eyes were glued to the other box of fried chicken.

“All the people who have ordered white rice at night. Bring me to their homes. If there is no danger, then you can continue taking these orders.” Han Fei had his own plan. He had seen the people who had died to the altar in the altar owner’s illusions. Now he planned to meet them in person in the memory world.

Chapter 455 Well

After getting the promise from Wang Pingan, Han Fei told the man to go home early but Pingan took his phone and scrolled up the delivery record. He pointed at the shop. “Here... ordered a lot of rice.”

Han Fei looked at the screen. Wang Pingan’s first white rice order was from the 2nd hand shop.

“I, I made the delivery but the rice was abandoned, the employee said no one had ordered it.” Wang Pingan uttered slowly. He was trying to express something.

“Our shop has ordered white rice?” If only the dead would order white rice, then it meant that the 2nd hand shop had dead people too. “The shop is filled with recycled antiques, it’s normal for them to contain some spirits. It proves that they are authentic. Perhaps the boss likes to collect such things.” A normal worker would have panicked from fear but Han Fei thought this was nothing.

After Wang Pingan left, Han Fei returned to the counter, stood at the camera blind spot and switched off the surveillance. “I love my job and see the shop as my home. There shouldn’t be any problem for me to check the items around my house.”

Han Fei put on the landlord’s ring from his inventory. Once the ring was on his finger, the familiar chill returned. ‘I knew these recycled objects aren’t normal. The boss built this place not out of feelings, but had an ulterior motive.’ Raising his hand, Han Fei used the ring as a compass. The ring led him to the altar. A fake altar was placed deep inside the store, the real altar was underground. Ever since Han Fei found out about the real altar, he forgot all about the fake altar. However, the landlord’s ring was telling Han Fei otherwise. This altar was radiating a cold presence!

Han Fei pulled back the black cloth. The wooden altar looked normal, it was no different from the altars Han Fei had encountered before, it was like an aged art piece. The altar’s doors were nailed shut. Han Fei leaned closer and he realized the wooden planks were written with many curses like whoever opened this altar would be cursed with tragedy and misfortune.

The altar aboveground and belowground had the same size but they couldn’t be more different. You could feel the strange presence of the underground altar when you got near. Once the black cloth was pulled back, the whole underground storeroom would become strange.

However, the altar before Han Fei, even though its doors were sealed, didn’t give off any presence of danger. ‘Should I open it? As Big Sin’s owner, Lee Zai’s friend and the carrier of several Unmentionable’s curses, I should be the unluckiest person in the cryptic world, right?’ Han Fei put on the gloves and found the toolbox. Since the surveillance was switched off and there was no customer, Han Fei started to remove the wooden planks. The landlord’s ring kept warning Han Fei but he didn’t care. Like Big Sin, Han Fei didn’t target the front of the altar but started from the sides. When the small door was almost detached from the altar, the lights inside the shop started to flicker, a wounded arm reached out from the altar to grab at Han Fei’s finger!

Han Fei was prepared. He already reacted very fast but he still couldn’t avoid the arm. His body was dragged towards the altar. Han Fei could barely maintain his balance. His bloodshot left eye glanced into

the dark altar, there was a wounded man stuffed inside. The man's limbs and body were twisted together and shoved inside the altar. His pale face was directed towards the front door. His mouth was left hanging half-open and black mist kept rushing into his body.

'He's wearing the same uniform as I am?!' While he struggled, Han Fei's brain spun quickly. He then shouted at the top of his lungs. "I'm here to deliver red sweaters! Your mother has been looking for you! Because of you, she comes to the shop daily, she wants to be reunited with you!"

His body still leaned towards the altar but the force became smaller. "It's the boss who did this to you and now he wants to kill me! It was your mother who saved me! I am here to thank her!"

Han Fei was not fully acting, he was not reading lines, he really did mean the words he said. The force dwindled further. Han Fei found the opportunity to roll away. He didn't aim to escape. Instead he grabbed at the rucksack not far away. After the old lady dragged him out from the illusions, she left the clothes she wanted to donate that night not far away from the altar.

Han Fei reached in to grab the bloody red sweater. He ran back to the altar. "Your mom has been tricked by the boss. She thought doing 1000 good deeds will free you but the boss never intended to let us go! After he has made use of us and exhausted every drop of our worth, he will kill us! I had no other choice but to take the risk to open the altar!" Han Fei placed the red sweater before him like a shield. "Your mom has saved me! So even if I die, I will fulfill her wish! Let me suffer the boss' anger. You can use this time to reunite with your mother, she has waited for you for a decade already, we mustn't let her wait any longer!"

Han Fei shouted without any reservation. He had stunned the man inside the altar. For the past decade, this was the first time the man had seen the light of day and the first person he saw was this strange man. The wounded arm stopped dragging Han Fei. The folded man opened up his mouth like he was trying to say something. However, his teeth and tongue had been removed so he couldn't make any sound. He struggled inside the dark altar but he couldn't even move his body, his flesh had grown into the altar.

"What is it that you want to say? If you can't leave the altar, I can bring the altar to her..." Before Han Fei finished, the man inside the altar struggled, he didn't want his mother to see him like this.

"Then how can I help you?" The man's only moveable arm slammed at the bottom of the altar until he exhausted himself out.

The lights returned to normal and the man disappeared. The fake altar only had a death portrait left. The man inside the black and white picture was quite handsome. He was mature and melancholic like he hadn't smiled for a long time already. Looking at the picture and comparing it to the folded man, Han Fei shivered. 'They are the same person?'

He took out the picture and hid it inside the red sweater. Then Han Fei moved the altar to see if there was anything hidden underneath. The wooden altar was much heavier than Han Fei anticipated. He tried his best to move it. After the altar was moved, strange-looking bugs crawled out, their cries sounded like children crying. Han Fei continued to apply force. After the altar was completely moved out of the way, a dark hole appeared before him. "The altar on the surface is to block off this hole?"

Capillaries-like roots grew near the hole and the bottom of the altar. When Han Fei moved the altar, he snapped off most of the roots. "It looks connected to the basement."

Han Fei leaned on the hole and looked down. He saw a well and the water surface was floating with trash and photographs. Han Fei found a fishing line in the store. He wanted to hook the stuff up. However, when the fishing line touched the water surface, something emerged from underwater and then a powerful force pulled the fishing line into the well. Seeing the bloody cut on his hand, Han Fei was shocked. Before he could react, the fishing line was already dragged away from him.

"Thankfully I didn't go down there myself." Han Fei gauged the distance between the mouth of the well and the water surface. Han Fei turned to close the shop. And then he found an iron shovel and pickaxe at the shop. He carried the tools and went into the underground basement. He stopped at the last row of shelves. The altar was on the other side of the shelves, it seemed to sit facing away from the well. After moving the shelf away, Han Fei tapped on the dusty wall. "If I open a hole here, it should lead me to the well."

However, it was getting late. 'The boss might come in the morning. I need to return everything to their places and make my move tomorrow night.' Han Fei knew that all the pain that befell the altar owner was the doing of the mall boss but he didn't plan to quit the job, if anything, he loved his job even more. He wanted to work here long term and used his passion to correct the boss.

'The boss should have received the message from the western city already. After he found out I was not made a cripple by those gangsters, he would take more severe revenge on me.'

'I have offended the boss but I can't lose this job... in that case, the only way forward is to remove the boss.

'The mall boss has strayed from the straight and narrow. There's no point keeping him around.'

Chapter 456 3rd Finger

Han Fei had spent most of the time in illusions so it was a bit late to break the walls now. To prevent himself from being discovered by the boss, after Han Fei memorized the location of the well, he replaced the shelves. He carried the axe and shovel and walked around the underground storeroom, feeling the chill from the landlord's ring. There were so many more haunted things down here than above.

"What is this?" There was a carved wooden box placed on the shelf near the altar. It looked like an antique. When Han Fei got near, he felt a chilling wind. Han Fei used his gloved hands to open the box. Inside the box were several blackened sheets of rice dumpling leaves. The leaves were covered with rotten rice and jujube but strangely enough the leaves were unaffected. 'These leaves look so strange. Their veins look like human blood veins.'

Han Fei moved the leaves out of the way and noticed there was a letter placed at the bottom of the box. Barely legible on the envelope was the sentence—for an old friend.

Resisting the strong discomfort, Han Fei found a piece of plastic to grab the envelope. He wiped away the blood on the surface and saw an address. 'No. 19, white city, River Head? Isn't that the same address which orders white rice every night?' White city was where the rich people lived and River Head was the richest among them. 'The family must have known the boss well to send rice dumplings during festivals.'

Han Fei placed a piece of leaf and the letter into the plastic bag. He planned to visit River Head with these things after dawn arrived. Other than the leaves, Han Fei found many items with Yin energy in the storeroom. Things like expensive silk cloth, used meat mincer, old television and so on. 'Every shelf has at least 1 dirty thing and they are placed facing the altar like they are worshipping it.'

Han Fei scanned the shelves, he planned to bring the haunted things out from the storeroom, for them to see the light again. 'In the altar owner's illusion, all the ghosts are controlled by the altar and they are all accomplices to the boss but is that really the truth?'

'He was in an extremely despairing state and was dominated by depression. With the influence of the altar, he saw that hopeless world. Perhaps that world was the one the mall boss created for him. Every single goodness that encountered the altar owner would be corrupted into ugly despair. He was trying to slowly turn the altar owner into a monster, one that would kneel, enslaved to the altar. After experiencing so many things, I could be considered the person who understands him the most but that doesn't mean I would take the same path as he did.'

In the illusions, Han Fei was also cornered by the ghosts. However, Han Fei didn't hate the ghosts, he even wanted to help them. 'They are bullied by the altar and can't even have peace after death. If I am to find helpers in this world, it will be among them.'

Han Fei couldn't carry everything at once so he picked a few convenient ones, things that he could hide easily and place them inside the old lady's rucksack. When Han Fei left the storeroom, there were extra things in the rucksack. They included a paper plane folded from a love letter, a wig covered in spider web, and the letter as well as rice dumpling leaf.

Han Fei recovered everything at the shop. Then he carried the old lady's rucksack, walked out from the shop and came to the donation box behind the mall. Huang Li had brought him here before. The mall boss had the donation box built not far from the trash cans, perhaps the mall boss found this an easier way to deal with the old lady's donation. Taking out the key, Han Fei opened the donation box and kept the old lady's rucksack inside it.

Perhaps it was because he had been involved in too many murders, Han Fei was very good at dealing with crime scenes. Thankfully he was not a bad guy or else with his skills, Xin Lu would have another supercriminal.

Han Fei returned to the shop and continued to sleep at the counter like nothing had happened.

Just as the sky was about to brighten, there was a customer. A man in black walked in. From the hat to the shoes, the man was in black, it was like he just came from a funeral. The man ignored Han Fei and walked around the shop before he stopped before the altar.

"How can I help you?" Han Fei stood at the counter and enquired with a yawn.

“I wish to purchase this altar but the server said that he couldn’t make that decision, he needed to verify it with the boss.” The man slowly turned around. “It has been days since then, I wonder if your boss came to a decision.” The weather was cold but the man was dressed in a very thin shirt. There was a complicated black tattoo on his neck, it was like a giant snake consuming several human heads.

“Can you tell me which server has told you that? I can help you contact him.” Han Fei tapped his face lightly like he was trying to keep himself awake.

“Thank you but I believe he should be here soon.” The man glanced at Han Fei and then soon lost interest. Compared to humans in this world, the man cared more about the old stuff on the shelves.

About 10 minutes later, the door of the 2nd hand shop opened again. Fei Yang with bloodshot eyes appeared at the door. His clothes were unkempt and his hair stuck out in places. It looked like he was woken up right about the time he was about to sleep.

“Why are you here?” Han Fei was surprised. Fei Yang waved his hands and rushed towards the man in black. They whispered among themselves. Fei Yang kept glancing at Han Fei as if afraid that Han Fei might discover something. About 10 minutes later, Fei Yang walked towards Han Fei. “Brother, your leg is injured so why don’t you get off work early today? Go back and rest. Then come back later.”

“Are you sure you can handle this? You left at 11 plus yesterday night and it is now barely dawn...”

“I’m fine. You better hurry back to rest.” Fei Yang urged Han Fei.

“The man doesn’t look like a good person. Be careful and don’t be scammed.” Han Fei reminded him kindly.

“Okay, okay.”

Han Fei was quite happy that he could get off work early. He worked the account and then left the shop rubbing his sleepy eyes.

However, the moment he left the shop, Han Fei's eyes sharpened. He saw very clearly that the human head tattoo on the man's neck was similar to 7th Finger's. 'How did Fei Yang get entangled with Ten Fingers?'

Fei Yang and the man in black spoke very softly but Han Fei possessed the altar owner's right ear so he heard everything. Fei Yang had discovered parts of the mall boss' secret, he had a feeling that he would die next so he voluntarily sought help from the man in black. The man in black was a private investigator, he had been investigating the mall so he was glad to take on Fei Yang as a client.

'After 7th Finger and 8th Finger are killed, the other Fingers started to make their move. Fei Yang is very clever but he has found the wrong person to cooperate with. Working with Ten Fingers is no different from signing your own death certificate.' Han Fei warned Fei Yang with the risk of exposing himself but Fei Yang was too panicked to heed Han Fei's advice. 'Hopefully he can survive until the end.'

When tragedy struck, everyone would try their best to save themselves but certain people would make the wrong decision.

The sky outside the mall was brightening. After making sure there was no one around, Han Fei turned to the donation box and retrieved the old lady's rucksack. "Time to go home."

Walking past the bridge, Han Fei lowered his head to study the gurgling river. His reflection in the water was blurry and it didn't look that much like Han Fei. It was like there was another person looking at him from under the river.

'After I take a quick nap, I will go take a look around River Head with Wang Pingan at noon.' Han Fei rubbed his hands. The weather was turning cold, so he should get some heavy layers for himself. Han Fei walked around the garden and entered the alley but he soon stopped.

There were 2 alleys between the mall and his rental. The homeless guy would normally stay at the first alley but today he had appeared at the alley closer to the mall. When he saw Han Fei, the man crawled towards Han Fei and extended his palms like he was asking for food from Han Fei. It had been a day since Han Fei saw the man. He noticed that someone had broken the man's leg. He was limping just like the dog inside the wooden box. His clothes were tattered and his hands were stained with mud. In the past, the homeless man would never actively block Han Fei's way to ask for food, he was acting strangely today.



“The sun hasn’t come up yet and the breakfast stall is not yet open, so I can't purchase any food for you.” Han Fei continued to walk forward. The homeless man suddenly grabbed Han Fei’s shirt. His dirty hands left stains on Han Fei’s employee uniform.

Han Fei narrowed his eyes. He didn’t say anything harsh to the homeless man, he didn’t shove him away either. Instead Han Fei grabbed the man’s wrist lightly. “Looks like you must be extremely hungry. Okay, let me return to the mall. I remember there is a 24 hour convenience store at the mall.” Han Fei smiled warmly. After Han Fei turned back to the mall, the homeless guy finally let go.

2 minutes later, after Han Fei disappeared from sight and the homeless guy prepared to return to his wooden box, the door of the nearby house suddenly opened. A man in a nurse's uniform charged out, he was holding a sharp knife.

“You saved him?” The man squeezed the homeless guy’s neck and slammed him into the wall. “Since you like to do charity so much then you can die on his behalf!” Just as the knife was about to pierce into the homeless man’s stomach, footsteps echoed down the alley.

Han Fei didn’t really return to the mall, he had been hiding at the corner. Without considering the consequence, Han Fei charged and knocked the man over.

“You are indeed suspicious! I was wondering why I haven’t seen you before!” When the man saw Han Fei turn back, he was excited, “A stranger has appeared in this unchanging world, whose memory are you based on?”

The nurse couldn’t feel pain and he was stronger than a normal man. He easily detained Han Fei by grabbing one of his arms. “Not going to tell me? Fine. I’ll make you into a can and trap you inside my bedroom.” The man’s other arm reached for Han Fei’s neck. As he tried to squeeze the life out of Han Fei, Han Fei’s right arm punched at the man’s chest. “Don’t you even know how to fight? You are making me laugh, do you think a fist is going to pierce through my chest?”

The smile on the lips slowly froze. The man felt a chill from his chest. “How can the body... made from memory feel cold?” He lowered his head to look. The light of dawn gathered in Han Fei’s hand. A shining blade appeared in the man’s eyes. Grabbing the knife, Han Fei swung the blade.

The nurse's head fell to the ground. His body melted under the sun. The nurse looked at Han Fei in surprise. Before he got the chance to activate the tattoo on his neck, he was already beheaded. "I, I have remembered you..."

"Shush." Massaging his wrist, Han Fei stood up from the ground. "There are 6 human heads around his neck, does that mean he's 6th Finger?"

Putting away Rest in Peace, Han Fei looked at the corner. The homeless man cowered in fear, hugging his dog, afraid that Han Fei might harm them.

Chapter 457 Be My Father

"Thank you for saving me earlier, I will bring food for you every day after I get off work." Han Fei's blade only cut through sin. As dawn showered into the alley, Han Fei put the hilt away and crossed his arms. The homeless guy retreated with fear on his face.

Moments later, Han Fei took out 500. "The weather is getting cold. You should get some thick blankets for yourself or perhaps find a place to stay." The homeless guy didn't dare to take Han Fei's money. He dragged the wooden box and rushed down the other side of the alley.

'A drifter that doesn't accept charity? I wonder what he did for a living before he became homeless.' Han Fei noticed the homeless guy cared about the stray dog a lot. As unkempt as the man was, he would still play and clean the dog every day. It was like the dog was the only pride he had left in the world. 'The most sensible thing to do is to silence all the witnesses so that Ten Fingers couldn't get to me through this homeless guy. But doing that is no different from Ten Fingers.'

Han Fei turned around and returned to his rental. Since the nurse was dead, he planned to visit the man's home. When he was about to walk upstairs, a paper plane covered in black stains landed beside his shoes. Han Fei lifted his head up to look. The window on the 3rd floor was left half-open and a woman stood at the window. She looked at Han Fei expressionlessly. The hands that hung on the window were scorched from fire.

"Hello." Han Fei raised his hand to greet her but the woman disappeared in the blink of an eye. "It doesn't feel like she was looking at me but the 2nd hand shop uniform I am wearing." Han Fei bent down to pick up the paper plane. It was written with symbols that no one could understand. "Are these words? What is she trying to tell me?" There was a dead person who lived in the same rental who

greeted one daily, most people would have moved away already but Han Fei wanted to visit the woman so that they could have a good chat.

'I believe I saw her among the illusions...'

Han Fei first returned to his room to grab the toys the nurse had tossed away. He placed them inside the old lady's rucksack and then ran to the nurse's room. 7th Finger and 8th Finger were independent ruffians but this particular Finger had a wife and son. This confused Han Fei, why was that?

Han Fei knocked for a long time before a child's voice answered, "Who are you looking for?"

"I'm your downstairs neighbor, we've met before." Han Fei said slowly, "Kid, you dropped your toys on the ground that day, I've kept them for you."

"You're here to return my toys?"

"Yes, I notice that you quite like them."

The doorknob wiggled. The door was pulled open from inside. A strange smell drifted out. The boy hid behind the door and his eyes were glued to the rucksack.

"You're the only one at home?"

"Father hasn't come back from work and mommy is still sleeping." The boy was at ease around Han Fei. Han Fei didn't stand on ceremony and walked into the room like he owned it. After Han Fei entered the living room, the boy became quite flustered. He scratched his head, confused by the situation. He didn't know if he should close the door or not.

"Here, the toys are quite expensive." Han Fei took out the puppets from the rucksack, and the boy's attention was immediately drawn to them. While the boy played with the toys, Han Fei started to look around. The room only had the simplest furniture and they were all worn and old. Other than that, ever since Han Fei entered the room, he noticed every object in the room exuded this horrible smell, like the whole place was rotting.

“Boy, how long you haven’t seen your mother already?”

“Very long time...” The boy was still playing with his toys, his favorite was the puppet that represented his father.

“Then do you want to see her?”

“Father won’t let us into her room, he will hit me.” The boy lowered his head and he slowly pulled the puppet’s head out.

“It’s fine, after all, he’s not here.” Han Fei walked towards the bedroom. When his hand landed on the door, he caught the picture frame that was tipped over on the television from the corner of his eyes. He righted the frame and noticed the picture only had the woman and the boy. There was no sign of the nurse. “Why isn’t your father in any of the photos?”

“He...” The boy stopped talking. He continued to try to pull the puppet’s head out. Since the boy didn’t answer, Han Fei didn’t press. He tried to turn the doorknob and realized the bedroom door was locked.

“The key is on father, without his permission, mommy will not open the door for you.” The boy’s voice appeared to be changing.

“Your mother loves you that much, how could she bear to not see you for so long? I suspect your father has done something bad to your mother.” Han Fei smiled. “Do you mind if I use some force to open the door?”

“Okay, but a locked door can’t be opened without a key.”

“Well, I’m going to give it a try anyway.” Han Fei aimed at the doorknob and kicked! The giant sound shattered the silence of the morning. Curses came from downstairs but Han Fei couldn’t care less. He resisted the stinging stench and turned to look into the bedroom. A woman covered in IV drips lay in bed. Various medicinal bottles that released horrible odors scattered around the bed. The woman’s eyes had gone blind from all the crying. Her eyes and ears were stuffed. If not for her slightly convulsing body, Han Fei would have assumed the woman was dead already.

'6th Finger is experimenting on this woman?' Han Fei immediately took out his phone to call for emergency rescue. He didn't dare to touch the drips lest he injured the woman. As Han Fei tried to communicate with the woman, the boy appeared at the bedroom door. He held the puppet that represented father. He grabbed the puppet's legs in his left hand and the puppet's head in his right. "Father said he is treating mommy's illness, if the treatment doesn't go well, mommy will spread the illness to us and we will be in great pain." The boy repeated the statement 6th Finger had taught him. The expression on his face slowly became stranger and stranger.

"Then did your father tell you what kind of illness your mother has?" In Han Fei's left eye, the boy's body was slowly changing. Han Fei was suddenly reminded of something. The boy before him was friends with the drowned boy. The drowned boy once witnessed his father murder his mother so the boy's mother puppet was beheaded.

Now, this boy was holding the same set of puppets as the drowned boy. Once he got the puppet, he started to yank the head off the father puppet, it felt like he was trying to use this way to kill his own father. It was a simple thought but also quite scary.

"Father said there is a person hiding in mother's heart. This is the only way he can lure the bad person out." The boy slowly walked towards Han Fei. "Father only became my father not too long ago. He said that he would become my father every time he enters this world. He has watched over me for 10 years already. He knows everything about me, he wants me to be his son but... I've only seen him for a few weeks." The boy's tone was strange as his mouth opened and closed. "Father knows everything in this home. He told me that my original father has died for a long time already. Since he has died, how could he linger in a living person's heart so the new father needs to treat my mother. He said mother and I only belong to him and can only belong to him." The boy reached Han Fei. He walked around his mother's bed, the boy didn't seem surprised by the scene inside his mother's bedroom.

Han Fei didn't expect this to happen, he started to calmly analyze the boy's words. The boy sounded like he was rambling but he had actually revealed a lot of information. The boy's real father was not 6th Finger but someone else. The boy's mother still missed her husband and raised the boy alone. However, 6th Finger appeared. 6th Finger used every method available to make the boy's mother forget about the boy's real father. Unfortunately, even after 10 years, he failed to murder the 'man' inside the woman's heart.

Seeing the woman in bed, Han Fei could imagine the torture she must have been through. This created a lasting impact on Han Fei. Combine that with the way 7th Finger and 8th Finger had ruled the western city, Han Fei came up with a terrifying conclusion!

'When Ten Fingers enter the memory world, it is no different from a normal player entering Perfect Life. They can do anything they want, even to kill the people inside the memory world thousands of times.

'This memory world is based on an altar and anchored by the Unmentionable's deepest resentment. Then could Perfect Life be based on an altar too?

'To be able to support such a huge gaming world, as well as a surface and cryptic layer, a normal altar wouldn't suffice but what if it was the black box?' These mad hypotheses slowly crowded Han Fei's mind until he felt someone pull on his shirt.

"Uncle, what are you thinking about?" Han Fei's mind was interrupted and he turned to the boy. "Today, father didn't return home on time and he didn't feed mother medicine." The boy raised the beheaded father puppet. His face had a creepy smile that a child should never have. "Uncle, would you be my new father?"

Han Fei retreated. In his left eye, the boy had already mutated. Flesh kept growing out from his left brain. The flesh became a cage to envelope Han Fei and the boy. Without any hesitation, Han Fei grabbed the boy's arm and rammed into the bedroom window. There had to be a reason why 6th Finger chose to be this boy's father. Perhaps the boy might become scary after he mutated or the boy knew some secrets. Regardless, Han Fei needed to stop the boy from mutating before him. He tried to drag the boy out from the flesh cage and bring the boy out from the bedroom but the window was nailed shut.

Bang! Han Fei felt like his bones were about to shatter.

"Be my new daddy! Mommy needs someone to look after her! I beg you to stay!" Ignoring the boy, Han Fei continued to slam into the window until the puppet the other boy gave him bounced to the ground. The already cracked toy smashed into smithereens on impact. Han Fei reached for the puppet but another hand was faster than he was.

"Why do you have this toy?" A drenched boy appeared from the broken toy. He stopped the mutating monster. Using this chance, Han Fei finally tore two planks out from the window and the sun hit the 2 boys. The drowned boy disappeared and the mutating boy slowly returned to normal.

Han Fei stood by the window nursing his beating heart. He realized he had greatly underestimated the danger of this world. 'As time progresses, the crazier this world will become. The monster in people's hearts will be released.'

The mission to survive for 30 days was impossible, perhaps it was a wish that couldn't be fulfilled.

'This boy is scarier than Lee Long and Lee Hu combined after he mutates. Perhaps that is why 6th Finger chose to adopt him. I have to maintain a good relationship with this boy. That way I'll have some aid after this world has fully mutated.'

#### Chapter 458

The boy had returned to normal. He held the 'dismembered' puppet and sat on the cold floor. Han Fei didn't dare to approach the boy recklessly. The boy looked normal on the surface but an extremely scary monster lived inside his heart. After experiencing so many things, Han Fei finally understood what mutation meant. Instead of calling it mutation, it was more like the monsters had shed their disguise to become what the altar owner remembered them to be.

The sun showered into the room. The boy lifted his head in confusion. His young face was filled with tears. Then he crawled over to his mother's side and started to cry.

'For now, the mutation will only occur in the dark and sunlight can return them to normal.' Han Fei frowned. He remembered the diary that the altar owner had left behind. 'The date I entered the memory world is 1st December. As the month progresses, the weather will get colder and the day shorter.'

Han Fei had no idea what kind of danger he would face. However, to have the world around him slowly collapse, that was not a good feeling.

"Please don't cry, your mother will be fine." After consoling the boy, Han Fei planned to visit the landlady, hoping that she and her husband could help look after the boy. Han Fei carried the rucksack to the stairs. As he was about to walk downwards, he felt a chill from his finger. The landlord's ring gave him a warning. 'Upstairs?'

Han Fei turned around to look and happened to see a woman in white walking up the stairs. 'Isn't that the tenant from the 3rd floor?' Han Fei gave chase immediately. He saw the woman open one of the

doors and entered it. 'Wait, that room is...' Han Fei stopped at the 3rd floor corridor. The woman had entered room 13, the room where someone had committed suicide.

'The sun is already up, why is this corridor still so gloomy?' Han Fei slowly nudged his way to Room 13. He realized with a shock that the room door was left half open as if welcoming him. With a shiver, Han Fei slowly pulled the door open. This was the second time Han Fei entered Room 13. But different from last time, this time he was alone. "Is anyone home?"

Holding a full rucksack in one hand and a hilt in another, Han Fei's every nerve was pulled taut.

Suddenly the sound of glass crashing came from the kitchen and then a rat scurried from between the shards. "There are living creatures in this room?" Just as Han Fei said that, the rat started to convulse like it had been poisoned. Its beady eyes leaked with blood and then it collapsed among the glass shards.

"You can hear me? I know you're here!" Han Fei slowly retreated. He felt like he had stepped on something but he remembered clearly that there was nothing near the door. The floor was supposed to be clean. Resisting the urge to look down, Han Fei continued to retreat. The previously open door had been closed. The rusted lock was stuck and Han Fei was trapped.

'The tenant died several months ago and nothing happened for a long time. This means that she is not a vicious ghost who goes after innocent people.' When you run into supernatural events, do not panic. If the other party still has traces of humanity, try to communicate with them. If the other party was fully dominated by murderous intention, then you have to be even calmer to figure out how to die in the least painful way. Many thoughts bounced in his mind. Han Fei knew the door was locked so in that case, he walked forward.

"I heard you were once a worker at the mall too? So technically you are my senior. I've encountered many strange events at the mall, so I can understand why you have made the choice you did... Honestly, I share your views, the mall boss is a devil in human skin. He is fake and crazy, he has me cornered already." Han Fei was trapped by the ghost in Room 13 but the words he said made it sound like he visited Room 13 on purpose. "I have no other option, no one in this world believes me. Everyone sees the mall boss as a philanthropist but I have seen the real person under the mask!" Han Fei shook the rucksack he was holding. "The devil's hands are bloody from the sins he has committed. Every item here represents a soul he has claimed."



The bloody red sweater, several photographs and a paper plane folded from a love letter fell to the ground. When the paper plane touched the living room floor, the temperature started to dip.

“Is this paper plane yours?” Han Fei picked up the paper plane with shaking hands. Actually when Han Fei saw the paper plane in the storeroom, he decided to take it with him because the paper plane looked similar to the paper planes the 3rd floor woman threw out the window. It merely was made from different materials. At the time, Han Fei believed the paper plane was connected to the woman on the 3rd floor. It was why he had carried the rucksack home.

The bathroom door was pushed open and toilet paper rolls tumbled out. Moments later, a scorched palm grabbed the edge of the door. It appeared like the ghost in Room 13 was about to show herself soon.

Holding the paper plane, Han Fei slowly approached the arm scorched by flames. “I believe I’ve seen you in the illusions. I was confused why the underground storeroom would have a paper plane. Then I realized you have been staring at me in my illusions. I have received a paper plane from you.”

Han Fei used Soul-depth touch and felt intense pain, hatred and regret from the scorched hands. “I am in deep regret but it is too late now. I am being targeted by the mall boss, I am his next prey. I know I am not long for this world. In these last few days, I want to help you.” Han Fei’s real meaning was, ‘please don’t kill me, I am almost a walking dead. Allowing me to live is going to be more helpful for you.’ The same meaning uttered in a different phrase and combine that with some acting, it would have a completely different impact, that was the power of language.

The ghost in Room 13 didn’t exit the bathroom. The hands grabbed the paper plane from Han Fei and crumpled it up into a ball. The burn marks started to flake and melted into the love letter. The promises of love were slowly replaced by burnt skin. The loving words now looked so disgusting.

“The love letter brings you so much pain? Who is the writer? After I leave, I will bring him to you!” Han Fei gave his promise. However, to complete that promise, he had to be alive. The sun rose but the temperature in Room 13 continued to fall. With a shrill scream, Han Fei was shoved away by the hands.

The waste paper inside the bathroom fluttered about. A flickering woman was howling. Her neck was hung on the window frame. Her scorched hands tore at the waste paper on the ground. The sun slowly shone into the room and the woman’s face blurred. Before she disappeared, a paper plane folded from a love letter floated out from the bathroom. The temperature slowly returned to normal. Han Fei looked at the blood-stained paper plane and carefully unfolded it.

The previous words were blotted out and only a sentence written by finger remained. "Truth is a monster, it has a mouth which can't speak. Whenever the philanthropist leaves his house, he would lock Truth at home, trapping it with Conscience."

There were a few large words written on the back of the letter—Can you help me piece it back?

"Piece what back?" Han Fei lifted his head and he realized there was a pair of eyes watching him from the gap among the waste paper. "You want me to use the patterned waste paper in the bathroom to piece together a complete picture?" Even though Han Fei had solved the human jigsaw case, he was not that good at solving puzzles. 'If only Wei Youfu was here, he liked puzzles when he was alive.'

Thinking about his neighbours, Han Fei took a deep breath. He didn't expect that there would come a day where he would miss them. The home for him was not the rental in real life but the scariest haunted house at Happiness Neighbourhood. 'They have cured me. If I can walk out from the memory world alive, I should see if I can bring this 'puzzle' with me. It'll be a great present for Wei Youfu.'

Resisting the urge to sleep, Han Fei sat in the bathroom and studied the pieces of waste paper on the ground. He didn't play puzzles that often but Han Fei had extraordinary memory and observational skill. Normal people couldn't make heads or tails of the strange symbols but Han Fei noticed the small differences immediately. As Han Fei was getting into his groove, footsteps came from the corridor.

The landlady and her husband rushed to Room 13. When they saw Han Fei sitting inside the bathroom, working on their puzzle, their faces were white. Perhaps it was too scary, the couple only dared to enter the room after grabbing the mop and broom.

"Has the kid lost his mind from pressure? I already told you not to pressure him with the rent, see, now you have turned him into a madman."

"Shush!" The landlady entered the living room with the mop, her husband followed closely behind her.

"Could he be possessed by that hanging girl? Why else would he come to mess with these papers so early in the morning? And is he smiling?"

“Shut up!” The landlady picked up speed. Han Fei turned to look at him.

“Uncle, Auntie? What are you doing here?” Patting the dust from his body, Han Fei climbed up from the ground.

“What, what are you doing here? Who opened the door for you? Did you print another key for yourself?”

“You might not believe me but when I came home from work, I saw a woman standing before the boy’s room on the 2nd floor. Her hands were burnt and she looked pitiable. However, she was very kind. She told me that the boy’s mother was trapped in the bedroom and hoped that I could go save her.” Han Fei said sincerely. No sign of lying could be seen on his face.

“And then?”

“So I went into the boy’s room to take a look. I did find his mother trapped inside the bedroom and she was covered in drips! I was so scared so I immediately called the hospital.” Han Fei explained colorfully, the landlady and her husband felt like they were there with him.

“Wait, you were scared?” The couple looked at Han Fei in confusion.

“After saving the boy’s mother, I came out and saw the girl walking upstairs. So I chased after her trying to thank her.”

“So you followed her right into Room 13?” The couple was shaken. They had experienced similar ‘supernatural’ events in the past.

“Indeed, the girl was sad. There was something curious about her death and I suspect it has to do with these waste papers in the toilet.” Han Fei showed them the different symbols on the paper. “If you piece them together, you can see the rough shape of a well. There is something written on the side. I believe I can tell what the message is after I piece the papers together.”

The landlady was about to say something when the ambulance arrived. The boy downstairs was still crying so the couple hurried downstairs.

“Being the landlady and landlord is not easy, especially when you have a tenant like me.”

After the couple left, Han Fei resumed his work on the puzzle. He needed to decipher the girl’s message as soon as possible. Puzzles were hardest at the beginning. After 40 minutes, Han Fei spread the shredded waste paper all over the room and he made an important discovery. When all the waste paper was pieced together, they formed a well and many strange funeral cultures were written around it.

Han Fei didn’t understand these things, but not too long ago, Huang Yin did mention something to him. There was an old man who studied history that died in Perfect Life. The biggest discovery he made in the game was that the NPC would observe a different set of funeral culture after they died. The culture was completely different from the ones in real life. It was like there was a completely different deity that governed the matters of death in the game.

Memorizing all the strange symbols, Han Fei was almost done with the puzzle. He didn’t understand the symbol but he did grasp the rough meaning of some of the pictures.

“The legend is that once you toss something important into the well, you will get blessing and good luck. Someone has built an altar for the well. Buying into the legend, people started to throw their most important ‘things’ like their family and friends into the well.”

Chapter 459 Kind People

“The more important the ‘thing’ you drop into the well, the better the reward you can get. After endless ‘attempts’, the people started to get crazy.” Han Fei used about one and a half hours to piece the picture together. He pieced together a tragedy. Inside the endless well, some people were climbing to the surface, others were falling; some knelt beside the well worshipping it, others wanted to destroy it. “Is this well the same as the one at the shop?”

After memorizing all the important details, Han Fei jumbled up the waste paper again. “The lesser the people who know about this the better.” The picture didn’t record the thing that happened to the woman in Room 13 but she was the one who painted the picture. All the patterns were sticky with black hair that exuded a horrible stench. “The woman knows about the well’s secret? She has seen that well?” Han Fei was curious why the tenant chose to commit suicide, what had forced her to do so?

Picking up the paper plane folded from a love letter, Han Fei read the message again. "The truth is a monster with a mouth and it has been trapped at the philanthropist's home? The philanthropist here should refer to the mall boss, does this mean that the truth can be found at his home?"

A few days ago when Han Fei chatted with Huang Li, he found out the mall boss had many houses, but his favourite was the one at white city.

"The haunted houses that order white rice every night are also situated at white city. I should go take a look when I'm there." After putting away the love letter, Han Fei grabbed a few key papers with him, that way, no one could piece the well back together. "The sudden death of 6th Finger might attract the other fingers to come look. Perhaps I should just burn all these things."

Han Fei quickly put his plan into action. He was about to return to his home to get a lighter when the landlady and her husband returned. "What are you still doing here?" The landlady had met many people but this was the first time she encountered someone like Han Fei. "Aren't you afraid?"

"I have to piece the paper together today to return justice to the dead!"

"There is no justice in this world. All you need to do is to work hard and cure your mother's illness." The landlady frowned looking at the paper that scattered the ground. "Later I'll burn all these papers. If you ask me, you're probably possessed!"

"But won't the ghost get angry after you burn her stuff? We can't avoid the problem forever." Han Fei stopped the landlady, "Actually why did the tenant of Room 13 commit suicide?"

"Don't know."

"If you tell me, I will go sell my blood and return you my owed rental today." Han Fei rolled up his sleeves and said seriously.

"Is this really necessary? You don't even know her, why create so much trouble for yourself?" The landlady was getting annoyed. The husband rushed in. "Calm down." He closed the door. "Pipe down, do you two want the entire building to hear you?" He stood between Han Fei and his wife. "I can tell you

everything you want to know. There's no need to rush the rental, curing your mother is more important."

"What happened to the tenant of Room 13 before she died?" Han Fei didn't waste time and cut to the chase.

"It's a long story. The tenant of Room 13 was a worker at the mall. Even though she was young, she already owned this place. She had worked very hard. When she went to work, she would lock her child at home. There were no toys for the child to play with so when the child was bored, the kid would fold waste paper into planes and throw them out the window. The other tenants hated the child for littering. So the woman had no choice but to bring her child to work with her." The landlord sighed. "Actually the woman was quite a nice person. How shall I put this? When your actions don't affect others, everyone will exist peacefully with you but the moment your existence brings others inconvenience, no one will care for you." The landlord felt the temperature around him dropping. He took out a cigarette to try to warm himself but he put it back into his pocket once he felt a sharp gaze from his wife.

"The neighbours found her to be easily bullied and the colleagues were annoyed by her child. A few weeks went by. One night, the woman ran back to the apartment in a hurry. She found us and told us that her child had gone missing, she asked us if we had seen her child."

"Even though we were not that close with her, this was a missing child so we helped her. We searched until late midnight but we couldn't find her child. From that day onwards, the tenant started to get a little crazy. She went to work in the morning and came out to look for her child at night. Gradually she lost her mind." The landlord sighed. He wanted to light the cigarette but was afraid of his wife.

"Lost her mind?"

"Yes, she started to mumble nonsense to herself. She said that there was a way to find her child, she only needed to pray to the god and the god would show her the way." The landlord's eyes shone with regret. "I've persuaded her and called her family to come get her. However, she refused to listen and her condition worsened."

"And then what happened?"

“The woman lost it. One day, she burned her arms because she said she had traded her arms for her child’s location.” When the landlord said that, Han Fei shivered.

“Has she mentioned a well to you?”

“How did you know that?” The landlord was startled before he continued, “She had severe burns on her arms. When she was sent to the hospital, her mind was already gone. She kept mumbling things that no one could understand. Things like hatred can light up the fire that burns in the water, she was willing to use her arms to trade for her child’s location. She said that she had reached her hands into the well, and her arms were burned by water. In the end, she said that her wish was fulfilled. The god gave her the location of her child and her child was inside the well.”

“The woman lost her mind and she didn’t even find her child.” The landlady said. She had a sharp tongue but she really did care about the girl.

“After the woman was discharged from the hospital, she returned here and that night, she hanged herself.” The couple didn’t blame the woman for doing that. They even preserved her room. They probably thought there was something strange about her death.

“Did she ever bring up the child’s father? Did she fall in love when she was working at the mall?”

“We have never heard of her husband before, she came from the countryside. Perhaps her husband was working in another city.” The landlord urged Han Fei to leave. “Come on, let’s not stay here anymore.”

“Wait a minute.” Han Fei opened the musty dresser in the bedroom. There were many old clothes and some of the children’s clothes had the logo of a charity organization. The logo was very familiar. Han Fei had seen the same logo on the donation box behind the mall. Han Fei looked through the pile of clothes and a red sweater caught his attention. ‘Wait, this is similar to the red sweater knitted by the old lady.’

The tenant in Room 13 and her child had accepted donations from this charity organization before but this organization was built by the mall boss. The boss had no kindness in his heart, everything was a business transaction. All his donations came with a price.

'Once the woman arrived here, she found a rental near the mall and started working at the work. Did she know someone at the mall? Or even had a special relationship with them?' Han Fei studied the clothes with the charity logo inside the dresser. 'The philanthropist locks Conscience and Truth at his home...' Many speculations appeared in his mind. Han Fei didn't stay in Room 13 but rushed back to his own home.

'My mood points have dropped a lot. I need to find time to rest and head to River Head around noon.' Han Fei stuffed the waste paper into the old lady's rucksack and went to sleep. Han Fei was woken up by the alarm at noon. His stamina hadn't fully recovered and his mood point only rose back to 49. 'It'll be even more dangerous after dark, I don't have much time left.'

Han Fei carried the rucksack and left his room. When he was downstairs, he called Wang Pingan. Half an hour later, Wang Pingan arrived wearing his delivery uniform and riding his bike. He smiled innocently. Since he was young, not many people would call him out. Han Fei was his only friend.

"Your uniform is bright yellow. It'll be impossible for people not to notice." Han Fei looked at Wang Pingan. He was about to take on the whole world but his only teammate was a man with intelligent deficiency. "The mall boss is extremely cunning and wicked. If he spots you, he will come after you. How about you lend me your uniform and equipment? You should go back home."

Wang Pingan didn't understand the complicated sentence. He patted the backseat of his motorcycle and he smiled brightly. "My, my father said, you have helped me... So I help you."

"Then we should get this done quickly."

"Brother, brother, I have your favorite rice." Pingan said proudly, "I've accepted a few more orders yesterday night."

With bad feelings in his heart, Han Fei opened the delivery box. Half of the box was filled with rice.

"They ordered the rice but they didn't want it. They, they gave them to me. Aren't they good people?" Wang Pingan wasn't nervous at all. This was a happy outing for him. He rode very slowly. In fact, Han Fei probably could run faster than the motorcycle.



"If only everyone is so kind." Han Fei signaled for Wang Pingan to stop. "Go sit at the back, I'll drive." Han Fei was in a hurry. After the swap, Han Fei rode the motorcycle like he was racing. Han Fei managed to reach white city before 1 pm.

When he arrived, he could feel the difference immediately. The road was wide and clean. However, the place was quite deserted.

"How did you enter the neighbourhood before?" Han Fei noticed there were a lot of guards at the gate and there were cameras everywhere.

"I walked in." Wang Pingan pointed at the delivery box. "Delivery."

"Pretend to be a deliveryman? Not a bad idea," Han Fei nodded. "Exchange your jacket with mine. You should wait here for me and don't wander off."

#### Chapter 460 Fresh Meat Dumpling

After endless training, Han Fei's acting skill had reached a unique state. After he put on the delivery uniform, he looked like he had been in this field for years already. His mannerism and actions were flawless. When he passed the security post, the guards not only didn't stop him, they even offered him a bottle of water. He successfully entered the River Head Neighbourhood, this was the location with the best environment in the memory world. The neighbourhood was like a park. 'The boss lives at Zone 1, the family that orders the white rice is at Zone 9.'

The neighbourhood was split into 9 zones. Zones 1 to 4 were on the right side, 5 to 9, the left side. The right side was clearly livelier than the left.

Following the address, Han Fei arrived at the apartment building at the deepest corner of the neighbourhood. There was basically no one here. Carrying the delivery box, Han Fei walked up the stairs and pressed the electric bell at the door. The bell chimed but no one answered. 'The exterior of the building looks similar to the other buildings, the lawn and garden are kept nicely but it doesn't seem like the place is occupied.'

Han Fei called the number of the person who ordered the white rice. The dial tone was busy. 'The door is locked so how did Wang Pingan enter it yesterday night? Someone opened the door for him?' While Han Fei was pondering what to do, footsteps came from the corridor. He lifted his head with shock. A 60

plus old man was moving down the stairs holding his phone. 'He is the one who ordered the rice? He's still alive?' It was noon but the stairwell was unnaturally dark.

The old man reached the first floor and spoke into the phone. "If you are really that busy, then it's alright if you don't come back during the holidays, I'm quite fine being on my own."

Then he hung up. He walked towards the door and looked out. "Who are you looking for?"

"I'm here for delivery." Han Fei's call hadn't gone through but the old man had already finished the call so he wasn't the one who ordered the white rice.

"Delivery?" The old man stared at Han Fei for a long time before he opened the door. "Come on in."

"Thank you, uncle." Han Fei carried the delivery box and was about to enter the building when a chilling wind swept past him, causing him to shiver.

"Kid, the tenants here have almost all moved out. Who ordered the delivery?"

"The address given is River Head Neighbourhood Zone 9, 4th floor and Number 19." Han Fei took out his phone to pretend to look at it.

"4th floor?" The old man was already turning to walk away but when he heard Han Fei, he stopped. "Are you sure? There isn't anyone living on the 4th floor anymore."

"But that's the address I was given."

The old man said nothing but only nodded.

Bang! When Han Fei reached the 3rd floor, there came the sound of door slamming from the 1st floor. It sounded like someone had locked the building. 'It's daylight so there shouldn't be any problem.' The landlord's ring didn't react and his mood point was normal. Han Fei adjusted his emotion and came to

the 4th floor. The high-class apartments at River Head Neighbourhood were not that high. For example, this building only had 5 floors.

“Is anyone home?” Standing before Room 401, Han Fei’s voice echoed throughout the entire corridor. “Your delivery is here.” Han Fei looked around. The corridor was darker than before. The sun was bright outside the building but inside the building, it was dark. “Is anyone...” Before Han Fei finished, the phone in his pocket vibrated. He was spooked. “Wang Pingan? Why is he calling me now?”

Han Fei accepted the call worried that something had happened to Wang Pingan. However, on the other end of the phone, Wang Pingan didn’t say anything, he just continued to laugh that silly laugh of his. However, this only made Han Fei even more worried. “Pingan, are you okay? Hello? Hello!” The signal suddenly worsened. After some static, the call disconnected.

Holding the phone, Han Fei was pondering why Wang Pingan had called him when his phone vibrated again. The caller Id showed that it was the person who ordered the white rice. Holding his breath, Han Fei didn’t make any noise as he accepted the call. He focused on capturing all the details from the other end of the line.

There was the sound of rice being washed, vegetables being chopped, things being fried and so on... The person sounded like they were busy in the kitchen.

‘Something’s not right.’ Various sounds came from the phone but as Han Fei leaned against the door, he couldn’t hear any sounds coming from inside the room. ‘Am I in the wrong place?’

The person called Han Fei but he didn’t say a word so Han Fei didn’t dare hang up. This continued for about 20 seconds. Then a man’s voice said, “The dishes are all ready, go and set the table.”

“Second brother, father is not home yet, he has gone out to purchase some stuff.”

“We are not low on anything, what has he gone out to buy?”

“Meat perhaps.”

“We have more than enough meat. We still have a whole fridge of frozen meat to finish. Why buy so much meat? This is such a waste!”

“Father wants to have fresh meat dumplings.”

“Does it really matter? Go and set the table, I’ll go and find father.”

Footsteps came from the phone. The sound came closer and closer to Han Fei. Soon it approached the door, then the sound of the door opening came from the phone. As the doorknob twisted, the door before Han Fei also opened at the same time. Listening to the strange noises coming from the phone and watching the door behind him slowly open, Han Fei tightened his grip on the strap of the delivery box. The moment the door opened, the noises from the phone disappeared. Han Fei stood at the door with the phone, wondering if he should enter the room.

‘Why did I pick the time of the day when the Yin energy is the strongest to come here?’ River Head Neighbourhood was a high-end living location. The room was huge and the interior design was lavish. However the place was covered in dust, clearly it hadn’t been occupied for a long time already.

“Your delivery has arrived.” Han Fei slowly walked into the room. He noticed the living room table was placed with fruits that had gone dry. He turned to the dining table and saw that it was filled with rotten dishes. ‘So many dishes? Looks like they were preparing for a reunion dinner.’

Holding the delivery box with one hand, Han Fei walked to the dining table. As he studied the food on the table, he suddenly felt gazes upon him. He turned to the bedroom to his side and his spine tingled. The wooden table in the bedroom was arranged with a row of black and white portraits!

The pictures had both young and old, male and female. They were all staring at Han Fei. Sucking in a cold breath, Han Fei touched the landlord’s ring and his Adam Apple trembled. Resisting his fear, Han Fei walked towards the bedroom.

The bedroom’s windows were firmly shut so it was extremely dark. Stopping beside the table, Han Fei opened the delivery box. He placed the rucksack to the side and slowly arranged the bowls of white rice before the death portraits. “I mean no disrespect, I’m just here to deliver the white rice. If you like the rice from this restaurant, I can deliver them specifically for you in the future. I can even bring the chef to you.”

Perhaps he was too nervous, when Han Fei served the rice, he 'accidentally' knocked over the old lady's rucksack. The love letter, the dumpling leaves and the letter for an old friend all tumbled out. "I'm sorry, this is my first day at work so I'm quite nervous." Han Fei talked to himself as he picked up the stuff. As he reached for the letter for an old friend, a pair of pale hands reached for it first. Han Fei looked up and a group of expressionless and bloodless people stood at the bedroom door. They all stared transfixed at Han Fei.

The door in the living room closed. The pale faces slowly approached Han Fei.

"Wait, wait a minute!" Han Fei unzipped the delivery man's uniform to show the 2nd hand shop's uniform underneath. "You might not believe me but I am here to take revenge for you."

However, once Han Fei showed his uniform, the temperature in the room dropped to freezing point. The frost from the landlord's ring cut at Han Fei's finger like a knife.

"I've brought out the letter and the dumpling leaves with me. I am the boss' next target! I have no other choice. Since I am going to die anyway, I've decided to make my death more valuable!" Seeing the reaction of the people in Room 19, Han Fei knew what to do next. He prepared his emotions and was about to speak but an accident happened.

Han Fei's phone vibrated. He lowered his head to look at the number. Han Fei had seen the number once before. When Han Fei borrowed Huang Li's phone to call Wang Pingan's father, he looked through her contact list. This number was among that list and Huang Li marked the number as 'boss'.

'The mall boss is calling at a time like this? Has he discovered the problem with the altar?' Han Fei hesitated. It would not be a good idea to answer the call of the murderer before his victims.